

T H E

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, March 12, 1792.

On the Nature and Origin of the Sounds which Speech is formed of.

MAN, having been born for society, wanted to manifest his thoughts to his fellow-creatures; and for that purpose he affixed some meaning to the sounds which nature enabled him to utter: hence came *speech*.

But society increasing, his connections increased; and it was not long before he wanted to communicate his ideas to those who lived at a distance from him, to converse with them, if I may say so, and to transmit his opinions and discoveries to posterity; for that purpose, he contrived some signs and characters, to be the images of sounds, as sounds were the images of his thoughts: hence *writing*.

The characters he made use of, were at first some hieroglyphics, like those which are still used in China; and by the help of those signs, his thoughts were as soon known as when he uttered them himself: hence *reading*.

But those emblems represented whole words, and even sentences; and as words or sentences might be infinite, because sounds may be combined *ad infinitum*, that hieroglyphical writing proved too troublesome; and it was thought more useful, expeditious, and convenient to depict sounds themselves, which being but few in number, required but few characters: hence *letters*.

To each of the letters the idea of such or such a sound has been affixed; and by joining those characters to one another,

syllables, words, sentences, and whole speeches have been equally painted to the eye.

All the sounds which man can emit, having been given him by nature, are common to all mankind: therefore, as the notes of music have the same tone in every country, whatever name they bear, so all the sounds speaking is formed of, are the same upon the whole surface of the earth, under any climate, some peculiar modifications excepted. The sound, for instance, which we represent by *a*, the articulation which we represent by *m*, may be uttered by any people; the combination only of sounds is different: hence the difference of languages.

Conscious how advantageous that manner of representing sounds was, all polite nations have adopted it. But as sounds have no form, the ideas of them could not be affixed but to arbitrary figures; and every nation has formed, according to its fancy, the signs it wanted to mark out the sounds of its language: hence the difference of alphabets; a letter which is to represent in one language the same sound as in another, having often a different figure and name.

From which it follows, that vowels and consonants have been pronounced before letters were invented; that letters have no sound of themselves; that they serve only to recal sounds to the mind; that sounds must be known before letters; letters being only signs of convention, dumb figures, to which it has been agreed to affix the ideas of sounds; that is, men having agreed to utter such a sound, when such a letter should be presented to their eyes.

An AMATEUR.

Sherborne, March, 1792.

An Enquiry which is the best Method of choosing a Wife.

To the P R I N T E R.

S I R,

HAVING both lately opened a shop, very eligibly situated, and find business answer the highest expectation—and, in order to our being happy, as far as human nature would admit of—we are perfectly sensible the grand concern of life is the making a prudent choice in a wife—but, conceiving it would be exceeding injudicious for any man to fix on a woman whose chief employment is endeavouring to excel her neighbours in the article of dress, we beg either of your correspondents

dents to shew us, as well as others, similarly circumstanced, what steps are proper to take for the effecting of this desirable end.—And are, respectfully, Sir,

Your faithful servants,

PYLADES and ORESTES.

January 25, 1792.

*Petition from Cambridge last Year in Favour of the
Abolition of the Slave Trade,*

To the Honourable the Commons of Great Britain in Parliament assembled.

WE the Chancellor, Masters, and Scholars of the University of Cambridge, understanding that an application will soon be made to Parliament, for the suppression of the slave-trade, desire to express our hearty approbation of so benevolent a design. And we trust that in reprobating with just indignation a traffic carried on in violation of every principle of humanity as well as of the precepts of the Christian religion, we act in perfect consistency with our duty as members of an establishment, dedicated to the support of learning and religion.

We hope that the legislature will take this subject into its most serious consideration, and adopt such measures, as to its wisdom shall appear most effectual, for abolishing a commerce, supported only by violence and rapine, and which by encouraging treachery, by exciting war, and by forcing into slavery multitudes of the inhabitants, desolates a most extensive and fertile country. Commercial interest cannot justify a crime, nor atone for the guilt incurred by an action which reason and Revelation forbid.—But we are far from apprehending that the abolition of this traffic will be attended with consequences detrimental to the state, inasmuch as a firm belief in the providence of a benevolent Creator assures us, that no system, founded in the oppression of one part of mankind, can be beneficial to another. As our excellent constitution carefully provides for happiness by securing the freedom of the meanest subject, we are persuaded that the legislature will cease to support a traffic, replete with misery and oppression, and that it will readily extend its protection to the Africans, the most injured and defenceless of our fellow-creatures.

Thus shall this continued outrage against humanity be no longer the disgrace of our national character, and the reproach of our Christian profession.

Thus shall peace be restored to that afflicted and desolated country, and a friendly commercial intercourse enable us to introduce into it the comforts of social life, and the advantages of true religion.

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 238.)

