

THE
WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, March 5, 1792.

On the Causes of the late Insurrections in St. Domingo.

To the P R I N T E R.

S I R,

AS the West India planters and others have insinuated that the foundation of the insurrection in St. Domingo, was laid in the efforts of such of the gentlemen of Britain, as have associated themselves for the abolition of the slave trade, I think it will be peculiarly proper at the present time to make a few remarks on the subject of insurrections of slaves.

It is impossible for any one to have read the history of Greece and Rome with attention, without knowing that there were many and bloody insurrections of the slaves in the countries which their histories respectively comprehend.—Now it is impossible to attribute these with any propriety to persons associated either for the abolition of the slave trade, or of personal slavery; because, it does not appear from history, that there ever were associations in those days for so laudable a purpose.

Whoever, again, has read the history of the West India Islands from their first establishment to the year 1786, must have read it very superficially, not to know, that there have been various insurrections of the slaves there, within this period. There was formerly a bloody one at St. Domingo, besides that which has lately happened. There have been several in Jamaica, and other islands have had their share of them also.

Now, it is impossible that any of these could have their origin in the efforts of the gentlemen associated for the abolition; because

because it was not till 1787, that the first Committee was formed, which was in London, for the abolition of this execrable trade.

To what cause then may we attribute the insurrections in the islands? Undoubtedly to the slave trade, in consequence of which thousands are annually poured into the islands, who have been fraudulently and forcibly deprived of the rights of men. All these come into them of course with dissatisfied and exasperated minds; and this discontent and feeling of resentment must be farther heightened by the treatment which people coming into them under such a situation must unavoidably receive; for we cannot keep people in a state of subjection to us, who acknowledge no obligation whatever to serve us, but by breaking their spirits and treating them as creatures of another species. Now, that this is the cause is evident from Mr. Long, the celebrated champion of the planters themselves, who states in his History of Jamaica, that all the insurrections of the slaves that he could ever trace in the islands, were begun by the imported Africans, and never by the Creole, or island-born, slaves.

Such then being actually the cause, and this being likely from common reason to be the cause while men have the passions of men, and this cause being adequate of it itself, at all times, to produce the effect, what reason can there be for imagining that the insurrection in St. Domingo proceeded from any other source; particularly as these insurrections have been as numerous before any association for the abolition of the slave trade took place as since their institution? As, however, the present insurrection in St. Domingo is somewhat connected with the late revolution in France, it may be necessary to say a few words upon it as related to that event.

As soon as the news of this revolution was conveyed to St. Domingo, the white people there divided into parties, as in the mother country, the one for the revolution, the other for the government in its ancient form.

Again, as soon as the principles of that revolution, as particularized in the declaration of the bill of rights, was proclaimed in that colony, a third party, and that a formidable one, arose. This consisted of the people of colour,* who, notwithstanding many of them had received a liberal education, and were in
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* This term includes free negroes, and all such as have the smallest mixture of negro-blood; many of whom are as white as any of the native West Indians.

many instances larger proprietors in the island than the whites, were in a depressed and degraded state. They felt forcibly the justice of these principles; and when they considered that these were held out by the representatives of the parent country, they determined to assert their right to equal privileges with the rest of the colonists. In consequence of this they held a meeting, after which they sent several worthy persons of their own body to Paris, to represent them in the National Assembly of France.

On their arrival they found their way to the Bureau de Verification, where it was necessary for them to have their claim to representation ascertained and sanctioned, before they could be admitted as deputies into the Assembly.

The white planters, however, who happened to have seats in the National Assembly at the time, found means to crowd into this Bureau or Committee just mentioned, with a view of hindering the Deputies from the People of Colour from having a place in the same legislative body with themselves. They pretended to find some flaw in their powers, and put off the further consideration of the subject for a few weeks.—At the end of this time, in consequence of the great exertions of the Deputies of Colour, they were obliged to resume the consideration of the case; they then acknowledged their error, gave up the legality of the flaw at first started, but pretended to have discovered one of another nature. In this way they put off the Deputies from Committee to Committee, hindering them by these means from coming before the Assembly at all.—When at last, one of the Deputies of the name of Ogé, a man of property, education and abilities, but of much stronger passions than his colleagues, returned to St. Domingo to represent to their constituents the treatment they had met with from the white planters in France.

His representation of the case soon reached the ears of the whites of St. Domingo, who communicated the intelligence to others of their own description, which produced a determination in them to make a victim of Ogé, by taking away his life. They attacked him and a few of his adherents at various times in armed parties, some of whom he defeated, and from others he was obliged to fly; pressed however at last, he was obliged to take refuge in the Spanish part of the island, where he was treacherously given up, and soon after, though he was never publicly examined, he was broken alive on the wheel with 25 of his followers. This barbarous destruction of a person whom the people of colour so generally and deservedly esteemed, only widened the breach between them and the whites of the island, and exasperated them to seek their re-

venge upon the latter. While they were planning schemes with this view, news arrived in the colony that those of their deputies who, after Ogé's departure, had remained in France, had by their perseverance obtained a hearing before the National Assembly; which on the same day decreed that all the people of colour born of free parents were Frenchmen, and of course entitled to all the privileges of Frenchmen, and among others to that of being represented also. This news when received at St. Domingo as much exasperated the white inhabitants, as the death of Ogé had the people of colour there; and their breasts began to burn with a spirit of revenge.

