

THE  
WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, February 20, 1792.

*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 163.)

ON his return he remarked that it was humanly impossible I should escape, unless the officer on guard should desert with me; that he wished nothing more ardently than to sacrifice his life in my behalf, but that he could not resolve so far to forget his honour and duty as to desert, himself, while on guard: He notwithstanding gave me his word of honour he would find me such a person in a few days; and that, in the mean time, he would prepare every thing for my flight.

He returned the same evening, bringing with him Lieutenant Schell, and as he entered said, "Here is your man." Schell embraced me, gave his word of honour, and thus was the affair settled, and as it proved my liberty ascertained.

We soon began to deliberate on the means necessary to obtain our purpose. Schell was just come from garrison at Habelschwert to the citadel of Glatz, and in two days was to mount guard over me, till when our attempt was suspended. I have before said, I received no more supplies from my beloved mistress, and my purse at that time only contained some six pistoles. It was therefore resolved that Bach should go to

Schweidnitz, and obtain money of a sure friend of mine in that city.

Here must I inform the reader that, at this period, the officers and I all understood each other, Captain Roder alone excepted, who was exact, rigid, and gave trouble on all occasions.

Major Quaadt was my kinsman, by my mother's side, a good friendly man, and ardently desirous I should escape, seeing my calamities were so much increased. The four Lieutenants, who successively mounted guard over me, were Bach, Schroeder, Lunitz, and Schell. The first was the grand projector, and made all the preparations; Schell was to desert with me; and Schroeder and Lunitz, three days after, were to follow.

The talents of Schell were of a superior order; he spoke and wrote six languages, and was well acquainted with all the fine arts. He had served in the regiment of Fouquet, had been injured by his Colonel, who was a Pomeranian, and Fouquet, who was no friend to well-informed officers, had sent him to a garrison regiment. He had twice demanded his dismissal, but the King sent him to this species of imprisonment; he then determined to avenge himself by deserting, and was ready to aid me in recovering my freedom, that he might, by that means, spite Fouquet.

We determined every thing should be prepared against the first time Schell mounted guard, and that our project should be executed on the next. Thus, as he mounted guard every four days, the eighth was to be that of our flight.

The governor meantime had been informed how familiar I was become with the officers, at which taking offence he sent orders that my door should no more be opened, but that I should receive my food through a small window that had been made for that purpose. The care of the prison was committed to the Major, and he was forbidden to eat with me, under pain of being broken.

His precautions were ineffectual; the officers procured a false key, and remained with me half the day and night.

Captain Damnitz was imprisoned in an apartment by the side of mine. This man had deserted from the Prussian service, with the money belonging to his company, to Austria, where he obtained a commission in his cousin's regiment, who having prevailed on him to serve as a spy, during the campaign of 1744, he was taken in the Prussian territories, known, and condemned to be hanged.



Some Swedish volunteers, who were then in the army, interested themselves in his behalf, and his sentence was changed to perpetual imprisonment, with a sentence of infamy.

This wretch, who two years after by the aid of his protectors, not only obtained his liberty but a Lieutenant-Colonel's Commission, was the secret spy of the Major over the prisoners; and he remarked that, notwithstanding the express prohibition laid on the officers, they still passed the greater part of their time in my company.

The 24th of December came, and Schell mounted guard. He entered my prison immediately, where he continued a long time, and we made our arrangements for flight when he next should mount guard.

Lieutenant Schroeder that day dined with the Governor, and heard orders given to the adjutant that Schell should be taken from the guard, and put under arrest.

Schroeder, who was in the secret, had no doubt but that we were betrayed, not knowing that the spy Damnitz had informed the Governor that Schell was then in my chamber.

Schroeder, full of terror, came running to the citadel, and said to Schell, "Save thyself, friend; all is discovered, and thou wilt instantly be put under arrest."

Schell might easily have provided for his own safety, by flying singly, Schroeder having prepared horses, on one of which he himself offered to accompany him into Bohemia.

How did this worthy man, in a moment so dangerous, act toward his friend?

Running suddenly into my prison, he drew a corporal's sabre from under his coat, and said, "Friend, we are betrayed, follow me, only do not suffer me to fall alive into the hands of my enemies."

I would have spoken, but interrupting me, and taking me by the hand, he added, "Follow me, we have not a moment to lose." I therefore slipped on my coat and boots, without having time to take the little money I had left; and, as we went out of the prison, Schell said to the centinel, "I am taking the prisoner into the officer's apartment; stand where you are."

Into this room we really went, but passed out at the other door. The design of Schell was to go under the Arsenal, which was not far off, to gain the covered way, leap the palisadoes, and afterward escape after the best manner we might.

We had scarcely gone a hundred paces before we met the adjutant and Major Quaadt.

Schell started back, sprang upon the rampart, and leaped from the wall, which was there not very high. I followed, and alighted unhurt, except having grazed my shoulder. My poor friend was not so fortunate, having put out his ankle. He immediately drew his sword, presented it to me, and begged me to dispatch him, and fly. He was a small weak man: But, far from complying with his request, I took him in my arms, threw him over the palisadoes, afterwards got him on my back, and began to run, without very well knowing which way I went.

It may not be unnecessary to remark those fortunate circumstances that favoured our enterprise.

The sun had just set as we took to flight; the hoar frost fell. No one would run the risk that we had done, by making so dangerous a leap. We heard a terrible noise behind us. Every body knew us; but before they could go round the citadel, and through the town, in order to pursue us, we had got a full half league.

