

THE
WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, June 18, 1792.

GENERAL REVIEW of EUROPEAN POLITICS.

For M A Y, 1792.

Political State of the North of Europe.

THE late assassination of the King of Sweden is not, as was apprehended, likely to be followed with any violent commotion in that country. The plot formed to deprive Gustavus the Third of his life, appears to have been concerted merely by a few desperate and disappointed individuals, who had not sufficient influence to create a party powerful enough to support them. Their motive, therefore, for engaging in so atrocious and detestable a deed, seems to have proceeded rather from private resentment, than from political views. The Swedes, in general, were far from being discontented with their sovereign; and though some of the nobility might behold his strides to arbitrary power with a jealous eye, he enjoyed the esteem and affection of the middling and inferior orders, whose privileges he certainly enlarged.

R U S S I A.

Respecting this kingdom little authentic intelligence, of any importance, has lately been received from that quarter. Some, however, pretend to assert, that the sudden and violent death of the Swedish Monarch has had a very sensible effect upon *Catherine II.* that her health daily declines; and that there are little hopes of her being long able to withstand the increasing infirmities

mities of years. Others, on the contrary, assure us, that she still retains her pristine vigour ; and that an immediate attack on Poland may be expected. A numerous army has been already collected for that purpose, and Generals have been appointed to command it. The object of this armament is to overturn the new constitution of Poland ; and should this in reality be effected, a second dismemberment of that country may follow.

F R A N C E.

War has been declared by France against the new *King of Bohemia*. This measure, too rashly adopted by the National Assembly, seems likely to embroil great part of Europe, and to involve the French nation in difficulties which its rulers, more impetuous than prudent, did not, in all probability, foresee.—Had Francis II. been the only Prince inimical to the new constitution, they might have commenced hostilities with more hopes of success ; but as they will have to contend with Prussia, and the united force of the German empire, supported perhaps by Russia, they will find it much more difficult to carry their designs into execution than they at first imagined. On this subject his Prussian Majesty has openly declared his sentiments ; a large body of his troops are already in motion, with orders to advance towards the frontiers ; and we have great reason to conclude, that more of the sovereigns of Europe will join the confederacy. The French have commenced the war, which will afford their enemies, what they desired, a specious pretext for interposing in the quarrel. Those sovereigns of Europe inimical to the French revolution, waited only for a pretence, in order to throw off the mask. A little time must now shew what plans they have adopted, and what assistance they mean to afford the emigrants, who have thus got a favourable opportunity for attempting a counter-revolution. We will not venture to predict the event ; for the fortune of war is uncertain : but if we may be allowed to judge from the operations of the French, which have been hitherto unsuccessful, we have some reason to apprehend that their romantic ideas will not be realised. With raw and undisciplined troops, destitute of officers and equipment, they will find it no easy task to oppose German veterans, expert in military tactics, and commanded by able Generals. The greater part of the French troops are untrained, unacquainted with subordination, and averse, from their late emancipation, to submit to those restrictions which, however severe, are essential in the field. Their frenzy towards General

ral Dillon, evinces, by what spirit they are actuated ; and unless the legislature can devise some method of enforcing obedience and subordination, no officer, who values his reputation or life, will venture upon a command. With such troops what enterprise of importance can be undertaken ? To accomplish great military objects a mutual confidence must prevail. But jealousy and distrust render the parties in France suspicious of one another ; desertions are daily taking place ; those who are friendly to the constitution cannot therefore be exactly known ; and, till fidelity is restored, it will be impossible for the greatest patriots to counteract the designs of their opponents. It is, nevertheless, to be presumed, that the checks which the French have experienced, while they render them more cautious, may inspire them also with a desire of wiping away the stain which has been thrown upon their arms. But the events that happen on the commencement of a war, can seldom lead to certain conclusions respecting the result of it. Whilst we thus express our conjectures, we are far from giving them as decisions. A thick cloud at present hovers over the political hemisphere of France : and whether it will be dispelled without danger to the present order of things, must depend, in a great degree, on the wisdom of the measures adopted by those who are entrusted with the executive government. Ministers must concert such plans in the cabinet as can be executed in the field ; and mature deliberation in the cabinet ought to be followed up with vigour and dispatch. These maxims seem to have been nearly overlooked. But the time perhaps is not very distant when our Gallic neighbours may prove as victorious abroad as at home.

GREAT-BRITAIN.

This country prudently resolves to remain an inactive spectator of the storm ; and, without casting any eye to the Continent, the King and his Ministers are dedicating their time to the care of their own country, in promoting virtuous happiness, and proclaiming against innovation.

Though the liberty and property of the subject are in no country better secured than in Britain, an additional bulwark has been raised in favour of both by the late bill, now upon the eve of passing into a law, declaratory of the power of juries to decide upon the law as well as the fact in trials for *libels* ; a measure for which Englishmen are indebted to Mr. Fox. A new lustre, therefore, will be added to the popularity of that respectable statesman.

Lord Macartney's Embassy to the Emperor of China forms another memorable event in the reign of George III. who has constantly shewn himself a patron of science and the arts. There are few accounts of China but what have come from Catholic missionaries, who are not to be relied on. In general, no Europeans have been permitted to visit that vast empire. If the suite, therefore, which accompany his Lordship is composed of men of intelligence and research, we may expect to be favoured with a just and authentic account of a kingdom which, in every respect, is worthy of being better known.

