
THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, August 13, 1792.

THOUGHTS *on* GOOD NATURE.

By Dr. BLAIR.

[From a Sermon on the Conversation between our Saviour and the rich Man, contained in the 10th Chapter of St. Mark.]

GOOD-NATURE, for instance, is in danger of running into that unlimited complaisance which assimilates men to the loose manners of those whom they find around them.—Pliant and yielding in their temper, they have not force to stand by the decisions of their own minds, with regard to right and wrong. Like the animal which is said to assume the colour of every object to which it is applied, they lose all proper character of their own, and are formed by the character of those with whom they chance to associate. The mild are apt to sink into habits of indolence and sloth. The cheerful and gay, when warmed by pleasure and mirth, lose that sobriety and self-denial which is essential to the support of virtue. Even modesty and submission, qualities so valuable in themselves, and so highly ornamental to youth, sometimes degenerate into a vicious timidity which restrains men from doing their duty with firmness; which cannot stand the frown of the great, the reproach of the multitude, or even the ridicule and sneer of the scorner.

Nothing can be more amiable than a constant desire to please, and an unwillingness to offend or hurt. Yet in characters where this is a predominant feature, defects are often found. Fond always to oblige, and afraid to utter any disagreeable truth, such persons are sometimes led to dissemble. Their love

of truth is sacrificed to their love of pleasing. Their speech and their manners assume a studied courtesy. You cannot always depend on their smile; nor, when they promise, be sure of the performance. They mean and intend well; but the good intention is temporary. Like wax, they yield easily to every impression; and the transient friendship contracted with one person, is effaced by the next. Undistinguishing desire to oblige often proves, in the present state of human things, a dangerous habit. They who cannot, on many occasions, give a firm and steady denial, or who cannot break off a connection which has been hastily and improperly formed, stand on the brink of many mischiefs. They will be seduced by the corrupting, ensnared by the artful, betrayed by those in whom they had placed their trust. Unsuspecting themselves, they were flattered with the belief of having many friends around them. Elated with sanguine hopes and cheerful spirits, they reckoned that "tomorrow would be as this day, and more abundant." Injudicious liberality and thoughtless profusion are the consequence; until, in the end, the straits to which they are reduced bring them into mean or dishonourable courses. Through innocent, but unguarded weakness, and from want of the severer virtues, they are, in process of time, betrayed into downright crimes. Such may be the conclusion of those, who, like the young ruler before us, with many amiable and promising dispositions, had begun their career in life.

Such persons are not prepared for sustaining with propriety and dignity, the distresses to which our state is liable. They were equipped for the season of sunshine and serenity; but when the sky is overcast, and the days of darkness come, their feeble minds are destitute of shelter, and ill provided for defence. Then is the time when more hardy qualities are required; when courage must face danger, constancy support pain, patience possess itself in the midst of discouragements, magnanimity display its contempt of threatenings: If those high virtues be altogether strangers to the mind, the mild and gentle will certainly sink under the torrent of disasters.—The ruler in the text could plead that his behaviour to others, in the course of social life, had been unexceptionable. So far the reflection on his conduct would afford him comfort amidst adversity. But no man is without failings. In the dejecting season of trouble it will occur to every one that he has been guilty of frequent transgression; that much of what ought to have been done has been neglected; and that much of what has been done had better have been omitted. In such situations,
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when a thousand apprehensions arise to alarm conscience, nothing is able to quiet its uneasiness, except a well-grounded trust in the mercy and acceptance of Heaven. It is firm religious principle, acting upon a manly and enlightened mind, gives dignity to the character, and composure to the heart, under all the troubles of the world. This enables the brave and virtuous man with success to buffet the storm; while he, who had once sparkled in society with all the charms of gay vivacity, and had been the delight of every circle in which he was engaged, remains dispirited, overwhelmed, and annihilated, in the evil day.

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 134.)

