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WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

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For MONDAY, May 21, 1792.

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*Account of the Murder of the King of Sweden, together with what has hitherto been confessed, as published by Authority at Stockholm.*

THE Royal Swedish Court of Justice commenced immediately the trial both of Anckerstroem and others, who have been drawn in as participators in the murderous conspiracy against his late Majesty's sacred person: during which it appears, from the confession of the criminals themselves, that Anckerstroem, and the discharged Major and Chamberlain, Count Claes Fredricson Horn, who had conceived friendship and confidence for each other, had compared opinions on the political situation of the kingdom, with which they were dissatisfied, and had agreed together, that the King should be removed, which they considered as the only means by which their wish of a change in the government could be effected. Anckerstroem, who only says, he was actuated by revenge, on account of a prosecution which was last year carried on against him, had undertaken to be the instrument of removing the King; and it was at first proposed by Horn and Anckerstroem, that the King should be taken by some stout fellows at the palace of Haga (about a mile from Stockholm) where he often was, and concealed; with which view Horn and Anckerstroem had, at the beginning of last January, often walked about the environs of Haga, but this scheme appeared scarcely practicable. The discharged Capt. Count Adolph Ludvig Ribbing, who had been made acquainted with this from his friend Count Horn,

who had entrusted him with his and Anckerstroem's undertaking to remove the King, entered into this union, and shortly afterwards it was agreed upon and resolved by these three persons, at a meeting, by appointment, at Horn's country seat (called Hufvudstad) near Stockholm, that the King should be assassinated by Anckerstroem, either with a dagger or pistols, if an opportunity should offer at a play, or a masquerade, where there was a great concourse of people, that the assassin might be easier concealed.

In consequence of which, with the privity of Count Ribbing, Count Horn and Anckerstroem were at the play the 16th of last January, when Horn got an opportunity of situating Anckerstroem near the part which is fitted up for the King; and Anckerstroem was at that time provided with two loaded pistols, to take an opportunity of shooting the King, in a covered passage, which his Majesty used to pass through, when Anckerstroem's intention was, after he had shot the King, to run up the passage out of the house, but his Majesty did not that evening go into the covered passage, by which means Anckerstroem's murderous intention was frustrated; as it was two days after, when he was at another play, and could not get a favourable opportunity.

Now the conspirators resolved to make use of an opportunity offered by a masquerade, ordered between the 19th and 20th of January, where Anckerstroem was with loaded pistols, but could not conveniently execute his murderous intention, in consequence of the few persons who were present. The day following, Anckerstroem and Count Ribbing set out to the Diet at Gefle, and the intention of the former was to execute the murder of the King; for which reason he, with the privity of Ribbing, walked the streets with loaded pistols in case opportunity should offer of shooting the King, who was expected to be seen by him at some time when incognito. When they were come from Gefle after the Diet, it was again fixed that the murder should be executed at a masquerade appointed for March 2, but for the same reason as before, in consequence of the small number of people present, among whom Anckerstroem did not think he could be concealed, the crime was not committed; and as the masquerade ordered for March 9, was countermanded, the assassins could not, as they wished, prosecute their design; but at last a masquerade was advertised for the 16th same month, and Count Ribbing, together with Anckerstroem and Count Horn, had a meeting at the latter's country seat.



[It may appear strange that the masquerade was countermanded, but as the Opera House is the King's private property, every amusement in it is at his disposal. The late King was immoderately fond of the opera as well as masquerades, so much so, that he hardly ever missed going; the latter amusement was almost entirely at his own cost, as the price of admittance (not half-a-crown sterling) was far from adequate to the expences incurred.]

Count Ribbing then informed them that Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Pontus Liljehorn, who is Major in the Blue and Yellow Guards, was acquainted with this undertaking, and that the said regiment, commanded by him, together with the artillery and the late Queen Dowager's regiment, would support a revolution, without, at the same time, the least reason having been discovered to suppose that the said corps had deviated, or were disposed to deviate, from that fidelity and attachment to the King and Royal Family, of which they in the last war, and at every other time, had displayed the fairest proofs and most infallible tokens; besides which Count Ribbing communicated to Count Horn and Anckerstroem, that Major-General Baron Charles Frederic Pechlin had been informed of their undertaking, and would provide for the revolution, which was to be after the assassination of the King; for which reason it appeared much more necessary that the murder should be executed next masquerade, as they were otherwise in danger of being discovered, since the plot was disclosed to so many; it was also resolved that they should all three meet at Count Ribbing's, who was to get a number of people to the masquerade.

After Ribbing had on Friday, according to his confession, been with Major-General Pechlin, and informed him of the plot, and desired him to get as many people as he could to the masquerade, which Pechlin promised to do, without informing them why they were to go there; Horn, Anckerstroem, and Ribbing, met at the apartments of the latter, where Ribbing informed the others how he should be dressed, that he might be known by Anckerstroem and Horn at the masquerade, both of whom went thither after Anckerstroem had loaded his pistols, with balls, shot, and nails; besides which he took with him a large knife ground sharp on both sides, and to which a barb was made; when the King presently came into the room, Anckerstroem in the crowd approached him, took the pistol from his side pocket and shot the King, who stood with his back towards him, so near that the mouth of the pistol touched his clothes. Anckerstroem, who, when the King did not fall, was about to

complete the murder with his knife, was so agitated and confused, that he dropped it on the floor, and let the pistols also fall gently at the same time; as he drew himself back among the people, to create a general confusion, he cried out, Fire! which was repeated by many others.

