

T H E

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, April 2, 1792.

*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 315.)

I Could not, however, with equal success, conquer the regret I felt at leaving my beloved Genevieve, to whom, from our earliest infancy, I had been particularly attached.—She would, we were well assured, be compelled to encounter all the fury and indignation of the Count, when our departure should be known; and when we saw her tremble with the mere apprehension of it, we would very fain have obviated every difficulty that seemed to forbid our taking her with us: But, child as she was, she answered with firmness and resolution, of which her gentle temper seemed little capable; “No, my dear brothers,” said she, “it is fit you should go—but that I should stay—no point of honour, no military duty calls me; and I will not desert my father—he is unhappy—and has need of me—he must not be deprived at once of all his children—and, if he treats me with rigour, the consciousness of not having deserved it, will enable me to sustain it with patience.”

It was necessary, however, that she should appear wholly ignorant of our flight—and we dreaded that her resolution would give way, when she was charged with having been acquainted with it; insomuch, that we should now have repented

having made her a party in our secret, could we have borne the thoughts of leaving, abruptly and unkindly, a sister, whom we both so fondly loved.

At length, the hour came for this cruel parting.—My father, who since his residence here, had affected all the state of a feudal Baron, and even many of the precautions of a besieged chief, though he had no enemies to apprehend, but the wolves and bears of the Pyrenees; not only had the draw-bridge taken up every night, but had a sort of guard parade, at stated hours, in the courts of the castle. Our desire of liberty, however, surmounted all the difficulties by which our escape seemed to be impeded; and, by means of our sister, and our own resolution, we descended in safety, from one of the lower windows; crossed the moat, which was then full, in our drawers, swimming, and dressing ourselves on the opposite bank, we proceeded on foot to Perpignan; and with hearts exulting in our success, and the joy it gave us, allayed only by our apprehensions for Genevieve.

Our tutor had taken a fancy to wine, and we took care liberally to supply him—in consequence of which, and of the increase of pleasure he found, from this early indulgence of his favourite passion, he had insensibly abated of his former strictness; suffered us every evening to go to the apartment of Genevieve; and frequently took, in our absence, such plentiful potations, that he was in bed, and asleep, before we returned to our apartments, which were within his. Thus, we were not missed till the morning; and, as we left no traces on our way, and had not even entrusted a servant with our secret, the pursuit that was then made for us, was quite ineffectual. We arrived safely at Perpignan; in spirits too elevated to be affected with the fatigue of our long walk.—We found that D'Ermenonville had punctually adhered to his promise; and, on his horses, and attended by his servants, we proceeded gaily to Paris.

D'Ermenonville received us with more cordial friendship than I believed to be in his nature—he furnished us with money to equip us for joining our respective regiments, as became the sons of the Count of Bellegarde—and assured us of his continued assistance, till my father could be brought to reason—it is not, therefore, wonderful, that his friendship made us blind to his faults; and, that we saw not the dissolute libertine, in the kind and generous brother.—In fact, he had many virtues; and it was to him we owed our support after the peace of 1763 restored us to the pleasure of Paris. Then, however, the Count of Bellegarde, though he resisted every argument which
could,

could be brought by the other parts of our family, to induce him to receive, and forgive us; yet was so far averse to our owing any farther obligation to D'Ermenonville, whom he held in abhorrence, and no longer acknowledged as his son, that he agreed to make us each an handsome allowance.

Peace being made, my brother, the Baron de Rochemarte, went into Germany, where, during the war, he had formed some attachments; and I was for several years in garrison with my regiment, hearing nothing of my family but what I learned from the letters my sister contrived, by stealth, to send me. After our elopement, she had been, for some years, more rigorously confined—and had suffered inconceivable harshness and cruelty from her father—but at the end of six years, though his temper was far from being softened by age, the death of the jesuit, who had been his confessor, seemed to have procured some little alleviation to her sufferings. A younger, and less austere director, of the same order, had succeeded to the government of his conscience; and Genevieve now informed me that, accustomed as she had been, almost from her infancy, to confinement, the moderate severity of that in which she now lived, was comparatively easy to her—that her father admitted of her services with more pleasure than he used to do; spoke to her with greater kindness; sometimes allowed her to walk out, and had promised that the daughter of one of his vassals, for whom she had conceived a friendship, should be allowed to reside with her at the castle, as her companion: She always added her vexation, that this execution of his promise was, she knew not why, always delayed from time to time; though her old governess was become quite useless as a companion: But her greatest uneasiness seemed to arise from our long, and as she began to fear, endless separation.

This regret she repeatedly dwelt upon, with so much pathetic tenderness, that I at length determined to go in secret, and in disguise, to Rochemarte, and embrace once more this beloved sister; for whom, long as we had been parted, I still felt the warmest affection.—I was at Paris when I made this resolution, where, a short time before, I had formed an intimate acquaintance with a young Englishman, the second son of a nobleman—he was two or three years younger than I was; in person, remarkably handsome; and in manners, the most engaging man I ever met with.—Our acquaintance soon became the sincerest friendship—and as he communicated to me every interesting circumstance that befel him—so my situation in regard to my father, and my encreasing desire to see my sister

were no secrets to him.—He entered into all my solicitude, and encouraged me to indulge the inclination I had to visit Rochemarte in disguise, for the pleasure of seeing Genevieve.