AFTER my last conference with the Landgrave, I waited my coming fate, with a mind more at ease than that of many a prince in his palace. My dawn of hope daily grew more bright. The newspapers they brought me foretold approaching peace, on which all my dependance was placed, and I passed eighteen months calmly, and without further attempt.

The father of the Landgrave died; he had till then been only Hereditary Prince; and Magdeburg now lost its noble governor. The worthy Reichmann, however, testified for me all compassion and esteem; I had books, my time was employed, and therefore stole, unperceived, away. Imprisonment and chains to me were become habitual, and freedom in all her lovely forms, sleeping and awake, in hope approached.

Being however highly disappointed at finding no stipulation made in my favour at the peace which was concluded at the accession of Catherine II. I again opened my old hole, and in the course of my mining a dreadful accident happened to me. Just as I was going to carry out the sand-bag, I struck my foot against a stone in the wall above, which fell down and closed up the passage.

What was my horror, to find myself thus buried alive! After a short time for reflection, I began to work the sand away

from the side, that I might obtain room to turn round. By good fortune, there were some feet of empty space, into which I threw the sand as I worked it away; but the small quantity of air soon made it so foul that I a thousand times wished myself dead, and made several attempts to strangle myself. Further labour began to seem impossible. Thirst almost deprived me of my senses, but as soon as I put my mouth to the sand, I inhaled fresh air. My sufferings were incredible, and I imagine I passed full eight hours in this distraction of horror. Of all dreadful deaths, surely such a death as this is the most dreadful. My spirits fainted; again I somewhat recovered, again I began to labour, but the earth was as high as my chin, and I had no more space into which I might throw the sand, that I might turn round. I made a more desperate effort, drew my body into a ball, and turned round; I now faced the stone, which was as wide as the whole passage, but, there being an opening at the top, I respired fresher air. My next labour was to root away the sand under the stone, and let it sink, so that I might creep over, and, by this means, at length, I once more happily arrived in my dungeon!

The morning was advanced; I sat myself down so exhausted that I supposed it was impossible I had time, or strength, to cover up and conceal my hole. After half an hour's rest, however, my fortitude returned: again I went to work, and scarcely had I ended before the resounding locks and bolts told the approach of my visitors.

They found me pale as death: I complained of the head-ach, and continued some days so much affected, by the fatigue I had sustained, that I began to imagine my lungs were impaired. After a time, health and strength returned, but, perhaps, of all my nights of horror, this was the most horrible.—I long repeatedly dreamed I was buried alive in the centre of the earth; and now, though three and twenty years are elapsed, my sleep is still haunted by this vision.

After this accident, whenever I worked in my cavity, I hung a knife round my neck, that, in case I should be again so inclosed, I might shorten my miseries. Over the stone that had fallen were several others that hung tottering, under which I was, several hundred times obliged to creep. Nothing could deter me from endeavouring to obtain my liberty!

When my passage was ready, so that I could break out when I pleased, I wrote various letters to my friends at Vienna, and also an impassioned memorial to my sovereign. When the militia left Magdeburg, and the regulars returned, I took an af-

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fecting leave of my friends who had behaved to me with so much humanity, and so benevolently supplied my wants.—Several weeks elapsed before they departed, and I learnt that General Riedt was appointed Ambassador from Vienna to Berlin.

I had seen the world; I knew this General was not averse to a bribe; I wrote him a moving letter, conjuring him not to abandon me, and to act with perhaps more ardour in my behalf than his instructions might imply. I inclosed a draft, for six thousand florins, on my effects at Vienna, and he received four thousand more from one of my relations. I have to thank these ten thousand florins for my freedom, which I obtained nine months after.

An alarm of fire had obliged the Major of the day to repair in haste to the town; he, therefore, committed the keys to the Lieutenant. The latter, coming to visit me, with a look of compassion, asked—"Dear Trenck, have you never, during seven years that you have been under the guard of the militia, found a man like Schell?"—"Alas! Sir," answered I, "such friends are indeed rare; the will of many has been good: each knew I could make his fortune, but none had courage enough for so desperate an attempt! Money I have distributed freely, but have received little help."