ON the 19th of February we arrived at Goblin, wholly destitute of money. I sold my coat to a Jew, who gave me four florins and a coarse waggoner's frock, in exchange, which I did not think I should long need, as we now drew nearer to where my sister lived, and where I hoped I should be better equipped. Schell, however, grew weaker and weaker; his wounds healed slowly, and were expensive; the cold also was injurious to him, and as he was not by nature cleanly in his person, his body soon became the harbour of every species of vermin to be picked up in Poland. We often arrived wet and weary, to our smoky, reeking stove-room. Often were we obliged to lie on straw, or the bare boards; and the various hardships we suffered are almost incredible. Wandering as we did, in the midst of winter, through Poland, where humanity, hospitality, and gentle pity, are scarcely so much as known by name; where merciless Jews deny the poor traveller a bed, and where we, disconsolately, strayed without bread, and almost naked; these were sufferings, the full extent of which he only can conceive by whom they have been felt. My musket now and then procured us an occasional meal of tame geese, and cocks and hens, when these were to be had; otherwise, we never took or touched any thing that was not our own. We met with Saxon and Prussian recruiters at various places; all of whom, on account of my youth and stature, were eager to inveigle me. I was highly diverted to hear them enumerate all the possibilities of future greatness, and how liable I was hereafter

to become a corporal : nor was I less merry with their mead, ale, and brandy, given with an intent to make me drunk. Thus had we many artifices to guard against ; but thus had we, likewise, very luckily for us, many a good meal gratis.

At Storchneft on the 22d we met with a singular adventure. The peasants at this place were dancing to a vile scraper on the violin : I took the instrument myself, and played while they continued their hilarity. They were much pleased with my playing ; but when I was tired, and desired to have done, they obliged me, first by importunities, and afterwards by threats, to play on all night. I was so fatigued, I thought I should have fainted : at length, they quarrelled among themselves. Schell was sleeping on a bench, and some of them fell on his wounded hand : he rose furious ; I seized our arms, began to lay about me, and while all was in confusion, we escaped without further ill treatment.

Feb. 23. From Schmiegel to Rakonitz, and from thence to Karger Holland, four miles and a half. Here we sold, to prevent dying with hunger, a shirt and Schell's waistcoat for eighteen grosch, or nine schoftack. I had shot a pullet the day before, which necessity obliged us to eat raw. I also killed a crow, which I devoured alone, Schell refusing to taste. Youth and hard travelling created a voracious appetite, and our eighteen grosch were soon expended.

Feb. 24. We came through Benzen to Lettel, four miles. Here we halted a day to learn the road to Hammer, in Brandenburg, where my sister lived. I happened, luckily, to meet with the wife of a Prussian foldier, who lived at Lettel, and belonged to Kolschen, where she was born a vassal of my sister's husband. I told her who I was, and she became our guide.

Feb. 26. To Kurschen and Falkenwalde.

Feb. 27. Through Neuendorf and Oost, and afterwards through a pathless wood, five miles and a half to Hammer, and here I knocked at my sister's door at nine o'clock in the evening.

A maid servant came to the door, whom I knew ; her name was Mary, and she had been born and brought up in my father's house. She was terrified at seeing a sturdy fellow in a beggar's dress ; which perceiving, I asked, Molly, do not you know me ? She answered No, and I then discovered myself to her. I asked whether my brother-in-law was at home ? Molly replied, Yes ; but he was sick in bed. Tell my sister, then, said I, that I am here. She showed me into a room, and my sister presently came.

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She was alarmed at seeing me, not knowing that I had escaped from Glatz, and ran to inform her husband, but did not return.

A quarter of an hour after the good Mary came weeping, and told us her master commanded us to quit the premises instantly, or he should be obliged to have us arrested, and delivered up as prisoners. My sister's husband forcibly detained her, and I saw her no more.

What my feelings must be, at such a moment, let the reader imagine. I was too proud, too enraged, to ask money; I furiously left the house, uttering a thousand menaces against its inhabitants, while the kind-hearted Mary, still weeping, slipped three ducats into my hand, which I accepted.

And now behold us, once more, in the wood, which was not above a hundred paces from the house, half dead with hunger and fatigue, not daring to enter any habitation, while in the states of Brandenburg, and dragging our weary steps, all night, through snow and rain, until our guide at length brought us back, at day-break, once again to the town of Lettel.

We had scarcely reached the wood, before, in the anguish of my heart, I exclaimed to Schell, "Does not such a sister, my friend, deserve I should fire her house over her head?" The wisdom of moderation, and calm forbearance, was in Schell a virtue of the highest order: he was my continual Mentor; my guide, whenever my cholerick temperament was disposed to violence. I therefore honour his ashes; he deserved a better fate.

"Friend," said he, on this occasion, "reflect, that your sister may be withheld by her husband; besides, should the King discover we had entered her doors, and she had not delivered us again into his power, she might become as miserable as we were. Be more noble minded, and think that even should your sister be wrong, the time may come when her children may stand in need of your assistance, and you may have the indescribable pleasure of returning good for evil."

I shall never forget this excellent advice, which in reality was a prophecy. My rich brother-in-law died, and, during the Russian war, his lands and houses were laid desolate and in ruins; and, nineteen years afterwards, when released from my imprisonment at Magdeburg, I had an opportunity of serving the children of my sister. Such are the turns of fate; and thus do improbabilities become facts.

My sister justified her conduct; Schell had conjectured the truth; for ten years after I was thus expelled her house, she shewed, during my imprisonment, she was really a sister. She

was shamefully betrayed by Weingarten, Secretary to the Austrian Ambassador at Berlin; lost a part of her property, and at length, her life fell an innocent sacrifice to her brother.

March 5. Three miles to Rogosen, where we arrived without so much as a heller to pay our lodging. The Jew innkeeper drove us out of his house; we were obliged to wander all night, and at break of day found we had strayed two miles out of the road.

