

THE
WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, March 26, 1792.

Curious Contract supposed to have been entered into between the Saviour of the World, and the Wife of an Attorney at Orleans, copied exactly from the Original, which in 1669 was in the Hands of the Rector of St. Donatien, in the same City.

I Jesus, the son of the living God, the spouse of faithful souls, take my daughter Magdalen Gasselin for wife, and promise to be faithful to her; never to abandon her; and to give her as a portion my grace in this life, promising her my glory in the next, and a share in the inheritance of my Father. In testimony of which I have signed this irrevocable contract by the hand of my Secretary, in the presence of my eternal Father, of my love, of my most worthy mother Mary, of my holy father Joseph, and of all my celestial court, in the year of grace 1650, the day of my holy father Joseph.

(Signed) JESUS, the spouse of faithful souls.

Mary, the mother of God.

Joseph, the husband of Mary.

The Guardian Angel.

Magdalen, the dear lover of Jesus.

This contract has been ratified by the Most Holy Trinity, the same day of the glorious St. Joseph, in the same year.

(Signed) BROTHER ARNOUX, OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST,
a barefooted Carmelite, the unworthy secretary of Jesus.

I Magdalen Gasselin, the unworthy servant of Jesus, take my amiable Jesus for husband ; promise to be faithful to him ; that I will never have any other than he ; and, as a pledge of my fidelity, I give him my heart, and every thing I ever shall do, binding myself, both in life and death, to do every thing he may require of me, and to serve him with my whole heart throughout all eternity. In testimony of which, I have signed, with my own hand, this irrevocable contract, in the presence of the most adorable Trinity, the sacred Virgin Mary, the mother of God, my glorious father St. Joseph, my guardian angel, and all the celestial court, in the year of grace 1650, the day of my glorious father St. Joseph.

(Signed) JESUS, the love of hearts.

Mary, the mother of God.

Joseph, the husband of Mary.

The Guardian Angel.

Magdalen, the dear lover of Jesus.

This contract has been ratified by the most adorable Trinity, the same day of the glorious St. Joseph, in the same year.

(Signed) BROTHER ARNOUX, OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST, a barefooted Carmelite, the unworthy secretary of Jesus.

I defy all the notaries and secretaries in the world to shew in their precedent books, a contract of marriage of the same nature, and written in the same style as this. The new spouse found herself so well with her new husband, that she would no longer sleep with the old one. The latter, whose name was Du Verger, having discovered the cause of this infidelity, laid a complaint before the barefooted Carmelites, who caused the woman to return to her duty, and removed the secretary, though he undoubtedly deserved to be treated with much greater severity.

CHARACTER of QUEEN ANNE.

[From Mr. Hamilton's Transactions of her Reign, just published.]

ALTHOUGH the character of Queen Anne be so stamped in her actions, that from them it might easily be deduced ; yet, that I be not deemed wanting in the respect due to her memory, I will delineate her person, and endeavour to convey a just idea.

idea of her talents and mental disposition. In stature, she was of the middle size, and well shaped. Her hair was dark; her complexion sanguine; her face more round than oval; her aspect benign, but majestic; her voice melodious and clear. She was affable and engaging in her manners. She was neither deficient in natural abilities, nor in acquired accomplishments. She understood music, loved painting, and had a taste for works of genius. She was liberal without profusion, and charitable without ostentation. She was a pattern of conjugal fidelity and affection, a tender mother, a warm friend, and an indulgent mistress. Her attachment to the church of England flowed more from conviction than prepossession. Unaffectedly pious, just, and compassionate, she felt for her people the genial fondness of a parent. Yet, with all these virtues, her natural timidity, her indecision, her propensity to lean on favourites, and, above all, the peculiar difficulty of her situation, filled her own days with sorrow, and were near precipitating her country in irretrievable misery. Upon the whole, though she cannot be placed among the greatest, yet she certainly deserves to be ranked among the best sovereigns who have ever governed a free people. She stands eminently intitled to our grateful veneration, and has a peculiar claim to our commiserating affection.

REMEDIES *for the* BITE *of a* MAD DOG.

To the P R I N T E R.

S I R,

AS it is no doubt your wish to blend information with amusement, and to render your Entertainer useful as well as entertaining, I beg you will insert the following safe remedies for the bite of a mad dog: If only a single individual is benefited by it, I shall receive more than a compensation for my trouble, and you will have great pleasure in reflecting that a small portion of your Entertainer has been of much real benefit to society.

HUMANUS.

External.—Mix one pound of common salt in a quart of water, and then squeeze, bathe, and wash the wound with the same for an hour, and not drink any of it, then bind a little more salt to the part affected for twelve hours.

Internal.—Take leaves of rue picked from the stalks and bruised, six ounces; garlick, picked from the stalks and bruised;

Venice treacle and mithridate; and the scrapings of pewter, of each four ounces; boil all these over a slow fire in two quarts of strong ale, till one pint be consumed, then strain it and keep it in a bottle close stopped, and give nine spoonfuls of it warm to a man or woman, seven mornings fasting, and six spoonfuls to a dog.

This, by God's blessing, will not fail, if it be given in nine days after the biting of the dog. Apply some of the ingredients from which the liquor was strained to the bitten place.

This receipt was obtained by my father, from a friend of his, more than fifty years ago; it was taken from the church of Calthrop, Lincolnshire, where almost the whole parish were bitten by a mad dog, and those that used it recovered, and those who did not, died.

