

T H E

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, March 19, 1792.

Some Account of the late Sir Joshua Reynolds, and a List of the principal Persons who attended his Funeral.

THE father of Sir Joshua Reynolds was a clergyman in the West of England, and distinguished for his learning and variety of knowledge. The genius which long placed him on the eminence of reputation discovered itself in his earliest infancy, when he was observed to have a propensity to drawing. He did not, however, determine on painting as a profession, till he met with Richardson's Theory of Painting, which conveyed to his tender mind that genial influence necessary to awake the dormant seeds of inspiration, that only waited to be called forth into action.

Having arrived at some degree of excellence, he was, at his own particular request, sent to London, and placed with the late Mr. Hudson, who, though not a very eminent painter, has produced several great painters, the principal of whom was undoubtedly Sir Joshua.

He then went to Italy with Lord Keppel, where he visited the schools of the most eminent masters.

Having remained two years in Italy, he returned to England, and produced a whole-length portrait of his patron, which is well-known by the print.

This performance introduced him into the first line of portrait painting, and having painted some of the first-rate beauties, he soon became the best and most fashionable painter in Europe. No doubt had Sir Joshua made historical subjects his study, he would have equally excelled, as in portraits. The

specimens of history he has produced are, chiefly, Hope nursing Love; Venus chastising Cupid, for having learned to cast accounts; the famous picture of Count Ugolino in the Dungeon; the Calling of Samuel; an Infant Jupiter; the Nativity; and the Four Cardinal Virtues, with Faith, Hope, and Charity, for New College Chapel, Oxford.

Sir Joshua was knighted, in consideration of this professional excellence, at the institution of the Royal Academy, on its opening in January 1761, when he was elected President.

Mr. Horace Walpole makes particular notice of the merit of Sir Joshua, in his *Anecdotes of Painting*.

Added to his extraordinary talents as a painter, Sir Joshua possessed great literary abilities.

Dr. Johnson was favoured with three of his letters in the *Idler*, which by no means disgrace that valuable work.

Sir Joshua has published his *Anniversary Discourses*, delivered as President of the Royal Academy, which are not only treasures of information and delight, as well to the student as the proficient, but display a knowledge of literary composition, and elegance of language, that we scruple not to aver has seldom been equalled, even by the most eminent writers.

Placed at the head of the Royal Academy by his intrinsic merit, Sir Joshua has, on every occasion, distinguished himself as the true friend to the arts; and has constantly conducted the business of the Society in such a manner as to obtain universal approbation.

He was likewise a Fellow of the Royal Society, and has been created Doctor of Laws by the Universities of Oxford and Dublin.

Sir Joshua Reynolds was a very brilliant companion, and was one of that select party of associated geniuses, so admirably characterised by Dr. Goldsmith in his poem of *Retaliation*.

The attitudes of Sir Joshua's portraits were spirited and lively, his style of colouring grand, and his drawing masterly; his keeping and proportion correct; his ideas chaste; and the greatest knowledge of light and shade of any painter yet known. The exuberance of his invention will be a grammar to future painters.—He died on the 23d of February 1792, aged 69.

On Saturday, March 3, 1792, about one o'clock, his remains were carried in grand funeral pomp from Somerset House, where they had previously lain in state, by the express order of his Majesty, and interred with great solemnity in St. Paul's cathedral.

The spectators, both in the church and in street, were innumerable; the shops were shut, the windows of every house were filled, and the people in the streets, who seemed to share in the general sorrow, beheld the whole with respect and silence.

The order of the procession was as follows:

The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, and City Marshals.

The undertaker, and ten conductors, on horseback.

A lad with plumes of feathers.

The hearse with six horses.

The Pall bearers, viz.

Duke of Dorset,	Earl of Carlisle,
Duke of Leeds,	Earl of Inchiquin,
Duke of Portland,	Earl of Upper Ossory,
Marquis Townshend,	Lord Vis. Palmerston,
Marquis Abercorn,	Lord Eliot.

Robert Lovell Gwatkin, Esq. chief mourner.

Two attendants of the family.

Right Hon. Edmund Burke,	} Executors.
Edmond Malone, Esq.	
Philip Metcalfe, Esq.	

The Royal Academicians and Students.

Lord Archbishop of York, Marquis of Buckingham, Earl of Fife, Earl of Carysfort, Lord St. Asaph, Lord Bishop of London, Lord Fortescue, Lord Somers, Lord Lucan, the Dean of Norwich, Right Hon. William Wyndham, Sir Abraham Hume, Bart. Sir George Beaumont, Bart. Sir Thomas Dundas, Bart. Sir Charles Bunbury, Bart. Sir Wm. Forbes, Bart. Dr. G. Fordyce, Dr. Ash, Dr. Brocklesby, Dr. Blagden, Sir W. Scott, M. P. George Rose, Esq. M. P. John Rolle, Esq. M. P. Wm. Weddel, Esq. M. P. Reginald Pole Carew, Esq. M. P. Matthew Montague, Esq. M. P. Richard Payne Knight, Esq. M. P. Dudley North, Esq. M. P. Charles Townley, Esq. Abel Moysey, Esq. John Cleveland, Esq. M. P. John Thomas Batt, Esq. Welbore Ellis Agar, Esq. Richard Clarke, Esq. Colonel Gwyn, Capt. Pole, ——— Drew, Esq. ——— Jerningham, Esq. Dr. Lawrence, Wm. Seward, Esq. Bennet Langton, Esq. James Boswell, Esq. Richard Burke, Esq. ——— Coutts, Esq. Wm. Vachel, Esq. John Julius Angerstein, Esq. Edward Gwatkin, Esq. ——— Home Esq. ——— Martin, Esq. John Philip Kemble, Esq. Joseph Hickey, Esq. Mr. Alderman Boydel, John Devaynes, Esq. Mr. Poggi, Mr. Breda, &c. &c. &c.