We entered a peasant's cottage, where an old woman was drawing bread hot out of the oven. We had no money to offer, and I felt, at this moment, the possibility of even committing murder, for a morsel of bread, to satisfy the intolerable cravings of hunger. Shuddering with torment inexpressible, at the thought, I hastened out of the door, and we walked on two miles more to Wongrosze.

Here I sold my musket for a ducat, which had procured us many a meal: such was the extremity of our distress. We then satiated our appetites, after having been forty hours without food or sleep, and after having travelled ten miles in sleet and snow.

March 6. We rested, and came, on the 7th, through Genin, to a village in the forest, four miles.

Here we fell in with a gang of gypsies [or rather banditti] amounting to 400 men, who dragged me to their camp. They were mostly French and Prussian deserters, and thinking me their equal, would force me to become one of their band. But, venturing to tell my story to the leader, he pretended with a crown, gave us a small provision of meat, and suffered us to depart in peace, after having been four and twenty hours in their company.

March 9. We proceeded to Lapuschin, three miles and a half; and the 10th to Thorn, four miles.

There was a fair held at Thorn on the day of our arrival. Suspicious might well arise among the crowd, on seeing a strong tall young man, wretchedly clothed, with a large sabre by his side, and a pair of pistols in his girdle, accompanied by another as poorly appalled as himself, with his hand and neck bound up, and armed likewise with pistols, so that altogether he more resembled a spectre than a man.

We went to an inn, but were refused entertainment: I then asked for the Jesuits College, where I inquired for the Father Rector. They supposed at first, I was a thief, come to seek an asylum. After long waiting, and much intreaty, his Jesuitical Highness at length made his appearance, and received me as the Grand

Grand Mogul would his slave. My case certainly was pitiable : I related all the events of my life, and the purport of my journey ; conjured him to save Schell, who was unable to proceed farther, and whose wounds grew daily worse ; and praying him to entertain him at the convent till I should have been to my mother, have obtained money, and returned to Thorn, when I would, certainly, repay him whatever expence he might have been at, with thanks and gratitude.

Never shall I forget the haughty insolence of this priest. Scarcely would he listen to my humble request ; thou-ed and interrupted me continually, to tell me “ Be brief, I have more pressing affairs than thine.” In fine, I was turned away without obtaining the least assistance ; and here I was taught Jesuitical pride ; God help the poor and honest man who shall need the assistance of Jesuits ! They, like all other monks, are seared to every sentiment of human pity, and commiserate the distressed by taunts and irony.

Mournful, and angry, I left the college, and went to my lodging-house, where I found a Prussian recruiting officer waiting for me, who used all his arts to engage me to enlist ; offering me 500 dollars, and to make me a corporal, if I could write. I pretended I was a Livonian, who had deserted from the Austrians, to return home, and claim an inheritance left me by my father. After much persuasion, he at length told me, in confidence, it was very well known in the town that I was a robber ; that I should soon be taken before a magistrate, but that, if I would enlist, he would ensure my safety.

This language was new to me ; my passion rose instantaneously ; I remembered my name was Trenck. I struck him, and drew my sword ; but, instead of defending himself, he sprang out of the chamber, charging the host not to let me quit the house. I knew the town of Thorn had agreed with the King of Prussia, secretly, to deliver up deserters, and began to fear the consequences. Looking through the window, I presently saw two under Prussian officers enter the house. Schell and I, instantly, flew to our arms, and met the Prussians at the chamber door. “ Make way,” cried I, presenting my pistols. The Prussian soldiers drew their swords, but retired with fear. Going out of the house, I saw a Prussian Lieutenant, in the street with the town guard. These I over-awed, likewise, by the same means, and no one durst oppose me, though every one cried “ Stop thief.” I came safely, however, to the Jesuits convent ; but poor Schell was taken, and dragged to prison like a malefactor.

Half mad, at not being able to rescue him, I imagined he must soon be delivered up to the Prussians. My reception was much better at the convent than it had been before, for they no longer doubted but I was really a thief, who sought an asylum. I addressed myself to one of the fathers, who appeared to be a good kind of man, related briefly what had happened, and intreated he would endeavour to discover why they sought to molest us.

He went out, and returning in an hour after, told me; "Nobody knows you: a considerable theft was, yesterday, committed in the fair; all suspicious persons are seized; you entered the town accoutred like banditti. The man where you put up is employed as a Prussian enlister, and has announced you as suspicious people. The Prussian Lieutenant, thereupon, laid complaint against you, and it was thought necessary to secure your persons."

My joy, at hearing this, was great. Our Moravian passport, and the journal of our route, which I had in my pocket, were full proofs of our innocence. I requested they would send and inquire at the town where we lay the night before. I soon convinced the Jesuit I spoke truth: he went, and presently returned with one of the syndics, to whom I gave a more full account of myself. The syndic examined Schell, and found his story and mine agreed; besides which, our papers, that they had seized, declared who we were. I passed the night in the convent, without closing my eyes, revolving in my mind all the rigours of my fate. I was still more disturbed for Schell, who knew not where I was, but remained firmly persuaded we should be conducted to Berlin; and, if so, determined to put a period to his life.