It is my firm belief, that by applying the one to the wound, as directed, as soon as the person is bitten, and following the directions above given, and at the same time taking the other internally, the bite of a mad animal may be rendered as harmless as the prick of a pin. I myself cannot speak too highly of the efficacy of this medicine, as I have experienced its good effects, as have many others who have had this receipt of me, and I never knew nor heard that it ever failed in my life.

Okehampton, February 25, 1792.

An Authentic Account of the State of Society in which the Natives of Africa live, in Cayor, Sin, and Sallum; three Countries extending along the Shore from the Mouth of the River Gambia to that of the Senagel.

To the P R I N T E R.

S I R,

THE different methods of procuring slaves from Africa have been so clearly and fully laid before the public, that this branch of the subject of the slave trade is now, I presume, generally understood: But there is another branch of it, which seems but little known; and that is the state of society in which the natives of Africa live. Your readers, therefore, will, I doubt not, be much pleased with the following authentic information on this point; which I have extracted from Mr. Clarkson's Letters to Mirabeau, and which will give them a knowledge of the situation of the natives, throughout a considerable portion of that country, so late as the commencement

mencement of the year 1789. Mr. Clarkson happening to be at Paris, in that year, became acquainted with several gentlemen, who expressed a wish to be informed of the merits of the question of the abolition of the slave-trade. He desired such of them, as appeared to have the subject most at heart, to propose to him certain queries in writing, which he would answer at his leisure. These queries were accordingly proposed, and answers were given, as he had promised.—Among these queries were the two following :

1. What are the different methods of making slaves of such persons as come into the hands of the French, by means of their establishments at Fort St. Louis and Goree ?

2. What is the state of society, in which the natives bordering on these establishments may be said to live ?

It happened very fortunately that Mr. Clarkson had already, since his residence at Paris, had several communications with one of the best informed men either in France, or perhaps in any other country, upon these two points of the subject.—This was Monsieur Geoffroy de Villeneuve, who had been Aid de-Camp to the Chevalier de Boufflers, during his residence as Governor of Goree.

M. de Villeneuve, who is a man of fortune and family, had made a great progress in the study of natural history, and had a great curiosity to learn the customs and manners of a people who were but little known, and was therefore considered as peculiarly proper to accompany the Governor. He was accordingly often employed by the latter in embassies and expeditions of observation in the interior parts of Africa, into which he penetrated a considerable way, during his residence in that country, which was in the whole about two years, ending in the beginning of the year 1789. As he was generally sent upon these expeditions for the sole purpose of observation, he did not fail to collect many facts, which it is probable, that others, had they passed the same tract of country with other views, would have never known. He had also better opportunities than most other travellers in Africa of knowing the real situation of things there ; for he was not only an eye witness of that situation, in many parts of the country, but he was capable of searching into the truth of many accounts of things given him by the natives, which he himself did not see, inasmuch as he understood their languages, of which he made a grammar.—And as he kept a journal of all he heard and saw on the spot, he cannot be charged with having misrepresented any thing for want of memory, any more than he can be charged with having
been

been biased by party, when it is considered that he collected his facts previously to any knowledge he could have of the agitation of the question of the slave-trade.

It was by means of this gentleman, then, that Mr. Clarkson was enabled to give a minute, accurate, and faithful answer to the two queries before stated. His reply to the first of these queries I shall not notice; as I only propose to give your readers a just idea of the state of society in which the natives of Africa live, as it appears from Mr. Clarkson's answer to the second question proposed to him. And this account will, I think, prove that they have attained a step in the scale of civilization far beyond what people commonly imagine.

In answering the question, "What is the state of society in which the natives of Africa, bordering on the French establishments there, may be said to live?" Mr. Clarkson confines himself to the inhabitants of Cayor, Sin, and Sallum; three countries extending along the shore from the mouth of the river Gambia to that of the Senegal, in which the state of society is best known. And as this state is nearly the same in the three countries, he speaks of Cayor, (as being the most considerable fort,) for the whole; noticing of course any custom, if there should be any, different there from those of the other two.

He begins with the different ranks of life, which may be reckoned at four; comprizing the King, the Blood Royal, the people, and their respective slaves.

The King of Cayor (and the same may be said of the King of Sin and Sallum) may be considered as an absolute Monarch, if it be only from these two circumstances, first, because he can pillage his subjects and not be amenable to any laws; and secondly, because in all cases of jurisprudence he is the ultimate judge, having it in his power, whether right or wrong, to acquit or to condemn. The methods which he takes to govern the countries that belong to him are the following. Cayor is divided first into two provinces, and each province is ruled by an officer whom he appoints, and whom he calls Laman. This Laman issues out the King's orders through his own district, and takes care that they shall be obeyed. It sometimes happens, however, that though a certain spot be marked out which is called a province, yet there is a small part of it, for some reason or other, not subject to the Laman's orders. This spot is governed by another officers, whom the King appoints, and whom he calls Fara.

Each province, then, which contains many villages, is governed either by a Laman, or by a Laman and a Fara together, and of course all the villages in each are subject to their orders. There is, besides, in each village, an officer, totally distinct from the former. The officer is called the Gueraff. He may be considered as the Mayor of the village, for it is his business to take cognizance of any violation of the laws, to bring the offenders to trial, and report the case, with the decision upon it, to the King.