A letter I at that period received from her, determined me to hesitate no longer.—She intimated, that her situation was become extremely unpleasant, from the extraordinary behaviour of the Spanish jesuit, who had succeeded old Ignatius—that this man seemed to have designs of the most improper nature, in regard to her; and, that it was he, who had hitherto opposed her having Jacquolina, the young person to whom she was attached, with her; because he foresaw, he should then have less frequent opportunities of entertaining her alone: Finding, however, the Count disposed to indulge her, and being unable to form any longer pretences to prevent it, he had at last told her, that he would immediately influence the Count to oblige her, if she would consent to ask for the addition of another member to the family, and receive, as if at her own desire, a sister of his, who must be a superintendant over both her and her friend, and replace the superannuated governess, who was no longer capable of her charge.—To this, my poor Genevieve told me she had consented, rather than not have the company of Jacquolina, to cheer her solitude—that Jacquolina was consequently arrived, and the other expected every day—but that, notwithstanding she now had a companion, the jesuit continued to find but too many opportunities to entertain her with conversation which she could not misunderstand.

My blood boiled with indignation, while I read this letter, and I instantly communicated the contents of it to my friend, Ormond.—“It is not possible,” said he, “that you can hesitate, my dear Chevalier, how to act—let us set out instantly for Rochemarte—you see a friend ready, not only to attend you, but to lose his life in your service.” We departed the next day, followed only by two servants, and arrived at Perpignan, began to consult on the means of meeting Genevieve, without the knowledge of my father, or the inhabitants of the castle—and the properest expedient that occurred to us was, to disguise ourselves and our servants, as hunters, and to watch, in that dress, till chance should throw my sister in our way.

I sometimes thought of going openly to my father, and making one effort to awaken his paternal feelings; to obtain my own pardon, and my sister's liberty; but after consulting with Ormond, we agreed, that it was better to endeavour to see her first; for a failure in the success of this scheme would probably

probably occasion her to be so closely confined, that we might never have an opportunity of seeing her at all.

Equipped, therefore, as I zard hunters, we reached this castle—and wandered about a whole day in its neighbourhood without any success—the weather was so intensely warm, for it was now autumn, that I believed my sister came out only early in the morning, or late in the evening—and that the best probability of meeting her, was at those hours—to take up our abode near the castle, therefore, was material, and I recollected the banqueting-house in the wood, which had then, I imagined, been long neglected, and where our residence could not be suspected. But, on entering, I was surpris'd to find it newly fitted up, and sumptuously furnished with every article that could contribute to luxury and repose—this had been done by the jesuit's directions, and here he now and then made little entertainments for some favourite fathers of the convent and their female penitents, which Apicius or Marc Anthony might have beheld with envy.

Dread of the Count's power and severity, effectually secured every part of his domain from the intrusion of any of the neighbouring peasants. The pavilion, therefore, furnished as it was was never locked—and, as I imagined nobody had so good a right to it as myself, I took up my abode in it without much apprehension of being dislodged.—My friend occupied the other room, and our servants found a lodging in the deserted cabin of a shepherd, on the other side of the castle; from whence they were ordered to watch for the appearance of the ladies we desired to see; and immediately, on perceiving them, to acquaint us.

The whole of the second day passed as the first had done; we wandered about the woods that skirt the castle—but all about it appeared the desolate abode of sullen despotism.—At night, when we had no longer any thing to fear from the observation of those who might belong to it, we approached its walls more nearly, and watched the lights at the windows, hoping that Genevieve might pass with a candle; though even then it would have been very difficult, if not impossible, to apprize her of our being so near.

If my friend had been eager for the expedition, he was now more earnest for its success.—The wild and mountainous country, around a castle such as is described as the habitation of enchanters, and monsters of fable, was exactly suited to inflame his ardent and romantic imagination—and when, to these circumstances, was added our purpose, to save a young woman
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from the harsh severity of a father, and the wicked hypocrisy of a jesuit, he became an absolute enthusiast; and vowed, like a true knight errant, never to leave the spot till our adventure was successfully accomplished.

(To be continued.)

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 Senegal.

(Continued from Page 303.)

THE orders of the King are executed in this country, (as in the others,) by his military. In Cayor, the peace establishment consists of from six to seven thousand foot, but in Sin and Sallum it is much less. The King clothes all his military in uniform, giving to each soldier an orange-coloured vest. These vests are manufactured at home, and made of the cotton, and coloured with the dyes, of the country. He feeds them also at his own expence, and makes them small presents of cloth and other articles from time to time. This is considered as their pay. There is no great variety of officers among them, as in the European armies. The Laman is considered as one, the Gueraff as another, the Alcaide as a third. These, as commanding under the King in provinces and villages, are the commanders also of his troops; so that three or four hundred men are not broken into many little divisions, but are under the direction of one man.

Though the people, who are thus employed as soldiers, are military in point of habit, there is little or no discipline among them. They are assembled, that is, parties of them, perhaps seven or eight times in the year, according to the number of the feasts of Mahomet, to be exercised before the King. Their exercise is a sort of sham fight. They fire in the air, and run after one another. This is all, and it is done without any regularity or order.