My doubts were all ended at ten in the morning, when my good Jesuit arrived, and was followed by my friend Schell.—The judges, he said, had found us innocent, and declared us free to go where we pleased; adding, however, that he advised us to be upon our guard, we being watched by the Prussian enlisters; that the Lieutenant had hoped by having us committed as thieves, to oblige me to enter, and that this would account for all that had happened.

I gave Schell a most affectionate welcome, who had been very ill used when led to prison, because he endeavoured to defend himself with his left hand, and follow me. The people had thrown mud at him, and called him a rascal that would soon be hanged. Schell was little able to travel further. The father rector sent us a ducat, but did not see us; and the chief

magistrate gave each of us a crown, by way of indemnification for false imprisonment. Thus sent away, we returned to our lodging, took our bundles, and immediately prepared to leave Thorn.

(To be continued.)

To the Honourable the Commons of Great Britain, at this Time in Parliament assembled.

The humble Petition of the Inhabitants of the Town of Castle-cary, in the County of Somerset.

YOUR petitioners sincerely lamenting that the efforts in the last session of Parliament for the abolition of the slave trade proved ineffectual, and at the same time fully convinced from the evidence then adduced, that the said trade, in all its stages, is repugnant to the principles of morality as well as of the Christian religion, cruel and unjust, disgraceful to a civilized and free people, and no less impolitic than oppressive, humbly beg leave to express our strong detestation of the same, and our warmest wishes that the cause of humanity may at length prevail; and to request that your Honourable House will take the unhappy case of these our fellow-creatures into your wise and serious consideration, and avert the just vengeance of Heaven from this nation, by abolishing for ever so horrid a traffic.—And your petitioners shall ever pray.

Signed by 156 names of that town and neighbourhood.

Castle-Cary, March 1, 1792.

O N H U N T I N G.

To the P R I N T E R.

S I R,

AS some of our great folks are very fond of the sports of the field, a few remarks on the diversion of hunting may be acceptable to some of your readers.

The late Frederic the Great of Prussia says, “The chase is one of the most sensual pleasures, by which the powers of the body are strongly exerted, but those of the mind remain unemployed. It consists in a violent exertion of desire in the pursuit, and indulgence of a cruel passion in the death of the game.”

game. It is an exercise which makes the limbs strong, active, and pliable, but leaves the head without improvement." I am convinced that man is more savage than any beast of prey. We exercise the dominion given us over these our wretched fellow-creatures, the brutes, in the most tyrannical manner. If we pretend to any superiority over them, it ought certainly to consist in reason. But we commonly find that the most passionate lovers of the chase renounce this privilege, and converse only with their dogs, their horses, and other irrational animals. This renders them wild and unfeeling, and it is highly probable they cannot be very merciful to the human species; for a man, who can, in cold blood, torture a poor innocent animal, cannot feel much compassion for the distresses of his own species; and besides, can the chase be a proper employment for a thinking mind?

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

PYTHAGORAS.

GENERAL REVIEW of EUROPEAN POLITICS.

For FEBRUARY, 1792.

STATE of the NORTH.

TRANQUILLITY, after many tedious delays, is now fully restored to the North; and the definitive treaty of peace between the *Turks* and the *Russians* has been formally signed, by Plenipotentiaries appointed for that purpose by the contracting parties. The basis of this treaty appears to be, the cession of Oczakow to Russia, together with its district as far as the Dnieper; liberty to the same power to navigate from the Black Sea to the Archipelago, and from the Mediterranean to the Black Sea, by the channel of Constantinople; a confirmation of the privileges, established by the peace of Rainerdgi, in favour of the Russian Consuls residing in the Ottoman empire; and an obligation, on the part of the Grand Signior, to restrain the Tartars of Cuban.

While *Catherine II.* therefore, is enjoying the satisfaction of having humbled the pride of the Ottomans—flattering, no doubt to her ambition—and of having made peace upon her own terms; she is not inattentive to the merit of those, who, by their gallant exertions, have supported the splendour of her arms.

arms. The principal officers who distinguished themselves in the field during the late war, have been the objects of her munificence; and most of them have received either lands, or other presents, as a mark of gratitude and esteem. When sovereigns thus reward military talents and services, they secure the affection of those who are able to serve them in the moment of danger; they exercise a spirit of emulation among the junior officers; and prevent those murmurings which must naturally arise when the hoary veteran, who has spent the best of his days in defending his country, is consigned over, by the cold hand of neglect, to poverty and oblivion.

S W E D E N.

Gustavus III. whose talents fit him, perhaps, much better for the field than the Cabinet, is employed in settling the internal affairs of his kingdom. He has lately laid before the Diet, assembled at Gesse, a state of its finances, and of the debts incurred by his warlike operations against Russia; but he has not, according to every appearance, met with that unanimity and satisfaction among the members which, it is probable, he expected.

Gesse, the place above-mentioned, is called also Gevali and Gasse. It is situated near the gulph of Bothnia, at the distance of 65 miles from Stockholm.

F R A N C E.