The alarm guns were fired before we were a hundred paces distant; at which my friend was very much terrified, knowing that, in such cases, it was generally impossible to escape from Glatz, unless the fugitives had got the start full two hours before the alarm guns were heard; the passes being immediately all stopped by the peasants and hussars, who are exceedingly vigilant. No sooner is a prisoner missed than the gunner runs from the guard house and fires the cannon on the three sides of the fortress, which are kept loaded day and night for that purpose.

We were not five hundred paces from the walls when all, before us and behind us, were in motion. It was day-light when we leaped, yet was our attempt as fortunate as it was wonderful: This I attributed to my presence of mind, and the reputation, I had already acquired, which made it thought a service of danger for two or three men to attack me.

It was beside imagined we were well provided with arms for our defence; and it was little suspected that Schell had only his sword, and I an old corporal's sabre.

Among the officers commanded to pursue us was Lieutenant Bart, my intimate friend. Captain Zerbst, of the regiment of Fouquet, who had always testified the kindness of a brother toward me, met us on the Bohemian frontiers, and called to me, "Make to the left, brother, and you will see some lone houses, which are on the Bohemian confines: The hussars have rode straight forward." He then passed on, as if he had not seen us.



We had nothing to fear from the officers, for the intimacy between the Prussian officers was at that time so great, and the word of honour so sacred, that during my rigorous detention at Glatz, I had been once six and thirty hours hunting at Neurode, at the seat of Baron Stillfriede : Lunitz had taken my place in the prison, which the Major knew when he came to make his visit. Hence may be conjectured how great was the confidence in which the word of the unfortunate Trenck was held at Glatz ; since they did not fear letting him leave his dungeon, and hunt on the very confines of Bohemia. This too shews the Governor was deceived, in despite of his watchfulness and orders, and that a man of honour, with money, and a good head and heart, will never want friends.

Scarcely had I borne my friend three hundred paces before I sat him down, and looked round me, but darkness came on so fast that I could see neither town nor citadel ; consequently, we ourselves could not be seen.

My presence of mind did not forsake me : Death or freedom was my determination. " Where are we, Schell ? " said I to my friend. " Where does Bohemia lie ? on which side is the river Neiss ? " The worthy man could make no answer : His mind was all confusion, and he despaired of our escape : He still however entreated I would not let him be taken alive, and affirmed my labour was all in vain.

After having promised, by all that was sacred, I would save him from an infamous death, if no other means were left, and thus raised his spirits, he looked round, and knew, by some trees, we were not far from the city gates. I asked him, " Where is the Neiss ? " He pointed sideways—" All Glatz has seen us fly toward the Bohemian mountains ; it is impossible we should avoid the hussars, the passes being all guarded, and we beset with enemies." So saying, I took him on my shoulders, and carried him to the Neiss : Here we distinctly heard the alarm sounded in the villages, and the peasants, who likewise were to form the line of desertion, were every where in motion, and spreading the alarm.

*(To be continued.)*

---

#### AN ANECDOTE.

WHEN the fair were accustomed to behold their lovers with beards, the sight of a shaved chin excited sentiments of horror and aversion ; as much indeed as, in this effeminate

effeminate age, would a gallant whose "hairy excrement" should

"Stream like a meteor to the troubled air."

To obey the injunctions of his Bishops, Louis the Seventh of France cropped his hair, and shaved his beard; Eleanor of Aquitaine, his consort, found him, with this uncommon appearance, very ridiculous, and very contemptible. She revenged herself, by becoming something more than a coquette. The King obtained a divorce. She then married the Count of Anjou, who shortly after ascended the English throne. She gave him, for her marriage dower, the rich provinces of Poitou and Guienne; and this was the origin of those wars which for three hundred years ravaged France, and which cost the French nation three millions of men. All which, probably, had never taken place, if Louis the Seventh had not been so rash as to crop his hair and shave his beard, by which he became so disgusting in the eyes of the fair Eleanor.

---

*An Account of the Manner in which the Week before Easter is celebrated at Barcelona, in Spain.*

By JOSEPH TOWNSEND, A. M.

ON Wednesday, the 12th of April, I arrived, and the next morning early I visited the churches, to see the preparations they had made for the entertainment of the evening, in which they were to represent the last sufferings of the Redeemer. In every church I found two images, as large as life, distinguished from the rest as being stationary, and the more immediate objects of their devotion; the one representing Christ as taken from the cross, the other the Virgin in all her best attire, pierced by seven swords, and leaning over the recumbent body of her son. Behind these images, a theatre with colonades, supporting a multitude of wax tapers, dazzled the sight, whilst the ear was charmed by the harmonious chaunting of the choir.

More than a hundred thousand persons all the morning crowded the streets, hurrying from church to church to express the warmth of their zeal, and the fervour of their devotion, by bowing themselves in each, and kissing the feet of the most revered image. Most of the spectators were natives of the city, but many upon such occasions resort to Barcelona from the adjacent villages, and some from distant provinces.

Towards



Towards the close of day the pageant appeared, moving with slow and solemn pace along the streets, and conducted with the most perfect regularity. The last supper of Christ with his disciples, the treachery of Judas, attended by the priests, together with the guards, the flagellation, the crucifixion, the taking from the cross, the anointing of the body, and the burial, with every transaction of the closing scene, and the events subsequent to the passion of our Lord, were represented by images large as life, placed in proper order on lofty stages, many of which were elegant, and all as highly ornamented as carving and gilding, rich silks, brocades, and velvets, with curious embroidery, all executed by their most skilful artists, could render them. No expence was spared either in the materials, the workmanship, or the wax lights, which, with the most splendid profusion, were consumed upon this occasion. Each of these stages was supported on the shoulders of six men, who were completely hid by a covering of black velvet hanging round the margin of the stage, and reaching nearly to the ground. This procession was preceded by Roman centurions clothed in their proper armour, and the soldiers of the garrison brought up the rear. The intermediate space was occupied by the groups of images above described, attended by 800 burghesses, clothed in black buckram, with flowing trains, each carrying a flambeau in his hand. Besides these, 180 penitents engaged my more particular attention.