The villages, which have been mentioned to have had each a Gueraff at their head for their more immediate administration, are those in which the natives only are found to dwell. There are villages however on the coast, where the whites, with a view of enriching themselves by trade, are settled for a time. Here the administration is rather divided. There is a Gueraff or Mayor for the natives as before, but there are two additional officers, who were originally appointed on account of the Europeans residing there. The first is called the Fitor, and was formerly the interpreter between the whites and the blacks; and the second the Alcaide, who, when such interpretation was made, used to transact all the business for the whites, and was considered as the Consul between the natives and them. The first of these persons, though he still holds the name of Fitor, and the emoluments annexed to the situation, now bears the office only as a sinecure place. The latter still discharges it.

Thus the King rules provinces and villages, executing such orders as relate to the nation at large by the Laman and Fara, settling the private affairs of his subjects by the Gueraff, and, by means of the Alcaide, adjusting disputes between his subjects and such of the whites as reside for a time in his territories, and superintending trade.

(To be continued.)

Particulars of what happened on board the Snow Elinora while at the Sandwich Islands.

[From the New York Daily Advertiser, December 17, 1791.]

Mohce, lat. 19, N. long 168, E.

ON or about the 30th of January, 1790, we anchored under Ladrone Mount, and commenced a trade with the natives, for hogs, fruit, limes, fish, &c. but not liking the situation,

situation, we weighed anchor and went two miles further up, into a bay, and came to an anchor about four o'clock P. M.

At eleven or twelve o'clock, midnight, some of the natives swam off, and cut away the cutter from a stern; at one P. M. we discovered that she was missing, and immediately called all hands aft on the quarter deck, and found none missing except the man who was in her, as boat-keeper. We then hoisted the small boat out to go in search of her, but found, on lowering her into the water, she leaked in such a manner as obliged us to hoist her in again, which rendered it impossible to search that night.

On the preceding evening an old man requested to sleep on board, which was granted; but after missing the boat we put him in irons. When day-light approached, no canoes came off as usual, which confirmed our suspicions, that they had cut the boat a-drift. The women on board wished to go on shore; Captain Metcalf told them they might go when they thought proper. They all immediately leaped into the water and swam to the shore, at least three miles distance. The old man also requested leave to go, but leave was not granted him.

In the afternoon two or three canoes came along side with presents from the Chief, consisting of hogs and fruit, but they were not accepted. The last that came we ordered immediately away, but they paid little attention to it, until we fired, by order of the Captain, five or six musquet shot at them, which killed and wounded three or four.

Towards night a man swam from the shore to the cable, with a knife in his hand, and afterwards swam under the ship's counter, where we saw him with the knife; he had once or twice dived under water, and started a piece of copper off the ship's bottom, imagining, could he get the copper off, the ship would sink; Captain Metcalf fired a pistol at him from the cabin window, but missed him; three or four of the people jumped into the boat and caught him. After bringing him on board, Captain Metcalf fully determined to hang him, ordered a rope to be rove at the fore yard arm, and the rope greased, but by the persuasion of Mr. Chambers, and myself, he concluded to save his life, and keep him prisoner.

The next day we observed four or five thousand people to come down opposite the ship, all armed with spears, slings, and arrows; at ten o'clock we hauled the ship within a quarter of a mile of the shore, and fired round and grape shot at them, and dislodged them all from the village. At twelve o'clock I went on shore with the boat and six men, set fire to the village and

Morai, (a place of worship) and also fired upon the natives, some of whom were seen very near, but by the constant firing from the ship, they did not attempt to attack us. I then came on board, and took three small water casks to fill with water; but after landing (that attention not being paid to firing as before,) the natives came down in great numbers, throwing their spears and stones, which obliged us to go on board again, our object unaccomplished. They then all went up the summit of a hill, thinking the shot from the ship could not reach them there, but we fired two guns with such good aim, that they were soon convinced of their error, and immediately fled to the mountain and low ditches, where it was impossible for our shot to touch them; we there desisted from firing, hove up the anchors, and went further up the bay in hopes of completing our water. Towards evening we again came to an anchor, and on the next morning two or three canoes came off, who were well treated, so that more came off, and engaged to bring us water. Nothing more material happened; we completed our water, and the Captain purchased a small boy and girl for two axes and a few beads.

After continuing here three or four days, we weighed anchor, and stood from the island. We had been under way about an hour and a half, with a light breeze, when the natives came in a canoe along-side, and informed us that the Chief of the people who had stolen the boat lived behind a point, to the Northward. When we hauled our wind, went round the point, and came to anchor. The next day a canoe came along-side with one of their Chiefs; when he came on board we began to expostulate with him, in order to recover our boat and the man. He told us that, for a reward, he would bring both of them.

Capt. Metcalfe offered him one musquet, eight cartridges, one bar of iron, and a piece of Bengal cloth, for the man; and the same for the boat: Which he agreed to. The next morning he again came on board, and said if we would send our boat on shore, or near the shore, he would bring the man. I immediately, by order of Captain Metcalfe, armed the boat and went near the shore, but after waiting an hour, paying attention to their proceedings, they not bringing the man, I returned on board. The Chief then came off a second time, and said, if the boat went again, we might depend upon getting the man. I armed the boat, and again went towards the shore; where, after waiting half an hour, they sent a man, who swam to the boat, with the thigh bone of the man who was boat-keeper when they stole the boat; I received them and came on board,

shewed them to Captain Metcalfe, and threw them into the sea. A few minutes afterwards the same Chief came on board for the reward; it was given, and he was told that if he brought the boat, the reward should be given him for that also; for he insisted that it was not hurt. He then told us the manner in which they killed the boat-keeper, as follows: That after cutting away the fast, and she had drifted a distance from the ship, that they got into her and found the man asleep, but he immediately awoke, and seeing them, drew his knife upon them; they, however, overpowered him, and took the knife from him, cut his head off, and took him on shore, and the next night burnt him for a sacrifice to their Gods.