Here then we see no less than three factions prevalent at the same moment in St. Domingo. The whites divided into two parties, as they adhered to the new constitution or the old; and the whites and people of colour burning with a fury hardly satiable but by the extirpation of one another. What then did the negroes do at this interesting moment? Seeing their lords and masters not able to agree among themselves, but at daggers drawing one with another, they determined to take advantage of the divisions among them, and to assert their violated rights by force of arms.—Such is the true state of the case respecting the insurrection at St. Domingo, and what do we learn from it but the following truth? “That the slave trade, and the oppression naturally resulting from it, was the real and only cause of this insurrection,” as it ever has been, and ever will be, of similar events; but that the revolution of France, by causing the three divisions before mentioned, did afford the negroes an opportunity which they would otherwise not so easily have found, of endeavouring to vindicate for themselves the unalterable rights of men.

The above accounts then lead us to three separate conclusions: First, That the slave trade is the real cause of all West India insurrections.—Secondly, That as long as it exists, so long may these insurrections be expected.—And thirdly, That the St. Domingo insurrection, in particular, so far from affording us a just argument (as the planters say) to discontinue our exertions at the present moment, calls upon us to redouble them, if we have any value for our islands, or any wish that the present proprietors of them may preserve their estates to themselves, and perpetuate them to posterity.

My having been at Paris during the residence of the Deputies of Colour enabled me to give you this information.

T. C.

Observations

Observations made by the Right Hon. Charles James Fox, in the House of Commons, on the Subject of the late Birmingham Riots.

THE constitution of France was essentially bad, and every thing was to be risked to destroy it; the constitution of Great Britain is essentially good, and every thing is to be risked to preserve it. It was in vain, therefore, to say, that they who rejoiced in the destruction of the one, must wish for the destruction of the other. There was no similarity between them. They were as radically different as good from evil, and never to be mentioned in the same terms, or any inference made from the one to the other.

No man could think more highly, or with greater reverence of the fundamental principles of the British constitution than he did. But he could neither shut his eyes, nor suspend the operations of his reason; and where he saw great mischiefs happen under any constitution, he could not help concluding, that the constitution was in some part decayed, or imperfect.

It must have been owing to the unwillingness of Ministers to damp the pleasures arising from so many topics of satisfaction as the speech from the throne contained, that with the mention of the inestimable blessings of liberty, and order, they had introduced no expressions of regret and concern at the violent interruption of order, that had occurred in the course of the summer. Nothing, surely, but extreme reluctance to cast the least shade over so many subjects of rejoicing, could account for such an omission. To read his Majesty's speech one would imagine that nothing had happened to disturb the long experience of liberty and order so earnestly recommended as the foundation of all our other blessings. But the cautious omission could not conceal the evil; it was impossible not to know, and not to lament, that, towards the close of the eighteenth century, men, instead of following in the progress of knowledge and liberality, had revived the spirit and the practice of the darkest and most barbarous ages; and that outrages, the most unparalleled and disgraceful, had been committed—disgraceful, he meant, to the country, not to the Ministers. They, it was to be presumed, had done every thing in their power to prevent and to check such detestable proceedings. But whether or not they, and those who acted under them, had exerted themselves as they ought in repressing the devastations of a mob, at all times mischievous, but doubly so when it assumed the pretext of supporting government or religion, was it not melancholy to

see that mob reigning triumphant for near a week in a rich and populous part of the country, and those, whose duty it was to have denounced the rigour of the law, addressing them rather in terms of approbation than rebuke? Was not this calculated to cherish an idea which but too fatally appeared to have been entertained, that the principle upon which they pretended to act was not disagreeable to government, however necessary it might be to punish a few for the irregularity of their proceedings? He accused Ministers neither of holding nor favouring such opinions. But when it could not be dissembled that such opinions had been held, if not inculcated, it would have been well if his Majesty had spoken of such riots, and their pretext, with horror, and of the exertions made to suppress them, and punish both the authors and the actors, with approbation.

These were not riots for want of bread—such every feeling heart must pity while it condemned.—Neither were they riots in the cause of liberty, which, though highly blameable, and highly to be reprobated by every good man, and every true friend to liberty, had yet some excuse in their principle.—No, they were the riots of men neither aggrieved nor complaining, but, who, pretending to be the executors of government, did not select individual objects of party animosity, or private hatred, but by personal insult, violence, and fire, set on foot an indiscriminate persecution of an entire description of their fellow citizens, that had furnished persons as eminent, as good subjects, and as zealous supporters of the family on the throne, as any other in the kingdom could boast. Instead of passing over such acts in silence, ought not his Majesty's sentiments to have gone forth as a manifesto, applying to them every epithet vituperative and expressive of abomination, which the language could furnish? When men were found so deluded as to suppose that their general object was not disagreeable to Government, a belief certainly unfounded, it might do much more mischief than Ministers were aware of. He had supposed that all practicable measures were taken to put a stop to these riots, and to punish those concerned in them as an example to others; but after they had threatened the person, and destroyed the house of a man, distinguished by a life attached to literature and useful science, of Dr. Priestley, whom he named but to honour, when they had destroyed all the accumulated labours of his youth, when they had demolished, what neither money nor industry could replace, that which ought to have been the solace and the ornament of his age, then came from those
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whose rank and stations ought to have given them influence, the slow desire to desist. How was this desire expressed, and how reprobated a conduct, subversive of every principle of civilized society? "Friends and fellow churchmen! We know you by the crosses and the banners you bear. You have now done enough in this pious cause. What further you do, you and we, your friends, must pay for. Your further exertions might be laudable, but they would be too expensive."