Besides what has in the above appeared against Lieutenant-Colonel Liljehorn, he has himself acknowledged, that he, from dissatisfaction at the form of government, had, on certain terms, promised to make use of the Blue and Yellow Guards, which, during the Diet, were under his command, to hinder the King's views, which the Lieutenant-Colonel of himself, without the least knowledge of any other person, had bound himself to do; besides which, he had been in consultation with Major-General Pechlin about it; he also acknowledges not only that Count Ribbing had confided to him the cruel assassination which was resolved on, at the intended masquerade of the 1<sup>st</sup> of March, but that the late Baron Thure Bjelke had disclosed to him the danger which threatened the King on Friday the 16<sup>th</sup> of March; also that he was informed of it the same day at dinner by Major Pechlin.

Lieutenant Charles Frederick Ehrenswärd, who is also a party in the affair, had made a voluntary confession, that he was seduced by his attachment to Lieutenant-Colonel Liljehorn and Major-General Pechlin to participate in the knowledge of this atrocious crime; that he had been informed by Count Ribbing when the murder was to be executed, but not by whom; and that he, who was also to go to the masquerade, was enjoined by Liljehorn to bring him the first account of it, as Liljehorn did not wish to hear it from any one else.

Against the Counsellor of Chancery, Jacob von Engerström, it appears from the confession of others, that he received information from Thure Stenßon, late Baron Bjelke, of what was intended against the King's sacred person; but he has only himself acknowledged, that he, two days before, had heard from Liljehorn of the danger which threatened the King; and the same day the horrid murder was to be committed, he, together with Liljehorn, dined at Major-General Pechlin's, where he heard, and took part in, a conversation with Pechlin and Liljehorn about it; also that discourse and opinions were given concerning the government after the King's death.

[The reason why Baron Bjelke is called Thure Stenßon is, that the Swedish laws ordain, that when a nobleman is guilty of any atrocious crime, he shall be degraded from the nobility, in which case, they lose the name of the house they belong to,  
and



and are distinguished only by their Christian name added to the Christian name of their father; his father's name was Sten, therefore, his is, in his degraded state, called Stenßon.]

Major Christian Hertmansdorff, of the artillery, who is also drawn in by the confessions of the criminals, has in his narration acknowledged, that he, before the commencement of the Diet, was desired by Major-General Pechlin, in case the King at the Diet should use force, to resist in the same manner, and to adhere to Baron Ehrenswärd; also, that he was afterwards informed by Liljehorn, and Ehrenswärd in confidence, of what was intended against the King on the 9th and 16th of March.

The Secretary of Protocoll, John von Engeström, against whom suspicions of a knowledge and participation of this crime have arisen, has only acknowledged that he, in the evening of the unfortunate Friday, was with Lieutenant-Colonel Liljehorn, and there heard, that to gain a reformation in the situation of politics, a great misfortune was impending, which Count Ribbing was to effect; about which Engeström made no farther inquiry; and that he, by desire of Major-General Pechlin, who told him there would probably be a revolution that night, was out walking about to see if any thing would happen.

Except Anckerström and Count Horn, who according to their confession, only disclosed themselves to Count Ribbing, all the above-mentioned persons, who are accused more or less of participating in this crime, agree, that Major-General Pechlin not only was privy to the assassination of the King, but that he also was to accomplish and execute that change of government which was the aim of this shocking murder; but Major-General Pechlin, who, in consequence of the circumstances which have appeared against him, is arrested, has hitherto continued to deny the whole.

Thure Stenßon (late Baron Bjelke) who, in consequence of what appeared of his being a participator in this crime, was called upon by the Police to be heard, has poisoned himself; and as he, during his pains, acknowledged himself to have been privy to, and a participator in the murder of the King, and that he had been guilty of suicide to avoid the punishment that threatened him, the Court of Justice have, therefore, by a sentence on the 24th of March, ordered, that the dead body should be taken by the common executioner to the gallows, and there buried, which was done accordingly.

Hitherto the Royal Court of Justice have continued the examinations of the criminals, and the Counsel for the prosecution

has

has given in his final pleading against Ankerstroem; but as to the rest it depends on those reasons and circumstances, to the farther conviction of the criminals, who have participated in the murder of the King, which are expected from the Police in consequence of the search it has made and is still making.

*Stockholm, April 10, 1792.*

*Some Account of the late Thomas Day, Esq. Author of Sandford and Merton.*

*(Continued from Page 478.)*

MR. DAY wished to make himself useful to mankind, not only by the means which an ample fortune with a mind superior to ostentation, afforded, but also by his own personal and habitual exertions; and he therefore considered what mode of study and life he should adopt, in order to prosecute his purpose with most effect. His humanity suggested at first the study of medicine, that he might be able to relieve those, whose indigence prevented them from receiving the assistance of the medical faculty. But upon consulting his friend Dr. Small, on the means of putting this project into execution, that able and candid physician gave him such a representation of the requisite accomplishments, and the circumstances on which success in practice principally depends, that he prudently left the exercise of that difficult art to those who can professionally devote themselves to it.

After mature deliberation, he resolved to study the law, for this reason amongst others, because he thought it would enable him the more effectually to support the character to which he aspired, the glorious character of a defender of the rights of mankind. Accordingly he entered himself in the Middle Temple, and, after the customary time, was called to the bar; but not being ambitious of the emoluments and honours with which that profession abounds, he never practised as a counsellor or pleader. His political writings, however, especially his Dialogue between a Justice of Peace and a Farmer, shew that he possessed much legal knowledge, particularly what relates to important constitutional or general questions.