We judged, the night they stole the boat they killed the man, and on the next day burnt him (as the mountains seemed to be one continued blaze), which is their custom on such occasions, but were not then positive of the above.

After relating the story, he desired of the Captain that the natives might come and trade as usual. Leave being granted, he went on shore, and just at sun-set he came off again, in a large double canoe, with twenty-five women; but the Captain suspecting they had some design in the night to take the vessel, would not permit them to come on board. The day following, the canoes, as usual at the other islands, came along side with hogs, fruit, limes, &c.

The above Chief had told them they might come and trade without molestation.

At 10 A. M. the Chief came along-side, with two others, and had in their canoe the keel of the boat which they had stolen; after he came, he called and wanted the reward which was promised. Captain Metcalfe was informed of his being along-side, and of his having the boat's keel; he then came on deck and saw it, and being then perfectly convinced of the man's being killed, and the boat broken, made this expression—that, "I will now give the reward they little expect."

Mr. Chambers and myself endeavoured to persuade the Captain to entice the three Chiefs on board, and afterwards to hang them on the fore-yard, in view of the whole island; which might perhaps be a sufficient warning for them in future never to attempt distressing any ships who might touch at their islands. But our persuasions were of no effect; he was fully determined to take the following means of punishing them: First, to decoy those canoes which were on the larboard to come on the starboard side, then to station one man to each portlanyard, and others down to the guns between decks, whilst

whilst others on the quarter-deck were stationed to the swivels, and four brass guns, and when all were ready, to fire immediately into the canoes all at one command.

The guns that were below had in each of them 100 musquet balls, and 50 langrade nails. There were seven of the above guns, each containing the like quantity. The four guns of the quarter-deck had in them 50 balls each, some of the swivels 20, others 10 balls.

Mr. Chambers and myself strongly insisted that this punishment was too severe, and only butchering a number of innocent women and children. But he replied we were going to attempt taking the command of the ship from him, and that his orders should be obeyed, and immediately ordered every man to his station.

The men wished to fire into the canoes, as the man whom they had killed was a Manilla-man, and the crew were all Portuguese or Manilla-men.

After the people were all stationed, he gave orders to fire—and the whole broad-side was aimed direct into the canoes. To attempt to describe the horrible scene that ensued, is too much for my pen. The water along side continued of a crimson colour for at least ten minutes; some were sinking, others lying half out of their canoes, without arms or legs; while other lay in their canoes weltering in their blood. Although the appearance was so horrid, the people after firing wished to get into the boat and use boarding spikes to kill those in the water; but by severely punishing two or three, they desisted from their dreadful purpose.

Some persons on board, said they had counted the canoes before we fired, the number of which were two hundred and twelve; but he did not think they were above one hundred and seventy, or eighty. The number killed, it was then imagined, exceeded one hundred, and many more wounded; but some weeks after they told us the number missing on the island were eighty, and 115 were wounded, the greater part dead and dying fast. This information they gave us at the island of Oyhee, about fifteen leagues to windward, and we judged it to be true, as canoes are daily passing from island to island. After our firing ceased, they weighed anchor and stood for the island of Oyhee,

I have sent you this account, as those who are acquainted with the circumstance, think Captain Metcalf much to blame; and that should any vessels go to those islands from America,

they might be particularly cautious, and not pay too much attention to the friendship professed by these islanders.

P. S. They cut off a schooner about six weeks after, which belonged to Capt. Metcalfe, and sailed with him from China, and murdered all the people.

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 284.)

THE Empress Queen gave Trenck to understand she required he should ask her pardon; and on that condition all proceedings should be stopped, and he immediately set at liberty. Prince Charles, who knew the Court of Vienna, advised me also to persuade my cousin to comply; but nothing could shake his resolution. Feeling his right and innocence, he demanded strict justice; and this made ruin more swift.

I soon learned Trenck must fall a sacrifice—he was rich—his enemies already had divided among them more than 80,000 florins of his property, which was all sequestered, and in their hands. They had treated him too cruelly, and knew him too well, not to dread his vengeance the moment he should recover his freedom.

I was moved to the soul at his sufferings, and as he had vented public threats, at the prospect of approaching victory over his enemies, they gained over the Court Confessor; and, dreading him as they did, put every wily art in practice to insure his destruction. I therefore, in the fulness of my heart, made him the brotherly proposition of escaping, and, having obtained his liberty, to prove his innocence to the Empress Queen. I told him my plan, which might easily have been put in execution, and which he seemed perfectly decided to follow.

Some days after I was ordered to wait on Field-Marshal Count Konigseck, Governor of Vienna. This respectable old gentleman, whose memory I shall ever revere, behaved to me like a father, and friend of humanity, advised me to abandon my cousin, who, he gave me clearly to understand, had betrayed me by having revealed my proposed plan of escape, willing to sacrifice

sacrifice me to his ambition, in order to justify the purity of his intentions to the Court, and show that, instead of wishing to escape, he only desired justice.