They carried each a flambeau, but their dress was singular, somewhat resembling that of the blue coat boys of Christ's Hospital in London, being a jacket and coat in one, reaching to their heels, made of dark brown shalloon, with a bonnet on their head, like what is called a fool's cap, being a cone covering the head and face completely, and having holes for the eyes. The design of this peculiar form is to conceal the penitents, and to spare their blushes. These were followed by twenty others, who, either from remorse of conscience, or having been guilty of more atrocious crimes, or for hire, or with the most benevolent intention of adding to the common fund of merit for the service of the church, walked in the procession barefooted, dragging heavy chains, and bearing large crosses on their shoulders. Their penance was severe; but, for their comfort, they had assigned to them the post of honour; for immediately after them followed the sacred corpse, placed in a glass coffin, and attended by twenty-five priests, dressed in their richest robes. Near the body a well-chosen band with hautboys, clarinets, French horns, and flutes, played the softest and most solemn

solemn music. This part of the procession wanted nothing to heighten the effect. I am persuaded that every one who had a soul for harmony felt the starting tear.

In the processions of the present day, practices which had crept in when chivalry prevailed, with all its wild conceits, practices inconsistent with sound morals, and offensive to humanity, are no longer to be seen. The civil magistrate, interposing his authority, has forbidden, under the severest penalties, abominations which, as the genuine offspring of vice, could not have ventured to appear, even in the darkest ages, unless in the disguise and under the sanction of religion. The adulterer, if he will court the affections of his mistress, no longer permitted publicly to avow his passion, to scourge himself in her presence, and by the severity of his sufferings to excite her piety, must now seek the shade, and if he feels himself inclined to use the discipline, it must be where no human eye can see him. In these ages of superior knowledge and refinement, men look back with wonder at the strangely inconsistent conduct of their progenitors, when, ignorant of every thing but arms, they embraced and carried with them a religion whose influence they never felt, and the purity of whose precepts they did not understand. It was not in Spain only that superstition reared her throne, all Europe acknowledged her dominion, and in every nation in which the victorious banner of the Goths and Vandals was displayed, we have seen execrable vices cherished in the same breast which appeared to glow with fervid zeal for the glory of God, at least as far as could be testified by the most strict attention to the ceremonials of religion. All Europe is emerging from this state of Gothic ignorance, and Spain, although the last, it is to be hoped will not be the least enlightened.

When the pageant was over, the people retired quietly to their habitations; and although more than a hundred thousand persons had been assembled to view this spectacle, no accident of any kind was heard of. The day following, before eight in the morning, another procession of the same kind, but more elegant than the former, was conducted through the streets, and in the evening, a third, at which assisted all the Nobles of Barcelona, each attended by two servants, and, in rotation, carrying a crucifix large as the life, and so heavy, that no one for any length of time could sustain the weight of it. The stages and the images were not the same which had been exhibited the preceding day, but represented all the same events. Every stage was completely occupied by images large as life, and surrounded



surrounded by a border of open carved work superbly gilt; and the bearers, as in former instances, were hid by curtains of black velvet, richly embroidered. Two hundred penitents in grey attended as before. In each of these processions were many children, some not more than three years old, carrying little crosses, with each a flambeau in his hand. These are used in all processions, even in the middle of the day.

The different stages, with their groups of figures, belong to different bodies corporate, either of the Nobles or artificers, and are ranged in the processions according to their right of precedence. These groups are called the mystery of the corporation. That of the French artificers is an *Ecce homo*, but for some reason the Consul walks before it, attended only by the meanest subjects of his nation.

The succeeding day, at nine o'clock in the morning, when, as being Saturday, I had no expectation of such an event, the Resurrection was announced by bells ringing, drums beating, cannons firing, people shouting, colours flying, and, in a moment, all the signs of mourning were succeeded by tokens of the most frantic joy.

The processions were intermitted for several years, prohibited by government on account of abuses which had crept into them, and, in their place, the carnival was substituted, with the same licentious riot and confusion as I have described in Paris, and as all who have passed the carnival in Italy have seen. But after the inhabitants of Barcelona, in the year 1774, had resisted the demands of government, requiring them to draft every fifth man for the army, like the other cities and provinces of Spain, the carnival was forbid, and the trade, which had been always brisk at this season, felt a loss, which made the citizens call loudly for the restoration of their processions.

After Easter they have one upon a smaller scale; about seventy priests, each with a lighted flambeau in his hand, preceded by a herald with his banner, carry the host, under a canopy of crimson velvet, to those who had not been well enough to receive it in the churches.

*A short Account of the Life of Warren Hastings, Esq.*

**W**ARREN HASTINGS, Esq. was born at Darlsford, in Worcestershire, of a respectable and ancient family, and considerable fortune.

In the year 1742, he was placed under Dr. Nichols, at Westminster school. He early discovered an excellent genius; and he improved it with an assiduity, that, in a short time, distinguished him in the upper form to the great credit of his preceptor.