No embassies, we believe, have been sent to China from Europe for above half a century. Towards the end of the last, Nieuhoff was dispatched to the Emperor by the Dutch East India Company; and a relation of his travels was published in Dutch, which was afterwards translated into French, and printed at Leyden, in 1665. In the beginning of the present century several embassies were sent to China from the Court of Russia. Of that in 1719, sent by Peter the Great, we have a relation by John Bell, Esq. of Antermomy, a Scots gentleman, who accompanied the Ambassador as physician.

The Epistle from the Yearly Meeting held in London, by Adjournments, from the 21st to the 29th of the fifth month, 1792, inclusive.

To the Quarterly and Monthly Meetings of Friends in Great-Britain, Ireland, and elsewhere.

DEAR FRIENDS,

UNDER a degree of that influence which alone qualifies the mind for being engaged in the cause of Christ, we affectionately salute you; desiring that you, and all men, may be "saved, and come unto the knowledge of the truth."

[Here follow accounts of the religious state, and sufferings of the society by tithes, &c. the latter amounting in Great-Britain to 5223l. and in Ireland to 1544l.]

Repeated have been the calls of the church to the rising generation, and frequent her exhortations and admonitions, the elders having no greater joy, next to the sense of heavenly communication to their own spirits, than to hear that the children "walk in truth." Let us now, dear youth, with renewed solicitude, again expostulate with you, and intreat you to ponder those things which belong to your eternal welfare. Why should the

the transitory gratifications of this life—why should the fading splendour, or friendship of the world, prevail to draw any of you away “from the simplicity that is in Christ:” leading you into “many foolish and hurtful lusts,” and unfitting your minds for the reception of those divine visitations, and those spiritual refreshments, which alone are worthy of the aspirations of an immortal soul? And you, beloved young friends, who have set your hands to the plough, look not back. Though the Lord, in unerring wisdom, may yet allow you deeper baptisms, and more humiliating conflicts, flinch not under the operations of his love. So may ye be purified from every mixture of the creature, fitted for the work whereunto ye are called, and enabled to perform his heavenly commands in holy quietude. Brethren, of every rank, be persuaded that our happiness, in time and in eternity, depends on pleasing God; and the Apostle declares, “They that are in the flesh cannot please God. For to be carnally-minded is death, but to be spiritually-minded is life and peace.” Come therefore, beloved friends, out of all those things which dim the prospect of the beauty and excellency which are in the truth; seek a possession in it above all visible enjoyments; flatter not yourselves with the fallacious expectation of being heirs of two kingdoms; but submit your hearts, with total surrender, to the government of him who declared, “My kingdom is not of this world.”

That national evil, the slave trade, still excites our sorrow, and calls for our unremitted attention; but although we have not yet seen the accomplishment of our ardent desire for its unconditional abolition, let us cherish a disposition to be thankful to the Father of all Mankind, that the prospect opens of a termination of the wrongs of Africa.

Friends, let us bear in mind that “God hath called us to peace.” It is a leading principle of our holy profession. Let us, therefore, on all occasions, evince that we are what we profess to be. Let us not suffer our minds to be drawn after that in which it is not our duty to be engaged; much less let us attach ourselves to any party; but let us trust in that arm of divine power which hath been our only refuge, and without which there is no safety.

Although we are well aware, that “Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it: Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain;” and though we have repeatedly, and recently, recommended a diligent attendance of meetings for worship on other days, as well as on the first day of the week; yet as spiritual welfare depends on an
experience

experience of the saving virtue of truth, which alone makes "Alive unto God," we renew our earnest exhortation that ye forsake not the assembling of yourselves together. O that the weightiness of our spirits, and the gravity of our deportment, in religious meetings, might be such as to excite an awful sensation in observers; and that, at their conclusion, we might avoid trivial or unnecessary conversation, our conduct, as well as countenances, bespeaking that we had been with Jesus!

We conclude with recommending you individually to the grace and good spirit in your own hearts (the sure guide to salvation) and to the diligent perusal of the Holy Scriptures, particularly of those in which is recorded an account of the life, doctrines, and sufferings of our blessed Saviour; beseeching you reverently and humbly to walk according to that holy pattern, and deeply to bear in remembrance, that "The disciple is not above his master, nor the servant above his Lord."

Signed, in and on behalf of the Meeting, by

THO. HUNTLEY, Clerk to the Meeting.

ANECDOTE of LORD CORNWALLIS.

A Poor soldier who had long served under his Lordship in America, and whose constitution had been greatly impaired by that climate, applied to him for relief in London.—Being a Suffolk man, his Lordship thought his native air most likely to contribute to the restoration of his health; and accordingly, was at the expence of removing him from London to his own seat at Culford, where he was attended by his Lordship's physician, who resides in Bury, and whose skill is indisputable.—On the Noble Earl's quitting his seat for Brome, one morning, he enquired of the poor fellow whether he had any money in his pocket; and on his answering that he had not, his Lordship generously took out his purse and gave him ten guineas, which sum was not exhausted when the poor man died.

AN ANECDOTE.

THE ingenious Abbé de Prevost fell by a fate as extraordinary as that of any of the most unfortunate heroes of his own romances. He was attacked, while wandering alone in the forest of Chantilly, by a fit of the apoplectic kind, which rendered

rendered his body, to appearance, dead. Some peasants carried him to the next village, where a rural court of justice, summoned in haste, decreed, that he ought to be instantly opened, that it might be known whether or no he died fairly. The surgeon of the hamlet, in a moment, began the operation. In vain did the reviving Abbé shriek aloud. It was too late. He only opened his eyes to see the horrid apparatus around him, and then closed them to endless night.