The company were conveyed in forty-two mourning coaches, and forty-nine coaches belonging to noblemen and gentlemen attended empty.

The body was met at the west door of St. Paul's by the dignitaries of the church, attended by the choristers, who preceded it into the choir, when the funeral service was performed; after which it was let down under the centre of the dome, when the funeral service was read, and a solemn dirge closed the ceremony. The body is interred next to Sir Christopher Wren. The whole was conducted with the utmost solemnity.

The Members of the Academy returned to Somerset House, when the mournful ceremony concluded, in order to partake of a cold collation that was prepared for them in the large exhibition-room. Mr. Burke came into the room, to express, in the name of the executors, their grateful thanks to the Academy for their respectful homage to the deceased; but was prevented by the violence of his feelings, from saying more than a very few words.

*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 267.)

HE now fell into a deep musing, which lasted only a moment—while Willoughby walked by his side, on the terrace—then suddenly awaking from it, he cried—“But it is too soon to trouble you with this sort of conversation—we shall have time enough—for I flatter myself, Sir, with a hope of your staying with me, as long as you remain in this country—you must have no other home.—If you know the pleasure I have in conversing with the English!”—he paused again as if forgetting what he meant to say—and then added—“I will introduce you to my daughter—to my little Anzoletta—for I have saved her—that one little gem is restored to me in all its lustre, amid the wreck of every thing else that was dear to me—we will find her now.” He then entered through another arched way, the second court of the castle, and Willoughby accompanied him in silence, while Le Laurier, with his hat in his hand, followed, as the Count bade him.

They entered an immense hall; barbarously magnificent; it was roofed with beams of oak, and the sides covered with standards, and trophies of armour, the perishable parts of which

which were dropping to pieces.—The narrow gothic windows were filled, not with glass, that admitted the light, but with glass, painted with the achievements of the family; mingled with the heads of saints and martyrs, whose names were now no where to be found, but in the archives of the neighbouring convent.

The Count ascending a broad, but steep stair-case of stone, that led out of the hall, and wound within one of the turrets, entered a gallery, and at the end of it was his daughter's apartment, the door of which was open, and Willoughby was immediately introduced to a young person, who sat before a frame working on a piece of embroidery: A woman between fifty and sixty, who seemed to be a kind of governess, was with her.

Willoughby was pleased by the graceful simplicity of her figure, and the beauty of her face—but when she spoke, in answer to the compliment he made her, this pleasure was converted into amazement—he fancied he heard the voice of Celestina!

So strikingly did its tones resemble those to which his heart had been always tremblingly responsive, that had he not seen who spoke, he should not have doubted of its being Celestina herself.—He started—and felt the blood rush into his cheeks—nor could he immediately recollect himself enough to reply to what Anzoletta said; and again call forth those sounds, to which, the second time she spoke, he listened with increased astonishment and more painful delight; for, not only the similarity of her voice, to that of Celestina, was more evident, but he saw a resemblance to her in the air and manner of Anzoletta, that assisted the delusion.

Anzoletta seemed to be about the age of Celestina, but her figure was less: Her hair and eyes were much darker, nor had she that dazzling and radiant complexion which made it always difficult to believe of Celestina, that she was a native of the south of Europe—the features of Anzoletta were, perhaps, more regular, and were not turned like Celestina—so that the resemblance consisted in that sort of air of family, which we sometimes observe among relations—a kind of flying likeness, which we now detect, and now lose.

The Count seemed highly gratified by the notice Willoughby took of his daughter—to whom he now spoke, and bade her prepare herself for dinner, for that his guest was to remain with them.—He then led Willoughby back to the room where he usually sat himself; and as they went, he said—“Is not my Anzoletta

Anzoletta charming?"—"She is indeed," replied Willoughby.—"Perhaps," added the Count, "perhaps you would not believe that she is the child of the daughter of a man of inferior rank, one of my father's vassals."—"Is she not your daughter, my Lord?" enquired Willoughby.—"Yes," replied the Count, "she is my legitimate daughter; and as such, I glory to acknowledge her—but her mother was of mean birth—and, to my marrying her, she owed all her misfortunes; and I many of mine.—But if ever you think it worth while to hear the incidents of a life, that has, I think, been marked with some singular occurrences, I shall have a melancholy pleasure in relating them.

"Nothing would oblige me so much," said Willoughby, whose curiosity had been every instant increasing—especially since he had seen Anzoletta.—"May I, till I can be so gratified enquire where is the mother of your lovely daughter?" "Yes," replied the Count; "and you will hear a fresh instance of the barbarous policy which despotism encourages and protects. Her mother! she was compelled by my father, the last Count of Bellegarde, to enter into a convent of Carmelites, at Bayonne, and there to take the vows. She was my wife, by the laws of God and man—but I was absent with my regiment—I was unable to protect her—and the power of the Governor of the Province, and of an enraged and tyrannic father, were united to tear her from me.—Would to Heaven, we had been the only victims—but there was yet another!—another, who is gone whence there is no return."—Here he fell into one of those fits of silent musing to which Willoughby had, even during their short acquaintance, observed him to be subject.—It lasted, however, only a moment, and then recovering from it, he clasped his hands eagerly together, and cried, with energy—"But, for my—my Jaquelina—Thanks to the generous, the glorious spirit of my country—I shall retrieve her—she yet lives—I have seen her through the iron bars of her cloister—I have spoken to her!—I have, in my bosom, a handkerchief which she gave me, bathed in her tears!—She told me where to find our child—our little Anzoletta—and I go to Paris to demand and obtain her liberty: To claim her as my wife, and to be enabled to bring her hither, to a husband, who, changed as she is, by confinement, and affliction, still adores her—to a daughter, whose early excellence promises to reward us both for many, many years of separation and sorrow."