Mr. Day's

§ Some account of this learned and worthy person shall be given in a subsequent Entertainer.



Mr. Day's first literary production was a poem, entitled, "The Dying Negro"\* . Nothing could be more conformable than the subject of this poem to the humanity of his disposition, and to the principles which he had adopted. Several years afterwards, when the subject had begun to engage general attention, he published a fragment of a private letter which he had written some time before to an American gentleman, on the "Slavery of the Negroes," and he addressed this "Fragment of a Letter," as it was entitled, to the States of America, thinking that they could not better prove that they had merited their own liberty, which they had lately acquired, than by giving the glorious example to other nations of emancipating their negroes, and abolishing slavery for ever from their territories. A fuller description of this pamphlet cannot be given than in the words of Dr. Price, who calls it, "A Remonstrance, full of energy, directed to the American States by a very warm and able friend to the rights of mankind."§

Marriage could not well fail of entering into a plan of life, formed on the principles of virtue. There was here, however, some difficulty. Mr. Day had resolved upon a life of retirement and simplicity, in which nothing was to be sacrificed to fashion and vanity, but much to beneficence. This was easy to him, as it was a part of his connected system, and his mind was prepared for it. But where was he to find, among the fair females of the age, so uncommon a taste? With his customary frankness he used to declare his intended mode of living; but he did not often meet with marks of approbation from his female hearers.

The picture which he had formed to himself of the character of the fair one whom he wished to find and to associate with, as the companion of his life, is drawn in a poem which he wrote in one of his juvenile solitary excursions to the west of England. From a journal which is left of that ramble, the poem appears to have been written in some part of Dorsetshire, where the beauties of the country seem to have captivated his imagination, and suggested those tender wishes so often expressed by poets, and felt at some time or other by every young and sensible mind, of  
passing

\* In the composition of this poem, Mr. Day was joined by a very ingenious friend and school-fellow, the late John Bicknell, Esq. Counsellor at Law; so that it has been sometimes attributed to one of these gentlemen, and sometimes to the other.

§ Dr. Price's Observations on the Importance of the American Revolution.

passing their days in tranquil, unambitious retirement, with the object of their love and confidence. The poem is written in a style so descriptive of the movements of the heart which dictated it, that it cannot fail of being acceptable to the reader, although it never was intended by the author for publication: We have therefore given it a place in our poetical department.

Among the number of ladies whom fortune threw in his way, there was one who never failed to attract particular notice. A friend of his, knowing his wish to settle himself in marriage, could not help expressing his surprise, that he did not shew more serious attentions with regard to her. His answer was truly characteristick: "He knew and felt her merit, and nothing but her large fortune prevented him from wishing that he had it in his power to effect such a union: for the plan of life which he had laid down for himself was too remote from common opinions, to admit of flattering himself with the expectation of so much conformity from a person of her affluent circumstances."

Fortunately, however, several months afterwards, chance threw him in the way of the same young lady; and having then frequent opportunities of conversation, he discovered that her sentiments were more conformable to his own than those of any of her sex whom he had ever met with. The ingenuoufness of his character however required him to be very explicit on the subject of his future mode of life. The event gave full sanction to his choice; the tastes of two persons could not be more in unison than their's: Equally disliking a life of dissipation, and possessed of resources for enjoying retirement, she sensibly partook with him in the pleasures of beneficence, in the exercise of every generous affection, and in the intellectual enjoyments of a cultivated understanding.

Mr. Day was married in the year 1778, to Miss Esther Milnes, of Wakefield, in Yorkshire. In the following year he fixed his residence at his estate at Stapleford, in Essex; and about three years after, he removed to another estate which he had at Anningley, near Chertsey, in Surry, where he continued during the remainder of his life.

This latter estate being much uncultivated gave him an opportunity of practising agriculture to a considerable extent; to which occupation he was strongly attached by several motives. As it is of all arts the most beneficial to mankind, he thought it deserved the most encouragement. He considered the people employed in it as the stamina, if the expression may be allowed, of the human species; or as the source which supplies the waste



of mankind in the other degenerating classes of men. The improvement of his land gave him an opportunity of employing a number of labourers, and consequently of doing them the greatest good, by relieving their wants, while he encouraged their industry. And as there are times of the year, (such as the short days of winter) when some farmers discharge many of their labourers, so that the industrious poor are often distressed, he never failed to employ as many as applied to him for work at these seasons.

*(To be continued.)*

## *The LESSON of MISFORTUNE.*

### *A MORAL TALE.*

[From the French of the celebrated M. Marmontel.]

**T**O overcome adversity and brave death itself, is the effort of a noble resolution. But there is still a species of courage which I think is less frequently to be met with in the world, but not less admirable. I shall give an instance of it, in relating what I heard from Watelet, as we were one day walking together in the groves of Moulin Joli.

Of all men of the present century, Watelet seemed to have conducted himself in a manner the most likely to secure a life of happiness. He was a man of universal taste, a lover of the arts, and an encourager of artists and men of letters: he was himself a literary man and an artist, but not with sufficient success to awaken envy; he possessed that moderate excellence of talent, which sues for indulgence, and which, without fame and consequence, acquiring esteem and dispensing with glory, amuses the leisure hours of unambitious retirement, or of a few partial friends. He was wise enough to confine his desire of applause within the limits of that narrow circle, and not to seek for the applause of admirers or the criticism of jealousy. Add to these advantages an uncommon amenity of manners, a delicate sensibility of disposition, an attentive and conciliating politeness, and you will have the idea of a life that was innocently pleasurable. Such was the life of Watelet.