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 556.)

WEINGARTEN, the Secretary to the Austrian Embassy, as was afterwards discovered, was a traitor, and too much trusted by Count Puebla, he being a spy in the pay of Prussia, and one who had revealed, to the Court of Berlin, not only the secrets of the Imperial Embassy, but also the whole plan of the projected war. For this reason, he afterward, when war broke out, remained at Berlin in the Prussian service. His reason for betraying me was that he might secure the thousand florins, which I had drawn for on Vienna.

In order to detain this thousand florins, with impunity, he brought new evils upon me and my sister, which occasioned her premature death; caused one grenadier to run the gauntlet, three successive days, and another to be hung. Esther alone escaped. Her poor imprisoned father received more than 100 blows to make him declare whether his daughter had entrusted him with the plot, or if he knew whither she was fled, and miserably died in fetters. Such was the mischief occasioned by a rascal!

I heard nothing, however, of what had happened for some days; at length, however, it was the honest Gefhardt's turn to mount guard; but the posts being doubled, and two additional grenadiers placed before my door, explanation was exceedingly difficult. He, however, in spite of precaution, found means to inform me of what had happened to his two unfortunate comrades.

The King came to a review at Magdeburg, when he visited the Star-Fort, and commanded a new cell to be immediately made, prescribing himself the kind of irons by which I was to be secured. The honest Gefhardt heard the officer say this cell was meant for me; and gave me notice of it, but assured me it could not be ready in less than a month. I therefore determined, as soon as possible, to complete my breach in the wall, and escape without the aid of any one. The thing was possible; for I had twisted the hair of my matrafs into a rope, which I meant to tie to a cannon, and descend the rampart, after which I might swim across the Elbe, gain the Saxon frontiers, and thus safely escape.

On the 26th of May I had determined to break into the next casemate; but when I came to work at the bricks, I found them so hard, and strongly cemented, that I was obliged to defer the labour to the following day. I left off, weary and spent, at day break, and, should any one enter my dungeon, they must infallibly discover the breach.

The 27th of May was a cruel day in the history of my life. My cell in the Star-Fort had been finished sooner than Gefhardt had supposed; and at night, when I was preparing to fly, I heard a carriage stop before my prison. Oh, God! what was my terror, what were the horrors of this moment of despair! The locks and bolts resounded, the doors flew open, and the last of my poor remaining resources was to conceal my knife. The Town-Major, the Major of the day, and a Captain entered; I saw them by the light of their two lanterns. The only words they spoke were, "dress yourself;" which was immediately done. I still wore the uniform of the regiment of Cordova. Irons were given me, which I was obliged myself to fasten on my wrists and ancles: The Town-Major tied a bandage over my eyes, and, taking me under the arm, they thus conducted me to the carriage.

The carriage at length stopped, and I was brought into my new cell. The bandage was taken from my eyes. The dungeon was lighted by a few torches. God of Heaven!—what were my feelings, when I beheld the whole floor covered with chains, a fire-pan, and two grim men standing with their smith-hammers!

To work went these engines of despotism?—Enormous chains were fixed to my ancle at one end, and at the other to a ring which was incorporated in the wall. This ring was three feet from the ground, and only allowed me to move about two or three feet to the right and left. They next rivetted
another

another huge iron ring, of a hand's breadth, round my naked body, to which hung a chain fixed into an iron bar, as thick as a man's arm. This bar was two feet in length, and at each end of it was a handcuff. The iron collar round my neck was not added till the year 1756.

No soul bade me good night.—All retired in dreadful silence;—and I heard the horrible grating of four doors, that were successively locked and bolted upon me !

The next day I found that my dungeon was eight feet broad; in length, ten. Near me once more stood a night-tables; in a corner was a seat, four bricks broad, on which I might sit, and recline against the wall. Opposite the ring to which I was fastened, the light was admitted through a semicircular aperture, one foot high, and two in diameter. This aperture ascended to the centre of the wall, which was six feet thick, and at this central part was a close iron grating from which, outward, the aperture descended, and its two extremities were again secured by strong iron bars. My dungeon was built in the ditch of the fortification, and the aperture by which the light entered was so covered by the wall of the rampart that, instead of finding immediate passage, the light only gained admission by reflection. This, considering the smallness of the aperture, and the impediments of grating and iron bars, must needs make the obscurity great, yet my eyes, in time, became so accustomed to this glimmering that I could see a mouse run. In winter however, when the sun did not shine into the ditch, it was eternal night with me. Between the bars and the grating was a glass window, with a small central casement, which might be opened to admit air. My night-table was daily removed, and beside me stood a jug of water. The name of Trenck was built in the wall, in red brick, and under my feet was a tombstone, with the name of Trenck also cut on it, and carved with a death's head. The doors to my dungeon were double, of oak, two inches thick: Without these was an open space or front cell, in which was a window, and this space was likewise shut in by double doors. The ditch, in which this dreadful den was built, was inclosed on both sides by palisadoes, twelve feet high, the key of the door of which was entrusted to the officer of the guard, it being the King's intention to prevent all possibility of speech or communication with the centinels. The only motion I had the power to make was that of jumping upward, or swinging my arms, to procure myself warmth. When more accustomed to these fetters, I

was likewise capable of moving from side to side, about four feet, but this pained my shin-bones.