To support these, and other expences of Government, certain taxes are established. In the interior villages they consist of oxen, millet, and produce of every sort, and in those upon the coast, of fish and of such goods as are brought thither by the Europeans. In these villages the Gueraff collects them annually,

annually, and sends them to the King. In the villages, however, which border on the King's residence, a different sort of tax prevails. These are obliged to maintain the King, that is, to furnish his table with wine, victuals, and whatever he may want. One village supplies him one week, and another another, and so on, each in its turn. On the inhabitants of these there is no annual tax.

[This account will hold good except in the villages of the Serreres, who are esteemed a more wild people. The King is obliged to send to those an officer called Sarsar, to collect their taxes. This officer, or travelling collector, stays perhaps fifteen days at a village, and then passes to another, and so on, till he has made a collection from the whole. The Serreres have no Gueraff among them, nor the same Government as the rest of Cayor.]

Of the blood royal it may be sufficient to say, that they live in different parts of the country, that they preserve the remembrance of their descent, and that they possess the privilege, in consequence of it, of never being sold for slaves.

Among those who may be denominated the people, there is no distinction in point of rights, except in the Sarcerhotal villages, the members of which while they stay there, like those of the blood royal, can never be visited by the pillage; nor is there any one class, that is considered above another, except it may be that of the different officers of the King. There are old and young, rich and poor. The old have no other advantage than that which is given them by age. That which their years give them, is experience, and experience recommends to favour and respect. As to the rich, who have slaves and cattle of their own, they are not considered as forming another class. That they have advantages, however, there is no doubt, but then these advantages are the immediate consequences of their wealth, and not of any extraordinary right; for, in the first place, they are not exempt from the pillage, but escape being sold by having it in their power to furnish a ransom slave. They are also amenable to the same laws as the rest, but sometimes escape their decrees in consequence of their ability to compound in the same manner.

The slaves in these countries, who form the fourth rank of society, are exceedingly few. There is here and there a person of condition who may have from five to ten, and perhaps another, who may have from ten to fifty of them. But there are but very few of this description of persons, and of course but very few slaves. The slaves, according to the best calculation

lation that General Bóufflers and M. de Villeneuve could make, do not bear the proportion of more than one to fifteen hundred, if compared with the people.

These slaves, then, small as their numbers are, are of two classes; either such as have once known freedom, but have lost it by means of the pillage, or in consequence of real or imputed crimes; and such as are slaves by birth.

A slave has often, like the master, more than one wife: And the same law, which attaches to the wife of a free man in the case of adultery, attaches also to a slave. [By this law, if the woman accused be a person of condition, that is, if she has influence in the country by having a number of slaves or many relations, and is condemned, she is allowed to find a slave in her place. If poor she is sold herself. None but her husband can be her accuser. She is sold, if condemned, for the King's profit. In these countries women only are accused. There are few slaves however from adultery.] Again, supposing the proprietor of a slave should have a son or a relation pillaged in the night, he would make a sacrifice of his slave for the redemption of such relation or son. Except in such extraordinary cases, it may be set down as an established rule in this country, that a person born in slavery, whether descended from persons pillaged or convicted of crimes, or from persons themselves born slaves, is never sold.

The occupations of these slaves may be divided into domestick and agricultural. The men, in the former case do out of door's work, collect and bring in wood, and fetch water. The women pound millet, spin cotton, and do other things in the family way. In the latter case, the men cultivate the ground.— They begin their labours at five in the morning, and leave off at eleven for the whole day: they seldom or ever work afterwards, except in harvest, so that their labour is not more than the ordinary exercise which men should take. The women slaves do little more than gather cotton at the proper season of the year, in which they are sometimes assisted, but not often, by the men. In short both the men and the women pass whole days together and do little or nothing. In respect to the mode or fatigue of their labour while employed, there is no distinction between the master and the slave. There are very few people, as has been said before, who have any slaves at all; and those, who have a few, work in general with them in the field, nor can any one discover the difference of their rank from their employments. As to whips, chains, or any other instruments
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of torture for slaves in these countries, they are totally unknown.

The food which is given to the slaves, consists of millet, milk, fish, and flesh, but of the latter little, except what may have been collected from the chase; for meat is not much used by any description of people whatever in these countries. But here also, as in the former case, we find slavery less a distinction in reality than in the name: for they eat in company with the children of their masters, and partake of the same repast. Sometimes also they live in the same house, and sleep in the same room.

The religion of these countries, if we except the Serreres, who from their wild state are considered as having no religion at all, is Mahometanism. There are whole villages, inhabited by the priests of Mahomet and their relations, and by these alone. The priests in their own tongue are called Serims, but Marabous by the French. The villages which contain them, and which I have distinguished by the name of Sacerdotal, have the privilege of never being molested by the pillage. It may happen, however, that a Serim may be in another village, when the pillage is executed, and if so, it will be difficult for him to escape being sold with the rest. In these villages the Serims perform their duty every day. As for the bulk of the people, they know little about the religion of their country, and, a few external rites excepted, are little of Mahometans but by name.

(To be continued.)

Essay on the Authority of Custom upon Language.

IN the manner of expressing one's self, as in that of dressing, custom differs from fashion, by being less inconstant; but custom like fashion, knows no other rule than taste: and as the public manners, the character and reigning spirit render the taste of a nation more or less reasonable or fantastic, so custom is more or less rational or capricious in its variations.

With a people who speak only to be understood, language is almost invariable; and provided it is sufficient for the commerce of life and the communication of thought, it is enough: it has all that is necessary for them, and they are ignorant of superfluities.