The eyes of the Count were filled with tears, as he ceased speaking; and Willoughby,—whose heart was as tender as it

was manly, was deeply affected.—“Heaven grant you all your wishes, Sir!” cried he “and that your private happiness may be one of the innumerable blessings attending on public felicity.”—The Count wrung his hands—and cried, with yet increased vivacity, “It will—it will, my friend!”—There was in his manner a something bordering on wildness, as he continued this discourse, which Willoughby remarked with some concern—he was not, therefore, sorry, when he was interrupted by the entrance of Le Laurier, who told him, that the messenger he had dispatched, had found his servant and the guide; and, relieving them from their fears for his safety, which had been cruelly severe upon poor Farnham, had brought them both to the castle, whither his wife had directed them.

Willoughby had been under a good deal of concern for Farnham, who, he knew, must have been dreadfully alarmed for the safety of his master; his arrival, therefore, was particularly welcome, and he was glad to change his clothes; for which purpose he now begged leave to retire—The Count ordered Le Laurier to shew them to an apartment, and to take care he had every accommodation he desired.—Willoughby, as he marched gravely along, through the long galleries, and across the gloomy hall, fancied himself a knight of romance; and, that some of the stories of enchanted castles, and wandering adventurers, of which he had been so fond, in his early youth, were here realized.

After a repast, rather hospitable than splendid, during which the looks of paternal admiration and tenderness, with which the Count observed every action of Anzoletta, and her innocent and agreeable vivacity, rendered them both more attractive to Willoughby: Monsieur de Bellegarde, finding that Willoughby rather wished to listen to the history he had promised, than to take any repose, during the heat of the day, proposed retiring to the north gallery, and there beginning this interesting account. Willoughby most readily agreed to the plan—and the Count, dismissing his daughter and her governess, led him hither.

This room extended far on the north side of the building—and looked over the moat to a wood of fir and cypress, fringing the abrupt ascent of the mountain, which rose almost perpendicularly from the plain. As this acclivity commanded the castle, two strong redoubts were built on it, where, in hostile times, parties were stationed to keep the enemy from possessing posts, whence the castle might be annoyed. In the port-holes of these fortresses, now fast approaching to decay, the cannon yet remained, though rusty and useless—and the strong buttresses,

tresses, and circular towers, mantled with ivy, were seen to aspire above the dark trees, on every side encompassing them—while, a little to the west, from a fractured rock, of yellow granite, which started out amid the trees, a boiling and rapid stream rushed with violence, and pouring down among the trees, was seen only at intervals, as they either crowded over it, or, receding, left its foaming current to flash in the rays of the sun.

It was altogether one of the most sublimely beautiful landscapes Willoughby had ever seen; and he contemplated the scenery with pensive pleasure.

(*To be continued.*)

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 258.*)

AS we went I reflected that, on the road to Elbing, we must pass through several Prussian villages, and inquired for a shop where we might purchase a map. We were directed to an old woman who sat at a door across the way, and were told she had a good assortment, for that her son was a scholar. I addressed myself to her, I having added we were unfortunate travellers, who wished to find, by the map, the road to Russia.

She drew us into a chamber, laid an atlas on the table, and placed herself opposite me, while I examined the map, and endeavoured to hide a bit of a ragged ruffle that made its appearance. After stedfastly looking at me, she at length exclaimed, with a sad and mournful tone, "Good God! who knows what is now become of my poor son! I can see, Sir, you too are of a good family. My son would go and seek his fortune, and for these eight years have I had no tidings of him. He must now be in the Austrian cavalry." I asked in what regiment.—"The regiment of Hohenhem; you are his very picture."—"Is he not of my height?"—"Yes, nearly."—"Has he not light hair?"—"Yes, like your's, Sir."—"What is his name?"—"His name is William."—"No, my dear mother," cried

cried I, "William is not dead; he was my best friend when I was with my regiment."—Here the poor woman could not contain her joy. She threw herself round my neck, called me her good angel who brought her happy tidings, asked me a thousand questions, which I easily contrived to make her answer herself, and thus, forced by imperious necessity, bereft of all other means, did I act the deceiver.

The story I made was nearly as follows: I told her I was a soldier in the regiment of Hohenhem, that I had a furlow to go and see my father, and that I should return in a month, would then take her letters, and undertake that, if she wished it, her son should purchase his discharge, and once more come and live with his mother. I added that I should be for ever and infinitely obliged to her, if she would suffer my comrade, mean time, to live at her house, he being wounded by the Prussian recruiters, and unable to pursue his journey; that I would send him money to come to me, or would myself come back and fetch him, thankfully paying every expence. She joyfully consented, told me her second husband, father-in-law to her dear William, had driven him from home, that he might give what substance they had to the youngest son; and that the eldest had gone to Magdeburg. She determined Schell should live at the house of a friend, that her husband might know nothing of the matter; and, not satisfied with this kindness, she made me eat with her, gave me a new shirt, stockings, sufficient provisions for three days, and six Lunenburg florins. I left Thorn, and my faithful Schell, the same night, with the consolation he was well taken care of; and, having parted from him with regret, went, on this the 13th, two miles farther to Burglow.