If holding such degrading language to a riotous mob could prevent mischief till assistance arrived—If it could save a house from the flames, much more a life, perhaps the sense of strict propriety might yield without blame, to the immediate impulse of compassion; but if neither of these was done, how contemptible? If they who held it were now ashamed of it, so much the more was it incumbent upon them and Government, to do away the impression it might have made, and to declare their abhorrence of acts, which they, in a moment of weakness, seemed not to disapprove. He hoped, therefore, that if an opportunity offered, this would still be done; and he had insisted on it the more largely, as he thought an occasion might not offer of noticing it in Parliament again.

C O U P D'Œ I L

ON THE

ENGLISH and FRENCH LANGUAGES.

OF all the European languages the English is perhaps the most natural, and the most simple in its form and construction. If there were the same advantages in its utterance, I dare advance that no other language could claim the pre-eminence. It is greatly superior to the French in simplicity; but, in return, it is as much inferior in the facility of properly pronouncing it.

In English, the pronunciation of many words is by no means certain; the natives themselves do not agree upon it; besides, the same letters very frequently represent different sounds. For instance, *bow*, for shooting arrows; *bow* an act of reverence, are spelt with the same letters, but pronounced very differently; *ow* is a vowel in one, and diphthong in the other.

In French the same sounds are represented, it is true, by different letters, but the same letter has seldom two sounds; and
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even that imperfection might easily be remedied, if prepossessions could be once shaken off.

In French the rules have but few exceptions; in English, they have a great many more; so that the pronunciation of the English is not so easily reducible to a single system; practice only, with a constant attention, can supply it.

As for articulation, which relates to consonants, each language has its difficulties and oddities; English has its *th*; French, its liquid *ll* and *gn*.

When among oddities I instance the English *th*, and the French liquid *ll*, I think I am not far from being right. May not these articulations be traced back to a vicious and abusive utterance, introduced of old, during the infancy or the arbitrary state of those languages, and afterwards sanctioned by custom? I can hardly believe they are quite natural; otherwise they would generally be uttered properly by the natives, and reciprocally common, like that of *m*, of *b*, &c. Perhaps they have no better origin than that of the thick *r* of some of the Rouennais,* or that of the effeminate utterance of some *belles*,† who to assume a certain air of candour and innocence, affect a childish articulation, and pronounce *pizou*, *des ffoux*, instead of *pigeon*, *des choux*.

In English, generally speaking, all the consonants are sounded; and even, as if it were not already hard enough, they put a *d* before *g*, and a *t* before *ch*: in French, by a contrary oddness, most consonants are dropped, which, however, renders articulation easier.

Besides the evident difficulties abovementioned, there are some others to overcome in getting the pronunciation of English.

The English have a vast number of monosyllables, and, if it could be, every word, however long, would be formed so. This renders the language more concise, but at the same time requires a great subtlety and nicety in the ears.

In English, each disyllable and polysyllable has an accented syllable, which never varies, whatever place the word may have in the sentence; the stress of the voice is still upon that syllable, which is chiefly the first, sometimes the middle, seldom the last; this gives the language a peculiar harmony, but at the same time

* The inhabitants of Rouen, the chief city of Normandy, in France.

† Most of the Parisian beauties of the *Tiers Etat* are fond of that affectation.

time increases the difficulties, and causes the hearer to lose the utterance of a great many words.

In French the prosodical accent, or stress of the voice, is always laid upon the last syllable, before the pause, and that syllable only is long; the foregoing are short, or less long, though sometimes broad, and are emitted with equality of time. This renders the utterance very plain and easy; and as the last syllable of the sentence bears always the accent, no one can be lost from the mouth of a good speaker.

The accent assimilates the English language to the Latin, and makes it, perhaps, more expressive than the French, and more harmonious; but the French, though not destitute of harmony, is in return more smooth and fluent.

From this difference of laying the accent arises the difficulty an Englishman meets with in speaking French. The Englishman, accustomed to the harmony of his own language, introduces the harmony into French and pronounces wrong. The Frenchman always accustomed to accent his final syllables, does the same in English, and likewise pronounces wrong. But as it is more easy to accent invariably the last syllable, than to know which of the foregoing should be accented, I maintain that an Englishman may acquire in a few months a perfect utterance of French; whilst a Frenchman, after many years, is not able to pronounce English tolerably well. Daily experience makes this indubitable.

An AMATEUR.

Sherborne, February, 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 207.)

IN the campaign of 1744, I had been quartered at Braunau, with a weaver whom I advised, and assisted, to bury his effects, and preserve them from being plundered. The worthy man received us with joy and gratitude. I had lived in this same house, but two years before, as absolute master of him and his fate. I had, then, nine horses and five servants, with the

highest and most favourable hopes of futurity : But now I came a fugitive, seeking protection, and having lost all a youth like me had to lose.

I had but a single louis d'or in my purse, and Schell forty kreutzers, or some three shillings : With this small sum, in a strange country, we had to cure his sprain, and provide for all our wants.

After three weeks abode at Braunau, my friend recovered of his lameness. We had been obliged to sell my watch, with his scarf, and gorget, to supply our necessities ; and had only four florins remaining.