But in proportion as a nation, either in its language or its dress, gives itself up to the allurements of luxury, and when

speaking more for its pleasures than its wants, it aims at the elegance and the graces of elocution; so the wish and care to please render it restless, inquisitive, and wavering in its search after finery: and thence arise the refinements and caprices of custom.

However it is observed, that among all languages, that which has given most to the embellishment and luxury of expression, the Greek language, has been little subject to the variations of custom; and the differences of its dialect being once established, we perceive no change in it from Homer down to Cato. The language of Homer seemed endowed, like his gods, with perpetual youth. It might be said, that the happy genius which invented it took counsel of poetry, of eloquence, and of philosophy itself, to compose it to their mind. Devoted to the graces from its birth, but disciplined and instructed in the school of reason, equally proper to express great ideas, lively images, and the strongest affections, to render truth striking, or fiction interesting: never did the art of pleasing the ear, of charming the imagination, of speaking to the mind, of stirring up the heart and soul, possess so perfect an instrument. Pandora, richly adorned with gifts from all the gods, was the symbol of the Grecian tongue.

It was not the same with that of the Latin; at first rough and austere, as the discipline and laws of which it was the organ, poor as the people who spoke it, simple and grave as their manners, and uncultivated as their minds, it experienced the same vicissitudes as did the character and manners of Rome. By its nature, it easily had that force and tragic vigour necessary for Pacuvius, that vehemence and freedom which the eloquence of the Gracchi required: but when seducing, voluptuous, or lofty poetry would make use of it—when insinuating, flattering, and servilely-entreating eloquence would accommodate it to its designs it was forced to put on softness, elegance, harmony, colouring; and in the art of giving language an interesting charm and sweet majesty, Rome was obliged first to become the scholar of Athens before she became her competitor. What the Latins did to give gracefulness to a language altogether warlike, is a master-piece of industry; and the verses of Tibullus and Ovid seem to realize the allegory of Hercules's club, which love, by shaping it, forms into a light and supple bow.

Those of our modern languages which have been the soonest fixed, are the Spanish and Italian. The one, because of that incuriosity, natural to the Castilians, and that national haughtiness,

ness, which, in their language, as in themselves, prides itself on a poor nobility, disdaining to enrich it: the other, because of that too timid respect, which the Italians entertained for their first great writers, and that premature law which they imposed upon themselves, not to admit in the good style or the refined language any other expressions, but such as are deposited in the writings of those celebrated men. Such laws are not conducive to the arts, but at that period of their virility in which they have acquired all their strength, and attained a full growth: till then, nothing ought to restrain that inventive intelligence, which raises industry above instinct; and to reduce the arts, as it is often done, to their first institutions, is to perpetuate their infancy. The Italian language calls herself the daughter of the Latin, but she has not gathered all her mother's inheritance: Ariosto and even Tasso, compared to Virgil, are but impoverished successors.

The same spirit of liberty and ambition which animates the policy and commerce of England, has made her enrich her language with all that she found at hand in the languages of her neighbours; and were it it not for the irremovable defects of its primitive formation, it might have become, by its acquisitions, the finest language in the world. But she adulterates all she borrows, by wishing to assimilate it to herself. The sound, the accent, the harmony, the articulation all is changed. These outlandish words may be compared to colonies degenerated in their new climate, and become such as not to be known again even by those of their own country.

The language which the French have inherited of their ancestors having indured many vicissitudes, escaped many a crisis, is at last raised to that shining state they could wish for. Simple and plain in its origin, but soon annihilated almost by an incrasated ignorance; revived, but almost drowned in a flood of indigested erudition; saved again, but mutilated under an aristocratic and ridiculous nicety; and restored at last by the united exertions of taste and criticism, it has gained the most flattering pre-eminence, though bearing strong marks of its successive revolutions. Many ingenious authors, and graceful writers, from Pascal to Rousseau, from Racine to Voltaire, have distinguished and fixed it. They have used less boldness, but more care, than other nations, in improving their language; and if they have not been allowed to new-mould it, they have at least known how to polish it—known how to give its turns a more agreeable roundness, to render its movements softer, its articulation

lation more easy and flexible; and at the same time that it has received more suppleness and elegance, it has also acquired more grandeur and dignity.

AN AMATEUR.

Sherborne, March 1792.

The History of the Life of Baron Trenck. In which is introduced a particular Account of the extraordinary Sufferings which he underwent by Command of the late King of Prussia.

[Extracted from his own Narrative.]

(Continued from Page 311.)

I Was resolved for ever to forsake Vienna. The friends of Trenck all became distrustful of him, because of his ingratitude to me. Prince Charles still endeavoured to persuade me to a reconciliation, and gave me a letter of recommendation to General Brown, who then commanded the Imperial army in Italy. But more desirous of going to India, I left Vienna in August, 1748, desirous of owing no obligation to that city or its inhabitants, and went for Holland. Mean time, the enemies of Trenck found no one to oppose their iniquitous proceedings, and obtained a sentence of imprisonment, in the Spielberg, where he too late repented having betrayed his faithful adviser, and prudent friend. I pitied him, and his judges certainly deserved the punishment they inflicted: Yet to his last moments he shewed his hatred towards me was rooted, and, even in the grave, strove by his will to involve me in misfortunes, as will hereafter be seen.