The 15th of March I lay at Mowe, in some straw, among a number of carters, and, when I awoke, perceived they had taken my pistols, and what little money I had left, even to my last penny. The gentlemen however were all gone.

What could I do? The innkeeper perhaps was privy to the theft. My reckoning amounted to eighteen Polish grosch. The surly landlord pretended to believe I had no money when I entered his house, and I was obliged to give him one spare shirt I had, with a silk handkerchief, which the good woman of Thorn had made me a present of, and to depart without a single heller.

March 16. I set off for Marienburg, but it was impossible I should reach this place, and not fall into the hands of the Prussians, if I did not cross the Vistula, and, unfortunately, I had no money to pay the ferry, which would cost two Polish schellings.

Full of anxiety, not knowing how to act, I saw two fishermen in a boat, went to them, drew my sabre, and obliged them to land me on the other side; when there, I took the oars from these timid people, jumped out of the boat, pushed it off the shore, and left it to drive with the stream.

I found Saxon and Prussian recruiters at Marienburg, with whom, having no money, I ate, drank, listened to their proposals, gave them hopes for the morrow, and departed by day-break.

March 17. To Elbing, four miles.

Here I met with my former worthy tutor, Brodowsky, who was become a Captain, and Auditor in the Polish regiment of Golz. He met me just as I entered the town. I followed, triumphantly, to his quarters, and here at length ended the painful, long, and adventurous journey I had been obliged to perform.

This good and kind gentleman, after providing me with immediate necessaries, wrote so affectingly to my mother, that she came to Elbing, in a week, and give me every aid of which I stood in need.

The pleasure I had in meeting once more this tender mother, whose qualities of heart and mind were equally excellent, was inexpressible. She found a certain mode of conveying a letter to my dear mistress at Berlin, who a short time after sent me a bill of exchange for four hundred ducats upon Dantzic. To this my mother added a thousand rix-dollars, and a diamond cross worth nearly half as much, remained a fortnight with me, and persisted, in spite of all remonstrance, in advising me to go to Vienna. My determination had been fixed for Petersburg; all my fears and apprehensions being awakened at the thought of going to Vienna, and which, indeed, afterwards became the source of all my cruel sufferings and sorrows. She would not yield in opinion, and promised her future assistance only in case of obedience: it was my duty not to continue obstinate. Here she left me, and I have never seen her since. She died in 1751, and I have ever held her memory in veneration. It was a happiness for this affectionate mother that she did not live to be a witness of my afflictions, in the year 1754.

An adventure, resembling that of Joseph in Egypt, happened to me in Elbing. The wife of the worthy Brodowsky, a woman of infinite personal attraction, grew partial to me; but I durst not act ungratefully by my benefactor. Never to see me more was too painful to her, and she even proposed to follow me, secretly, to Vienna. I felt the danger of my situation, and doubted

doubted whether Potiphar's wife offered temptations so strong as Madam Brodowsky. I own I had an affection for this lady, but my passions were overawed. She preferred me to her husband, who was in years, and very ordinary in person. Had I yielded to the slightest degree of guilt, that of present enjoyment, a few days of pleasure must have been followed by years of bitter repentance.

Having once more assumed my proper name and character, and made presents of acknowledgement to the worthy tutor of my youth, I became eager to return to Thorn.

How great was my joy at again meeting my honest Schell! The kind old woman had treated him like a mother. She was surprised and half terrified at seeing me enter in an officer's uniform, and accompanied by two servants. I gratefully and rapturously kissed her hand, repaid, with thankfulness, every expence, for Schell had been nurtured with truly maternal kindness, told her who I was, acknowledged the deceit I had put upon her concerning her son, but faithfully promised to give a true, and not fictitious account of him immediately on my arrival at Vienna.

[When I came to Vienna, I took all possible pains to inquire for this William, and found, by the commissary list, that he had deserted in 1744, had been retaken and actually hanged.—For a bribe of a few ducats I procured a certificate of his having died a natural death, which I sent to the good woman, with a letter of thanks and consolation. Perhaps the poor William, who was heir to 20,000 florins, unable to procure a furlow, had deserted, and was executed as a malefactor. To how many reflections on arbitrary power, standing armies, and military law, do incidents like these give birth!]

Schell was ready in three days, and we left Thorn, came to Warsaw, and passed thence, through Crakow, to Vienna.

I enquired for Capt. Capi, at Bilitz, who had before given me so kind a reception, and refused me satisfaction; but he was gone, and I did not meet him till some years after, when the cunning Italian made me the most humble apologies for his conduct. So goes the world.

Schell and I now travelled from Dantzic to Vienna without meeting with any circumstance worth notice. We arrived at that city in April, 1747, where I divided the 300 ducats I had left with Schell, who, after staying a month at Vienna, went to join the regiment of Pallavicini, in which he had obtained a Lieutenant Colonel's commission, and which was then in Italy.

Here I found my cousin Baron Francis Trenck, the famous partisan and Colonel of Pandours, imprisoned at the arsenal, and involved in a most perplexing prosecution.

This Trenck was my father's brother's son. His father had been a Colonel and Governor of Leitschau, and had possessed considerable lordships in Sclavonia, those of Pleternitz, Prestowacz, and Pakratz. After the siege of Vienna, in 1683, he left the Prussian service for that of Austria, in which he remained 60 years.