"Money! how do you obtain money in this dungeon?"—"From a secret correspondent at Vienna, by whom I am still supplied. If I can serve you, command me: I will do it willingly, without asking any return." So saying, I immediately took fifty ducats from between the pannels, and gave them to the Lieutenant. At first he refused, but at length accepted them with fear. He left me, promised to return, pretended to shut the door, and kept his word. He now avowed that debt obliged him to desert, that this had long been his determination, and that, desirous to assist me, at the same time, if he could find the means, I had only to shew how this might be effected.

We continued two hours in conference; a plan was soon formed, approved, and almost a certainty of success demonstrated; especially, when I told him I had two horses in waiting. We vowed eternal friendship, I gave him fifty additional ducats, and he had never before been so rich; his whole debts, which would oblige him to desert, not amounting to more than two hundred rix dollars, which, however, he never could have discharged out of his pay.

He was to prepare four keys, that were to resemble those of my dungeon; the latter were to be exchanged on the day of flight,

Sight, being kept in the guard room while the Major was with General Walrabe. He was to give the grenadiers on guard leave of absence for some hours, or send them into the town on various pretences. The centinels at the gate he was to call from their duty, and those placed over me were to be sent into my dungeon, to take away my bed; while encumbered with this, I was to spring out, and lock them in, after which we were to mount our horses, which were kept ready, and ride full speed to Gummern. Every thing was to be prepared within a week, when he was again to mount guard. We had scarcely fully formed our project before the centinels called, the Major was coming; he, accordingly, hastily barred up the doors, and the Major passed to General Walrabe.

No man now was happier than myself, in a dungeon though I was: my hopes of escape was triple; the mediation at Berlin, the mine I had made, and my new friend, the Lieutenant. Intoxicated with hope and joy, then, when most my mind ought to have been cool and clear, I seemed to have lost my understanding. I came to a resolution which will appear, to every reasonable man, extravagant, absurd, and pitiable. I was vain enough, stupid enough, mad enough, to form the design of casting myself on the generosity and magnanimity of the Great Frederic!—Should this fail, I still thought my Lieutenant a certain saviour.

Having heated my imagination with this lamentable scheme, I expected the hour of visitation with anxiety. The Major entered; I bespoke him thus:

“I know, Sir, the great Prince Ferdinand is again in Magdeburg.” (My new friend had told me this.) “Be pleased to inform him that he may first examine my prison, double the centinels, and afterward give me his commands, stating at what hour it will please him I should make my appearance, in perfect freedom, on the glaxis of Klosterbergen. If I prove myself capable of this, I then hope for the protection of Prince Ferdinand; and that he will relate my proceeding to the King, who may thereby be convinced of my innocence, and the perfect clearness of my conscience.”

The Major was astonished; supposed my brain turned. The proposal he held to be ridiculous, and the performance impossible. I, however, persisted: he rode to town, and returned with the Sub-Governor, Reichmann; the Town-Major, Riding; and the Major of Inspection. The answer they delivered was—That the Prince promised me his protection, the King's favour, and a certain release from my chains, should

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I prove the truth of my assertion. I required they would appoint a time; they ridiculed the thing as impossible, and, at last, said that it would be sufficient could I only prove the practicability of such a scheme; but, should I refuse, they would immediately break up the whole flooring, and place centinels in my dungeon night and day; adding, the Governor would not admit of any actual breaking out.

After the most solemn promises of good faith, I immediately disencumbered myself of my chains, raised up my flooring, gave them my arms and implements, and also two keys, that my friends had procured me, to the doors of the subterranean gallery. This gallery I desired them to enter, and found, with their sword-hilts, at the place through which I was to break, which might be done in a few minutes. I further described the road I was to take through the gallery, informed them that two of the doors had not been shut for six months, and to the others they already had the keys; adding, I had horses waiting at the glacis, that would be immediately ready; the stables for which were unknown to them.