I fled from Vienna, would to God it had been for ever; but fate, by strange ways, and unknown means, brought me back where Providence thought proper I should become a vessel of wrath and persecution: I was to enact my part in Europe, and not in Asia. At Nuremberg I met with a body of Russians, commanded by General Lieuwen, my mother's relation, who were marching to the Netherlands, and were the peace-makers of Europe. Major Buschkow, whom I had known when Russian resident at Vienna, prevailed on me to visit him, and presented me to the General. I pleased him, and may say, with truth, he behaved to me like a friend and a father. He advised me to enter into the Russian service, and gave me a company

of dragoons, in the regiment of Tobolski, on condition I should not leave him, but employ myself in his cabinet; and his confidence and esteem for me were unbounded.

Peace followed; the army returned to Moravia, without firing a musket, and the head quarters were fixed at Prosnitz.

In this town a public entertainment was given, by General Lieuwen, on the coronation day of the Empress Elizabeth; and here an adventure happened to me, which I shall ever remember, as a warning to myself, and insert as a memento to others.

The army physician, on this day, kept a Faro bank, for the entertainment of the guests. My stock of money consisted of two and twenty ducats. Thirst of gain, or perhaps example, induced me to venture two of these, which I immediately lost, and very soon, by venturing again to regain them, the whole two and twenty. Chagrined at my folly, I returned home: I had nothing but a pair of pistols left, for which, because of their workmanship, General Woyekow had offered me twenty ducats. These I took, intending, by their aid, to attempt to retrieve my loss. Firing of guns and pistols was heard throughout the town, because of the festival, and I, in imitation of the rest, went to the window, and fired mine. After a few discharges, one of my pistols burst, and endangered my own hand, and wounded my servant. I felt a momentary despondency, stronger than I ever remembered to have experienced before; insomuch that I was half induced, with the remaining pistol, to shoot myself through the head. I however recovered my spirits, asked my servant what money he had, and received from him three ducats. With these I repaired, like a desperate gamester, once more to the Faro table, at the General's, again began to play, and so extraordinary was my run of luck, I won at every venture. Having recovered my principal, I played on upon my winnings, till at last I had absolutely broken the Doctor's bank; a new bank was set up, and I won the greatest part of this likewise, so that I brought home about six hundred ducats.

I rejoiced at my good fortune, but recollecting my danger, I had the prudence to make a solemn resolution never more to play at any game of chance, to which I have ever strictly adhered.

General Lieuwen, my kind patron, sent me, from Krakow, to conduct a hundred and forty sick men down the Vistula to Dantzic, where there were Russian vessels to receive and transport them to Riga.

I requested

I requested permission of the General to proceed forward and visit my mother and sister, whom I was very desirous to see: At Elbing, therefore, I resigned the command to Lieutenant Platen, and, attended by a servant, rode to the Bishopric of Ermeland, where I had appointed an interview with them in a frontier village.

Here an incident happened that had nearly cost me my life. The Prussians, some days before, had carried off a peasant's son, from this village, as a recruit. The people were all in commotion. I wore leathern breeches, and the blue uniform of the Russian cavalry. They took me for a Prussian, at the door, and fell upon me with every kind of weapon. A chasseur, who happened to be there, and the landlord, came to my assistance, while I, battling with the peasants, had thrown two of them down. I was delivered, but not till I had received, among others, two violent bruises, one on the left arm, and another which broke the bridge of my nose. The landlord advised me to escape as fast as possible, or that the village would rise and certainly murder me; my servant, therefore, who had retired, for defence, with a pair of pistols, into the oven, got ready the horses, and we rode off.

I had my bruises dressed at the next village; my hand and eyes were exceedingly swelled, but I was obliged to ride two miles farther, to the town of Ressel, before I could find an able surgeon, and here I so far recovered, in a week, that I was able to return to Dantzic. My brother visited me, while at Ressel; but my good mother had the misfortune, as she was coming to me, to be thrown out of her carriage, by which her arm was broken, so that she and my sister were obliged to return, and I never saw her more.

I was now at Dantzic, with my sick convoy, where another most remarkable event happened, which I, with good reason, shall ever remember.

I became acquainted with a Prussian officer, whose name I shall conceal, out of respect to his very worthy family; he visited me daily, and we often rode out together in the neighbourhood of Dantzic.

My faithful servant became acquainted with his, and astonishment was indeed great when he one day said to me, with anxiety, "Beware, Sir, of a snare laid for you by Lieutenant N——; he means to entice you out of town, and deliver you up to the Prussians." I asked him where he learned this: "From the Lieutenant's servant," answered he,

he, "who is my friend, and wishes to save me from misfortune."

I now, with the aid of a couple of ducats, discovered the whole affair; and learned, it was agreed, between the Prussian resident, Reimer, and the Lieutenant, that the latter should entice me into the suburb of Langfuhr, where there was an inn on the Prussian territories: Here eight recruiting under-officers were to wait concealed, and seize me the moment I entered the house, hurry me into a carriage, and drive away for Lauenberg in Pomerania. Two under-officers were to escort me, on horseback, as far as the frontiers, and the remainder to hold, and prevent me from calling for help, so long as we should remain on the territories of Dantzic.

I farther learned my enemies were only to be armed with sabres; and that they were to wait behind the door. The two officers on horseback were to secure my servant, and prevent him from riding off and raising an alarm.