A revision of his suit was at this time instituted. Scarcely was I arrived in Vienna before his confidential agent, M. Leber, presented me to Prince Charles and the Emperor : both knew the services of Trenck, and the malice of his enemies ; therefore, permission for me to visit him in his prison, and procure him such assistance as he might need, was readily granted. On my second audience, the Emperor spoke so much in my persecuted cousin's favour that I became highly interested : he commanded me to have recourse to him on all occasions ; and, moreover, owned the President of the Council of War was a man of a very wicked character, and a declared enemy of Trenck.— This President was the Count of Lowenwalde, who, with his associates, had been purposely selected as men proper to oppress the best of subjects. The suit soon took another face : the good Empress Queen, who had been deceived, was soon better informed, and Trenck's innocence appeared, on the revision of the process, most evidently. The trial, which had cost them 27,000 florins, and the sentence which followed, were proved to have been partial and unjust ; and that sixteen of Trenck's officers, who most of them had been broken for different offences, had perjured themselves to insure his destruction.

(To be continued.)

To the P R I N T E R. .

S I R,

AT a time like this, when the press teems with accounts of the unexampled barbarities practised on the African slaves, and every county is petitioning Parliament for their emancipation, I think that the following description of the iron mask or muzzle, used in negro slavery, ought to be published forthwith, as in addition to those inhuman proceedings mentioned in your Entertainer of late, it must fill every British breast with indignation against the diabolical persecutors of those unfortunate victims.

victims. Your humanity in this case (I presume) will not defer the publication thereof—and that it may contribute towards forwarding the grand design above hinted to, is the sincere wish of,

Sir, your obliged,

And respectful humble servant,

SHEPTONIENSIS.

March 5, 1792.

Description of the Iron Mask or Muzzle, used in Negro Slavery.

IT is fastened round the neck of the wretched culprit by a collar, from which rises some bars of iron, forming the mask and head-piece; before the mouth is a round plate of iron, wherein are bored holes, to allow a small portion of breath to the wearer: there is also a place for the nose.—A flat piece of iron goes into the mouth, and acts upon the tongue and glands, as a flavering bit does upon those of a horse. Worn by a slave, working beneath the scorching rays of the sun in the torrid zone, it soon attains a violent degree of heat, which, with the constant flowing of the saliva, in a little time excoriates the nose, mouth, and chin, and must thereby occasion a torment, the very idea of which gives me pain.—In England we put upon a vicious horse, or mischievous dog, a muzzle of leather—this preservation dictates:—but what motive can the reader suppose induces the slave-holder to put upon his fellow-creatures a muzzle of iron?—It is to prevent them from sucking or eating of the sugar canes, denying them that indulgence which the Almighty God charged the Israelite, by the remembrance of his own slavery in Egypt, to shew his beast, when treading out the corn; or from putting an end to their own wretched existence, by cramming themselves with the dirt of the ground—a practice to which the despairing wretches are frequently driven, by the merciless treatment of more than Egyptian taskmasters.—Strange and improbable as this account may appear to the humanity of an English reader, we are well assured that the late Dr. Kenrick was in the possession of one of these muzzles, which had been actually worn.

AN ANECDOTE.

THE High Bailiff of Birmingham, attended by some other officers of the town, goes round on a market day to examine

amine the weight of the butter, and they seize all which is found short of 16 ounces.—A countryman, who generally stands in a particular place, having on a former day lost two pounds of butter, was seen, the next day they came round, to laugh heartily, while the officers were taking a considerable quantity from a woman who stood near him.—One of the officers, not pleased with the fellow's want of decorum, particularly in the presence of men vested with such awful authority, said, "What do you mean by laughing, fellow? I took two pounds from you last week."—"I'll lay you a guinea of it," said the countryman.—"Done," replied the officer; and immediately put a guinea into the hands of a respectable tradesman, who was standing at his own door. The countryman instantly covered it: and then, with a triumphant grin, said, "d—n your thick skull, if it had been two pounds, could you have taken it from me? Was it not for being short of that weight that I lost it?"—The officer wanted to explain, but the gentleman who held the stakes was so perfectly convinced, that he gave the countryman the two guineas instantly, with which he walked off in triumph, amidst the huzzas of the surrounding populace.

Curious Love Letter written by the late Rev. Mr. John Wesley at the Age of 81, and addressed to a Lady of 23.

(Published by J. A. COLET, a near Relation of his.)

MADAM,

IT is with the utmost diffidence I presume to address superior excellence. Emboldened by a violent, yet virtuous passion, kindled by the irresistible rays, and encouraged by the sweetly attractive force of transcendent beauty, the elegant simplicity of your manners, the fascinating melody of your voice, and, above all, the inexpressible fire of an eye that the extravagance of the muses have given to the goddess of love, but which nature has bestowed on you alone,

They sparkle still the right Promethean fire!

Believe me, my dear Madam, this is not the language of romance, but the genuine exuberant effusions of an enraptured soul. The impression of your charms was no less instantaneous than irresistible. When first I saw you, so forcibly was I struck with

with admiration and love of your divine perfections, that my soul was filled with sensations so wild and extravagant, yet delightful and pure!—But I will not indulge in declaring what are my real sentiments, lest I should incur a suspicion of flattery. Your mind, superior to fulsome panegyric, unsusceptible of the incense of affected adulation, would, with just indignation, spurn at the impertinent compliments which are commonly offered with a view to impose upon the vanity and credulity of the weaker part of your sex: I will not attempt it; but confine myself to the dictates of sincerity and truth; nor shall a compliment escape my pen, that is not the sentiment of a devoted heart.

As beauty has no positive criterion, and fancy alone directs the judgment, and influences the choice, we find different people see it in various lights, forms, and colours. I may, therefore, without a suspicion of flattery, declare, that, in my eye, you are the most agreeable object, and most perfect work of created nature; nor does your mind seem to partake less of the divinity than your person.