They went, examined, returned, put questions, which I answered with as much precision as the engineer could have done who built the Star-Fort. They left me with seeming friendship, continued away about an hour, came back, told me the Prince was astonished at what he had heard, that he wished me all happiness, and then took me, unfettered, to the guard-house. The Major came in the evening, treated us with a sumptuous supper, assured me every thing would happen to my wishes, and that Prince Ferdinand had already written to Berlin.

The guard was reinforced next day: two grenadiers entered the officer's room as centinels. The whole guard loaded with ball before my eyes, the draw-bridges were raised in open day, and precautions were taken as if it were supposed I intended to make attempts as desperate as those I made at Glatz.

I now saw numerous workmen employed on my dungeon, and carts bringing quarry stones. The officers on guard behaved with great kindness, kept a good table, at which I ate, but two centinels, and an under officer, never quitted the guard-room. Conversation was very cautious, and this continued five or six days: at length, it was my new friend the Lieutenant's turn to mount guard; he appeared to be as friendly as formerly, but conference was difficult: he however found means to express his astonishment at my ill-timed discovery, told me the Prince knew nothing of the affair, and that

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the report propagated through the garrison was, I had been surpris'd in making a new attempt.

I now saw my error, but, alas! too late. I assured my friend this step had been occasioned by my reliance on his promise. He lamented my mistake, but affirmed himself still the same. My courage strengthened, and I vowed vengeance against the mean conduct of the Sub-Governor.

My dungeon was completed in about a week. The Town-Major and Major of the day re-conducted me to it. My foot only was chained to the wall, but with links twice as strong as formerly; the remainder of my irons were never after added.

Instead of flooring, the dungeon was paved with huge flag stones. The prison was made impenetrable. That part of my money only was saved which I had concealed in the pannels of the door, and the chimney of the stove; some thirty louis-d'ors hidden about my clothes, were taken from me.

While the smith was rivetting my chains, I address'd myself to the Sub-Governor. "Is this the consequence of the pledged honour of the Prince? Has the magnanimity of my conduct deserved such treatment? But think not you deceive me; I am acquainted with the false reports that have been spread; the truth will soon come to light, and the unworthy be put to shame. Nay, I now forewarn you that Trenck shall not be much longer in your power; for, were you to build your dungeon of steel, it would still be insufficient to contain me."

They smiled at my threats. Reichmann, however, desired me to take courage, and said I might, probably, soon obtain my freedom after a proper manner. My firm reliance on my friend, the Lieutenant, gave me, instead of appearing sunken and despondent, a degree of confidence that amazed them all.

It is here necessary farther to explain this affair. When I had obtained my liberty, I visited Prince Ferdinand, at Brunswick. He inform'd me the Majors had not made a true report, being afraid of reprimand for their own carelessness. Their story was, they had caught me at work, and, had it not been for their extreme diligence, I should, certainly, have made my escape. Prince Ferdinand heard the truth some time after, and inform'd the King, who, from that time, only waited a favourable opportunity to restore me to liberty.

(To be continued.)

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Some Account of the Life of Madame de Maintenon.

[From the French of M. Antequil, Regular Canon of the Congregation of France, &c.]

FRANCES D'AUBIGNE. grand-daughter to Theodore Agrippa d'Aubigné, who distinguished himself in the civil wars, and of Mademoiselle de Cardillac, was born on the 27th of November, 1635, in the prison of Niort, in which her father was at that time confined on account of his imprudent conduct, and in which his wife, a prudent and virtuous woman had shut herself up with him. Madame de Villette, sister to the husband, came to visit the lying-in-woman, and beheld them in all the horrors of indigence;—her brother deprived of reason by despair, and emaciated by hunger; their eldest child wrapped in rags, and already sensible of the miseries of her condition; their second in a cradle, a girl two days old, who, by her cries seemed to invite death; the mother weeping, and offering her breasts, sometimes to her husband, sometimes to her daughter, but hopeless of saving either the one or the other, as distress and hunger had dried up her milk, and she was unable to pay a nurse.