Confounded at the cowardly action of one for whom I would willingly have sacrificed my life, and whom I only sought to deliver, I resolved to leave him to his fate, and thought myself exceedingly happy that the worthy Field-Marshal would, after a fatherly admonition, smother all farther enquiry into this affair.

I related this black trait of ingratitude to Prince Charles of Lorraine, who prevailed on me to again see my cousin, without letting him know I knew what had passed, and still to render him every service in my power.

Scarcely had a fortnight elapsed, after his having first betrayed me, before the following remarkable event happened.

I left him one evening to return home, taking under my coat a bag with papers and documents relating to the prosecution, which I had been examining for him, and transcribing. There were at this time about five and twenty officers in Vienna, who had laid complaints against him, and who considered me as their greatest enemy, because I had laboured earnestly in his defence. I was therefore obliged, on all occasions, to be upon my guard. A report had been propagated through Vienna, that I was secretly sent, by the King of Prussia, to free my cousin from imprisonment: he, however, constantly denied, to the hour of his death, his ever having written to me at Berlin: hence also it will follow the letter I had received had been forged by Jäschinsky.

Leaving the arsenal, I crossed the court, and perceiving I was closely followed by two men in grey roquelaures; who, pressing upon my heels, held loud and insolent conversation concerning the run-away Prussian Trenck. I found they sought a quarrel, which was a thing of no great difficulty at that moment; for a man is never more disposed to duelling than when he has nothing to lose, and is discontented with his condition. I supposed they were two of the accusing officers broken by Trenck, and endeavoured to avoid them, and gain the Jew's-place.

Scarcely had I turned down the street that leads thither before they quickened their pace. I turned round, and in a moment received a thrust, with a sword, in the left side, where I had put my bag of papers, which accident alone saved my life: the sword pierced through the papers, and slightly grazed the skin. I instantly drew, and the heroes ran. I pursued, one of them tripped and fell. I seized him; the guard came up: he declared he was an officer of the regiment of Kollowrat, shewed

shewed his uniform, was released, and I was taken to prison. The Town Major came the next day, and told me I had intentionally sought a quarrel with two officers, Lieutenants F——g and K——n. These kind gentlemen did not reveal their humane intention of sending me to the other world.

I was alone, could produce no witness, they were two.—I must necessarily be in the wrong, and I remained six days in prison. No sooner was I released than these my good friends sent to demand satisfaction for the said pretended insult. The proposal was accepted, and I promised to be at the Scotch gate, the place appointed by them, within an hour. Having heard their names, I presently knew them to be two famous swaggers, who were daily exercising themselves in fencing at the arsenal, and where they often visited Trenck. I went to my cousin to ask his assistance, related what had happened, and, as the consequences of this duel might be very serious, desired him to give me 100 ducats, that I might be able to fly, if either of them should fall.

Hitherto I had expended my own money on his account, and had asked no reimbursement; but what was my astonishment when this wicked man said to me, with a sneer, “Since, good cousin, you have got into a quarrel without consulting me, you will also get out of it without my aid!” As I left him, he called me back to tell me, “I will take care and pay your undertaker;” for he certainly believed I should never return alive.

I ran now, half despairing, to Baron Lopresti, who gave me 50 ducats and a pair of pistols, provided with which I cheerfully repaired to the field of battle.

Here I found half a dozen officers of the garrison. As I had few acquaintances in Vienna, I had no second, except an old Spanish Invalid Captain, named Pereyra, who met me going in all haste, and, having learned whither, would not leave me.

Lieutenant K——n was the first with whom I fought, and who received satisfaction by a deep wound in the arm. Hereupon I desired the spectators to prevent farther mischief; for my own part I had nothing more to demand. Lieutenant F——g next entered the lists, with threats which were soon quieted by a lunge in the belly. Hereupon Lieutenant M——f, second to the first wounded man, told me very angrily—“Had I been your man, you would have found a very different reception.”—My old Spaniard of 80 proudly and immediately advanced with his long whiskers and tottering frame, and cried—“Hold—Trenck has proved himself a brave fellow, and if any man thinks,

thinks proper to assault him further, he must first take a breathing with me." Every body laughed at this bravado, from a man who scarcely could stand, or hold a sword. I replied—"Friend, I am safe, unhurt, and want not aid: should I be disabled, you then, if you think proper, may take my place; but, as long as I can hold a sword, I shall take pleasure in satisfying all these gentlemen, one after another." I would have rested myself a moment, but the haughty M——f, enraged at the defeat of his friend, would not give me time, but furiously attacked me, and, having wounded him twice, once in the hand, and again in the groin, he wanted to close, and sink me to the grave with himself, but I disarmed and threw him.

None of the others had any desire to renew this contest. My three enemies were sent bleeding to town; and, as M——f appeared to be mortally wounded, and the Jesuits and Capuchins of Vienna refused me an asylum, I fled to the convent at Keltenberg.

I wrote, from the convent, to Colonel Baron Lopresti, who came to me. I told him all that had passed, and by his good offices had liberty, in a week, to appear once more at Vienna.

The blood of Lieutenant F——g was in a corrupt state, and his wound, though not in itself dangerous, made his life doubtful. He sent to entreat I would visit him, and, when I went, having first requested I would pardon him, gave me to understand I ought to beware of my cousin. I afterwards learned the traitorous Trenck had promised F——g a company, and 1000 ducats, if he could find means to quarrel with me, and rid the world of me. He was deeply in debt, and sought the assistance of Lieutenant K——p; and, had not the papers luckily preserved me, I had undoubtedly been dispatched by his first lunge. To clear themselves of the infamy of such an act, these two worthy gentlemen had pretended I had assaulted them in the street.