I view thee over with a lover's eye,
No fault hast thou, or I no fault can spy.

The reason I did not before declare myself was, the profound and respectful distance I thought it became me to observe, from a conscious sense of my own comparative unworthiness to approach, much less to hope for favour, from the quintessence of all female perfection. Forgive me, my dear Eliza, and compassionate a heart too deeply impressed with your divine image ever to be erased by time; nor can any power, but the cold hand of death, ever obliterate from my mind the fond imagination and sweet resemblance of Eliza's charms! Nor can even death itself divide the union that subsists between kindred souls.

Yesterday, my dear Eliza, the charms of your conversation detained me too late to meet the penitents, as I had promised to do; but

With thee conversing, I forget
All times, all seasons, and their changes.

I hope, however, the disappointment of my company did not deprive them of a blessing.

* This being my birth-day, reflections on the revolution of years and the shortness of life, naturally intrude on my mind.

I am

I am now eighty-one years of age, and I thank God I enjoy the same vigour of constitution I possessed at twenty-one! None of the infirmities that usually accompany years, either corporal or mental; and I think it not impossible that I may fulfil my hundred years, the residue of which shall be devoted to love and Eliza.

J. W.

INTERESTING TRIALS.

Sittings in London before Lord Kenyon, Thursday, February 23.

START, JUN. *versus* CLEMENTS.

THIS was an action on the case, to recover of the defendant, the amount of damage done to the plaintiff's vessel, by running foul of her, in the River Thames.

The plaintiff was owner of a brig, called the Two Friends, a coasting vessel, and which, at the time of the accident, was moored at New Crane Tire, in the River. The defendant was the master and pilot of the Deptford tender, employed to carry impressed men from the Tower to the Nore.

It appeared that a Lieutenant Russel was the Commander of the tender.

It was agreed, in point of law, that a master of a King's ship or vessel, was answerable for the proper and safe navigation of it; but that the master was under the controul of the commander, and was subservient to his orders; and that, consequently, if the commander chose to interfere in the navigation of the vessel, he, and not the master, was answerable for the consequences.

The sole question, therefore, in this case was, whether the Lieutenant, who commanded the Deptford tender, had so interfered in the steering of it, as to occasion the accident; or whether the accident was in consequence of the master's conduct?

The evidence proving that this accident was occasioned by the interference of the Lieutenant, Lord Kenyon non-suited the plaintiff.

LE GRANGE *versus* HAMILTON.

THE plaintiff had an annuity of the defendant, who not being able to pay it, the plaintiff took a bond for it of one hundred

hundred pounds ; to recover the amount of which he had been compelled to bring the defendant into Court.

To this demand, the defendant, Lieutenant Hamilton, had pleaded, that it was an usurious agreement, and that therefore he was not bound by it.

The defendant was a Lieutenant of Invalids, and being in want of money, applied to the plaintiff, who advanced him a sum, in consideration of his granting him an annuity on his half pay. The defendant not being able to go on with this annuity, the plaintiff agreed to take a bond of 100*l.* in lieu of it. The conditions of the bond were, that this money should not be paid all at once, but by installments of 20*l.* each, and every year ; and the defendant should pay 5 per cent. for this money till it should be discharged. The 20*l.* per annum was to be paid quarterly from the date of the bond, which was March 24th, 1789.

At the end of the bond there was a memorandum, that at the end of the year the principal and interest should be added together, that is, 5*l.* and 100.—105*l.* and that the 20*l.* should be deducted from it, leaving 85*l.* as the principal of the next year.

Mr. Bower, Counsel for the defendant, thought it was extremely probable that Mr. Le Grange was much better acquainted with the progression of figures than his poor client, and that in consequence of the agreement stated in the memorandum, instead of taking 5 per cent. from Mr. Hamilton, he took 8 per cent. for his 20*l.* paid during the first year. For in as much as the plaintiff, after he was paid the first quarter, &c. of 5*l.* ought to have given credit in computing the interest, he had taken interest for the whole of the 100*l.* as if no part of it had been paid till the end of one year after the date of the bond, which was not true, and, therefore, the defendant, instead of paying at the rate of 5 per cent. for this 20*l.* that is, instead of paying one pound for it, he had paid one pound twelve shillings and sixpence, which, if this calculation is right, is upwards of 8 per cent.

Mr. Erskine contended, that this was a mere mistake, that his client was a very honourable man, and the moment he perceived his error he corrected it. He took it for granted that there was no corrupt agreement on the face of the bond, and if the plaintiff had inadvertently taken more than 5 per cent. there was not a colour for saying it was usurious ; but it ought to be considered as money had and received for the use of the defendant.

Lord Kenyon was of opinion, that the contract was usurious; and the Jury gave a verdict for Mr. Hamilton, subject to the opinion of the Court.

FARREL *versus* BARRY.

THE plaintiff was a Frenchman, and by trade a taylor.—The defendant was the Hon. Augustus Barry, brother to Lord Barrymore. The action was brought by the plaintiff against the defendant, to recover about 90*l.* the amount of a bill for clothes. The cause was tried before Lord Kenyon, in Westminster-Hall, at the sittings on Friday, when the Jury found a verdict for a plaintiff, for the whole amount of his bill.

Mr. Mingay as Counsel for the defendant, said, he wished to make a motion to the Court on behalf of his client, who was a very young man, for a new trial.

The Jury, being tradesmen, found a verdict for the whole amount of the bill; and there were three other actions brought against the defendant by other taylors.