These preparations might easily have been rendered fruitless, by my refusing to accept the proposal of the Lieutenant: But vanity gave me other advice; and resentment made me desirous of avenging myself for such detestable treachery.

Lieutenant N——— came, about noon, to dine with me as usual; was more pensive and serious than I had ever observed him before, and left me, at four in the afternoon, after having made me promise to ride early next day with him as far as Langfuhr. I observed my consent gave him great pleasure, and my heart then pronounced sentence on the traitor. The moment he had left me I went to the Russian resident, M. Scheerer, an honest Swiss, related the whole conspiracy, and asked whether I might not take six of the men under my command for my own personal defence: I told him my plan, which he at first opposed, but, seeing me obstinate, he answered, at last, "Do as you please; I must know nothing of the matter, nor will I make myself responsible."

I immediately joined my soldiers, selected six men, and took them while it was dark, opposite the Prussian inn, hid them in the barn, with an order to run to my help, with their firelocks loaded, the first discharge they should hear, to seize all who should fall into their power, and only to fire in case of resistance. I provided them with fire arms, by concealing them in the carriage which brought them to their hiding place.

Notwithstanding all these precautions, I still thought it necessary to prevent surprise, by informing myself what were the proceedings of my enemies, lest my intelligence should have
been

been false; and I learned from my spies that, at four in the morning, the Prussian resident, Reimer, had left the city with post-horses.

I loaded mine and my servant's horse and pocket pistols, prepared my Turkish sabre, and in gratitude to the Lieutenant's man, promised to take him into my service, being convinced of his honesty.

The Lieutenant cheerfully entered about six in the morning, expatiated on the fineness of the weather, and jocosely told me I should be very kindly received by the handsome landlady of Langfuhr.

I was soon ready; we mounted, and left the town, attended by our servants. Some three hundred paces from the inn my worthy friend proposed that we should alight and let our servants lead the horses, that we might enjoy the beauty of the morning: I consented; and, having dismounted, observed his treacherous eyes sparkle with pleasure.

The resident, Reimer, was at the window of the inn, and called out, as soon as he saw me, "Good morrow, Captain, good morrow; come, come in, your breakfast is waiting." I, sneering, smiled, and told him I had not time at present. So saying, I continued my walk, but my companion would absolutely force me to enter, took me by the arm, and partly struggled with me, on which, losing all patience, I gave him a blow, which almost knocked him down, and ran to my horses as if I meant to fly.

The Prussians instantly rushed from behind their door, with clamour, to attack me. I fired at the first; my Russians sprang from their hiding place, presented their pieces, and called, *Stuy, stuy, yebionnamat*.

The terror of the poor Prussians may well be supposed. All began to run. I had taken care to make sure of my Lieutenant, and was next running to seize the resident, but he had escaped out of the back door, with the loss only of his white periwig. The Russians had taken four prisoners, and I commanded them to bestow fifty strokes upon each of them in the open street. An ensign, named Casseburg, having told me his name, and that he had been my brother's school-fellow, begged remission, and excused himself on the necessity which he was under to obey his superiors. I admitted his excuses, and suffered him to go. I then drew my sword, and bade the Lieutenant defend himself; but he was so confused that, after drawing his sword, he asked my pardon, laid the whole blame upon the resident, and had not the power to put himself upon his guard.

I twice

I twice jerked his sword out of his hand, and, at last, taking the Russian Corporal's cane, I exhausted my strength with beating him, without his offering the least resistance. Such is the meannets of detected treachery. I left him kneeling, saying to him, "Go rascal! now, and tell your comrades the manner in which Trenck punishes robbers on the highway."

The people had assembled round us during the action, to whom I related the affair, and, the attack having happened on the territories of Dantzic, the Prussians were in danger of being stoned by the populace. I and my Russians marched off victorious, proceeded to the harbour, embarked, and three or four days after set sail for Riga.

(To be continued.)

ACCOUNT of the GRISKIN CLUB.

Plaudite Porcelli Porcorum pigra propago.

To the P R I N T E R.

S I R,

CLUBS are more frequent in this town and neighbourhood than perhaps in any other part of the kingdom, owing probably to that benevolent and social temper so conspicuous in the inhabitants. I have paid some attention to these associations, which for the most part I regard as very commendable institutions; and they present some peculiarities, with which I may hereafter attempt to amuse your readers. At present however I shall pass the Tripe, Sprat, and Cow-heel Clubs, all of some note in this place, and proceed to the principal object of our attention, that which bears the more savoury appellation of the Griskin.

Tradition gives this institution a very ancient date, making it coeval with Bladud, the founder of our city, and the discoverer of its healing waters; from whom it is even said to have derived its name and origin.

Every one knows that this Prince, being exiled from his father's court, was reduced to the humble condition of a *swine-herd*, and that the discovery which his hogs made of the hot-springs was the occasion of his being re-instated in the King's favour, and the rank he had before enjoyed. In grateful commemoration of this event, he instituted an annual festival in honour of Bacchus, his tutelary deity, whose worship and ritual

he had brought from Greece. It was celebrated with singing, dancing, and games, the sacrifice of a fat hog, and profuse libations to the jolly god. The Griskin club, as is evident from its ceremonial, is a relict of this festive institution of our pagan ancestors. The hog indeed is not immolated; but the most delicate part of the victim, the Griskin, is devoted to the fire; games are retained; and the libations to the rosy deity are as liberal as heretofore. Hymns are still chaunted in his praise; witness this beautiful invocation—

“ Bacchus, God of Mirth and Wine,
 “ Lo! I bend before thy shrine,” &c.