Every body heard of his philosophical retreat on the banks of the Seine. I sometimes paid him a visit there. One day, I met a new married couple that were happy in each other; the husband still in the prime of life, and the bride not yet twenty.

Watelet seemed himself to derive happiness from their's, and their looks were expressive of their owing it to him. As they speak the French tongue with purity, I was surprised to hear them say they were going to live in Holland, and that they were come to take their leave of him. When dinner was over, and they were gone away, I had the curiosity to ask who this happy and grateful couple were. My friend led me to a favourite spot of his enchanting island, where we both sat down. "I will now satisfy your curiosity," said he, "you will see honour saved from shipwreck by virtue.

"In a journey to Holland, which I undertook solely to see a country for which man is constantly contending with the sea, and which is enriched by commerce, in despite as it were, of nature, I was recommended to a rich merchant of the name of Odelman; a man as liberal in his house, as he was avaricious in his commerce. In his counting-house, and at his table, I found a young Frenchman of a prepossessing appearance and uncommon modesty of deportment. He was known in Holland by no other name than that of Oliver.

"In vain Odelman, who was a man of plain manners, treated him like a friend and almost as an equal; the young man, with a certain respectful dignity, always kept at a proper distance; you would have said, as that of a son ever attentive to the will of his father, who he was serving for love.

"I shewed him an attention of which he appeared very sensible, and which he returned by a certain nobleness of deportment, but with an air of humanity and bashfulness. At table, he said little, but with a manner, a decency, a choice of expression, that bespoke a well-educated man. After dinner, he accosted me in the most obliging manner, and made me a tender of his services. I did not take an undue advantage of it: but I begged him to assist me with his advice relative to the management of my expences, and to some purchases which I wished to make. To this friendly office he joined the kindest attentions and the most affectionate care.

"I endeavoured to learn what had induced him to live in Holland. He answered, 'it was misfortune,' and in every thing relating to himself, I thought I perceived, that he did not wish to come to an explanation.

"In the mean time we spent all the time we could together; and with a complaisance that my curiosity might sometimes fatigue, but never exhausted, he gave me information relative to whatever was interesting in Holland. He represented it as having no more than an artificial existence in its relative situation



situation to all the nations of the earth, and incessantly occupied in repairing its dykes, and defending its liberties. Impressed with gratitude in favour of his new country, he spoke of it with the expression of a sentiment to which his melancholy gave greater force, and which, though full of esteem for that country, was mingled with regret at the recollection of his own. ‘Ah!’ would he say, ‘if France did the fourth part as much to assist nature as Holland does to subdue it!’—And from a view of the manners and laws of the Dutch, and their indefatigable industry, he led me to admire the prodigies that are effected by necessity.

“You may be sure I began to conceive a particular affection for him. ‘This is an entertaining young man,’ said I to Odeman, ‘and I have the greatest reason to speak in his favour. It was, doubtless, you that recommended him to shew me such attention.’—‘Not at all,’ answered he; ‘but you are a Frenchman, and he idolizes his country. I am very glad, nowever, to profit by its loss, for it has few more such to boast of. He is an assemblage of every estimable quality. Good sense, fidelity, indefatigable application, expertness in business, an extreme quickness and nicety of perception; a minuteness of method which nothing could escape; and, above all, an economy—Ah! he is the man, indeed, that knows the value of money.’

“The last article of his eulogium was not to my taste; and, in his excuse, I observed, that it was allowable in the unfortunate to be avaricious.’—‘Avaricious! he is not so,’ replied the Dutchman; ‘he is not solicitous for riches.—Never, I am well assured, did he desire the wealth of another; he is only careful of his own. But in the management of it he exhibits such an ingenious and refined frugality, that the Dutch themselves are astonished at it.’—‘And yet there is nothing about him,’ I observed, ‘that betrays a selfish disposition. He talked to me about your opulence, and the riches of Holland; but he talked of them without envy.’”

“Oh! no; I told you he was not envious. He seems to want even that desire of acquisition which is the very soul of commerce. I have often proposed to him to venture the profits of his industry in my ships.—‘No;’ he would say, ‘I have nothing to risk. The little I possess, I cannot do without.’—And when he has sometimes yielded to my persuasion, and exposed small sums to the dangers of the sea, I have seen him so much agitated, till the safe return of the vessel, that he has lost his nightly rest. This is exactly the disposition of the ant.

Satisfied with what he can accumulate by labour, he never regrets his not acquiring more; and, preserving in his economy an air of easy circumstances, and of dignity, he appears, in refraining from every thing, to be in want of nothing. For instance, you see he is decently dressed. Well, that blue coat, upon which was never seen a grain of dust, is the same he has worn for six years together, and is the only coat he possesses. He did me the favour to dine with me to-day; this is what he seldom does; and yet it is his own fault if he does not make my table his own; and he chooses rather to dispose of that article of his expences in his own way, in order to reduce it to what is barely necessary. And in every want of life, his frugality still finds out methods of saving. But what most surprises me is, the secrecy with which he conceals, even from me, the use he makes of his money. I imagined, at first, that he had some mistress that saved him the trouble of hoarding it up; but the propriety of his conduct soon removed that suspicion. I can now form no other conclusion, than that being impatient to return to his own country, he remits his little fortune thither as fast as he makes it, and conceals from me his intention of going and enjoying it there.

“As nothing was more natural, or more likely, I was quite of the same opinion: but, before my departure, I became better acquainted with this uncommon and virtuous young man.