Abstracting from this description, whatever it may be supposed to owe to the imagination of the author, we may still conclude, that, at her birth, Frances d'Aubigné was exposed to extreme misery. Madame de Villette took her away with her, and put her into the hands of the same nurse to whom she had entrusted Mademoiselle de Villette, her daughter.

In a few years Madame d'Aubigné obtained liberty to her husband, and set out with him and all her family for America, where they had considerable claims. In the course of the voyage, Frances fell ill, and was reduced so low, that she ceased to exhibit signs of life. A sailor was going to throw her overboard. The signal gun was ready loaded. Madame de Aubigné begged leave to press her infant once more in her arms. She put her hand on the heart, and felt it still palpitate. "She is not dead," cried she; and her maternal cares restored her fully to life. The vessel in which this unfortunate family were passengers, was attacked by a corsair, but escaped, and arrived safe at Martinico.

D'Aubigné established himself there in so advantageous a situation, that he was enabled to live in opulence. His wife was obliged to return to Europe to settle some affairs. In her absence, d'Aubigné spent his whole fortune at play, and she

found him, on her return, ruined, and dying. The widow returned to France to obtain assistance, leaving her daughter, who was now seven years of age, as security to her creditors, who sent the child about from one to another. The judge of the place, taking pity on her, received her into his house; but becoming soon as weary of her as the others, sent her after her mother. She fell first into the hands of Madame de Montalambert, her kinswoman, who refused to entertain her. She was then received by Madame de Villette, her aunt, who brought her up in the Calvinist religion.

Her mother, a good Catholic, wished, notwithstanding her distress, to take her daughter into her own hands. This Madame de Villette refused, alledging that Madame d'Aubigné could not possibly support her. But to obviate the objection, Madame de Neuillant, another relation, in easy circumstances, obtained an order to have her delivered to her. Wishing to bring her back to the Catholic religion, she attempted that at first by gentle and fair means; but, when these did not succeed, had recourse to severity. Frances was confounded with the servants, and degraded to the meanest tasks about the family, to the kitchen, and the court-yard. She went every morning, with a mask on her face, to preserve her fine complexion, a straw hat on her head, a basket under her arm, and a switch in her hand, to watch the turkies; with orders not to touch her breakfast, which she carried in the basket under her arm, till she had first got by memory five stanzas of sacred poetry. Ill treatment had no effect to make her gratify the wishes of Madame de Neuillant. She therefore placed her among the Ursuline nuns at Niort, where Madame de Villette agreed to pay her board. But, after her conversion, that lady withdrew her kindness, and the young Catholic then returned to Madame de Neuillant.

This lady went occasionally to Paris in a sedan chair, carried by two mules, on one of which Mademoiselle d'Aubigné used to ride. She introduced her to the company with which she herself used commonly to associate, boasted in public of her growing charms, and in private exercised over all the tyranny which dependents are liable to suffer from their benefactors. The young lady was already charming, and promised to become completely beautiful. Her figure and her understanding were both above her years. She was about thirteen. Madame de Neuillant took her to communicate for the first time with the Ursuline nuns in St. James's-street. Frances continued with them, except when she went to see her mother, who supported

ported herself by her labour, and Madame de Neuillant, who continued to shew her in the world.

She introduced her to the Abbé Scarron, at whose house the very best company used then to assemble. Mademoiselle d'Aubigné was at first known among them by the name of the *Fair Indian*. The wits of that society were eager to form her character. She heard their lessons, without suffering them to entertain her in any other way, than by cultivating the fine talents with which nature had endowed her. Her conversation when at Paris, and her letters from Poitou, when she attended Madame de Neuillant to that province, gained her reputation. Her mother, who had been reduced to live on an annuity of two hundred and fifty livres, [10l. 8s. 4d. sterling] died, without having the satisfaction of leaving that income to her children. The son was placed as a page with M. de Parabere, and the daughter continued with Madame de Neuillant, in a situation which her age, her poverty, her gentility, and her beauty, rendered, in no small degree, difficult and dangerous.