The Lord Chief Justice at the trial explained the law with the utmost perspicuity to the Jury. He told them, that the law of England had thrown a shield around infants to guard them against imposition and fraud, by making them only liable for necessaries.

In answer to Mr. Mingay's application for a new trial, had he been upon the Jury he should certainly have given a different verdict. He said, it appeared in evidence at the trial, that the defendant was a boy about 17 years of age, that the plaintiff knew the circumstance that his whole income only amounted to the sum of 200*l.* per annum, that this 90*l.* for clothes had been contracted in the course of seven months, and the plaintiff had notice from the guardians of the defendant not to trust him.

Mr. Mingay stated, that it appeared on the face of the bill, that two-thirds of it were for lace for the liveries of grooms and valets-de-chambre.

Lord Kenyon said, when the Jury found their verdict for the whole amount of the plaintiff's bill, he told them, he supposed they had given that verdict because they believed that all the cloaths, which had been furnished to the defendant were necessaries; but if Mr. Barry got cloaths to the amount of 90*l.* every seven months, and had only 200*l.* a year, his Lordship wished the Jury to inform him, how they thought he could eat and drink on the remainder of his 200*l.*

The Jury satisfied themselves with drily answering, that they had given the plaintiff the whole amount of his bill.—Motion granted.

K I N G ' s B E N C H .

ALFRED AND ANOTHER, *versus* LORICUS.

Insuring in the Lottery.

LATELY was tried before Lord Kenyon, an action brought by the plaintiff to recover from the defendant a sum of upwards of 70l. upon a lottery transaction.

Mr. Erskine, Counsel for the plaintiff, said, that the defendant's name was Mark Anthony Loricus, but although he bore a Roman name of great dignity, he was nothing more than a shabby insurance lottery-office-keeper, who had got possession of the plaintiff's money by the prevalent and destructive practice of insuring. It was the object of the present action to recover back the money paid by the plaintiff to the defendant for insuring in the last English lottery the three capital 20,000l. prizes. This the law gave him a right to do, as insuring was totally illegal.

A witness was examined, who swore that he was present at a public-house in White-friars, when the insurances were made. He saw the plaintiff pay, on different days, the money for insuring the three 20,000l. he wrote the sums paid to the defendant in a book, which amounted in the whole to the money for which the action was brought.

Mr. Bearcroft, on behalf of the defendant, resisted this action upon two grounds; the first was, that the plaintiff, by paying the money to insure, was concerned in a breach of the law, and therefore came with a very ill grace into Court to recover back his money.

The other ground was, that the defendant was no lottery-office-keeper, but only a clerk or agent to one Jenkins, of Fleet-street, London.

Lord Kenyon was clearly of opinion that the plaintiff had a right to recover. If it had been a legal transaction, the clerk or agent would not have been liable; but insuring being a gross violation of the laws, the defendant, although he might be only an agent, was liable to pay back the money, as the principal was never to be found.

Verdict for the plaintiff—for the whole money paid for the insuring.

A SPECIMEN OF ORTHOGRAPHY.

THE following elegant note was lately sent to the treasurer of a London theatre by one of the subaltern sons of the socks :

Sur

Ples to Sind the munny by the bear—she is my wif—and I
am sitting upon thrones till she cum back

Yours to sarve

J. J.

Answer, by S. Hill, near Dawlish, to W. Upjohn's Question, inserted January 9.

BY a well-known method x is found to be the square of y ,
and y the square of z , consequently,

$$x = 16, y = 4, z = 2$$

$$x = 16 + y = 4 + z^2 = 22$$

$$x = 16 \times y = 4 + z = 66$$

$$x = 16 \div y = 4 - z = 2 = z$$

† We have received the like answer from J. Collins, of Uffculm, W. Davies junior, of Kenwyn; and D. Robarts, of St. Columb.

Answer, by J. M. A. near Sherborne, to G. Kingman's Rebus, inserted January 9.

AN ax is the weapon the first that I tell,
And three-fifths of a minim that in music sounds well;
Take ft of the storm, and er of the deer,
And the town of AXMINSTER will plainly appear.

†*† We have received the like answer from A. Pinn, of Exmouth; W. Baker, Totnes; P. Lyttleton, Tywardreath; R. Tucker, of Axminster; W. B. of Offwell; B. C. and T. Giles, of Bridgewater; S. Hill, near Dawlish; W. W. of Sturminster; A. Apsey, Taunton; J. Collins, of Uffculm; Thomas

Thomas Walker, of Hemyock ; Furze Stub, of Long Moor ;
W. Hodge, of St. Ewe ; and D. Robarts, of St. Columb.

A REBUS, by Richard Tucker, of Broadwinfor.

A Theban prince first bring to view,
Who, as 'tis said, himself he slew ;
A martyr now with care unfold,
Who fac'd grim death with courage bold ;
And next, ye gents, I'd have you bring
A grannum great to Israel's king ;
Apollo's daughter next present,
Who did heroic verse invent ;
A singing bird you'll next declare
Whose dulcet note doth please the ear ;
And now with truth elucidate,
The son of Rachel's loving mate ;
That cruel wretch, who, as 'tis said,
With human flesh his horses fed ;
And next point out what beasts do eat,
When gelid winter takes her seat ;
Cal'donia's king you'll next explore,
Whose land was ravag'd by a boar ;
That bird I'd have you next display,
That welcomes in returning day ;
And last that Spartan, Sirs, explain,
Who in the Theban war was slain :
Find the initials, them combine,
An instrument you'll then define.



||*|| *The Hint from a respectable Correspondent at Colyton shall be duly attended to, and the Articles he recommends inserted as Opportunities offer.*

. *We earnestly request our Correspondents to be more careful to render the different Productions they send correct, that we may not be obliged to leave them out on Account of their Want of Merit.—We would also caution the Writers of Enigmas, Rebusses, Charades, Questions, &c. &c. against sending any but such as are original.*

||†|| *Our Correspondents are requested to observe that it is expected they should pay the Postage of their Letters, and that otherwise they will not see what they send inserted.*

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.