The cell had been finished with lime and plaister but eleven days, and every body supposed it would be impossible I should exist in these damps above a fortnight. I remained six months, continually immersed in water, that trickled upon me from the thick arches under which I was; and I can safely affirm that, for the first three months, I was never dry; yet did I continue in health. I was visited daily, at noon, after relieving guard, and the doors were then obliged to be left open for some minutes, otherwise the dampness of the air put out their candles.

About noon my den was opened. Sorrow and compassion were painted on the countenances of my keepers. No one spoke: No one bade me good-morrow. Dreadful, indeed, was their arrival, for, unaccustomed to the monstrous bolts and bars, they were kept resounding for a full half hour, before such soul-chilling, such hope-murdering implements were removed. It was the voice of tyranny that thundered!

My night-table was taken out, a camp-bed, matrafs, and blankets, were brought me; a jug of water sat down, and beside it an ammunition loaf of six pounds weight. "That you may no more complain of hunger," said the Town-Major, "you shall have as much bread as you can eat." The door was shut, and I again left to my thoughts.

When the bread was brought, I eat, rested, eat again, and absolutely shed tears of pleasure. But, alas! my enjoyment was of short duration. I soon found that excess is followed by pain and repentance. My fasting had weakened digestion, and rendered it inactive. My body swelled, my water-jug was emptied, cramps, cholics, and, at length, inordinate thirst racked me all the night. I began to pour curses on those who seemed to refine on torture, and, after starving me so long, to invite me to gluttony. Could I not have reclined on my bed, I should indeed have been driven, this night, to desperation: Yet, even this was but a partial relief, for, not yet accustomed to my enormous fetters, I could not extend myself in them in the same manner I was afterward taught to do by habit. I dragged them, however, so together as to enable me to sit down on the bare matrafs. This, of all my nights of suffering, stands foremost. When they opened my dungeon next day, they found me in a truly pitiable situation, wondered at my appetite, brought me another loaf; I refused to accept it, believing I never more should have occasion for bread; they,

however,

however, left me one, gave me water, shrugged up their shoulders, wished me farewell, as, according to all appearance, they never expected to find me alive, and shut all the doors, without asking whether I wished or needed farther assistance.

Three days had passed before I could again eat a morsel of bread, and my mind, brave in health, now, in a sick body, became pusillanimous, so that I determined on death. The irons, every where round my body, and their weight, were insupportable; nor could I imagine it was possible I should habituate myself to them, or endure them long enough to expect deliverance.

Full of these meditations, every minute's patience appeared absurdity, and resolution meanness of soul, yet I wished my mind should be satisfied that reason, and not rashness, had induced the act. I therefore determined, that I might examine the question coolly, to wait a week longer, and die on the fourth of July. In the mean time I revolved in my mind what possible means there were of escape, not fearing, naked and chained, to rush and expire on the bayonets of my enemies.

(To be continued.)

Account of a singular Custom at Metelin, the ancient Lesbos.

By the Right Hon. the EARL of CHARLEMONT.

CONTRARY to the usage of all other countries, the eldest daughter here inherits, and the sons, like daughters every where else, are portioned off with small dowers, or, which is still worse, turned out, penniless, to seek their fortune. If a man has two daughters, the eldest, at her marriage, is entitled to all her mother's possessions, which are by far the greater part of the family estate, as the mother, keeping up her prerogative, never parts with the power over any portion of what she has brought into the family, until she is forced into it by the marriage of her daughter; and the father also is compelled to ruin himself by adding whatever he may have scraped together by his industry. The second daughter inherits nothing, and is condemned to perpetual celibacy. She is styled a Calogria, which signifies properly a religious woman or nun, and is in effect menial servant to her sister, being employed by her in any office she may think fit to impose, frequently serving her as

waiting-maid, as cook, and often in employments still more degrading. She wears a habit peculiar to her situation, which she can never change, a sort of monastic dress, coarse, and of dark brown. One advantage, however, she enjoys over her sister, that whereas the elder, before marriage, is never allowed to go abroad, or see any man, her nearest relations only excepted, the Calogria, except when employed in domestic toil, is in this respect at perfect liberty. But when the sister is married, the situation of the poor Calogria becomes desperate indeed, and is rendered still more humiliating by the comparison between her condition and that of her happy mistress. The married sister enjoys every sort of liberty—the whole family fortune is her's, and she spends it as she pleases—her husband is her obsequious servant—her father and mother are dependent upon her—she dresses in the most magnificent manner, covered all over, according to the fashion of the island, with pearls and with pieces of gold, which are commonly sequins; thus continually carrying about her the enviable marks of affluence and superiority, while the wretched Calogria follows her as a servant, arrayed in simple homespun brown, and without the most distant hope of ever changing her condition. Such a disparity may seem intolerable; but what will not custom reconcile?

Neither are the misfortunes of the family yet at an end—The father and mother, with what little is left them, contrive by their industry to accumulate a second little fortune, and this, if they should have a third daughter, they are obliged to give to her upon her marriage, and the fourth, if there should be one, becomes her Calogria; and so on through all the daughters alternately. Whenever the daughter is marriageable, she can by custom compel the father to procure her a husband; and the mother, such is the power of habit, is foolish enough to join in teasing him into an immediate compliance, though its consequences must be equally fatal and ruinous to both of them. From hence it happens that nothing is more common than to see the old father and mother reduced to the utmost indigence, and even begging about the streets, while their unnatural daughters are in affluence; and we ourselves have frequently been shewn the eldest daughter parading it through the town in the greatest splendour, while her mother and sister followed her as servants, and made a melancholy part of her attendant train.