(To be continued.)

Anecdotes of Alderman Whitson, of Bristol.

[From the Account of his Life lately published by Mr. Catcott, and prefixed to his Meditations.]

DURING Mr. Whitson's mayoralty in 1603, the plague raged at Bristol, and 2600 persons died of it between the 28th of June, 1603, and the 20th of February, 1604, as appears

appears by a manuscript still preserved in the chamber of that city. This benevolent magistrate, like "Marseilles's good bishop," stood to his post, and gave every assistance to the distressed citizens in this time of danger. To this Mr. Whitson alludes in one of his meditations, where he says, "My health God has been pleased graciously to continue to me in the midst of contagious sickness; I have seen a thousand fall beside me, and ten thousand on my right hand, yet by God's goodness only, the arrow did not come nigh me."

Mr. Whitson not long before his death overheard his nephews mentioning to each other to what immoral and profligate uses they intended to apply his fortune, when they should come into possession of it. He burst in upon them, and reproached them very severely for the sentiments they had uttered, and told them they were not worthy to possess the money he had acquired by his honest and industry. After the death of his wife, he left his estate to charitable uses in Bristol.

*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 280.)

PERHAPS you are so well read in the history of France, as to make it unnecessary for me to remark, that my family is ancient and illustrious.—My father, the Count of Bellegarde, was educated with every prejudice that could make him tenacious of his rank, and anxious to support it.—He was married early by my grandfather to the heiress of the house of Ermenonville; and his eldest son, the only issue of that marriage, inherited from his mother the great property of that family.

But ambition, of which my father possessed a great share, both from his temper and from his education, saved him not entirely from the influence of softer passions.—During the life of his first wife, an indigent relation of his own was received into the family of one of his sisters, as a dependant: She was beautiful and interesting, and my father being released, by death, from an engagement, in which his heart had never any share, married her—and thought himself overpaid, by the felicity
of

of his second marriage, for the little satisfaction he had found in the first.

But though he had, in one instance, suffered his inclinations to conquer that aspiring temper, which, under less-powerful influence, would have led him to seek for a second great heiress, he seemed determined to apply himself with more assiduity to the attainment of power and honour, by other means—He had some capacity for business; was daring in forming schemes, and obstinate in adhering to them—proud, vindictive, and violent; with such a portion of national pride, as made him hold every other nation but his own in the utmost contempt—and, whenever they seemed likely to dispute the superiority of France, he was tempted to wish, like Caligula, that the people so presumptuous, had but one neck, that he might destroy them at a blow.

With this disposition, you will easily imagine, the inveteracy with which he regarded the English.—He held a post in the war department of France, in 1755, when those hostilities commenced, in which, for a series of years, the English had almost always the advantage—events that added to national hatred, or a kind of personal and peculiar malignity—for of many of the operations in which his country failed of success, the Count of Bellegarde was the projector.

By a long course of defeat, however, his master, Louis the Fifteenth, and his co-adjutors, grew weary of his influence; and, in 1759, after the loss of Quebec, he was suddenly dismissed in disgrace.

Nor was this mortification the only one he was at that period fated to sustain.—A violent and infectious fever at the same time deprived him of his wife—and, wounded thus deeply, by public and domestic misfortune, he took the sudden resolution of quitting the world, and retiring to this castle, with my brother, my sister, and myself.

Hither, then, he came—leaving, at Paris, his eldest son, who had been some time in possession of his mother's fortune, and had lived entirely independent of his father, and on no very friendly terms with him. To the young, gay, and dissipated D'Ermenonville (for he took the name of his mother) the austerity of a statesman, and conversation of a politician, were alike repulsive; and he had no feelings about him that disposed him to submit to the authority of a parent, from whom he had nothing to expect—for it was well understood, that of all the Count de Bellegarde either possessed from his ancestors, or acquired from his political advantages, D'Ermenonville would

inherit only that share of which, by its being entailed, his father could not deprive him.

The error of which the Count thought he had been guilty, in allowing to this eldest son early independence, and boundless expence, made him determine to adopt, in regard to me and my brother, a conduct altogether contrary.—On his retirement from the world, my brother, who was the eldest of the two, and called the Baron de Rochemarte, was near fifteen, and I was only fourteen months younger—yet, though at that age, we should have been either pursuing our studies, or with the army, in which we had both commissions, my father took us away with him: And, with a Governor whom he engaged, because he was the most rigid pedant he could find, he fixed us both in what we then thought the desolate solitude of Rochemarte—a place which he had fixed upon for his own residence; not only because it was so far from the scene of his former elevation; but because it was the only one of his capital houses that was not entailed on D'Ermenonville.

The gloomy solitude in which he lived—the power of life and death which he possessed in his domain, and the proneness of his mind to superstition, which was encouraged by the monks of the neighbouring convent, who soon found the advantage of having to liberal a benefactor—at once darkened and soured a temper, never very good. Accustomed to dictate and command, he could not now divest himself of the habit: And his vassals, and his sons, being the only persons over whom he could now exert it, were the victims of his harsh and imperious spirit—for in them he delighted to discover, or to fancy faults, only for the satisfaction of imposing punishment.