“My dear countryman,” said I, “the day I was taking my leave of him, ‘I am going back to Paris. Shall I be so unfortunate as to be of no service to you there? I have given you the pleasure of obliging me as much and as often as you pleased; do not refuse me an opportunity of returning the obligation.’—‘No, Sir,’ said he, ‘you shall have it; and, in exchange for the little services which you are pleased to overrate, I will come this evening, and request one from you, which is of the most material consequence to me. I must observe, that it is a secret which I am going to communicate to you; but I can be under no apprehensions on that account. Your name alone is a sufficient guarantee.’ I promised to keep it faithfully; and, that very evening, he called upon me, with a casket full of gold in his hand.

*(To be continued.)*

#### AN ANECDOTE.

TALK of your Ansons and your Drakes indeed! they are nothing of travellers, compared to Harry Fellows.—  
He



He has driven Cooke's Salisbury Coach half-way to London, and back again, three times a week, for 44 years.—His ground being generally from Basingstoke to the Belle Savage, on Ludgate-Hill, which is nearly 50 miles, his annual travelling is at least 14,000 miles; and every two years he goes over more ground than round the whole globe of the earth. Nay, were I to affirm, that since he first drove Cooke's coach he has travelled as far as to the moon and back again, it would be no more than the truth.—Harry still drives his vehicle with as much health and as much glee as ever, and seems able to go many thousand miles more; and I may venture further to say, that no man in England, besides himself, or even in Europe, has ever travelled equal to old Harry Fellows.

*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 485.)

THE day of supposed departure, on board a Swedish ship for Riga, approached, and the deceitful Abraham promised me to send one of his servants to the port, to know the hour. At four in the afternoon, he told me had himself spoken to the Captain, who said he should not sail till the next day; adding that he, Abramson, would expect me to breakfast, and would then accompany me to the vessel. I felt a secret inquietude, which made me desirous of leaving Dantzic, and immediately to send all my baggage, and sleep on board. Abramson prevented me, dragged me almost forcibly along with him, telling me he had much company, and that I must absolutely dine and sup at his house: accordingly I did not return to my inn till eleven at night.

I was but just in bed when I heard a knocking at my door, which was not shut, and two of the city magistrates, with twenty grenadiers, entered my chamber, and surrounded my bed so suddenly that I had not time to take to my arms and defend myself. My three servants had been secured, and I was told that the most worthy magistracy of Dantzic was obliged to deliver me up, as a delinquent, to his Majesty the King of Prussia.

What

What were my feelings at seeing myself thus betrayed!—They silently conducted me to the city prison, where I remained twenty four hours. About noon Abramson came to visit me, affected to be infinitely concerned and enraged, and affirmed he had strongly protested against the illegality of this proceeding to the magistracy, as I was actually in the Austrian service; but that they had answered him, the Court of Vienna had afforded them a precedent, for that, in 1752, they had done the same by the two sons of the Burgomaster Rutenberg, of Dantzic, and that, therefore, they were justified in making reprisal; that, likewise, they durst not refuse the most earnest request, accompanied with threats, of the King of Prussia.

Their plea of retaliation originated as follows: There was a kind of club at Vienna, the members of which were seized, for having committed the utmost extravagance and debauchery, two of whom were the sons of the Burgomaster Rutenberg, and who were sentenced to the pillory. Great sums were offered, by the father, to avoid this public disgrace, but ineffectually; they were punished, their punishment was legal, and had no similarity whatever to my case, nor could in any way justly give pretence of reprisal.

Abramson, who had in reality entered no protest whatever, but rather excited the magistracy, and acted in concert with Reimer, advised me to put my writings and other valuable effects into his hands, otherwise they would be seized. He knew I had received, in letters of exchange, from my brothers and sister, about 7000 florins, and these I gave him, but kept my ring, worth about 4000 and some 60 guineas, which I had in my purse. He then embraced me, declared nothing should be neglected to effect my immediate deliverance, that even he would raise the populace for that purpose, that I could not be given up to the Prussians in less than a week, the magistracy being still undetermined in an affair so serious, and left me, shedding abundance of crocodile tears, like the most affectionate of friends.

The next night two magistrates with their posse, came to my prison, attended by Resident Reimer, a Prussian officer and under officers, and into their hands I was delivered.—The pillage instantly began; Reimer tore off my ring, seized my watch, snuff-box, and all I had, not so much as sending me a coat, or shirt, from my effects; after which they put me into a close coach, with three Prussians. The Dantzic guard accompanied the carriage to the city gate, that was opened to let me pass,



pass, after which the Dantzic dragoons escorted me as far as Lauenburg, in Pomerania.

I have forgotten the date of this miserable day, but, to the best of my memory, it must have been in the beginning of June. Thirty Prussian hussars, commanded by a Lieutenant, relieved the dragoons at Lauenburg, and thus was I escorted, from garrison to garrison, till I arrived at Berlin.

Hence it was evidently falsely affirmed, by the magistracy of Dantzic, and the conspirator Abramson, who wrote in his own excuse to Vienna, that my seizure must be attributed wholly to my own imprudence, and that I had exposed myself to this arrest, by going without the city gates, where I was taken and carried off: nor is it less astonishing that the Court of Vienna should not have demanded satisfaction for the treachery of the Dantzickers toward an Austrian officer. I have incontrovertibly proved this treachery, since I have regained my liberty. Abramson indeed they could not punish, for during my imprisonment he had quitted the Austrian for the Prussian service, where he had gradually become so contemptible that, in the year 1764, when I was released from my imprisonment, he was himself imprisoned in the house of correction; and his wife, lately so rich, was obliged to beg her bread. Thus have I generally lived to see the fall of my betrayers; and thus have I found that, without indulging personal revenge, virtue and fortitude must at length triumph over the calumniator and the despot.