Which is sung at every meeting of the club, with all the feeling and fire of inspiration. It is even asserted, that the performance of this charming ode never fails to produce a sort of temporary frenzy in the members, exciting them, by an irresistible impulse, to dance and caper about like the antient Bacchantes.

Of the principal end and design of this institution, which I believe is something more than convivial merriment, and of its internal economy, I have a very imperfect knowledge.— I would therefore refer your correspondent for further information, to the Master and Co-brethren of St. Mary Magdalen's Hospital, in Holloway, of which this society are patrons and visitors. It was usual for the members of this club, on the anniversary of its institution, which is Friday in Easter week, to go in procession to this hospital, and attend divine service in the chapel. But some ridicule having been thrown in the public prints, a few years ago, on the proceedings of this day, which unluckily happened to be the *first of April*, the preaching and procession have been discontinued. In lieu of which, and to shew the relation and connection subsisting between these two societies, it has been the practice of the club to send every year to the hospital a chain of *hogs-puddings*, consisting of 45 links (the number of its members), which are equally divided between the Master and Co-brethren.

I shall trespass no farther on your Entertainer than just to observe, that a curious list of names appeared in the transactions of the public anniversary, which, for its singularity, deserves to be recorded, though I can hardly think it accidental. Messrs. Sowden and Piquenett were stewards for the day; the

Rev. Mr. Lardner read prayers; the Rev Dr. Bacon* preached; Messrs. Hoggard and Swineburn, sung an anthem, composed, for the occasion, by M. Boarfacchini, † an ingenious Italian, from Pignerol, who was many years first bassoon in the Grand Duke of Tuscany's band, and having married an English lady of the name of Pigot, came and settled in this country, and now keeps an academy at Ham-green.

The sermon on this day contained many apt allusions to the occasion of the meeting, and some remarks, tending to impeach the wisdom of the Jewish law-giver, in forbidding his people the use of swine's-flesh. This drew some severe censure on the Doctor, which induced him to print the discourse, with a vindication of his remarks. It was published by Alex. Hogg, bookseller, in Paternoster-row, and the profits arising from the sale, which was pretty extensive, were given to the school of industry, at Hogsnorton; to which this club have been liberal contributors. I shall only add, that in this very laudable establishment, forty boys are employed in making brushes of hogs-bristles, for the use of the painters; and twenty girls are instructed in the art of preparing that delicate Pigment, which of late has become so essential an article at the toilet of the British fair.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,
JOHN RIDER.

Bath, March 16.

* Mr. Bacon, the celebrated statuary, half-brother to the Doctor, on being elected an honorary member, made the club a present of an exquisite cast, in bronze, of a sow in the act of farrowing, done by the famous Porcalleto, of Bologna, whose bust of Pigmalion, in the Boarghesse palace, is reckoned among the *chef-d'œuvres* of modern sculpture.

† A brother of this gentleman, as I am informed, resides in this place, and teaches the French and Italian languages with great success.

*Answer, by John Isaac, of Crediton, to his own Charade, inserted
December 26.*

NEAR ancient Rye on PLAYDON-HEIGHTS,
Ye gerts, was form'd the camp
Where many rough, tempestuous nights
I've lain both cold and damp.

But prais'd be the Almighty Sire,
 For all his mercies great;
 He sav'd me from the ague dire,
 And the dread fever's heat.

For oh! what numbers felt the rage
 Of that most dread disease;
 Were swept from off this mortal stage,
 In camp did end their days.

*Answer, by R. Liscombe, of Newton Abbot, to Richard Gilbert's
 Question, inserted January 30.*

AFTER a proper trigonometrical operation by logarithms it appears very evident, that the first headland is distant 33.58, and the second 48.63 miles, from the first place of observation; and their distance from each other are 47.36 miles. Also, the first headland bears from the second $4^{\circ} 4''$ West southerly, as was required.

*Answer, by Thomas Sparkes junior, of Exeter, to J. K. C.'s
 Enigma, inserted January 23.*

PAPER explains, we all must see,
 The enigmatic mystery.

† We have received the like answer from Eremita, of Weston Zoyland; T. Giles, Bridgewater; Furze Stub, of Long Moor; J. Collins, of Uffculm; George Kingman, of Buckland Newton; Philagathus, of Dartington; William Baker, of Totnes; Sheptoniensis; Thomas Walker, of Hemyock; and S. Shapton, of Awliscombe.

*Answer, by W. Brewer, of Taunton, to W. Upjohn's Redus, in-
 serted January 30.*

GUITAR's the instrument on which you delight,
 If I the answer have sent aright.

††† We have received the like answer from R. Tucker, of Broad Winsor; W. S. of Exon; A. Pinn, and John Miller, of Exon; W. W. of Sturminster; W. Baker, of Totnes; and A. Apsey, of Taunton.

A QUESTION.

A QUESTION, by John Duckham, of Taunton.

THE hypotenuse of a right angled triangle is 25; the area thereof is to the difference between the squares of the other sides in the ratio of 6 to 7.—Required the triangle?

An Enigmatical List of Fixed Stars, by M. M. of Crediton.