Notwithstanding the measures pursued by the *French National Assembly*, in order to disconcert the plans of the emigrants for a counter-revolution, it does not appear that the latter have entirely abandoned their designs. Though they have been obliged to retire from the frontiers, and to suspend their preparations for the present, they still meet with shelter and protection, both from the Emperor and the King of Prussia. What their real views may be, no recent occurrences can warrant us to declare with certainty; but if we may be allowed to hazard a conjecture, they no doubt still depend upon receiving considerable support; else why have the Princes, by whose conduct the rest are regulated, and whose finances must now be very precarious, made no overtures to the National Assembly? For as they have never openly commenced hostilities against their country, a reconciliation might still be effected. If the *Emperor* entertains pacific ideas, and means to give the French aristocrats no farther countenance, he ought certainly to take upon himself
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the office of mediator. His interference would, in all probability, be attended with success; and the storm, which has so long threatened to disturb the tranquillity of Europe, might be prevented. A very little time must now bring matters to a crisis. The period allowed for the Emperor to give an explicit answer respecting his intentions, is nearly elapsed. He must, therefore, assume a more decisive tone, and lay aside that equivocation under which he hath hitherto veiled his sentiments. That he is no great friend to the new French constitution, is evident from the orders he has lately issued concerning the liberty of the press, and publications on political subjects. For the effects which may be produced by such writings, he, as well as most of the other sovereigns of Europe, tremble. A free discussion of certain topics is considered as highly dangerous to monarchy; and he wishes to confine works on government to a voluminous size, under an idea, perhaps, that they cannot be so easily read, purchased, or dispersed.

Should the spirit of innovation be once awakened in the German empire, it might spread to the remotest corner of it, and occasion a general convulsion. The scenes which lately passed in the Netherlands, strongly indicate the necessity of moderation and caution. The conduct, therefore, which Leopold ought to pursue, requires mature consideration. One rash step may involve him in a labyrinth of difficulties, and excite commotions which the united forces of the Germanic body may not be able easily to quell. This is his situation; but if he wishes to commence hostilities, he will, in all probability, make the claims of the *German Princes*, which are still undecided, his pretence for quarrelling with the National Assembly. Some particular traits in his conduct give reason for this conjecture; and all the hopes of the emigrants are, perhaps, founded upon the same idea. Should the Princes of the Empire take up arms in defence of their rights, which they pretend have been violated, the emigrants would find a favourable opportunity of attempting to carry their designs into execution by uniting with them. Whatever may be the case, it is certain that a new *alliance between the Courts of Vienna and Berlin* has been lately formed, for the express purpose of maintaining the constitution, and defending the rights of the German empire. Both the Emperor and the King of Prussia seem to reprobate a system which is likely to abridge the prerogatives of Kings, and to give additional weight to the scale of the people. Few Princes or great men wish to resign any part of their power. We need not be surprised, therefore, if these two sovereigns,

reigns, whose sway is so absolute, should do every thing they safely can to distress France, while just beginning to emerge from her difficulties. A dread of disaffection, mutiny, and revolt, among their own troops, should they openly commence hostilities, prevents them, no doubt, from adopting bolder measures; but it clearly appears, that their late treaty is founded on an apprehension that affairs will not long remain in a state of tranquillity on the Continent. The preparations made by the National Assembly of France to guard the frontiers of the kingdom, and repel invasion, all tend to shew that they are not perfectly free from anxiety on this head. Every precaution, indeed, has been taken to put the kingdom in a proper state of defence; but still the minds of the people, particularly in the metropolis, are far from being quieted. Alarms have been spread respecting *Louis XVI.* which seem to impeach his sincerity; and which, though apparently false, were credited by the timid and desponding. To silence these injurious reports, he assures the nation of his inviolable attachment to the constitution, and of his firm resolution to support it. This declaration, made so repeatedly, ought certainly to have proper weight, and produce that confidence which is necessary in order that the operations of government may be carried on with effect.

G R E A T B R I T A I N .

In recurring to the situation of our own country it gives us pleasure to find, that our finances are so flourishing as to enable government to ease the burthens of the people, by abolishing some taxes which fell heavy upon the industrious part of the community; and to pursue, with vigour, the system established for progressively reducing the amount of the national debt.— This undoubtedly proves that the resources of this country are far from being in so deplorable a state as some have endeavoured to represent them; and that our trade and manufactures are carried to an extent unknown at any former period. That they have not yet attained their zenith, we may fairly infer; for the insular situation of this country gives her a decided superiority over most other nations in commerce. New sources of wealth consequently may be opened; and while a spirit of enterprize, capable of surmounting obstacles, seems to animate the middle classes of society, we have every reason to hope that the clouds which have lately been hovering over our political horizon will, ere long, vanish, and give place to brilliant and cheering prospects. There is no appearance of our being soon involved in war,

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On the contrary, a reduction of the army and navy has been thought a measure not only expedient, but consistent with public safety. When we reflect upon our situation a few years back, and the evils which desponding minds then predicted, we have reason to exult that our trade is now so flourishing, and our credit so high. A celebrated public character declared, about the conclusion of the late war, that *when independence was granted to the Americans, the sun of Great-Britain would set to rise no more*. Fortunately for this country, the reverse has been the case. Unincumbered with the weight of her colonies, Great-Britain seems to have acquired fresh vigour, and her strength appears to be renovated.

The plan of *the Minister* for reducing the *four per cents.* is certainly wise and politic. The benefit thence accruing to the nation will be very considerable; and the measure, viewed in that light, gives additional credit to Administration.

Respecting our affairs in *India*, it is to be hoped that such vigorous measures have by this time been executed as may tend, either to bring the war to a successful conclusion, or to obtain an honourable peace.