At length I determined to travel, on foot, to Prussia, to my mother, and obtain money from her, and afterward enter into the Russian service. Schell, whose destiny was linked to mine, would not forsake me. We assumed false names : I called myself Knert, and Schell, Lesch ; then obtaining passports, like common deserters, we left Braunau on the 21st of January in the evening, unseen of any person, and proceeded towards Bilitz, in Poland. A friend I had at Neurode gave me a pair of pocket pistols, a musket, and three ducats : The money was spent at Braunau. Here let me take occasion to remark, I had lent this friend, in urgent necessity, a hundred ducats, which he still owed me ; and, when I sent to request payment, he returned me three, as if I had asked charity.

From Braunau we travelled in three days to Leutomischel, where I bought a loaf hot out of the oven, which eating greedily had nearly caused my death. This obliged us to rest a day, and the extravagant charge of the landlord almost emptied our purse. At length we arrived at Bilitz, the last Austrian town on the frontiers of Poland ; and Captain Capi, of the regiment of Marischall, who commanded the garrison, demanded our passports. We had false names, and called ourselves common Prussian deserters ; but a drummer, who had deserted from Glatz, knew us, and betrayed us to the Captain, who immediately arrested us very rudely, and sent us on foot to Teschin, refusing us a hearing, four miles distant.

Here we found Lieutenant Colonel Baron Schwarzer, a perfectly worthy man, who was highly interested in our behalf, and who blamed the irregular arbitrary conduct of Captain Capi. I frankly related my adventures, and he used every possible argument to persuade me, instead of continuing my journey through Poland, to go to Vienna ; but in vain ; my good genius, this time, preserved me : Would to God it had ever ! How many miseries had I then avoided, and how easily
might

might I have escaped the snares spread for me by the powerful who have seized on my property, and in order to secure it, have hitherto rendered me useless to the state, by depriving me of all post or employment.

I returned therefore a second time to Bilitz, travelling these four miles once more. Schwarzer lent us his own horse, and four ducats, which I have since repaid, but which I shall never forget, as they were of signal service to me, and procured me a pair of new boots.

Irritated against Captain Capi, we passed through Bilitz without stopping, went immediately to Biala, the first town in Poland, and from thence I sent Capi a challenge to fight me, with sword or pistol, but received no answer; and his non-appearance has ever confirmed him in my opinion a rascal.

On the 5th of February we arrived at Czenstochowa, where we slept at an inn kept by a very worthy man, whose name was Lazar. He had been a Lieutenant in the Austrian service, where he had suffered much, and was now become a poor inn-keeper in Poland. We had not a penny in our purse, and requested a bit of bread. The generous man had compassion on us, and desired us to sit down, and eat with himself. I then told him who we were, and trusted him with the motives of our journey. Scarcely had we supped, before a carriage arrived, with three people. They had their own horses, a servant, and a coachman.

We had before met this carriage at Elkusch, and one of these people had asked Schell where we were going: He had replied, to Czenstochowa; we therefore had not the least suspicion of them, notwithstanding the danger we ran.

They lay at the inn, saluted us, but with indifference, not seeming to notice us, and spoke little. We had not been long in bed before our host came to awaken us, and told us, with surprise, these pretended merchants were sent to arrest us from Prussia; that they had offered, first, fifty, afterwards, a hundred ducats, if he would permit them to take us in his house, and carry us into Silesia: That he had firmly rejected the proposal, though they had increased their promises; and that at last they had given him six ducats to engage his silence.

We clearly saw these were an officer and under-officers sent by General Fouquet, to recover us. We conjectured by what means they had discovered our route, and imagined the information they had received could only come from one Lieutenant Mollinie, of the garrison of Habelschwert, who had come to visit Schell, as a friend, during our stay at Braunau. He had

remained with us two days, and had asked many questions concerning the road we should take, and he was the only one who knew it. He was probably the spy of Fouquet, and the cause of what happened afterwards, which, however, ended in the defeat of our enemies.

The moment I heard of this infamous treachery, I was for entering with my pistols primed, into the enemy's chamber, but was prevented by Schell and Lazar: The latter entreated me, in the strongest manner, to remain at his house till I should receive a supply from my mother, that I might be enabled to continue my journey with more ease and less danger: But his entreaties were ineffectual, I was determined to see her, uncertain as I was of what effect my letter had produced. Lazar assured me we should, most infallibly, be attacked on the road. "So much the better, retorted I; that will give me an opportunity of dispatching them, sending them to the other world, and shooting them as I would highwaymen." They departed at break of day, and took the road to Warsaw.

We would have been gone, likewise, but Lazar, in some sort, forcibly detained us, and gave us the six ducats he had received from the Prussians, with which we bought us each a shirt, another pair of pocket pistols, and other urgent necessities; then took an affectionate leave of our host, who directed us on our way, and we testified our gratitude for the great service done us.

Feb. 6. From Czenstochowa to Dankow, two miles. Here we expected an attack. Lazar had told us our enemies had only one musket; I also, had a musket, and an excellent sabre, and each of us was provided with a pair of pistols. They knew not we were so well-armed, which perhaps was the cause of their panic, when they came to engage.

Feb. 7. We took the road to Parsemechi: We had not been an hour on the road before we saw a carriage: As we drew near, we knew it to be that of our enemies, who pretended it was set in the snow. They were round it, and when they saw us approach, began to call for help. This, we guessed, was an artifice to entrap us. Schell was not strong; they would have fallen upon me, and we should easily have been carried off, for they wanted to take us alive.

We left the causeway about thirty paces, answering, "we had not time to give them help;" at which they all ran to their carriage, drew out their pistols, and returning full speed after us, called, stop, rascals! We began to run, but I suddenly turning round, presented my piece, and shot the nearest dead on the spot.