The fourth day I arrived at —, where the Duke of Wirtemberg, father of the present Grand Duchess of Russia, was commander, and where his regiment was in quarters. The Duke conversed with me, was much moved, invited me to dine, and detained me all the day, where I was not treated as a prisoner. I so far gained his esteem that I was allowed to remain there the next day: the chief persons of the place were assembled, and the Duchess, whom he had lately married, testified every mark of pity and esteem. I staid dinner with him also on the third day, after which I departed in an open carriage, without escort, attended only by a Lieutenant of his regiment.

In a small garrison town, I lodged in the house of a Captain of Cavalry, and continually was treated by him with every mark of friendship. After dinner, he rode at the head of his squadron to water the horse, unsaddled. I remained alone in the house, entered the stable, saw three remaining horses, with saddles and bridles: in my chamber was a sword, and a pair of pistols. I had but to mount one of the horses, and fly at the  
opposite

opposite gate. I meditated on the project, and almost resolved to put it in execution, but presently became undetermined, by some secret impulse. The Captain returned some time after, and appeared surprised to find me still there. The next day he accompanied me alone in his carriage: we came to a forest; he saw some champignons, stopped, asked me to alight, and help him to gather them; he strayed more than a hundred paces from me, and gave me entire liberty to fly; yet, notwithstanding all this, I voluntarily returned, suffering myself to be led, like a sheep to the slaughter.

I was treated so well, and escorted with so much negligence, that I fell into a gross error. Perceiving they conveyed me straight to Berlin, I imagined the King wished to question me, concerning the plan formed for the war, which was then on the point of breaking out. This plan I perfectly knew, the secret correspondence of Bestuchef having all passed through my hands, which circumstance was much better known at Berlin than at Vienna. Confirmed in this opinion, and far from imagining the fate that awaited me, I remained irresolute, insensible, and blind to danger. Alas, how short was this hope! How quickly was it succeeded by despair, when, after four days march, I quitted the district under the command of the Duke of Wirtemberg, and was delivered up to the first garrison of infantry at Cöslin! The last of the Wirtemberg officers, when taking leave of me, appeared to be greatly affected; and from this moment, till I came to Berlin, I was put under a strong escort, and the given orders were rigorously observed.

Arrived here, I was lodged over the grand guard-house, with two centinels in my chamber, and one at the door. The King was at Potsdam, and here I remained three days; on the third, some staff officers made their appearance, seated themselves at a table, and put the following questions to me:

First, What was my business at Dantzic?

Secondly, Whether I was acquainted with M. Goltz, Prussian Ambassador in Russia?

Thirdly, who was concerned with me in the conspiracy at Dantzic?

When I perceived their intention, by these interrogations, I absolutely refused to reply, only saying I had been imprisoned in the fortress of Glatz, without hearing, or trial, by court-martial; that, availing myself of the laws of nature, I had, by my own exertions, procured my liberty, and that I was now a Captain of Cavalry in the Imperial service; that I demanded a legal trial for my first unknown offence, after which I engaged



to answer all interrogatories, and prove my innocence; but that, at present, being accused of new crimes, without a hearing concerning my former punishment, the procedure was illegal. I was told they had no orders concerning this, and I remained dumb to all further questions.

They wrote, some two hours, God knows what: A carriage came up; I was strictly searched, to find whether I had any weapons: thirteen or fourteen ducats, which I had concealed, were taken from me, and I was conducted, under a strong escort, through Spandau to Magdeburg. The officer here delivered me up to the Captain of the Guard at the citadel; the Town-Major came, and brought me to the dungeon, expressly prepared for me; a small picture of the Countess of Bestuchef, set with diamonds, which I had kept concealed in my bosom, was now taken from me; the door was shut, and here was I left.

*(To be continued.)*

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*Anecdote of Garrick, in the Character of Lear.*

[From the Second Volume of Ireland's Illustrations of Hogarth's Works.]

WHEN Garrick first came upon the stage, and one very sultry evening, in the month of May, performed the character of Lear, he, in the four first acts received the customary tokens of applause: at the conclusion of the fifth, when he wept over the body of Cordelia, every eye caught the soft infection, the big round tear ran down every cheek:—At this interesting moment, to the astonishment of all present, his face assumed a new character, and his whole frame seemed agitated by a new passion; it was not tragic, for he was evidently endeavouring to suppress a laugh: in a few seconds the attendant nobles appeared to be affected in the same manner; and the beauteous Cordelia, who was reclined upon a crimson couch, opening her eyes to see what occasioned the interruption, leaped from her sofa, and with the Majesty of England, the gallant Albany, and tough old Kent, ran laughing off the stage. The audience could not account for so strange a termination of a tragedy, in any other way than by supposing the dramatis personæ were seized with a sudden phrenzy; but their risibility had a different source.

A fat Whitechapel butcher, seated on the centre of the first bench in the pit, was accompanied by his mastiff, who being accustomed to sit on the same seat with his master at home, naturally thought it might enjoy the like privilege here;—the butcher sat very back, and the quadruped finding a fair opening, got upon the bench, and fixing his fore paws on the rails of the orchestra, peered at the performers with as upright a head, and as grave an air, as the most sagacious critic of his day. Our corpulent slaughterman was made of melting stuff, and not being accustomed to a play-house heat, found himself much oppressed by the weight of a large and well-powdered Sunday peruke, which, for the gratification of cooling and wiping his head, he pulled off, and placed on the head of his mastiff; the dog, being in so conspicuous, so obtrusive a situation, caught the eye of Garrick, and the other performers; a mastiff in a churchwarden's wig (for the butcher was a parish officer) was too much; it would have provoked laughter in Lear himself, at the moment he was most distressed: no wonder then that it had such an effect on his representative.