In 1750, he was appointed a Writer in the service of the East India Company; he was then in his 20th year. On his arrival in India, he applied himself with unremitting attention to the study of the Persian and Indostan languages, with which in a short space of time he became well acquainted; and from his knowledge of the manners of the natives, he was entrusted to establish a factory in the interior parts of Bengal; a place hitherto unexplored by Europeans. The plan did not succeed; but Mr. Hastings had so far gained upon the esteem of the natives, that, when he was shortly after taken prisoner by Surajah Dowla, he experienced singular marks of humanity.

The fate of war with the Prince soon changed; he who had fought for the destruction of the English, was overpowered; and, from the summit of eastern glory and magnificence, he was hurled to the deepest pit of human misery. Meer Jaffier gave battle to his army, defeated, dethroned, and in the end murdered him. It became necessary for the English to send an Ambassador to the Court of the conqueror; and Lord Clive fixed upon Mr. Hastings to fill the important office. In this situation he remained with satisfaction to all parties, until promoted in the Administration of Bengal.

In 1765, Mr. Hastings returned to England, with a moderate fortune: but, in a few years, went back with the appointment of Second in Council at Madras. From thence he was removed in 1772, as Governor of Bengal.

Mr. Hastings at this time enjoyed a general confidence both at home and abroad. The East India Company looked up to him to restore tranquillity, and reinstate the miserable situation of their affairs; and, for some time, he convinced them, that the opinion that they had entertained of him was not misplaced; but some of the gentlemen, who were sent out from England to act under him, opposing his measures, those sanguine expectations were soon done away, and disagreements and divisions followed.

By the deaths of General Clavering and Colonel Monson, the opposition to Mr. Hastings met a severe blow. He was three times appointed by our Legislature, Governor of Bengal.

Mr. Francis, who was one of the Supreme Council, in opposition, conceiving himself insulted by Mr. Hastings in his official



ficial capacity, called him into the field to give him satisfaction. Mr. Hastings immediately obeyed the summons, and shot his antagonist in the body, who narrowly escaped death.

There has scarcely been a recent instance where public conduct has been so rigorously scrutinized as that of Mr. Hastings; and no character has hitherto refuted charges with greater ability. He has been powerfully attacked, and has been ably defended. The exertions of his friends have kept pace with those of his enemies. The majority of the Directors twice determined to remove him from his government, and as often did the great body of his constituents preserve him in his station.

In the Rockingham Administration in 1782, the House of Commons voted, that it was the duty of the Court of Directors to displace Mr. Hastings; and even those who spoke for his recal, acknowledged, that his abilities were splendid, and his integrity unquestionable.

The Court of Directors, in consequence of his vote, again took their affairs into consideration, and the majority determined on his recal, but on a ballot of the Proprietors, the numbers being in his favour, the resolution of the vote was rescinded.

During these commotions, Mr. Hastings himself sent his resignation to the East India Company, which they accepted; and General Clavering assumed the government, and convened a meeting of the Supreme Council, who confirmed the regularity of the General's appointment. Mr. Hastings, however, opposed this measure, while he was considered as having resigned; and his conduct on this occasion is made the subject of the ninth charge in the articles of his impeachment.

Mr. Hastings has been 38 years in the service of the East India Company, and to him they are indebted for the communication which was established between this country and India by the way of Suez. The trade from Bengal to the Red Sea, though believed there to be highly advantageous, yet a contrary opinion prevailing here it was abolished; but not before the orders for the attack of Pondicherry was conveyed through that medium.

To sum up Mr. Hastings's character, his enemies have, on many occasions, extolled his abilities, and revered his integrity. He is an encourager and an admirer of the fine arts, and excels as an engineer and architect. He is said to be humane in his government, liberal and polite to his dependants, and affectionate

to his family. He is regular and temperate in his living, and uses much exercise, principally on horseback. He generally rises by the break of day, and immediately applies to business.

Whether the present important trial may produce a cause to reverse this good opinion, lies not with us even to premise. It is the glorious prerogative of Englishmen not to admit a supposition of guilt before a fair and just trial. Though the charges against Mr. Hastings are of great enormity, yet his friends entertain no fear of his refuting them.

*The* EFFECTS of ENVY and JEALOUSY EXEMPLIFIED: A HISTORY.

[Written by the late Mr. Cumberland.]

WE have heard so much of the tragical effects of jealousy, that I was not a little pleased with an account lately given me of a gentleman, who has been happily cured of his jealousy without any of those melancholy circumstances, which too frequently result from that fatal passion, even when it is groundless: As this gentleman's jealousy was of that description, I am the rather tempted to relate the story (under proper caution as to name and persons) because there is a moral justice in its catastrophe, which is pleasing even in fiction, but more particularly so when we meet it in the real occurrences of life.

Sir Paul Testy in his forty-eighth year married the beautiful Louisa in her eighteenth; there are some parents, who seem to think a good settlement can atone for any disparity of age, and Louisa's were of this sort. Sir Paul had a maiden sister several years younger than himself, who had kept his house for some time before his marriage with Louisa, and as this lady was in fact an admirable œconomist and also in possession of a very considerable independent fortune, the prudent Baronet took his measures for her continuance in his family, where under pretence of assisting the inexperience of his young bride she still maintained her government in as absolute authority as ever: As Miss Rachel would have been better pleased with her brother, had he chosen a wife with less beauty and more fortune than Louisa brought into the family, it may well be doubted if she would have remained with him after his marriage, had she not been pretty far advanced in an affair of the heart with a certain young gentleman, whose attentions, though in fact directed



directed to her purse, she was willing to believe had been honourably addressed to her person: This young gentleman, whom I shall call Lionel, was undoubtedly an object well deserving the regards of any lady in Miss Rachel's predicament; with a fine person and engaging address he had the recommendation of high birth, being a younger son of the Lord Mortimer, a venerable old Peer, who resided at his family mansion within a few miles of Sir Paul, and lived upon the most friendly terms with him in a frequent intercourse of visits: Lionel had given his worthy father great uneasiness from his early dissipation and extravagance; considerable sums had been paid for him to clear his debts, but the old Lord's estate being a moderate one and entailed upon his eldest son, Lionel had been obliged to sell out of the army, and was now living at home upon the bounty of his father on a reduced and slender allowance.