1. **T**WO-thirds of a liquid, what is often used as an explanation, and half of an isle.
 2. Two-fourths of a title of dignity, the initial of a magnificent city, and one third of a splendid mode of living.
 3. Half of what follows folly, a vowel, and what is prohibited in holy writ.
 4. Two-sevenths of the King that instituted marriage, and two-fourths of what is transient.
-

A CHARADE, by A. Pinn, of Exmouth.

A Composition first pray chuse,
 You'll find in building much I'm us'd;
 If you my second would define,
 I'm on the table when you dine:
 The farmer's yard if you'll survey,
 My whole is found without delay.

A REBUS, by an Arpenteur de Pais.

SEARCH o'er the globe, my first you'll find,
 Remote from Britain's isle;
 Whose costly gems ne'er fail to make
 The sons of England smile.

But ere they can my first obtain,
 Across my next must steer;
 And last what all men ought to shun,
 And not the same reverse.

Ye bards that can unfold each part,
 With pleasure soon will see,
 What's sometimes seen to draw a cart,
 And you may reckon me.

P O E T R Y.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

H Y M N *to* L O V E.

I N T H E A R A B I A N S T I L E.

SWEET source of pleasure ! thee I court,
In spicy groves where zephyrs sport ;
Where musky fragrance fills the vale,
And Ancoz sweets perfume the gale ;
Around thy ever blooming shrine,
The blushing Loria shall entwine ;
While round its stalk the rose shall wreath,
And sweet perfumes the gale shall breathe.

To Zeineb's gentle breast impart,
The glowing fires that warm my heart ;
Sweet source of pleasure ! deign to guide,
The lovely maiden to my side ;
Teach her thy influence to confess,
Teach her thy Horror's arms to bless ;
Teach her to heave the gentle sigh !
Say that for her I droop and die !

The zephyr sweeps the curling rill,
And fans the trees on yonder hill ;
While gentle Chira's warbling tale,
Re-echoes thro' the listening vale ;
Whose thrilling notes with ease can soothe,
A mind replete with thee, Oh Love !
While hope and joy alternate roll,
Their balmy influence thro' my soul.

Sweet source of pleasure ! thou shalt lead,
My willing steps along the mead ;

Guided by thee my soul shall rise,
 Wafted by zephyrs to the skies ;
 Or climb the rock's aspiring side,
 Or face the fury of the tide ;
 Or brave the battle's dread alarms,
 To fold my Zeineb in my arms.

Say, can the spices of the vale,
 Refuse their odours to the gale ?
 Or can the moon light's trembling beams,
 Refrain from silvering in the streams ?
 So can my Zeineb's tuneful voice,
 Refrain her Hormor to rejoice ;
 Or from her blue, celestial eye,
 Thy shafts unerring cease to fly.

Come then, assist me with thy aid,
 Before the tints of evening fade ;
 From yon celestial plain descend,
 And Hormor with thy power befriend !
 Sweet source of pleasure ! Zeineb's breast
 Shall yield thy balmy pinions rest ;
 And Hormor grateful incense rise
 On gales of sweetness to the skies !

Bridgewater.

T.

A FAREWELL to POETRY.

OH ye ! who felt the fancied power,
 Illuminate the mental hour !
 We feebler scribes of later days,
 Have lost the beam that warm'd your lays.
 How wide for you th' enchantment stream'd !
 The universe one temple seem'd.
 What vivifying powers have stood,
 In the still horrors of the wood !
 Aurora's tears impearl'd the flowers ;
 And zephyr shook the fragrant bowers.
 A naiad's sigh, the murmuring rill,
 Some sylvan power protects each hill.
 If in the stream a nymph would lave,
 She felt the god's embracing wave.
 On every plain, in every grove,
 Sported the rosy train of love ;

And

And tripping fauns, and faturs rude,
Were seen to wander every wood.

Mid bleeding vines young Bacchus lay,
Tir'd with the labours of the day.
Rich sheaves of corn kind Ceres bears,
And orchards feel Pomona's cares.
If breathes his reed some shepherd swain
Enamour'd Echo steals the strain.
Or shakes the fields with horns and hounds ;
'Tis Dian's self the shrill notes sounds.
Old Ocean's realms are Neptune's boast ;
Who swells the storm that threatens the coast ;

Or, if his lovely queen to please,
He chains his waves, and smooths his seas,
Seated in their pearly car,
The tritons' song is heard afar !
And green-hair'd nymphs their raptures tell,
Dancing to the vocal shell.
The winged hours, to shady seat,
From the hot fainting earth retreat :

But where Olympus' gates disclose,
Jove sat, and shook his awful brows !
His eagle, basking in his sight,
Wav'd oft his plumes of beamy light ;
And Venus bends her soften'd face,
Or leans on some enchanting Grace ;
While on her looks each god has hung,
White-handed Hebe scarce seem'd young.

Of past delight, this classic theme
Once form'd in youth my early dream.
Farewell, ye forms of Grecian art,
That must no more inflame my heart.
Our harsher souls, and colder clime,
Claim sentiment, in polish'd rhyme.
Fancy to Reason must submit ;
And glowing imagery to Wit.
Yet, bards ! be taught from ancient source,
Your rapid flight to urge with force ;
Or, still, with baffled wing ye rise,
Hurl'd from the poet's starry skies !