It may be easily imagined, that to two lads of our ages, and who had from temper and constitution a keen relish for pleasures of every kind, the life we led was insupportable. The mild and soft-tempered Genevieve, our sister, who was then not more than twelve years old, though from her sex and disposition, more accustomed to, and able to endure solitude and confinement, began to feel the weight of those chains, of which, however, she did not complain; but endeavoured, by her soothing sweetness, to make our's sit more easy.—She was my father's favourite, and her influence had, for some time, the power to alluage the harshness of his temper—but, by degrees, even that failed of its effect, and his mortified pride, his lost happiness, and his gloomy notions of religion, combined to encrease this ferocity, and irritate his asperity, till, at length, his children, though the children of a woman he so fondly loved, seemed to afford.

afford him nothing but objects of anger and tyranny, and he was left alone to the influence of father Ignatius, a jesuit, whom he took into his house as the director of his conscience; and whose purpose, it seemed to be, to estrange him from his family entirely.

There is a point, beyond which, the endurance of the most patient sufferer, cannot go—Genevieve, indeed, was not yet arrived at this point, but the Baron and I had long since passed it, and determined to break the fetters, which, in their present form, we did not think even paternal authority had a right to impose. The Baron, therefore, wrote to D'Ermenonville, representing our situation, and entreating his assistance to deliver us from it.

The Marquis D'Ermenonville had, perhaps, no great affection for us; he could not be totally indifferent to the representation of the Baron; and felt, perhaps, some pleasure, in being able to thwart his father, where it seemed to be a sort of duty to act in opposition to him. For this purpose, he immediately, and by a way which we had pointed out to him, sent us a considerable supply of money, and directed us both to quit the castle in the night, and find our way to Perpignan, where his servant and horses should attend to conduct us to Paris.—He urged, not only the cruelty the Count de Bellegarde was guilty of, in thus obliging us to waste the best of our days in a desert; but the appearance it must have to the world, that when a war was carrying on, two young men, enlisted in their country's service, submitted to be confined, like monks, in a cloister.—This remark would have been enough to fire us with ambition and military ardour; but to the incitements of honour, he added the allurements of pleasure—and every scruple that remained (for I had still some as to leaving my father without his permission) gave way before their united influence.

(To be continued.)

Answer, by W. Baker, of Totnes, to Philotheros's Enigma, inserted December 19.

AGNAT is surely what you mean,
As in your lines is plainly seen;
An insect small, with a sharp sting,
Which sucks the blood of living things.

*Answer, by J. K. C. near Wells, to J. T.'s Charade, inserted
January 23.*

WHEN free from cold winter's embrace,
And Boreas no longer doth blow,
The sportsmen declining the chace,
To the riv'lets a FLY-FISHING go.

* * We have received the like answer from Eremita, of Weston Zoyland; S. Hill, of Dawlish; J. Collins, of Uffculm; J. Duckham, of Taunton; A. Pinn, of Exmouth; Furze Stub, of Long Moor; W. Baker, of Totnes; and P. Lyttleton, of Tywardreath.

An ANAGRAM, by T. Whibby, of South Petherton.

IF you transpose what slaves desire to be,
You will a sea term then most plainly see.

A CHARADE, by A. Pinn, of Exmouth.

MY first is a verb;
My second's a bet;
My whole makes a widow,
Pray do not forget.

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

SINCE diff'rent subjects diff'rent people move,
And those condemn what these, perhaps, approve;
'Tis sweet variety alone can please,
And charm the thoughts or lull the mind to ease;
So while the rest may tune the votive strains,
Of tuneful melody throughout these plains,
And paint in colours of a lively hue
The beauteous landscapes which appear to view,
Some mystick theme I gladly would rehearse,
And scribble on in enigmatick verse.
The lovely subject which demands my theme,
Alike o'er us doth spread its radiant beam,
That each from jarring discord may be free,
And all partake the sweets of liberty.

To cheer the drooping brow of discontent,
 This radiant gem from heaven to earth was sent;
 When first the sun illum'd this earthly ball,
 And man became a sinner by his fall;
 With him, alas! not long did it remain,
 Envy and malice, with their wretched train,
 Drove it from thence, and with dejected air,
 It came a wand'rer thro' this world of care;
 But mark the direful scenes it did produce,
 Virtue becomes a thing devoid of use;
 While sin triumphant reign'd throughout the earth,
 And man denied the author of his birth;
 But heaven's indignant anger soon o'ertook,
 Their headlong course, and hills and mountains shook;
 Almighty vengeance hover'd o'er each head,
 And all at length were number'd with the dead;
 Save the few souls who timely did embark,
 And thus preserv'd themselves within the ark.
 But soon as man once more began to reign,
 The earth to flourish, and bear fruit again;
 He then relaps'd to what he was of yore,
 And I became a wand'rer as before.
 If you the paths of sacred hist'ry tread,
 Where heroes brave, and powerful monarchs bred,
 As you the deep sequester'd mazes trace,
 You'll find I scarcely deign'd to show my face.
 In Grecian times when hist'ry doth relate
 The people groan'd beneath a barb'rous state;
 And bloody wars spread dire destruction round,
 No place of refuge there for me was found;
 Nor e'en till lately—wand'ring to and fro,
 Throughout the globe, not knowing where to go;
 Deny'd by all a fix'd or settled station,
 Until I ventur'd on the British nation!
 And here at present undisturb'd I rest,
 Within this happy isle with freedom blest;
 While Britain's foes to distant shores are fled,
 And I am chose to triumph in their stead.
 This generous act of kindness to repay,
 So long as I maintain my present sway,
 Commerce and trade shall flourish and abound,
 And wealth and honour this fair isle surround;
 While distant climes in wretchedness are hurl'd,
 Britain shall reign the wonder of the world.