It is not to be wondered at that Lionel, who felt his own embarrassments too sensibly to neglect any fair means of getting rid of them, should be willing to repair his shattered fortunes by an advantageous match; and though Miss Rachel was not exactly the lady he would have chosen, yet he very justly considered that his circumstances did not entitle him to chuse for himself; he was also strongly urged to the measure by his father, to whose wishes he held himself bound to conform not only on the score of duty but of atonement likewise: At this time the affair was in so promising a train, that there is little doubt but it would have been brought to a conclusion between the parties, had not Sir Paul's marriage taken place as it did; but as Miss Rachel for reasons, which are sufficiently explained, determined upon remaining with her brother, the intercourse between the lovers was renewed, as soon as Sir Peter had brought home his bride, and was sufficiently settled to receive the visits of his friends and neighbours on the occasion.

Now it was that the unhappy Rachel became a victim to the most tormenting of all human passions: Her sister-in-law had a thousand charms, and she soon discovered, or fancied she discovered, that Lionel's attentions were directed to a fairer object than herself: She had now the strongest of all motives for keeping a watchful eye upon Louisa's behaviour, and it is the property of jealousy to magnify and discolour every thing it looks upon; for some time however she kept herself under prudent restraint; a hint now and then, cautiously introduced in the way of advice, was all she ventured upon; but these hints were so little attended to by Louisa, whose innocent gaiety lent no ear to such remonstrances, that they were occasionally repeated

peated in a graver tone; as these grew more and more peevish, Louisa began to take a little mischievous pleasure in teasing, and was piqued into a behaviour, which probably she would never have indulged herself in toward Lionel, had not Rachel's jealousy provoked her to it; still it was innocent, but so far imprudent, as it gave a handle to Rachel's malice, who now began to sow the seeds of discontent in her brother's irritable bosom.

In one of those jarring dialogues, which now frequently passed between the sisters, Rachel, after descanting upon the old topic with some degree of asperity, concluded her lecture with many professions of zeal for Louisa's happiness, and observed to her as an apology for the freedom of her advice, that she had a right to some little experience of the world more than had yet fallen to the other's lot: To which Louisa replied with some tartness—"True! for you have lived more years in it than I have."—"A few perhaps," answered Rachel.—"As few, or as many as you chuse to acknowledge," added Louisa: "It is one amongst a variety of advantages over me, which you are too generous to boast of, and I too humble to repine at."—"Be that as it may," said the eldest damsel, "you will give me leave to observe that you have a double call upon you for discretion; you are a married woman."

"Perhaps that very circumstance may be a proof of my indiscretion."

"How so, Madam! I may venture to say my brother Sir Paul was no unreasonable match for your Ladyship; at least I can witness some pains were employed on your part to obtain him."

"Well, my dear sister," replied Louisa with an affected *nonchalance*, "after so much pains is it not natural I should wish to repose myself a little?"—"Indiscretion admits of no repose; health, honour, happiness are sacrificed by its effects; it saps the reputation of a wife; it shakes the affections of a husband."

"Be content!"—cried Louisa, "if you will give no cause for disturbing the affections of the husband, I will take care none shall be given for attaining the reputation of the wife."

At this moment Sir Paul entered the room, and perceiving by the countenances of the ladies, that they were not perfectly in good humour with each other, eagerly demanded of Louisa why she looked grave.

"I would look grave, if I could," she replied, "out of compliment to my company; but I have so light a conscience and  
so



so gay a heart, that I cannot look gravity in the face without laughing at it."

This was delivered with so pointed a glance at Rachel, that it was not possible to mistake the application, and she had no sooner left the room, than an explanation took place between the brother and sister, in the course of which Rachel artfully contrived to infuse such a copious portion of her own poisonous jealousy into the bosom of Sir Paul, that upon the arrival of Lord Mortimer, which was at this crisis announced to him, he took a sudden determination to give him to understand how necessary it was become to his domestic happiness, that Lionel should be induced to discontinue his visits in his family.

Under these impressions, and in a very awkward state of mind, Sir Paul repaired to his library, where Lord Mortimer was expecting him in a situation of no less embarrassment, having conned over a speech for the purpose of introducing a proposal for an alliance between the families, and with a view to sound how Sir Paul might stand affected towards a match between his son Lionel and Miss Rachel.