Curious Dialogue between the late Right Hon. Lord Orrery and David Garrick, Esq.

THE late Lord Orrery was a singularly formal character. Sir Anthony Branville, in the *Discovery*, was intended for his portrait, and it exhibits a strong likeness. It was sometimes the wish of Garrick to play upon the suavity of this old nobleman, and induce him to contradict himself. This power he exerted very successively on the following occasion. Lord Orrery wrote a letter from Ireland to Mr. Garrick, requesting that Mossop might be engaged. The request of a man of rank was a command to the manager of Drury-Lane, and Mossop was engaged. When, some months afterwards, the Peer came to England, he took an early opportunity of breakfasting with Mr. Garrick: The moment he entered the room he began his favourite subject:

Orrery. David, I congratulate you: I inquire not about the success of your theatre; with yourself and Mossop it must be triumphant. The Percy and the Douglas both in arms, have a right to be confident. *Separate* you are two bright luminaries; *united* you are a constellation! the Gemini of the theatric hemisphere. Excepting yourself, my dear David, no man that ever trod on tragic ground has so forcibly exhibited the various passions that agitate, and I may say, agonize the human mind. He makes that broad stroke at the heart, which, being aimed by the hand of nature, reaches the Prince or the peasant, the Peer or the plebeian. He is not the mere player of fashion, for the player of fashion, David, may be compared to a man tossed in a blanket; the very instant his supporters quit their hold of the coverlet, down drops the hero of the day. However, as general assertions do not carry conviction, I will arrange my opinions under different heads, not doubting your assent to my declarations, which shall be founded on facts, and built upon experience. First, of the first—his voice; his voice is the *argentea vox* of the ancients; the silver tone, of which so much has been written, but which never struck upon a modern ear till Mossop spoke;

Then mute attention reign'd.

Garrick. Why, my Lord, as to his voice, I must acknowledge it, it is loud enough: The severest critic cannot accuse him of whispering his part; for egad, it was so sonorous that the people had no occasion to come into the theatre to hear him; they used to go into the pastry-cook's in Russel Court, and

and eat their custards, and hear him as well as if they had been in the *orchestra*. He made the welkin roar; no one could doubt the goodness of his lungs, or accuse him of sparing them; but as to—

Orrery. What, you have found out he bellows, have you? you have discovered that he roars?—Upon my soul, David, you are right; he bellows like a bull. We used to call him *Bull Mossop*—*Mossop the Bull*. We had no better name for him in the country. But then, David, his *eye* is an eye of fire; and when he looks, he looks unutterable things. It is scarce necessary that he should *speak*, for his eye conveys every thing that he means; and, excepting your own, it is the brightest, most expressive, most speaking eye that ever beamed in a—

Garrick. Why, my Lord, with the utmost submission to your Lordship, from whose accurate taste and comprehensive judgment I tremble to differ, does not your Lordship think there is a—a—a dull kind of heaviness, a blanket, a—

Orrery. What, you have discovered that he is blind? Egad, David, whatever his eye may be, nothing can escape your's. He is as blind as a beetle. There is an opacity, a stare, without sight, a sort of filminess, exactly as you describe. But notwithstanding I allow that he bellows like a bull, and is as blind as a beetle, his memory has such peculiar *tenacity*, that whatever he once receives, adheres to it like glue: He does not forget a syllable of his part.

Garrick. Upon my honour, my Lord, if his memory was what you describe it in Ireland, he must have forgot to bring it with him to London, for *here* the prompter is obliged to repeat every sentence; and he cannot retain a *whole* sentence; there is absolutely a necessity for splitting it into two parts.

Orrery. What, you have discovered that his head runs out? Upon my soul it never would hold any thing. Lady Orrery used to call him *Cullender Mossop*, *Mossop the Cullender*. The fellow could not remember a common distich. But, notwithstanding this, his carriage is so easy, his air so gentlemanlike, his deportment has so much fashion, that you perceive at a glance he has kept the best company; and no one who sees him conceives they are looking at a player. He looks like one of our house, he has the port of nobility.

Garrick. As to his port, my Lord, I grant you that the man is tall, and upright enough; but with submission, the utmost submission to your Lordship's better judgment, don't you think there is an awkwardness, a rigid unbending sort of a—a—We had fencing masters, dancing masters, and drill serjeants, but
all

all would not do ; he looked more like a taylor than a gentleman.

Orrery. What, you have found out that he is stiff ? By the Lord, David, you are right—nothing escapes you : He is stiff, stiff as a poker. We used to call him *Poker Mossop* : We had no better name for him in the country. But, however his body might want (as I acknowledge it did) the graceful easy bend of the *Antinous*, his mind was formed of the most yielding and flexible materials ; any advice which you gave him he would take ; from you, I am persuaded, a hint was sufficient.