### ANECDOTES of the late Mr. HOWARD.

*Related by Dr. AIKIN.*

THE following characteristic anecdote was communicated to me by a gentleman who travelled in a chaise with him from Lancashire to London in 1777. Mr. Howard observed, that he had found few things more difficult to manage than post-chaise drivers, who would seldom comply with his wishes of going slow or fast, till he adopted the following method.—At the end of a stage, when the driver had been perverse, he desired the landlord to send for some poor industrious widow, or other proper object of charity, and to introduce such person and the driver together. He then paid the latter his fare, and told him, that as he had not thought proper to attend to his repeated requests as to the manner of being driven, he should not make him any present; but to show him that he did not withhold it out of a principle of parsimony, he would give the poor person present double the sum usually given to a postillion. This he did, and dismissed the parties. He had not long practised this mode, he said, before he experienced the good effects of it on all the roads where he was known.

A more



A more extraordinary instance of his determined spirit has been related to me. Travelling once in the King of Prussia's dominions, he came to a very narrow piece of road, admitting only one carriage, where it was enjoined on all postillions entering at each end, to blow their horns by way of notice. He did so; but, after proceeding a good way, they met a courier travelling on the King's business, who had neglected this precaution. The courier ordered Mr. Howard's postillion to turn back; but Mr. Howard remonstrated, that he had complied with the rule, while the other had violated it; and therefore that he should insist on going forward. The courier, relying on an authority, to which, in that country, every thing must give way, made use of high words, but in vain. As neither was disposed to yield, they sat still a long time in their respective carriages: at length the courier gave up the point to the sturdy Englishman, who would on no account, "renounce his rights."

The following account of his mode of travelling, communicated to me by a gentleman of Dublin, who had much free conversation with him, and the substance of which I well recollect to have heard from himself, will, I doubt not, prove interesting.—“When he travelled in England or Ireland, it was generally on horseback, and he rode about 40 English miles a day. He was never at a loss for an inn. When in Ireland, or the Highlands of Scotland, he used to stop at one of the poor cabins that stick up a rag by way of sign, and get a little milk. When he came to the town he was to sleep at, he bespoke a supper, with wine and beer, like another traveller, but made his man attend him, and take it away, while he was preparing his bread and milk. He always paid the waiters, postillions, &c. liberally, because he would have no discontent or dispute, nor suffer his spirits to be agitated for such a matter; saying, that in a journey that might cost three or four hundred pounds, fifteen or twenty pounds addition was not worth thinking about. When he travelled on the Continent, he usually went post in his own chaise, which was a German one that he bought for the purpose. He never stopped till he came to the town he meant to visit, but travelled all night, if necessary; and from habit could sleep very well in the chaise for several nights together. In the last tour but one he travelled twenty days and nights together without going to bed, and found no inconvenience from it. He used to carry with him a small tea-kettle, some cups, a little pot of sweet-meats, and a few loaves. At the post-house he could get his water boiled, send out for milk, and make his repast, while his man went to the *auberge*.

*Answer, by W. W. of Sturminster, to a Librarian's Charade, inserted March 5.*

**A** BOOK-CASE, Sir, if I am right,  
Your dark charade will bring to light.

\*†\* We have received the like answer from Thomas Sparkes junior, of Exon; T. Mullet, Sturminster; W. Baker, Totnes; P. Lytton, Tywardreath; J. P. of Kingsbridge; Sobrius, of St. Austell; and J. Collins, of Uffculm.

*Answer, by J. Bulgin, of Castle Cary, to Thomas Whibby's Anagram, inserted March 12.*

**I**F AMPLE rightly you transpose,  
**I** MAPLE's the tree it will disclose;  
One letter change, transpos'd aright,  
APPLE's the fruit 'twill bring to sight.

‖§‖ We have received the like answer from Philagathus, of Dartington; J. Sellwood, of Stockland School; T. Coumbe, of St. German's; and J. Collins, of Uffculm.

*Answer, by W. W. of Sturminster, to B. C.'s Enigma, inserted March 12.*

**B**REATHE soft, ye winds! ye waves! in silence sleep,  
Whilst British sailors stem it o'er the deep;  
To Greenland shores, the WHALE-BONE to procure,  
Neat Sylvia's heart at least it rests secure.

‖\*‖ We have received the like answer from John Thomas, of Gluvias; A. Apsey, Wm. Brewer, and J. Duckham, of Taunton; W. S. and Thomas Sparkes junior, of Exeter; A. Pinn, Exmouth; J. Bulgin, Castle Cary; R. Liscombe, Newton Abbot; S. Shapton, Awliscombe; J. Sellwood, of Stockland School; S. Hill, Dawlish; Primævus, near Ugborough; James Traer, Truro; P. Lytton, near Tywardreath; Virginopis, Bickington; Y. Z. of North Curry; a friend, and W. Baker, of Totnes; T. Walker, of Hemysock; Eremita, Weston Zoyland; J. Chivers, St. Austell; J. Bennet, of Mawgan; Philagathus, Dartington; R. H. of Creed; Thomas Scadding, Wellington; R. Salter, Bodmin; Wm. Davies junior, Kenwyn; W. R. of Treneague; J. Collins, of Uffculm; and T. Coumbe, of St. German's.