As soon as the first ceremonies were over, which were not very speedily dismissed, as both parties were strict observers of the old rules of breeding, his Lordship began after his manner to wind about by way of reconnoitring his ground, and having composed his features with much gravity and deliberation, began to open his honourable trenches as follows :

"In very truth, Sir Paul, I protest to you there are few things in life can give me more pleasure than to find my son Lionel so assiduous in his visits to this family."—The Baronet, whose mind at this moment was not capable of adverting to any other idea but what had reference to his own jealousy, stared with amazement at this unexpected address and was staggered how to reply to it; at last with much hesitation in a tone of ill-counterfeited raillery, he replied, that he truly believed there was one person in his family, to whom Mr. Lionel's visits were particularly acceptable; and as this was a subject very near his heart, nay, that alone upon which the honour and happiness of him and his family depended, he assured his Lordship that it was with avidity he embraced the opportunity of coming to an explanation, which he hoped would be as confidential on his Lordship's part, as it should be on his own. There was something in the manner of Sir Paul's delivery, as well as in the matter of the speech itself, which alarmed the hereditary pride of the old Peer; who drawing himself up with great dignity, observed to Sir Paul, that for his son Lionel he had this to say, that want

of

of honour was never among his failings ; nay it was never to be charged with impunity against any of his family, and that to prevent any imputation of this sort from being grounded upon his son's assiduities to a certain lady, he had now sought this interview and explanation with his good friend and neighbour.

This was so kind a lift to Sir Paul's conception towards his favourite point, that he immediately exclaimed—"I see your Lordship is not unapprised of what is too conspicuous to be overlooked by any body, who is familiar in this house ; but as I know your Lordship is a man of the nicest honour in your own person, I should hold myself essentially bound to you, if you would prevail upon your son to adopt the like principles towards a certain lady under this roof, and caution him to desist from those assiduities, which you yourself have noticed, and which to confess the truth to you I cannot be a witness to without very great uneasiness and discontent."

Upon these words the Peer started from his seat as nimbly as age would permit him, and with great firmness replied—"Sir Paul Testy, if this be your wish and desire, let me assure you, it shall be mine also ; my son's visits in this family will never be repeated ; set your heart at rest ; Lionel Mortimer will give you and your's no further disturbance."

"My Lord," answered the Baronet, "I am penetrated with the sense of your very honourable proceedings, and the warmth with which you have expressed yourself on a subject so closely interwoven with my peace of mind ; you have eased my heart of its burthen, and I shall ever be most grateful to you for it."

"Sir," replied the Peer, "there is more than enough said on the subject ; I dare say my son will survive his disappointment."—"I dare say he will, said Sir Paul, "I cannot doubt the success of Mr. Lionel's attentions ; I have only to hope he will direct them to some other object."

Lord Mortimer now muttered something, which Sir Paul did not hear, nor perhaps attend to, and took a hasty leave. When it is explained to the reader that Miss Rachel had never, even in the most distant manner, hinted the situation of her heart to her brother, on the contrary had industriously concealed it from him, this *malentendu* will not appear out of nature and probability. Lionel, whose little gallantries with Louisa had not gone far enough seriously to engage his heart, was sufficiently tired of his mercenary attachment to Miss Rachel ; so that he patiently submitted to his dismissal and readily



readily obeyed his father's commands by a total discontinuance of his visits to Sir Paul. To the ladies of the family this behaviour appeared altogether mysterious; Sir Paul kept the secret to himself, and watched Louisa very narrowly; when he found she took no other notice of Lionel's neglect, than by slightly remarking that she supposed he was more agreeably engaged, he began to dismiss his jealousy and regain his spirits.

It was far otherwise with the unhappy Rachel; her heart was on the rack, for though she naturally suspected her brother's jealousy of being the cause of Lionel's absence, yet she could not account for his silence towards herself in any other way than by supposing that Louisa had totally drawn off his affections from her, and this was agony not to be supported; day after day passed in anxious expectation of a letter to explain this cruel neglect, but none came; all communication with the whole family of Lord Mortimer was at a stop; no intelligence could be obtained from that quarter, and to all such enquiries as she ventured to try upon her brother, he answered so drily, that she could gather nothing from him: In the mean time as he became hourly better reconciled to Louisa, so he grew more and more cool to the miserable Rachel, who now too late discovered the fatal consequences of interfering between them, and heartily reproached herself for her officiousness in aggravating his jealousy.

While she was tormenting herself with these reflections, and when Louisa seemed to have forgotten that ever such a person as Lionel existed, a report was circulated that he was about to be married to a certain lady of great fortune, and that he had gone up with Lord Mortimer to town for that purpose. There wanted only this blow to make Rachel's agonies compleat; in a state of mind little short of phrensy, she betook herself to her chamber, and there shutting herself up she gave vent to her passion in a letter fully charged with complaints and reproaches, which she committed to a trusty messenger with strict injunctions to deliver it into Lionel's own hand, and return with his answer. This commission was faithfully performed, and the following is the answer she received in return:

“MADAM,

“I am no less astonished than affected by your letter: If your brother has not long since informed you of his conference with my father and the result of it, he has acted as unjustly by you as he has by Lord Mortimer and myself. When my father waited upon Sir Paul for the express purpose of making known

to him the hopes I had the ambition to entertain of rendering myself acceptable to you upon a proposal of marriage, he received at once so short and peremptory a dismissal on my behalf, that, painful as it was to my feelings, I had no part to act but silently to submit and withdraw myself from a family, where I was so unacceptable an intruder.

“ When I confirm the truth of the report you have heard, and inform you that my marriage took place this very morning, you will pardon me if I only add that

“ I have the honour to be, Madam,

“ Your most obedient and most humble servant,

“ LIONEL MORTIMER.”

Every hope being extinguished by the receipt of this letter, the disconsolate Rachel became henceforth one of the most miserable of human beings : After venting a torrent of rage against her brother, she turned her back upon his house for ever, and undetermined where to fix, while at intervals she can scarce be said to be in possession of her senses, she is still wandering from place to place in search of that repose, which is not to be found, and wherever she goes exhibits a melancholy spectacle of disappointed envy and self-tormenting spleen.