Garrick. Why, in this, my Lord, I must be bold enough to differ with you in the most pointed and positive terms ; for, of all the obstinate, headstrong, and unmanageable animals I ever dealt with, he is the most stubborn, the most untractable, the most wrong headed. I never knew one instance where he followed the advice I gave him, in any, the smallest degree. If I recommend him to dress a character plain, he comes upon the stage like a gingerbread king ; if I advise him to be splendid in his apparel, he endeavours to get a quaker's habit from the keeper of our wardrobe ; and in every thing he—more than I thought belonged to human nature, had that impenetrable, that—that—that—

Orrery. So !—so you have discovered that he is obstinate ? Upon my soul he is—as obstinate as a pig ; he has more of that animal's pertinacity than any man I ever knew in my life. But yet, David, with all these faults, he is—I have not time to enter into particulars ; but be he what he will, you have engaged him ; I sincerely wish you may agree together, and am, my dear fellow, your most obedient servant. Say no more—farewell.—To Mrs. Garrick present my compliments.

AN ANECDOTE.

NATURALISTS pretend, that animals and birds, as well as “ Knotted oaks,” as Congreve informs us, are exquisitely sensible to the charms of music. This may serve as an instance. An officer, having spoken somewhat too freely of the Minister Louvois, was (as once was the custom) immediately consigned to the Bastille. He begged the Governor to permit him the use of his lute, to soften, by the harmonies of his instrument, the rigours of his prison. At the end of a few days, this modern Orpheus, playing on his lute, was greatly astonished to see frisking out of their holes great numbers of mice ; and, descending from their woven habitations, crowds of spiders,

spiders, who formed a circle about him, while he continued breathing his soul-subduing instrument. His surprize, was, at first, so great, that he was petrified with astonishment; when, having ceased to play, the assembly, who did not come to see his person, but to hear his instrument, immediately broke up. As he had a great dislike to spiders, it was two days before he ventured again to touch his instrument. At length, having conquered, for the novelty of his company, his dislike of them, he recommenced his concert; when the assembly was by far more numerous than at first; and, in the course of farther time, he found himself surrounded by a hundred musical amateurs. Having thus succeeded in attracting this company, he treacherously contrived to get rid of them at his will. For this purpose, he begged the keeper to give him a cat, which he put in a cage, and let loose at the very instant when the little hairy people were most entranced by the Orphean skill he displayed.

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

(Continued from Page 575, and concluded.)

ON the 28th of September, 1789, as Mr. Day was riding from his house in Surry to his mother's seat at Barehill, in Berkshire, an end was at once put to his valuable life, at the age of 41 years. His horse, having taken fright at the sight of a winnowing van, started suddenly across the road, by which his balance was so disturbed, that his spur happened to stick in the flank of the animal, which thereupon exerting all its strength, threw its rider to a considerable distance with his head foremost on a stony road. By this fall, his brain suffered such a concussion, that he never afterwards spoke; but being carried to a neighbouring house, he died before the surgeon arrived.

His wife and mother hearing of the fall, but ignorant of the event, flew to the fatal spot, and were going to enter the house where he had lately expired, when they were stopped by the surgeon, whose troubled aspect, expressive silence, and waving hand pointing to them to return, informed them too clearly, that no hope remained.

"Ye aged parents," exclaims the writer of Mr. Day's life, "who have seen snatched from you, by a sudden stroke of fate, the only prop of your declining years, the glory of your name! Ye virtuous matrons, from whose faithful bosoms a cruel and an untimely death has torn the loved object of your chaste and sacred vows! Think, for ye cannot describe, the
anguish

anguish of this venerable parent and affectionate consort, when they felt that their dearest hopes were at once extinguished, the colour of their days henceforward darkened, and that nothing remained to them but the memory of having been the mother and wife of such a man!"—He also observes, that he was a witness of, and never shall forget the dignity of the mother's grief, which brought fully into his mind whatever hath been told of the magnanimity of Roman and Spartan matrons; and the generous sensibility with which she strove to suppress her own sorrows, the better to enable her to moderate the too poignant anguish of her daughter-in-law.

Mr. Day's death was accompanied by the best eulogy—the tears of those whom his humanity had comforted, and their common lamentation, which was echoed through the country, that the good Mr. Day was no more! And the most honourable tribute will be paid to his memory, when some ingenuous youth, reading his works, that best monument raised by himself, shall catch the generous enthusiasm, and devoting himself to the service of mankind, shall emulate by his virtues the bright example of the author's life. And surely it cannot be imagined that the virtuous emotions excited by reading the many thousands of copies of *Sandford and Merton*, which have already been distributed in different languages, can subside at once in the young breasts where they were felt, but rather that they will continue and spread their influence more and more. And thus, by means of his works, as well as by the admirable pattern of the author's life, the great object of his heart, *Benevolence to Mankind*, may be perpetuated beyond the short period of his existence here to succeeding generations.

In person Mr. Day was tall, strong, erect, and of a manly deportment. The expression of his countenance, though somewhat obscured by marks of the small pox, indicated the two leading features of his character, firmness and sensibility. His voice was clear, expressive, and fit for publick elocution. Perfectly simple in his manners, he never shewed the smallest inclination to appear more or less wise, good, or learned, or more or less any thing than he really was. On the nearest view, no carefully concealed weakness, or disguised selfishness, were ever unveiled; so that the more intimately he was known, the more consistent his character appeared; the inviolable chain of principles which regulated his conduct was more developed; and he was not only the more esteemed and loved, but, what is more rare, and contrary to a general rule, the more also he was admired.