P O E T R Y.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

SIR BERTRAND: A FRAGMENT. *By Miss Aikin,*

Attempted in Verse by William Newport, Esq. a Lieutenant in his Majesty's 90th Regiment.

(Concluded from Page 296.)

NOW to another stair-case led the knight,
Then vanish'd suddenly before his sight ;
Again a sullen toll assails his ears ;
His bristling hair confess'd his inward fears ;
His blood now tingling flow'd through every part,
Sir Bertrand felt it strike upon his heart.
Chaotic darkness every object blends ;
And now with out-stretch'd arms the knight ascends.
A dead cold hand his left hand grasps anon,
And with a force resistless drags him on ;
In vain he tries his hand to disengage,
His sword he lifts, and strikes with fearful rage ;
A piercing shriek he hears, and then a groan,
And holds the pow'rless hand within his own ;
He drops the limb ; and now quite desp'rate made,
He rushes on, no more of death afraid.
The narrow winding stairs, with moss o'ergrown,
Were half fill'd up with moss, and mould'ring stone.
Strait and more narrow yet the staircase grew,
As t'wards the top Sir Bertrand nearer drew ;
An iron grate oppos'd his onward course,
Which opening yielded to his utmost force ;
A low and winding passage here he sees,
And enters boldly on his hands and knees.
A heavy hollow groan again he hears,
Which thro' the murky vault salutes his ears ;

Onwards

Onwards he crawls along the green dank floor,
 And sees again the light he'd seen before ;
 And now the passage wide and wider grows,
 Which suddenly great wonders doth disclose ;
 Another lofty gallery appears,
 Whose Gothic architecture spoke its years ;
 A giant form, in polish'd armour bright,
 Whose threat'ning gestures ne'er disinay'd the knight,
 A bleeding stump presented to his view ;
 Then with menacing frowns a sword it drew.
 Sir Bertrand aim'd a blow with all his might—
 It dropp'd a key ; and vanish'd from his sight.
 And now with curious eyes the knight explores
 Th' extensive space, and sees two folding doors ;
 The pale blue flame which hereto onward led,
 Rests on the portals huge colossal head.

Impatient here the massy key he tries,
 And stranger wonders meet his starting eyes ;
 Upon a bier a sable coffin lay,
 Two blazing tapers emulate the day ;
 Gigantic statues dight in Moorish dress,
 A solemn dreadful majesty express ;
 Each stepp'd his right foot forward on the door,
 And rais'd a sabre wet with human gore.
 The knight advanc'd with dauntless courage bold,
 The coffin lid flew up, and the bell toll'd.
 The pale blue flame again became his guide,
 Glides on, and rests upon the coffin's side ;
 Uprose a shrouded fair, whose dazzling charms
 Shone thro' her veil, and t'wards him stretch'd her arms ;
 The sable figures clash'd their swords and frown'd,
 And stamping like an earthquake shook the ground.
 Sir Bertrand rush'd into the fair's embrace,
 Her kisses burnt, her tears bedew his face.
 The grim black monsters gave a horrid yell ;
 The building's centre shook, and crashing fell.
 A sudden trance benumb'd Sir Bertrand's sense,
 And for a moment wav'd his recompence ;
 When waking, what astonishment to find
 Upon a velvet couch his limbs reclin'd.
 Altho' at ev'ry court the knight had been,
 Such vast magnificence he ne'er had seen ;
 He views the chrystal lustres with amaze,
 His sight is dazzl'd by too bright a blaze ;

A thousand tapers round the room were plac'd;
 A sumptuous banquet here the middle grac'd.
 The doors to dulcet sounds now open wide,
 And now an angel form the knight descry'd;
 In words her splendour to describe were vain;
 Her nymphs, like graces, sported in her train;
 Slow she advance'd, and falling on her knee,
 She thank'd him for her life and liberty.
 The nymphs plac'd laurel garlands on his head.
 Now to the banquet by the hand she led
 The knight, elate with manly, honest pride,
 And, sitting down, she plac'd him at her side.
 The nymphs their stations took around the board,
 Which num'rous servants soon with dainties stor'd.
 That ev'ry painful thought they might beguile,
 Delicious music playing all the while.
 The banquet ended, now each nymph retir'd,
 And curiosity his bosom fir'd.
 Towards the couch he led the willing fair,
 And thus in humble guise preferr'd his pray'r.
 "If aught is due to me, fair lady! deign
 "To speak, and what I've wond'ring seen explain."
 She bow'd assent, and thus began—

Topsham, Devon.

SONNET to FANCY.

By JOHN RENNIE.

SWEET fancy! friend of nature and the muse,
 With heav'nly visions charm thy poet's eye;
 Spread o'er the landscape more attractive hues,
 And paint with brighter gold the vivid sky.
 Nor check the youth that fondly would aspire
 To raise the song of sympathy and love;
 But as the fond enthusiast strikes the lyre,
 Let all the trembling strings in concord move;
 And, at the blaze of thy celestial fire,
 Wake into life the sentiment refin'd;
 For hope deferr'd enervates the desire,
 And casts a sickly languor o'er the mind;
 But thou to rapture can'st the spirit warm,
 And give to glowing thought th' imperishable charm!