## THE EXCELLENT PREACHER.

A Young preacher, who had a very handsome mien, a melodious voice, a graceful action, and all the other agreeable charms which please in declamation, having mounted the pulpit, suddenly lost his memory, and not a word of the sermon could he recollect. To quit the pulpit would have been dishonourable ; to speak was more difficult, for he had nothing to say. What was to be done in this extremity ? He resolved to remain collected, and to make the best use of his voice and action, without pronouncing any thing but unconnected words, imperfect sentences, and pathetic exclamations ; such as, *for*, *but*, *if*, *yets*, *ahs !* *ahs !* *you'll please to observe*, &c. Never did a preacher appear with more grace and animation. He expanded his lungs, he made pathetic exclamations, and waved his hand in a thousand graceful manners. The pulpit shook ; and the vault of the church, which was vast, re-echoed to all the vociferations he sent forth. The audience preserved a profound silence : every one reclined his ear, and redoubled his attention,



tention, to catch sentences which were never spoken. Those, who sat near the pulpit, said, "We are too near: we cannot hear a sentence!" Those, who sat remote, complained of the distance, which caused them to lose the most wonderful sermon they ever heard. In a word, our preacher kept his auditors in this manner for three quarters of an hour, all of them complaining of their seats. When he withdrew, their acclamations followed him; and they resolved, the next time he preached, to chuse their places with more care, and not to deprive themselves of the fruits of a sermon which they were sensible was never equalled.

This anecdote will shew, that a preacher may succeed without reason or imagination; and, if we judge by some who enjoy a good reputation, it will tend to prove a musical voice, balancing the hands, and uttering warm exclamations, are the chief requisites for a *declaimer* in the pulpit.

*Pun of Mr. Curran, the celebrated Irish Advocate.*

**T**HIS gentleman was walking one day with a friend, who was extremely punctilious in his pronounciation; hearing a person near him say curiosity for curiosity, he exclaimed, "How that wretch murders the English language!"—"Not so very bad, (replied Mr. Curran) he has only knocked an *I* out."

*Answer, by J. Collins, of Uffculm, to William Upjohn's Question, inserted November 14.*

**B**Y the question the hypotenuse is found = 74,8865, &c. hence by a geometrical construction the base is found = 58.5, and by the square root the perpendicular = 46.752. which are the sides required by Mr. Upjohn in the question he proposed.

†\*† We have received the like answer from J. Duckham, of Taunton; *un Arpenteur de Pais*, of Crediton; W. Davies junior, Kenwyn; T. Taylor, Ipplepen; J. Arthur, Eglos-hayle; D. Robarts, of Kingsbridge; J. Rees, of Bristol; and Fidelio, of Bath.

*Answer, by Thomas Coumbes, of St. German's, to Philologos's  
Enigma, inserted December 19.*

**W**HAT your enigma doth contain,  
UMBRELLA fully will explain.  
We have received the like answer from J. Gooding, Exon.

---

*Answer, by W. Baker, of Totnes, to E. Taylor's Rebus, inserted  
December 26.*

**C**ORNWALLIS is that British Peer,  
Who like a hero doth appear,  
Against proud Tippoo's train;  
Albania's sons do him engage,  
And make him tremble at their rage,  
Their country to maintain.

¶¶ We have received the like answer from Trough, of Fleet; W. Stephens jun. St. Hillary; H. Granger, T. Sparkes jun. and W. S. of Exeter; A. Pinn, Exmouth; T. Coumbe, St. Germans; J. K. C. near Wells; T. Walker, Hemyock; Jane Mitchell, of Polruan, near Fowey; Giles Bastard, of Totnes; J. Rees, Bristol; and Absalom, of Taunton.

---

*A QUESTION, by Fidelio, of Bath.*

**Y**E youths endowed with penetration,  
A question for your recreation,  
In symbols is subjoin'd;  
By a quadratic if you try,  
The value of both  $x$  and  $y$   
You easily will find,

GIVEN  $x^3 + y^3 = 42\ 336 - 445\text{ths}$ ,  $\frac{x^2 + y^2}{\text{—}}$

And  $x^2 y^2 = 42\ 8 - 21\text{ths}$ ,  $\frac{x + y}{\text{—}}$

---

*A CHARADE, by R. I. M. of Totnes.*

**I**F a huntsman but loses my first,  
To hunt all his efforts are vain;  
No more can he follow poor pufs,  
Nor with joy chase her over the plain.

When



When falsely the hounds go astray,  
 My second's loud echo doth sound;  
 Being turn'd they then drive it away,  
 And with swiftness run over the ground.

My whole, ye gents, if you explore,  
 A place of great trade will be found,  
 Which lies far from Britain's fair shore,  
 And doth flourish within Europe's bound.

*An ENIGMA, by B. C. of Bridgewater.*

**B**EHOLD in dark, obtruse, and mystick verse,  
 I come, my form and nature to rehearse;  
 My age uncertain, and my birth obscure,  
 How long my stay on earth I am not sure;  
 Know ye, that I with your first parents dwelt,  
 And since their fall with all a place have held;  
 By my false doctrine thus poor Eve I say,  
 Transgress'd the law, and so to sin gave way;  
 Thro' my transparent surface you with ease  
 Can view the different ages as you please;  
 By my prevailing power I say that you,  
 Of the remotest climes may take a view,  
 Of cruel monarchs and their horrid train,  
 Of monsters honour'd, and of harmless slain;  
 By me you next with ease and pleasure can  
 The coast of Gambia and all Afric scan;  
 There too behold that base and barb'rous trade,  
 (By God forbidden, but by monsters made)  
 Of human traffick; 'tis I say, with shame,  
 A stain to Britain and her nobler fame;  
 Thro' me you see the poor unhappy slave  
 Torn from his partner, child, and all they have;  
 Think of the anguish of his falling tear,  
 To part with country, friends, and all that's dear;  
 There bound in chains, and hurl'd into a den—  
 The treatment there would surely stain my pen;  
 To paint with justice all those mortals feel  
 From tortures fram'd by callous hearts of steel;  
 Thro' my reflecting telescope you'll see  
 All this, nay more of what there yet may be.