The Abbé Scarron was no stranger to her circumstances. Although far from rich himself, yet a canonry of Mans, and the remains of his patrimony, enabled him to keep a good house. He is known to have been loaded with infirmities, hump-backed, gouty; in a word, one of the most awkward figures in nature; but he had an inexhaustible fund of humour. For the first, and perhaps the only time in his life, he thought and spoke seriously to Mademoiselle d'Aubigné concerning the disagreeable situation in which she was left by the death of her mother, and the faint hopes which she could have from Madame de Neuillant and her other relations. He ended by asking her either to marry him, or to accept of a certain sum, on the condition of becoming a nun. She preferred the marriage, to which Madame de Neuillant gave her consent, on condition of its not taking place for two years. The young lady was then fifteen. Scarron prevailed to have the period of expectation abridged one year, and married her, at the age of sixteen, in April 1651.

In the marriage-contract he acknowledged the receipt of an annuity of four louis d'ors, as the whole fortune of his wife; adding pleasantly, "two large murdering eyes, a most elegant figure, a pair of beautiful hands, and a great deal of wit." This income was but ill calculated to make up for the loss of the canonry of Mans, the yearly revenue of which amounted to two thousand livres, but which Scarron was obliged to resign when he married. He continued notwithstanding to keep a

good table, in order to bring about him the company which his infirmities rendered necessary. His young wife was the ornament and the delight of his parties. Her graceful manner of telling a story made her hearers forget even their wants. One of her people whispered to her one day, "another story, Madam, for the roast is too small to-day."

Even the economy of his wife was insufficient to make M. de Scarron's income answer his style of living; his funds fell short. Applications were made in his favour, which the credit of his friends rendered successful. Madame de Scarron was unwilling to solicit, lest she might be mortified with refusals, or exposed to the addresses of those who would grant her requests only because she was young and beautiful. She scarce ever left her "poor paralytic," as she called him. "When he was ill, she was his nurse and servant; when better, his companion; and when his health was re-established, his secretary or reader. She learned from him to write with the highest elegance and ease; she became also mistress of the Italian, the Spanish, and the Latin languages; but continued as modest in conversation, as if she had been acquainted with none but her native tongue."

(To be continued.)

OBSERVATIONS *on the* RIGHTS of CONSCIENCE.

By BISHOP WATSON.

IT must be admitted as a fundamental truth, derived from the equality in which we all stand to Christ our common master, that no society of Christians whatever, or however distinguished by rank, power, wealth, numbers, learning, can have the least claim to any just authority of compelling others by threats, or calumnies, or penalties of any kind, to a fellowship of worship. You, they ought to say to all who dissent from them, are as free as we are; we affect no dominion over your faith, we are not the Lords of God's Heritage: Go and worship the Creator and the Conservator of the Universe in your own way; use no ring in marriage, no surplice in public worship, no particular posture in receiving the sacrament, no sponsors when your children are baptized, no confirmation when they are grown up—but suffer us also to worship God in our way; let neither of us find fault with the other, but preserving good-will, practising courtesy, interchanging good offices,

offices, let us all be persuaded that at the last day our different services will be accepted by him, whom God hath appointed judge of all, with equal regard to the rectitude of our several intentions, and to the means we have used in acquiring information concerning the truth. One of the best means we can use for the attainment of this end, is to keep our minds unprejudiced, open to argument, and free from every degree of acrimony of sentiment or expression, against those who differ from us on any point either of doctrine or discipline. If I know myself, I have a mind neither hostile to the established doctrines of the church of England, nor attached to them with such a blind and implicit reverence as to reprobate every discussion of them. I have ever practised in my own studies, and I would encourage in your's, a free spirit of enquiry into the meaning of the scriptures. This spirit ought not, on the one hand, to degenerate into a petulant affectation of singularity, as if nothing was right which was established, nor ought it, on the other, to be so shackled in its operation, as to be afraid of questioning the truth of what may have been sanctioned by public authority. There was a time when our ancestors were pagans; there was another period during which they were papists; and if the doctrine of some men—that no change ought ever to be admitted in the tenets of a church established by law—had been adhered to by them, we their posterity might at this day have been occupied with the Druids in cutting mistletoe, or with the Catholics in transubstantiating flour and water into the substance of God!