The *abolition of the slave trade* is a question which will be again soon agitated in Parliament. If we may judge from the number of petitions that are preparing to be presented in favour of the abolition, the sense of the nation is decidedly against the slave-trade; in which case it will probably be gradually abolished. In this manner the planters would not be reduced to too great inconvenience, by a total stagnation of business at once. It must be some time before the negroes in the West-India islands, even with the best of treatment, and in a state of freedom, can increase so as to supply a sufficiency of hands for the purposes of cultivation; and as the planters have hitherto acted under a sanction of government, they ought certainly to be exposed to as little loss as possible by any new regulations that would affect their interest.

*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 243.)

BY the break of day, the following morning, Willoughby had left his rustic couch, and joining his host and his family,

mily, partook of their simple meal.—He felt some concern on reflecting on the panic poor Farnham must have been in, when the guide returned without him to the place of rendezvous, the preceding evening.—He expressed his uneasiness on this head to Le Laurier, who said, he knew the place described, perfectly; and would immediately send thither the son of a neighbouring shepherd, who was then employed about his cottage, and bring his servant and the guide to him; in the mean time, he proposed to shew Willoughby the chateau of his master; a proposal which his guest readily accepted.

Louison, however, on their being about to depart, had, in her very expressive face, a look of concern; and in her manner, an appearance of inquietude, for which Willoughby wished to account.—He was not long left in suspense: she took her husband's hand, and said, "My friend, you will not leave me long?"—"No, simpleton," replied he—and then turning to Willoughby, he gaily exclaimed—"Here is a woman, who is afraid of trusting her husband to go half a mile!"

"Ah, Monsieur,"—said Louison—"you would not blame me, if you knew how he once left me—he went away only for a few days, and he staid near three years."

"But not voluntarily, indeed," answered Le Laurier—"I met my master, my dear master, who had been so kind to me—in prison—in distress—in a state of mind bordering on insanity—and I could not leave him."

"I do not blame you for that, my friend," said Louison; "but I own I am afraid of its happening again."

"How happen again? the Chevalier—or rather the Count, my master, is not now as he was then?"

"Ah, no!—But you have owned yourself, that he is restless and unhappy; and though he appears at times delighted with being restored to his liberty, his estate, and his daughter, yet, that at times his mind is unsettled, and his schemes wild and uncertain—and if he should take it into his head to travel again!"

"You fear that I may be tempted to travel with him."

"Yes," said his wife—"indeed I do"—Le Laurier then tried to laugh away her apprehensions, and they left her; while Willoughby felt his dialogue give new force to the curiosity he had to see Count de Bellegarde.

As their way was down through the woody side of the mountain, they soon reached the domain of the chateau; in which, the first object that struck Willoughby, in a spot which had once been cleared of trees, but where the underwood, and a smaller

smaller growth of wood again, almost concealed it, was a pavilion, which had once been magnificent, but was now in ruins. It was built of various coloured marbles, found in the Pyrenees; was of Grecian architecture, and seemed to have been a work of taste. The pillars of the portico, though broken, yet supported its roof; and behind it were three apartments, that had once been richly furnished: one, as a banquetting room; the other two as rooms, for the Siesta*, which is usually taken here as in Spain.—The canopies of yellow damask, were fallen, and the hangings of the rooms devoured by the moths, and decayed by the damp from the windows; which, having never been glazed, the shutters had long since dropped down.—There was something particularly melancholy to the mind of Willoughby in contemplating this building, once the seat of gaiety, splendour, and luxurious repose, thus deserted—and he enquired of Le Laurier, if the present Count never intended to repair it.—“Sir,” replied he, “my Lord, the Count, has hardly had time to think about that yet; for he has been so little a while at his castle, that every thing there remains as it was—ruinous enough.—But, as for this pavilion, I question if ever it will be put in order, though my Lord has such an odd sort of a liking to it, that the moment almost he got home, he came down to look at it.—It was quite late in the evening; but it was not dark—and he looked in at the window, for that night I could not open the door—the key was lost—and the locks were all rusty—and by what he said, I am sure there is some story belongs to this place.—The people of the castle, indeed, always had a notion of its being haunted ever since the death of my Lord’s sister, whose heart, they say, was broke by her father’s ill usage.—Certain it is, that the old Count caused this place to be shut up, and took away the fine glasses and pictures that were in it once—but what you see now he left to fall to pieces.—There used to be large trees all around it; and all manner of flowers; and the stream, that now almost stagnates among those reeds and rushes, and with difficulty finds its way to the moat of the castle, was then brought into a bath, behind the banquetting-house, and into a basin, which is now grown over with weeds and grass, so that it can hardly be traced.

Willoughby left this desolate spot with a sigh, and as his companion led him through the obscure paths of the woods

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that

* Siesta—reposing for an hour or two after dinner, during the extreme heat; as was usual in Spain, Portugal, Italy, and the West-Indies.

that surrounded it, he enquired whether the castle itself had equally suffered from time.—“Oh, yes, Sir,” replied Le Laurier, “from time and from war too.—It was formerly a place of great strength, and of great importance, as a pass into France, from the Spanish side of the Pyrenees; and held out a long siege when the famous Count of Bellegarde, my Lord’s ancestor, defended it for Henry the Fourth, our King, against the army of the League.”—“Perhaps,” said Willoughby, “your Lord may not like the intrusion of a stranger into his retirement?”—“Oh,” replied his conductor, “we may not happen to meet him; or, if we should, it will be a sufficient introduction and recommendation, for you, Sir, that you are an Englishman, for he loves the English.”