THE knight with ease achiev'd this hardy deed,
When t'wards the woulds Sir Bertrand turn'd his steed,
Hoping to cross the dismal, dreary way,
Before the curfew toll'd the knell of day;
But ere one half the dusky waste he'd pass'd,
By different tracks bewilder'd he was lost.
Where'er he turn'd his anxious, wishful eye,
No object but brown heath he could espy;
Uncertain how to shape his course aright,
He wanders till o'ertaken by the night.
The moon faint glimmer'd thro' the thick dark clouds,
The low'ring sky her silver face now shrouds;
Anon she bursts upon his dazzl'd sight,
Again as suddenly withdraws her light;
The momentary, faithless, transient blaze,
A wide and desolated waste displays.
By hope and native courage now urg'd on,
He pushes forward through the way unknown.
At length by darkness, and by fear subdu'd,
He dreads to quit the spot on which he stood.
He fears some bog or unknown pit around,
And in despair throws himself on the ground.
When lo! a distant sullen toll he hears
Sound dismal, slow, and solemn in his ears.
Ere long he'd lain in that distressful plight,
And, starting, sees a dim and twinkling light,
Sir Bertrand seiz'd the bridle of his horse,
And t'wards the light he cautious bends his course.

After

After a painful march, and much delay,
 A moated ditch impedes his onward way.
 Now thro' the pitchy darkness of the night,
 A momentary gleam assists his sight ;
 A large and antique mansion here he found,
 By the deep moated ditch begirded round ;
 Tall nodding tow'rs were at each corner plac'd,
 An ample porch the mansion's centre grac'd ;
 Old time of honourable age gave proof,
 Whose iron hand had torn down half the roof ;
 And mould'ring battlements by weeds o'ergrown,
 Windows that scarce a pane of glass did own ;
 Towards the court a shatter'd drawbridge led,
 Whose gates had long the post of honour fled ;
 Sir Bertrand enter'd like a valiant knight,
 When from a turret's window glides the light ;
 The moon that instant hid her chearful face,
 And hideous darkness fill'd the solemn place.
 An awful silence reign'd. Beneath a shed
 With careful hand he ties his faithful steed.
 Towards the house with cautious pace he went,
 With slow, light steps he traverses the front ;
 A death-like stillness fill'd the air around,
 Nor could his ear perceive the smallest sound ;
 In vain he pries into each lower room,
 'Tis all one dark impenetrable gloom.
 A moment's counsel with himself he held,
 The porch he enter'd, and his fears dispell'd.
 Seizing the massy knocker at the gate,
 He struck a hard loud stroke, and dar'd his fate ;
 Throughout the house he heard the noise rebound,
 And hollow echoes gave him back the sound ;
 After a silent pause of anxious pain,
 Again he knocks, and all is still again ;
 Once more he gives a loud and furious stroke,
 But vainly tries an answer to provoke ;
 Then, falling back, he sees the light once more
 Glide from the window whence 'twas seen before ;
 Again he hears a deep and fullen toll,
 The sound struck horror to his manly soul.
 By terror urg'd towards his steed amain
 He flies, but honour forc'd him back again.
 Resolv'd this strange adventure to dispatch,
 He draws his sword, and boldly lifts the latch ;

The door reluctant on its hinges turns,
 Whilst with fresh ardour now Sir Bertrand burns ;
 He enters with a bold determin'd mind,
 The door with thund'ring noise is shut behind ;
 His blood now chills ; in vain his might assails
 The fast clos'd door, and ev'ry effort fails.
 With trampling hand to find the lock he tries,
 His trembling hand its wonted aid denies.
 Across the ample hall he strains his sight,
 And on the staircase views a glimm'ring light ;
 The same he'd from the window seen, he found
 Here shed a faint and dismal gleam around.
 His heart quick palpitating, panting beats,
 The knight advances, and the light retreats.
 Now on the stair-case, wishing all well o'er,
 He slowly mounts ; the flame retires before.
 Along a spacious gallery it glides ;
 In silent horror after it he strides.
 Tho' ever so light, to touch the floor he dreads,
 And startles at the echoes as he treads.

(To be concluded in our next.)

SONNET to HAPPINESS.

HAILEN heaven-born happiness ! whose balmy pow'r,
 Excludes the ills which rack the human breast ;
 Thou gild'st with charms the fairy-footed hour,
 And sets the weary, wand'ring soul at rest.
 Thy matchless worth celestial choirs enjoy,
 Where innocence and mirth perpetual shine ;
 Where no dull cares their pleasures can annoy,
 Or shake the basis of thy heavenly shrine.
 In vain do mortals trace thy footsteps here,
 Anxious they seek thee with unwearied pain ;
 With penetration gaze, but none appear—
 Call on thy aid, but call, alas ! in vain.
 And if awhile hope cheers the gloomy eye,
 Care unforeseen uplifts its tyrant head,
 And veils the charms which from the senses fly,
 Nor leaves the man till mingled with the dead ;
 Oh ! may I then prepare while here below,
 That I in Heaven pure bliss eternally may know.