The gospel of Christ has been polluted by the craft of men; it has suffered this pollution from the earliest ages of the church to the present times; and nothing, under God's Providence, seems more fitted to restore it to its original purity than the sober zeal of learned and unprejudiced inquirers after truth. Statesmen in general, and, I am sorry to add, too many churchmen, are enemies to free inquiry*. It is a maxim with many of both denominations, that the religion which is established in a country must be maintained; and they are disposed to calumniate and to punish those who would call in question any of its doctrines. This principle originates, probably, in the churchman, from an apprehension of the mischief which may attend innovation;

* In making this observation I have no view to individuals; and I believe it to be as little applicable to the statesmen and churchmen of this country as of any other. But the history of every country in every age evinces its truth.

innovation; and it originates, probably, in the statesman, either from a confirmed knowledge of the Christian system, or from a belief that one mode of religion may answer the purpose of government as well as another, and that all religions are but state contrivances, to assist the impotency, and to enlarge the extent of human laws. While this principle remains in the heart of any man, free inquiry in religious concerns will, as far as his influence reaches, be checked; and if the temper of the times does not controul the temper of the man, pains and penalties will be inflicted on all those, who, in conscience, differ from the doctrines of the state.

The divine doctrines of our holy religion want not the aid of human laws for their support. When Christian magistrates assume to themselves the right of interpreting doubtful passages of scripture in a definite sense, they pollute the altar of the Lord, though with a view, perhaps, of adorning and defending it, and often sanctify error by the authority of civil laws. The history of the church, from the time of its civil establishment, affords a thousand proofs of the truth of this remark. Examine the acts of the councils, convened by imperial or royal authority in different parts of the Christian world, from the council of Nice to the council of Trent, and you will find that in many of them such doctrines were established as we Protestants believe to be absolute errors. Examine the confessions of faith of the different Protestant churches now subsisting in Europe, and you will observe in many of them such a diversity of doctrine as will make you wish that none of them had assumed any portion of that infallibility which they properly denied to the church of Rome.

In fine, my brethren, you, perhaps, will think it to be your duty, and I am convinced that it is mine, to endeavour to secure the protection of God in another world, by propagating the pure gospel of his son in this; and the purity of that gospel can by no means be so well ascertained as by a modest and sincere inquiry into what has been written by the Evangelists and the Apostles, rather than into what has been delivered by Calvin or Arminius, by Sabellius or Socinus.

*Thoughts on the Necessity, Frequency, and Continuance, of
our Visits to Sick Friends.*

THAT commiseration for the afflicted is an indispensable duty, and an universal obligation, none, I presume, will controvert:

controvert : To this, proportionable to the extent of our power, every object of compassion and of assistance has an indefeasible right, and a natural claim ; hence the scriptures have so much recommended, and so strongly enforced, this amiable virtue, to creatures ever dependant for every mercy on an overruling Providence, and often for much assistance, on each other.