Encouraged by this assurance, Willoughby proceeded, and in a few moments, the woods ascending a little, as they reached the extreme base of the mountain, opened into what could only be called a plain, when opposed to the surrounding hills, for the ground was rugged and uneven, scattered with masses of ruined buildings, that had formerly been part of the outward fortifications, but of which some were fallen into the fosse, and others overgrown with alder, ash, and arbeal. The gate of the castle, and all beyond the moat, however, was yet entire, as were the walls within its circumference, bearing every where the marks of great antiquity, but of such ponderous strength, as time alone had not been able to destroy.—Where breaches had been made by cannon, the walls had been repaired; but this work being of less durability than the original structure, had gone to decay; and the depredations of war were still very visible.—The whole was composed of grey stone; the towers, at each end, rose in frowning grandeur, above the rest of the building; and having only loops, and no windows, impressed ideas of darkness and imprisonment, while the moss and wall-flowers filled the interstices of the broken stones; and an infinite number of birds made their nests among the shattered cornices, and half-fallen battlements, filling the air with their shrill cries.

Over the moat, which was broad and deep, but now only half-full of water, which was almost hidden by aquatic plants, sheltering several sorts of water-fowls, that now lived there unmolested; a draw-bridge, with massive chains, led to the gate of the first court, under a high arched gateway, defended by a double portcullis: this court was where the castle guard were used to parade.—It was spacious, and the buildings that surrounded it were gloomily magnificent; but now, no warlike footsteps wore away the grass which grew over the pavement;

no martial music echoed among the arches and colonades—one solitary figure alone, appeared slowly walking with his arms crossed, on the terrace that led to the second court.—“There is my Lord the Count,” said Le Laurier—“Speak to him, then,” said Willoughby, “and apologize for my intrusion.” Le Laurier advanced, with his hat in his hand, and at the same moment, the Count, who then first perceived him and Willoughby, came toward them.—His military air, and dignified figure, were tempered by the mild and courteous manner with which he moved forward to receive the stranger whom Le Laurier announced to him. He was greatly above the common height, thin, and a little bent, as if from depression of spirit—but his face pale, fallow, and emaciated, as it was, was marked with such peculiar expression, that all the adventures of his life seemed to have been written there.—When he spoke, his dark eyes were full of fire and vivacity, yet at times they were wild; and at others, heavy and glazed—his brows were a little contracted, and hollowness about his temples and cheeks, and the muscular lines of his whole face, seemed to bear the harsh impressions of the hand of adversity, rather than of time: for though his hair was grey, and he looked much older than he really was, Willoughby did not think him above four or five-and-forty: at his breast was the cross of the Order of St. Esprit; and his dress that of a Captain of Cavalry, was not modern, and apparently neglected—his whole appearance instantly announced him to be a man of high rank.

If Willoughby was pleased with his manner and address, he seemed equally, or even more gratified by the curiosity expressed by an Englishman, to visit him. “You see me here, Sir,” said he, “released only a few weeks ago from a long imprisonment, wondering at my freedom, and a stranger in my own house. To those only, who have been the victims of despotism, it would be easy to comprehend my sensations on such a sudden emancipation; and the triumph with which I reflect that I owe it to the same noble efforts which have given liberty to France—to my country.”

“Ah!” continued he, pausing—and losing at once all the vivacity with which he had a moment before spoken—“Ah! what sensations of concern are mingled with this exultation—I regain my freedom—but where shall I regain my happiness?”

Such exclamations were very frequent with the Count, his mind being almost entirely engrossed by the recollection of his past misfortunes.

(To be continued.)

Answer, by J. Tucker, of Penryn, to A. Pinn's Anagram, inserted January 9.

ARGUE transpos'd aright I know,
 AUGER's the tool it plain 'twill show.

† We have received the like answer from T. Giles and B. C. of Bridgewater; S. Hill, near Dawlish; H. C. Granger, and T. Taylor, of Exeter; W. W. of Sturminster Newton; A. Apsey, Taunton; J. Collins, of Uffculm; Furze Stub, of Long Moor; Wm. Brewer, of Taunton; John Thomas junior, of Gluvias; T. Gill junior, Stythians; P. Lyttleton, of Tywardreath; W. Baker, of Totnes; and T. Coumbes, of St. Germans.

Answer, by J. Tucker, of Penryn, to Thomas Sparkes's Rebus, inserted January 9.

HECTOR's the hero that you mean,
 As by your rebus may be seen.

† We have received the like answer from W. S. Exon; T. Giles, Bridgewater; P. Lyttleton, Tywardreath; T. Gill junior, Stythians; J. K. C. near Wells; and D. Robarts, of St. Columb.

An ANAGRAM, by Thomas Whibley, of South Petherton, Somerset.

IF copious you aright transpose,
 A well-known tree it will disclose;
 A letter change, transpose again,
 A well-known fruit you will obtain.

A CHARADE, by Philagathus, of Dartington.

A River will my first unfold,
 Which you perhaps, will quickly name;
 O'er Albion's isle pray cast an eye,
 For there you'll surely find the same,

Now

Now scan the sacred writings o'er,
 They surely will a champion tell
 Who did an army once defy,
 But quickly by my second fell.