In conversation he was unaffected and instructive, and although the habits of his mind generally turned it to objects of importance, yet he seldom failed to mix with his arguments much wit and pleasantry, of which he possessed an abundant vein. When, however, his principles were contested, he entered into the subject more deeply and fully than is agreeable to the fashionable tone of conversation, which skims lightly and with indifference over the surface of all subjects, and penetrates to the bottom of none. Accordingly mixed companies, such as those of busy and gay life must be, could not be much to his taste. He was not indeed of that cameleon-kind which assimilates itself to the surrounding objects. He neither bestowed smiles of assent or of flattery where his heart disapproved, nor could he conceal his disgust and indignation upon hearing any new instance of tyranny, baseness, ingratitude, or other depravation of the human heart; the relation of which always produced an alteration in his countenance indicating the uneasiness that he felt.

Many actions and opinions, which to others appeared indifferent or even commendable, were frequently to him objects of censure or ridicule, when he perceived some hurtful tendency which had escaped less reflecting minds. Accordingly to strangers, who did not know his trains of reflections, his remarks appeared sometimes tinged with a severity which was not felt by his friends, who were acquainted with his habits of reasoning, and with his humanity. For never was severity of principle more tempered with gentleness of disposition. No man inherited more of the kindness of human nature, which shewed itself upon every occasion; in his active and generous compassion for the wretched, and in his firm and warm attachment to his friends, displayed not only in their more important concerns, but also in the minuter attentions to their interests. For them no service was so laborious that he would not undertake. In their sickness he would watch over and nurse them with a singular anxiety and perseverance. He sympathized sincerely with them under any shade of adverse fortune, and he exulted in every ray of their prosperity.—To strangers, likewise, Mr. Day sometimes appeared too grave; whereas at home, with his familiar friends, he possessed not only an uniform cheerfulness, but a singular gaiety of temper, which rendered him particularly agreeable to young people and children, whom he was always fond of pleasing and instructing, as his histories of Sandford and Merton, and of Little Jack, sufficiently shew.

Mr. Day

Mr. Day died without issue, and left by will his widow heiress and executrix, knowing, from the similarity of their dispositions, that this would be the most effectual mode of continuing his fortune in the same benevolent channel in which he had kept it.

Soon after Mr. Day's death, several paragraphs appeared in the newspapers, inserted by different persons desirous of doing justice to his worth. Among these tributes of voluntary praise, one deserves by its elegance to be distinguished and remembered. It is said to have been written by the present Poet-Laureat.

On THOMAS DAY, Esq.

IF pensive genius ever pour'd the tear
Of votive anguish o'er the poet's bier;
If drooping Britain ever knew to mourn
In silent sorrow o'er the patriot's urn,
Here let them weep their Day's untimely doom,
And hang their fairest garlands o'er his tomb;
For never poet's hand did yet consign
So pure a wreath to virtue's holy shrine;
For never patriot tried before to raise
His country's welfare on so firm a base;
Glory's bright form he taught her youth to see,
And bade them merit freedom to be free.
No sculptur'd marble need his worth proclaim,
No herald's sounding style record his name,
For long as sense and virtue fame can give,
In his own works his deathless name shall live.

Answer, by J. Chivers, of St. Austell, to J. K. C.'s Enigma, inserted March 26.

LONG, long may PEACE her olive spread,
Thro' Britain's fam'd domain around!
Fell discord raise her head no more,
While we're with peace and plenty crown'd.

††† We have received the like answer from Eremita, of Weston Zoyland; P. Lyttleton, Tywardreath; T. Walker, Hemyock; W. S. and T. Sparkes junior, of Exeter; Philagathus, Dartington; W. Baker, Totnes; Virginopis, Bickington; Dares; Princevus, Enaton, near Ugborough; John Collins,

Collins, Uffculm; R. Liscombe, Newton Abbot; Thomas Coumbe, St. German's; W. W. of Sturminster; M. Rowse, of Widecombe; A. Apsey, and W. Brewer, of Taunton; T——r, of Mill-lane; Copernicus, Creed; S. Branwell, near St. Austell; and T. Gill junior, of Stythians.

Answer, by —— Barret junior, of Exeter, to A. Pinn's Charade, inserted April 2.

A PITCHFORK just came to my mind,
Which in most farmers' yards you'll find.

*† We have received the like answer from T. Gill jun. of Stythians; J. Wheeler, and J. B. Chivers, of St. Austell; S. Branwell, near St. Austell; T. Sparkes junior, W. S. and H. C——s, of Exon; W. Brewer, and A. Apsey, of Taunton; J. Bulgin, Castle Cary; Philagathus, Dartington; J. C. of T. Dares; T. Walker, Hemyock; P. Lyttleton, of Tywardreath; R. Liscombe, Newton Abbot; and J. Whiteford, and W. Prin, of Plymouth.

Answer, by H. C——s, of Exeter, to the Rebus by an Arpenteur de Pais, inserted April 2.

T WAS the meek ASS that did our Saviour bear,
When loud Hosannahs rent the troubled air.

†† We have received the like answer from T. Walker, Hemyock; J. Duckham, and A. Apsey, of Taunton; Philomathes, Dartington; W. Baker, of Totnes; T. Taylor, of Bickington; Dares; J. Wheeler, and J. Chivers, St. Austell; S. Branwell, near St. Austell; J. Rogers, of Exon; S. Hill, near Dawlish; J. Whiteford, and Wm. Prin, of Plymouth; P. Lyttleton, Tywardreath; T. Scadding, Wellington; Eremita, Weston Zoyland; and T. Gill junior, of Stythians.