Schell

Schell fired his pistols ; our opposers did the same, and Schell received a ball in the neck at this discharge. It was now my turn ; I took out my pistols, one of the assailants fled, and I enraged, pursued him three hundred paces, overtook him, and as he was defending himself with his sword, perceiving he bled and made a feeble resistance, pressed upon him, and gave him a stroke that brought him down. I instantly returned to Schell, whom I found in the power of two others that were dragging him towards the carriage, but when they saw me at their heels, they fled over the fields. The coachman, perceiving which way the battle went, leaped on his box, and drove off full speed.

Schell, though delivered, was wounded with a ball in the neck, and by a cut in the right hand, which had made him drop his sword, though he affirmed he had run one of his adversaries through.

I took a silver watch from the man I had killed, and was going to make free with his purse, when Schell called, and showed me a coach and six coming down a hill. To stay would have exposed us to have been imprisoned as highwaymen : For the two fugitives, who had escaped us, would certainly have borne witness against us. Safety only could be found in flight. I however, seized the musket and hat of him I had first killed, and we then gained the copse, and after that the forest. The road was round about, and it was night before we reached Pa. semechi.

Schell was besmeared with blood ; I had bound up his wound the best I could ; but in Polish villages, no surgeons are to be found, and he performed his journey with great difficulty. We met with two Saxon under-officers here, who were recruiting for the regiment of guards at Dresden. My six-foot height and person pleased them, and they immediately made themselves acquainted with me. I found them intelligent, and entrusted them with our secret, told them who we were, related the battle we had that day had with our pursuers, and I had not reason to repent of my confidence in them. Schell had his wounds dressed, and we remained seven days with these good Saxons, who faithfully kept us company.

I learned meantime, that of the four men by whom we had been assaulted, one only, and the coachman, returned alive to Glatz. The name of the officer, who undertook this vile business, was Gerisdorf ; he had a hundred and fifty ducats in his pocket when found dead. How great would our good fortune have been, had not that cursed coach and six, by its appearance,

pearance, made us take to flight; since the booty would have been most just! Fortune, this time, did not favour the innocent; and though treacherously attacked, I was obliged to escape like a guilty wretch. We sold the watch to a Jew for four ducats, the hat for three florins and a half, and the musket for a ducat, Schell being unable to carry it farther. We left most of this money behind us at Parsemechi. A Jew surgeon sold us some dear plaisters, which we took with us, and departed.

(To be continued.)

*The Interesting History of the Count de Bellegarde;
with a Description of the Sublime and Picturesque
Scenery in the Pyrenean Mountains.*

[From *Celestina*, a Novel, by Mrs. Charlotte Smith.]

(Continued from Page 218.)

THE last rays of the departed sun were now reflected from the summits of snow, the air became perfectly serene, and Willoughby saw distinctly every object around him. He observed at some distance to the left a cross, in an elevated situation, but far below the extremest point of the cliffs; and he recollected, that the day before Gaston had shewn him that cross, and had told him that near it was the residence of a shepherd; and not far from it a convent, near the foot of the mountain.—Toward this, therefore, he now endeavoured to find his way; and by the help of a stick, with an iron fixed at the end of it, and by his own activity, he at length passed difficulties that to many people would have seemed insurmountable; and, attended only by a terrier which had followed him from England, and which had been the faithful companion of all his wanderings, he reached the pointed rock where the cross was erected.

It was now, however, so late, that he began to despair of finding the hut which Gaston had told him was situated something lower down. The moon indeed, was rising in majestic beauty behind him; but her light, he feared, would hardly be sufficient to guide him among the woods and crags with which he was surrounded, to an object, perhaps, entirely concealed within them, and with which he was wholly unacquainted.—He sat down, however, till she should afford him more benefit,
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and to consider what he should do—when, amid the silence of the night, the sound of the human voice, in slow cadence, accompanied by some musical instrument, was borne on the faint breeze that arose from the low lands.—He listened—it was not the illusion of fancy, as he had for a moment supposed; and he involuntarily exclaimed—

“ O, it came o’er mine ear, like the sweet south,
 “ That breathes upon a bank of violets—
 “ Stealing and giving odour.”

SHAKESPEARE.

His dog, too, gave evident signs of hearing something unusual—ran from his master to the brink of the precipice—then returned jumping toward him, and seemed rejoiced that they were once more within reach of a human habitation. His sagacity assisted his master to follow the sound; and descending the mountain, by an entangled and almost overgrown sheep-path, that led from one pointed rock to another, he at length entered one of those woods of larch, pine, and chestnut, that fill many of the hollow bosoms of the Pyrenees; and though the trees rendered it entirely dark, the music, which still continued at short intervals to float in the air, led him on, till, in a small glade, overshadowed by rocks clothed with brush-wood, he saw a small cabin, or rather cottage, where he had no doubt of finding an asylum for the night: His terrier now ran gaily before him, and was presently saluted by the loud barking of those dogs which guard the Pyrenean flocks—but on meeting, the animals courteously saluted each other, and the shepherd’s dog seemed glad to shew the strangers to his master.