A QUESTION, by *J. Whitcombe, Schoolmaster, of Plymouth.*

IT is required to find a point in a right line, between the earth and moon, from whence both shall appear of the same magnitude; the earth's diameter being 7964, the moon's 2192, and the distance between their centres 240,000 miles.

A CHARADE, by *J. Duckham, of Taunton.*

THE end of a garment my first I propose;  
My next oft doth make things secure;  
The whole if you are minded aright to disclose,  
A herb, ye bards, you must procure.

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

A Foreign beast, ye bards, first tell;  
A foreign fruit which I like well;  
A foreign kingdom next make known;  
A foreign title must be shown;  
A foreign peak of land set down;  
A foreign city of renown;  
A foreign province now declare;  
A foreign people deem'd severe;  
A foreign island pray define;  
A foreign cruel prince combine;  
A foreign bird, both strong and stout;  
A foreign spice with care point out;  
A foreign river, as I'm told;  
A foreign wooer at last unfold:  
A foreign city you may find,  
When the initials are combin'd.



\*† N. of *Topsam* was not the author of "*Topsam*, a Poem," nor was it communicated by him.

††† Our Correspondents who send Questions, Enigmas, Charades, Rebusses, or Anagrams, are requested to send with them their genuine Solutions, as otherwise they cannot be inserted.

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

# P O E T R Y.

*Written during a Tour to the West of England.*

*By the late THOMAS DAY, Esq.*

FROM every rich and gaudy scene,  
Which crowded capitals display,  
I court the solitary green,  
Or o'er the pathless mountains stray.

From vice, from folly, pomp, and noise,  
On reason's wings I fly;  
All hail ye long-expected joys  
Of calm tranquillity!

At least in this secure retreat,  
Unvisited by Kings,  
Has Virtue fix'd her halcyon seat,  
And Freedom waves her wings.

O gentle Lady of the West,  
Whose charms on this sequester'd shore,  
With love can fire a stranger's breast!  
A breast that never lov'd before!

O tell me, in what silent vale,  
To hail the balmy breath of May,  
Thy tresses floating on the gale,  
All simply neat thou deign'st to stray!

Not such thy look, not such thy air,  
Not such thy unaffected grace;  
As 'mid the town's deceitful glare,  
Marks the proud nymph's disdainful face.

Health's rosy bloom upon thy cheek,  
Eyes that with artless lustre roll,

More



More eloquent than words to speak  
The genuine feelings of the soul.

Such be thy form! thy noble mind  
By no false culture led astray;  
By native sense alone refin'd  
In Reason's plain and simple way.

Indifferent if the eye of Fame  
Thy merit unobserving see;  
And heedless of the praise or blame  
Of all mankind, of all but me.

O gentle Lady of the West!  
To find thee, be my only task;  
When found, I'll clasp thee to my breast,  
No haughty birth or dower I ask.

Sequester'd in some secret glade,  
With thee unnoticed would I live;  
And if Content adorn the shade,  
What more can Heaven or Nature give?

Too long deceiv'd by Pomp's false glare,  
'Tis thou must soothe my soul to rest;  
'Tis thou must soften every care,  
O gentle Lady of the West!

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.  
RATIONAL AMBITION.

*Nam neque divitiis contingunt gaudia solis:  
Nec vixit male, qui natus moriensque fefellit.*

HOR. Ep. 17. b. 1. v. 9 et 10.

**I**F to my choice my future lot was given,  
A few, but faithful friends, I'd ask of Heav'n.  
With haughty learning's treasures I'd dispense,  
O'er balanc'd by the better gift of sense.  
No honours from philosophy I'd claim,  
Contented with the humbler Christian's name.  
A mod'rate house I'd ask, nor small, nor great,  
Nor should convenience yield to useless state.

An income far below ambition's aim;  
 A decent independence all I claim.  
 Business, to scour the mind from rust of care  
 I'd have enough; of time enough to spare.  
 No master my free will should have but one;  
 And few domestics my controul should own.  
 Did Av'rice or Ambition hither stray,  
 Content should drive the miscreants far away.  
 Of rosy Health, I'd ask thro' life its fill,  
 And owe it more to temperance than skill.  
 Since passions sometimes will invade the mind,  
 I'd strive to hate, but, who, hate all mankind?  
 And as this life cannot for ever last,  
 I'd view with chearfulness the portion past:  
 Conscious what blessings here my steps attend,  
 I'd wait with calmness, that, which ne'er shall end.

*Topsham, May 7, 1792.*

N—

*An Elegy on Miss E. Gwennap, an amiable young Lady,  
 who was buried at Falmouth, May 8, 1792.*

**H**ARK! what rude, what solemn sound,  
 Breaks on the silent stillness of the morn?  
 Alas! 'tis Gwennap's knell—Death gave the wound,  
 And now to moulder in the dust she's borne.

Gone in the spring of life—fallen like a flower  
 Which, while its beauteous tints attract the view,  
 Some cruel blast, some quick-descending snow'r  
 Snaps the frail stem, and withers ev'ry hue.

Dear, lost companion! Nature's chearful child!  
 Blest with a mind superior to disguise!  
 Full many an hour thy presence has beguil'd,  
 And thy sweet converse oft repress'd my sighs.

Ah! little did we think as late we trod  
 Cheerful and happy on the rural green,  
 That thou must hear the summons of thy God  
 Ere one bright sun should renovate the scene.

But why these tears? Why mourn thy early fate?  
 That thou to suff'ring art no longer spar'd?  
 As true repentance never came *too late*,  
 So death ne'er came *too soon* when we're prepar'd.

MARIA.