# P O E T R Y.

## ODE to SUPERSTITION.

[From the Speculator, Vol. I.]

WHAT dreadful shape was that? yon dismal cry  
Strikes cold my flutt'ring soul,  
O God! some livid face and deadly eye  
Seems 'mid the dark to roll.  
Avaunt! 'tis superstition's horrid gloom, delusive clouds the  
[mind,  
Demons accurs'd! from nature's shadowy womb  
Of miscreated kind;  
Of ghastly fear and darkest midnight born,  
Far in a blasted dale  
'Mid Lapland's woods and noisome wastes forlorn,  
Where lurid hags the moon's pale orbit hail.  
In the drear depth of such dim pathless shade,  
The stream of infant blood  
Damps the blue flame, and o'er th' unhallow'd glade,  
Hell's deepest darkness frowns the conscious wood.

Round the wither'd witches go,  
Mutt'ring death and dismal woe,  
On their uncouth features dire  
Gleams the pale and livid fire:  
The charm begins, now arise  
Shadows foul and piercing cries,  
Storm and tempest loud assail,  
Beating wind and rattling hail;  
Thus within th' infernal wood,  
Dance they round the bubbling blood,  
'Till the rite ended, then they fly  
To taint the breath of yonder sky.

Where on the desert vast, and boundless wild,  
'Mid the lightening's livid glare,



Or at the balmy close of evening mild,  
 They're seen to glide athwart th' affrighted air.  
 Hence from my bosom, all thy visions hence!  
 In the deep silent hour  
 When terror hov'ring o'er each active sense  
 Impregnates fancy's power:  
 Then rise strange spectres to the shudd'ring view,  
 With horrid lifeless stare,  
 And gliding float upon the noxious dew,  
 And howling rend the air.  
 Oft near yon leaf-clad solitary fane,  
 While morn yet clasps the night,  
 Some ghost is heard to sound his clanking chain,  
 Beheld 'mid moon-beam pale and dead to sight:  
 Nor less unfrequent the lone traveller hears  
 The sullen-sounding bell,  
 And the dim-lighted tower awakes to fears  
 Of haunted mansion, brake, or darkling dell.

Haste then, superstition fly!  
 Perish this thy sorcery!  
 Why in these gorgon terrors clad  
 But to affright, afflict the bad,  
 'Tis thee, O goddess! thee I hail,  
 Of Hesper born and Cynthia pale,  
 That wont the same rude name to bear,  
 Yet gentle all, and void of fear:  
 O come, in fancy's garb array'd,  
 In all her lovely forms display'd,  
 And o'er the poet's melting soul  
 Bid the sweet tide of rapture roll  
 To dying music, warbling gales,  
 'Mid moonlight scenes and woody vales,  
 Where elves, and fays, and sprites disport,  
 And nightly keep their festive court;  
 There, 'mid the pearly flood of light,  
 In tints cerulean richly dight,  
 Light-sporting o'er the trembling green,  
 Glance they quick thro' the magic scene,  
 And from the sparkling moss receive,  
 Shed by the fragrant hand of eve,  
 The silver dew, of matchless pow'r,  
 To guard from harm at midnight hour  
 The lonely wight, who, lost from far,  
 Views not one friendly guiding star,

Or one kind lowly cottage door  
 To point his track across the moor ;  
 While the storm howling, tells his mind,  
 Some spirit rides the northern wind,  
 And, 'plaining, mourns his cruel doom,  
 On tempest hurl'd, and wintry gloom :  
 Oft too, at eve's warm-tinted ray,  
 The ling'ring blush of youthful day,  
 Pensive, sweet, seraphic lays,  
 Soft-warbling wake the note of praise,  
 Heard the echoing hills among  
 Repeating wild the heav'nly song,  
 'Till lost in ether floats away  
 The last, faint, murm'ring vocal lay ;  
 These on the lonely bard attend,  
 With him the mountain's side ascend,  
 Or in the valley's lowly plain,  
 Rapturous breathe the melting strain ;  
 These lift his soul beyond its clime,  
 To daring flights of thoughts sublime,  
 Where, warm'd by fancy's brightest fire,  
 He boldly sweeps the sounding lyre.  
 Come then, with wild flowers, come array'd,  
 O superstition, magic maid !  
 And welcome then suggesting pow'r !  
 At evening close or midnight hour.

*The* L A P L A N D E R.

*By* CHARLOTTE SMITH.

**T**HE shivering native, who, by Tenglio's side  
 Beholds with fond regret the parting light  
 Sink far away, beneath the darkening tide,  
 And leave him to long months of dreary night,  
 Yet knows that, springing from the eastern wave,  
 The sun's glad beams shall re-illumine his way,  
 And from the snows, secured within his cave,  
 He waits in patient hope—returning day.  
 Not so the sufferer feels, who, o'er the waste  
 Of joyless life, is destin'd to deplore  
 Fond love forgotten, tender friendship past,  
 Which, once extinguished can revive no more :  
 O'er the blank void he looks with hopeless pain ;  
 For him those beams of heaven shall never shine again.