If you aright the parts combine,
 A well-known Briton then you'll name,
 Whose martial deeds have surely gain'd
 The patriot a lasting fame.

An ENIGMA, by B. C. of Bridgewater.

DEAR ladies, you I invoke to tell
 My occupation, and wherein I dwell;
 I've every grace to recommend me here,
 A foreign birth—you all so much revere;
 With such advantages, ye fair, I come
 From frigid climes, tho' I'm unknown to some.
 So, ladies, now my pedigree I'll trace,
 In hopes you'll pity my unhappy case;
 And if such hardships hence should e'er appear,
 You'll lend a kind and sympathetic tear.
 In the dread deep, where foaming billows roar,
 And threat destruction to each neigh'ring shore;
 Where sad contention oft o'erwhelms the brave,
 And dooms their laurels to a watry grave;
 There my first parents dwelt, from harm secure,
 And taught the howling tempest to endure,
 Till man, their potent foe (Oh! dire to tell)
 Pierc'd their stout hearts, and they sad victims fell;
 Yet I surviv'd the dreadful carnage past,
 And on fair Albion's coast arriv'd at last;
 After surmounting all those boist'rous storms
 Am cut and fashion'd into various forms.
 Yet your kind service, ladies, most I prize
 Because obscure I dwell from vulgar eyes;
 Grateful of favours there I humbly bend,
 My suppliant body, and assistance lend;
 In rich habiliments I'm oft array'd,
 Yet ne'er refuse to serve the humble maid.
 Take one hint more, ye fair, before we part,
 I feel each gentle throb of Sylvia's heart.

P O E T R Y.

A SUMMER'S EVENING.

A FRAGMENT.

[From Poems just published by the Rev. Joseph Good, which may be had of the Printers, and by giving Orders to their Newsmen. Price 1s. 6d.]

WHEN the glorious God of Day,
Hast'ning his departing ray,
Veil'd his face from human view
In a cloud of purple hue,
Waving into many a fold
Skirted with refulgent gold;
Then the beauteous Queen of Night,
Rising with her milder light,
Opposite in eastern sky
Does her brother's beams supply,
And sweet Philomela's note
Varies in her warbling throat,
See! Bôôtes, friendly sign
To the distant-sailing pine,
In the north advancing far
Slowly drives his sluggish car.
See! the stars in bright array
Whiten all the milky way:
Suns unnumber'd there abound,
Worlds in myriads rolling round!

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

On the DESERTION *of a* FRIEND.

NOW Phœbus ends his rapid course,
Another journey he prepares;

Night's

Night's curtain veils his absent source,
And the pure sky's replete with stars.

Now eve with gloomy face appears,
Dispersing clouds or threat'ning storm;
Breathes coolness, awful nature hears,
And night resumes her sable form.

With silent woe, unfelt before,
Alone I walk, alone I tread,
These once blest steps retracing o'er,
That friendship just forsook has fled.

Hail lovely, solitary shade!
Thou verdant green, I'll visit thee!
Recount the vows Horatia made,
And tell my woes to every tree.

By thy kind surface, gentle brook!
I'll sit and weep, with head reclin'd;
Beneath thy branches, spreading oak!
Pour out the anguish of my mind.

Thy sylvan shades (Oh! blest retreat
From busy converse) yield the breast
Sweet recollections, on this seat
Of seasons past completely blest'd,

Friendly retirement! here to dwell
Where thy rememb'rance still abides;
Where nature murmurs (as I tell
In soft complainings) by my side.

What breast of adamant compos'd,
Stern, resolute, or iron heart,
Unpitying see the tear that flows
Where genuine nature bears her part?

Phœbus but once has ting'd the west
With parting rays, since we were one;
That night's pale orb beheld me blest'd
In mutual union—now 'tis gone!

AMICUS.

ODE

ODE to INDIFFERENCE.

By THOMAS PENNANT, *Esq.*

FLY, indifference, hated maid,
 Seek Spitzbergen's horrid shade,
 Where old winter keeps his court,
 There, fit guest, do thou resort ;
 And thy frosty breast repose
 Amidst congenial ice and snows,
 There reside, insipid maid,
 But ne'er infest my Emma's head.

Or else seek the cloyster's pale,
 Where reluctant virgins veil ;
 In the corner of whose heart
 Earth with Heav'n still keeps a part ;
 There thy fullest influence shower,
 Free poor Grace from passion's power ;
 Give fond Eloisa rest,
 But shun, O shun my Emma's breast.

Or on Lycè, wanton maid,
 Be thy chilling finger laid ;
 Quench the frolick beam that flies
 From her bright, fantastick eyes ;
 Teach the sweet coquette to know
 Heart of ice in breast of snow ;
 Give peace to her, give peace to me.
 But leave, Oh ! leave my Emma free.

But if thou, in grave disguise,
 Seek'st to make that nymph thy prize ;
 If that nymph, deceiv'd by thee,
 Listens to thy sophistry,
 If she courts thy cold embraces,
 And to thee resigns her graces,
 What alas ! is left for me
 But to fly, myself, to thee ?

A P I T A P H.

WHY do we mourn departed friends,
 And shake at death's alarms ?
 'Tis but the voice which Jesus sends
 To call them to his arms.