The moon, though not yet risen above the trees, which on every side shaded the rocks surrounding this solitary glen, yet afforded general light enough for Willoughby to perceive a group of peasants assembled round the door of a cottage, superior in size to any of the cabins of the shepherds which he had yet visited.—As he approached, the sounds which had guided him toward it ceased; and a man advanced to meet him, whose air and manner were very different from the native mountaineers whom he had been accustomed to see, though his dress was nearly the same. Willoughby accosted him in French, told him he was a stranger who had lost his guide, and desired to be permitted to remain in his cottage till the morning enabled him to find his companions.—The man to whom he spoke hardly allowed him to finish the sentence, before, in
 language

language unadulterated with the Patois which is spoken in that country, and is a coarse mixture of Spanish and French, he expressed the utmost solicitude for his accommodation—and leading him to the door of the cottage, presented him to his wife, to an old man her father, and to several young people whom his music had assembled round the cabin—and who were inhabitants of a little group of cottages dispersed at short intervals among the woods on this part of the Vallée de Loufon.

Every individual of this simple party was eager to shew civility and attention to the stranger. “Loufon,” said he, who appeared to be the master of the house, and who had met Willoughby—“Loufon, go and prepare what our cottage affords, to refresh this gentleman, who may well have occasion for it, after such fatigue as he has gone through.” Willoughby owned he was almost exhausted—and in a moment, milk, bread, and such other simple food as they themselves lived upon, were before him.

With the same hospitable simplicity, Loufon went again, at her husband’s request, to prepare him a bed, which one of the younger brothers of his host relinquished to him; saying, he could find a lodging that night at a neighbouring cottage.—Le Laurier, which he found was the name of his host, then pressed him to retire to his bed—but Willoughby, refreshed by what he had eaten, found his curiosity so strongly excited, by the manners and language of this man, that it became more powerful than fatigue, and he could not help expressing a wish, to know how a man, who possessed such musical talents, and whose conversation was certainly not that of a mountaineer, should be found inhabiting a sequestered nook, in the bosom of the Pyrenees.

“I inhabit it, Sir,” replied Le Laurier, “because I was born in it; but it is true, that I have also seen a great deal of other parts of the world—and that it is not yet a month since I quitted the capital of France, to return hither, after a long absence.”—“Long, indeed,” said his wife, who had now rejoined them—“Alas! so long”—and she sighed deeply—“that I never expected, Sir, to have seen him again.”

“Let me hear,” said Willoughby, “not only what you have to relate of yourself, but what is now passing at Paris, which you say you have so lately left—I have been so long wandering among these mountains, that I am wholly ignorant of the consequences of that fermentation which was evident there among all ranks of men when I passed through it?”

“And

“ And I was in the mid of it all, Sir,” replied Le Laurier—“ for my master, Chevalier de Bellegarde, was among the prisoners who were released from the Castle of Mount St. Michell—but our history is too long for this evening :—He gave, however, a brief detail to Willoughby, of what had passed at Paris the preceding July—and then, gaily turning the conversation, said—“ Well, Sir, but here am I, after all this; returned to my cottage in the Pyrenees, and here is Louison and my family—we are all happy together—and what is yet better, my dear master is restored to his home here below us.”—“ And where is his home ?” “ Oh, Sir, the Chateau of Rochemarte, where his family have lived since the beginning of the world, I believe, is just down in the valley. Have you never seen it ?—To-morrow, please Heaven, you shall—and you shall see my master—who is now indeed the Count of Bellegarde—for his father and brother are dead—you shall see him, Sir ; and see how a man enjoys liberty that has been a prisoner so many years.—Not, indeed, that he is so happy as some people would be, because of the misfortunes in the beginning of his life—which always hang upon his mind—but now, I hope, in time, he will get over them.—For my part, I think it folly to lament what we cannot help, or regret what cannot be recalled—and I wish the Chevalier was of my disposition.”

“ ’Tis a very fortunate one, at least for yourself,” replied Willoughby—“ and has undoubtedly helped you gaily through the world.” “ No, Sir, not gaily—but tolerably ; amid the severest of those misfortunes, which I shared with the Chevalier, I had always a persuasion that I should revisit my cottage, and my Louison.”—“ Ah, thank Heaven, your persuasion was a just one, my friend,” replied his wife—“ and now that we may not part with melancholy impressions on our minds, let us have a little more music.”

Le Laurier then began to play on the instrument Willoughby had before heard, and which was something between a lute and a Spanish guitar—he touched it with uncommon taste, and sang a simple rustic air ; the cadence was solemn and pathetic, and at every close, the female part of his auditory joined their voices in unison.—Willoughby had now time to observe the group before him by the clear light of the moon, which cast a mild and unclouded radiance around them—The scene was simple and affecting. Le Laurier, a fine manly figure, sat on a seat of turf by the side of his door ; his wife, a very handsome woman, stood leaning against the side of it, her head inclined toward him ; a girl, twelve or thirteen years old, who was his

his eldest daughter, leaned on the turf, and looked up toward him, with a sort of innocent and affectionate admiration; while a boy of seven, the youngest of his children, had fallen asleep as he sat at her feet, and rested his head on her lap;—two or three young peasants were behind, listening to the music, and gazing at the stranger; and, in a chair, before the door, the venerable father of the family, sat, contemplating the felicity so lately restored to them all, by the return of Le Laurier, with the mild resignation of reposing age.

A thousand fragrant smells floated in the air, after the rain; and the lightest wind whispered among the woods by which they were every way surrounded.—Not a sound interrupted the plaintive pastoral air, which the performer now began to play, while his wife and daughter alternately sung a stanza.—It was a kind of romance in Patois—but Willoughby understood it to be the complaint of a mountain shepherd, whose mistress had forsaken him for a richer establishment.—There was nothing new in it, but it was the language of nature, and brought forcibly to the mind of Willoughby his own misfortunes.