A REBUS, by J. Bulgin, of Castle Cary.

FIRST the gamester's delight; next a cup bring to light;
And a weight, Sirs, you lastly must find;
If you these parts combine, you will then, Sirs, define,
A town that just enter'd my mind.

A QUESTION,

A QUESTION, by R. Liscombe, of Newton Abbot.

REQUIRED the time and difference of the rising and setting of the sun, at the Lizard Point, and Cape Spear, in Newfoundland, when the sun is in the twelfth degree of Capricorn.

ÆNIGMATICAL CHARADE.

ADDRESSED to a LADY.

WHEN winter binds the frozen land,
My first is often seen;
Veiling, at Boreas' rough command,
Fair nature's varied scene.

But when young zephyr waves his wings,
And breathes a softer gale,
Soon from my first my second springs,
To fertilize the vale.

My third in virgin white array'd,
Then leads the varied train,
Ordain'd to deck the beauteous maid,
Or paint the enamell'd plain.

Thus having partly told my name,
To Myra now I come;
Yielding to her my tender frame,
And this my early bloom.

Short is the date to me assign'd,
Short as the vernal day;
Yet to my fate I yield resign'd,
If Myra blest my stay.

Hear then, sweet Myra! my request;
Ah! let me near thee lie;
Yet not on thy still fairer breast,
Lest I with envy die.



† The Unfortunate Old Man, and the Verses addressed to Maria, are borrowed; and Spring being now past we do not intend to renew the subject till the return of that delightful season.

POETRY.

P O E T R Y.

An ODE to LIBERTY.

Occasioned by the late Revolution in France.

(Concluded from Page 592.)

AH! what avails the fruitful vale,
Whose num'rous blossoms fill the gale,
Where breathes th' odorif'rous flow'r,
After the saturating show'r?
Or what avails the varied good,
Which spontaneous meets the eye,
That fruits display the wavy flood
Luxuriant bending to the sky,
If tyranny, with pompous stride,
Spread mental devastation wide,
And blast the tender bud of peace?
Or with terrific brow alarm
The sweet somposure which can charm
The sinking soul to happiness?

But tho' meridian terrors blaze,
Which sink to earth the bending limbs,
And wrap the pow'rs in indolent amaze,
While o'er the dazzl'd brain the fury swims,
If freedom spread her pinions o'er
The burning land—the raging grief is o'er:
The cheerier comforts which diffuse
In uncontrouled scope their use,
Tame the wild tremor with their milder pow'rs,
And sanctify to bliss the unrelenting hours:
These mitigate the piercing ray,
And cool in social streams the day.

The peaceful roof, the humble dome,
Afford a most luxurious home,

When

When liberty, with radiant wings outspread,
 With preservation screens th' unguarded head;
 While ev'ry virtuous joy attends,
 And ev'ry spirit still commends,
 The conduct of the raptur'd few
 Who still their paths with freedom strew;
 Whether they rise in early morn
 To reap the fruitful-yielding corn,
 Or bend in earlier months their way,
 Their steps to meet the rising day,
 And to the music of the scythe,
 They tune their songs of harvest blythe;
 Or as they brush the plashy blade,
 Rambling thro' the open glade,
 Melodious notes salute the ear,
 Which still the lonely pilgrim cheer,
 As he trudges on his way
 Well shelter'd from the streaming day,
 The yielding air receives the note
 From the patriotic throat,
 Telling the tale of liberty,
 Which still responds from tree to tree.

Oh hither come ye venerable souls,
 Whose sympathetic worth condole,
 The smallest pang which freedom feels;
 Catch the sweet lesson from the bending bough,
 Oh! how it thrills your steps as on you go.
 Yet how the secret sorrow steals,
 Over your well-devoted minds,
 When the retrospect reveals
 The dismal times your virtue feels,
 And the dire moments patriotism finds;

Oh! how the latent grief pursues
 The feeling heart which onward views
 The grievous times when pow'r shall come,
 And ratify th' anticipated doom;
 The doom which wraps in fell dismay
 The labours of the genial day!

But see! the struggle of the Gallic mind,
 Too long of supine indolence the prey,
 Now strung to freedom vig'rous is inclin'd,
 To wake (ah! long forgot) the freer day.

Bear it ye breezes on your friendly wing,
 Bear the lov'd passion to your farthest shores,
 Where vengeful monarchs pierce with poison'd sting,
 And every virtue liberty implores !

FABERIO.

Sherborne, Dorset.

O N A B S E N C E.

WHEN thou art by the smiling hours,
 How sweet they pass away !
 When thou art absent grief o'erpowers,
 And with the moments stray.

When thou art by how converse charms,
 'Tis sense and pleasure reign ;
 When thou art absent nothing warms,
 But every thought gives pain.

When thou art by how green the groves,
 How sweet is every shade !
 When thou art absent sorrow roves
 In every plaintive glade.

The warbling notes of Philomel
 No longer charm the ear ;
 She seems in every note to tell,
 And aid love's deep despair.

With me of absence she complains,
 In such soft strains of woe,
 As fills with sadness all the plains,
 And bids the tears to flow.

ELIZA.

Marazion.

[A N E P I G R A M.

A Husband and a wife oft disagreeing,
 And either weary of the other, being
 In choler great, either devoutly prays
 To God, that he will shorten th' other's days :
 But more devout than both, their son and heir
 Prays God, that he will grant them both their prayer.