* * * * *

The soothing melancholy which every object around him seemed to breathe; the light of the moon trembling among the waving branches, of which Celestina had so often remarked the effect when they were wandering together; the simple cadence of rustic music, even the happiness which he saw on the countenances of his host and his family, combined to raise in his mind regret and languor. Never could he now hope to enjoy such a scene with Celestina; never was he likely to taste the delight of being restored to all he loved—Oh, no!—Celestina was the wife of another—and the world had no happiness for him.—As he indulged these melancholy thoughts, he sat almost motionless, and appeared to be attending to the music of Le Laurier—but on a sudden they quite overcame him, and striking his hands together, he started up, and walked suddenly away from the little assembly.

His host immediately ceased to play, and following him, enquired with unaffected solicitude, if he was ill.—Willoughby immediately recovering himself, thanked him for his kindness; and assured him, that his emotion was occasioned merely by the song he had heard, which had brought some unpleasing recollections to his mind.—The man, instead of attempting to console him by common-place speeches, said, he would then leave him a moment; and hoped he would soon rejoin them, and allow
them

them to wish him a good night.—Willoughby walked on a little farther toward the wood—he looked up to the moon—“ Even at this moment,” said he, “ perhaps the eyes of Celestina are fixed on thee, mild and beautiful planet.—Those fine and expressive eyes, which I have seen filled with tears of admiration and delight, as they have contemplated the beauty of the universe, and the wisdom of its Creator—Ah, Celestina!—our hearts were made for each other—but your’s—your’s is perhaps changed, and to me is lost, as well as your person.”—He dared not trust himself with this train of thought; but turning, walked slowly back toward the cottage door, where only Le Laurier, and his Louison, now waited to shew him to his bed. As he walked silently along, the bells of a convent below seemed to be calling its inhabitants to their evening prayers; and from a higher part of the mountain, which arose very suddenly beyond the woods, a small bell answered, and was re-echoed among the rocks.—On his reaching Le Laurier, he enquired what these sounds meant.—“ The bells, below,” said he, “ are those of the convent of St. Benoit, about half a mile below us; and the smaller one is that of father Anthony, a hermit, who inhabits one of the rocks above—he has lived there many years.”

“ And where is the castle of Rochemarte?” enquired Willoughby.

“ It is almost close to the convent,” replied Le Laurier—“ and if you wish to see them both, I will wait upon you thither to-morrow.”

Willoughby now repeated his acknowledgments for the courtesy he had received; and retired to his rustic bed—where fatigue, in despite of the depression, of spirits, which his last reverie had brought upon him, gave him up to repose; and he, for a while, enjoyed that

“ Sweet forgetfulness of human care,”

without which the wretched would lose the power of enduring their wretchedness; and the happy, that of enjoying their good fortune.

(To be continued.)

A SPECIMEN OF ORTHOGRAPHY.

hold Monday

A Wash for the Cook to fite for 3 gineys prise and the Sekent
2 G 2 best

best Cock *is to have a Crown hat for a faver and 8 Cocks only and nether Cocks to Exceed 4 Ponds and half and to fite at the Parish of Sencleer and to Mit by or a Clock and to way by 11 and hew So Ever is a Mind to Put in a Cock Must give in their name to _____ Smith or Market tinker baret and to Put in half a Crown and hew So Ever is not their to the time is to for fit their half a Crown

Fines

Answer, by W. Upjohn, of Shaftesbury, to R. Gilbert's Question, inserted November 28.

BY the 47th proposition of Euclid's Element find the length of the perpendicular let fall from either of the angles to its opposite side, then say, as that perpendicular is to one-side of the triangle, so is the contrary leg to the diameter of the least circumscribed circle, as follow :

The \square of 30, the half side = 900, taken from the \square of 60 equal 3600, leaves 2700; the square-root of which is 51.96152 : Then by proportion as 51.96152 : 60 :: 60 : 69.28203, the diameter of the circle proposed in the question, W. W. R.

*** We have received the like answer from J. Rees, of Bristol; Fidelio, of Bath; and William Stephens junior, of St. Hillary.

Answer, by Primævus, to William Upjohn's Charade, inserted January 9.

THE blifs of FRIENDSHIP vice can never know;
From virtue's fount alone that stream must flow.

†*† We have received the like answer from J. Tucker, of Penryn; P. Lyttleton, Tywardreath; T. Coumbe, St. Germans; Amico Crewkerniensis; W. W. of Surminster Newton; T. Taylor, Ipplepen; J. Gooding, T. Sparkes junior, and H. C. Granger, of Exeter; A. Pinn, of Exmouth; John Bennett, of Mawgan; D. Robarts, of St. Columb; Eremita, of Weston Zoyland; A. Apsey, of Taunton; Ink-bottle, of Devonshire; T. Gill junior, of Stythians; Richard Tucker, of Broadwinfor; W. Baker, and R. J. M. of Tottes; J. K. Coles, near Wells; T. Giles, of Bridgewater; and John Thomas junior, of Gluvias.

A QUESTION,

A QUESTION, by *William Davies junior, of Kenwyn, in Cornwall.*

SUPPOSE a vessel is to be made in the form of the frustum of a cone whose depth is 30 inches, what must the two diameters be, if they are in proportion one to another as 8 :: 11 for to hold 40 gallons of wine?

A CHARADE, by a Librarian.

MY first instructs the young, and soothes the old,
 My second's to a noun ally'd:
 The whole in general's form'd for use,
 Tho' sometimes form'd for pride.

A REBUS, by *Thomas Mullet, of Sturminster Newton.*

AN English beast must first be found;
 An English city much renown'd;
 An English insect call to mind;
 An English fruit you next must find;
 An English poet bring to light;
 An English measure, name it right;
 An English bird which flies by night;
 An English vermin bring to view;
 An English western county too:
 The initials join'd will make appear,
 A well built town in Dorsetshire.



† *The Misfortunate Old Man is not sufficiently correct for Insertion.*

||+|| *W. Davies may depend upon it that his Communications, when accurate, shall be duly attended to. But he must remember that we have a Number of Correspondents to oblige, all of whom expect to be attended to, and are, in proportion to their merit.*

§+§ *Several Pieces of Poetry lately received are much too inaccurate for Insertion.*

. *Our Correspondents are desired to observe, that they may send their Favours by any of the Newsmen, free of Expence.*

. *Enigmatical lists of the names of young ladies generally give offence, and cannot, therefore, have a place.*

P O E T R Y.

Lines addressed to John Pitt, Esq. by his Relation, Mr. Christopher Pitt, recommending him to erect a Banqueting-House on a Promontory near his Seat at Encombe, in Dorsetshire, now the Residence of his Son, William Morton Pitt, Esq. Member for that County.

O'ER curious models as you rove
The vales with piles to crown,
And great Palladio's plans improve
With nobler of your own;

O bid a structure o'er the flood
From this high mountain rise,
Where we may sit enthron'd like gods,
And revel in the skies.

Th' ascending breeze, at each repast,
Shall breathe an air divine,
Give a new brightness to the taste,
New spirit to the wine.

Or these low pleasures we may quit
For banquets more refin'd,
The works of each immortal wit,
The luxury of the mind.

Plato, or Boyle's, or Newton's page,
Our towering thoughts shall raise,
Or Homer's fire, or Pindar's rage,
Or Virgil's lofty lays.

Or with amusive thought the sea
Shall entertain the mind,
While we the rolling scene survey,
An emblem of mankind.

Where,

Where, like sworn foes, successive all,
 The furious surges run,
 To urge their predecessor's fall,
 Tho' follow'd by their own.

Where, like our moderns so profound,
 Engag'd in dark dispute;
 The skuttles cast their ink around
 To puzzle the dispute.

Where sharks, like shrewd directors, thrive,
 Like lawyers, rob at will;
 Where flying-fish, like trimmers live;
 Like soldiers, sword-fish kill.

Where on the less the greater feed,
 The tyrants of an hour,
 'Till the huge royal whale succeed,
 And all at once devour.

Thus in the moral world we now
 Too truly understand,
 Each monster of the sea below
 Is match'd by one at land.

THE COUNTRY FAIR.

By HENRY JAMES PYE, Esq.

BEHOLD the transports of yon festive scene,
 Where the wide country on the tented green
 Its inmates pours, impatient all to share
 The expected pleasures of the annual fair!
 See to the amorous youth and village maid
 The pedlar's filken treasury display'd;
 The liquorish boy the yellow finnel eyes;
 The champion's cudgel wins the envied prize;
 The martial trumpet calls the gazers in
 Where lions roar, or fierce hyenas grin.
 Responsive to the tabor's sprightly sound,
 Behold the jingling morrice beat the ground;
 The neighing courser sleek and trimm'd for sale,
 Grains in his paunch and ginger in his tail;
 The dwarf and giant painted to the life,
 The spirit-stirring drum, and shrill-ton'd fife,

Prelusive

Prelusive to the warlike speech that charms
 The kindling heroes of the plain to arms,
 Here bliss unfeign'd in every eye we trace,
 Here heart-felt mirth illumines every face,
 For pleasure here has never learn'd to cloy,
 But days of toil enliven hours of joy.
 Joy, how unlike its unsubstantial shade
 Which faintly haunts the midnight masquerade,
 Where the distorted vizard ill conceals
 The deep *ennui* each languid bosom feels,
 And, but for shame, each vot'ry of delight,
 Fatigu'd with all the nonsense of the night,
 Would, like 'squire Richard, seek with sated eye
 Wrestling and back-sword for variety.

Nor do I fable—worn with constant care
 Of sev'rish riot and fantastick glare,
 From splendid luxury our youth resort
 To all the roughness of barbarian sport,
 And leave each softer elegance of town
 To share the pastime of the rustic clown;
 Crowd to behold, on the forbidden stage,
 Christian and Jew in bloody fight engage,
 Amusement in a fractur'd shoulder spy,
 And gaze with rapture on a batter'd eye.

SONNET to a COFFIN-LID.

By ANNA SEWARD.

THOU silent door of our eternal sleep,
 Sickness and pain, debility and woes,
 All the dire train of ills existence knows
 Thou shuttest out for ever! Why then weep
 This fix'd tranquillity, so long, so deep,
 For a dear father's faded form? where rose
 No energy enlivening health bestows
 Thro' many a tedious year, that us'd to creep
 In languid deprivation; while the flame
 Of intellect, resplendent once confess'd,
 Dark, and more dark, each passing day became.
 Now that angelic lights the soul invest,
 Calm let me yield to thee a joyless frame,
 Thou silent door of everlasting rest!