Of our friends, and acquaintances, whom we peculiarly respect and regard, this necessary duty is eminently the right : Without exercising it toward them, we must fail in a material portion of our obligation, as men, in every line of life. And few, I hope, are to be found, however averse to the "law of kindness" in a larger view, who will deny, to those they love and esteem, their aid in necessity, or their assistance in need. Not to tire the reader, I shall confine my present thoughts to the subject of a very common, and however needful or useful, yet often a very troublesome, and injurious instance of it,—our visits to our sick friends : An article of philanthropy capable, when directed with discretion, of great utility and much comfort ; but too frequently made quite the reverse ! This daily office wants, I conceive, much regulation, and many admonitions ; on a few of the more notable ones, I now attempt to speak. In the chamber of disease, but few persons can be really useful to the recovery of the sick ; many may, by well-meant, but ill-applied acts of kindness, prove highly detrimental to it. Would friends, neighbours, and acquaintances, aid the sufferers ? let them not crowd the chamber, disturb the house, or fatigue the sick. If a proper number can be procured, or are obtained, to serve the purposes of the patient, let others, instead of destroying the quiet, so necessary to recovery, by frequent calls, and clamorous rappings, employ themselves in such acts of friendship as are often needful, and those without doors, or near at hand, can often supply ; in which case their good-will may be acceptably testified, and their anxiety may be satisfied by such enquiries as are not incommodious to sickness, and teasing to pain. But in case domestic aid is wanted, they may much more avail their friends, by affording it, than by idle and ineffectual interrogatories, or the expression of fruitless wishes. But among the many hurtful circumstances of which almost every sick person has to complain, and which to many prove so fatal, is impertinent visitation, and unnecessary, often highly injurious and perplexing advice. Can we do nothing conducive to recovery ? Why then impede the labours of those that can assist it ? Is such advice procured as is proper and satisfactory ? Why, then, torment the sick and their friends with
what,

what, in such a case, we ourselves would, or would not do; or with what others, under similar circumstances, have done? And, by the way, similitude of circumstances under sickness, is not within the sphere of all who pretend to know it! Other very great impediments to restoration of health, there also are, which call aloud for much redress: Among these are—officiousness in offering and recommending nostrums, and empirical practice of various descriptions. Divers are the modes of embarrassing gentlemen, whose province it is to attend the sick, in the execution of their art, or tying their hands from pursuing proper means of recovery, because vulgar prejudices, false reasoning, and futile philosophy, may seem to stand in the way. But perhaps nothing is more inimical to convalescence than frequent and long visits, and much conversation:—Necessary visits to sick persons should be as few, and as short, as may be. We mistakenly intend to comfort and refresh our friends by our conversation, when we frequently tire and perplex the patient, and increase or protract the disease, by the beginning or the length of the one, and the fatigue or the irritation of the other. No man labouring under disease can bear either to talk much himself, or to attend to the talking of others, without debility and exhaustion:—And by whatever means we weaken the powers of nature, in this way, we add strength to the disease; and under the notion of serving our friend, and aiding his recovery, we really contribute to his greater suffering, and assist in his destruction!

I cordially wish that the real friends of the sick and suffering would duly weigh this subject, and regulate their conduct thereby. Much needless trouble would then be saved the healthy, and much severe pain be spared the sick!

MORALIS.

GENERAL REVIEW of EUROPEAN POLITICS.

For JULY, 1792.

R U S S I A.

NOTWITHSTANDING the formidable armies sent by Russia to overturn the liberties of Poland, the progress which they have made does not seem to indicate that their efforts are likely soon to be attended with success. The Poles, indeed, the age of chivalry being passed, are left without hopes
of

of assistance from any of the European powers; but as they are a brave people, and naturally addicted to war, it is more than probable that they will be able to repel every invasion of their country, and to establish their new constitution on the most solid and lasting of all foundations, that of unanimity among themselves. If they can hold out for a few years, the all-powerful hand of time, which sweeps from the stage of life, without distinction, the humble peasant and imperious despot, may free them from a troublesome and ambitious neighbour, whose reign has been distinguished by bloodshed and slaughter. Should a change happen on the throne of Russia, new measures in the cabinet may be the consequence. The apparent successor of Catherine II. and his party have long been inimical to the plans of that Princess; and when her head is laid low in the dust, a new system may be adopted in the north, more consistent with the principles of humanity, and more favourable to the liberties of mankind.

Whatever may be the issue of the contest between the friends of liberty and the advocates of despotism, it appears that the Courts of *Denmark and Sweden* are resolved to observe a perfect neutrality, both with regard to the affairs of Poland and of France.

Christian VII. like a wise Prince, has formally refused to accede to the German league formed against the French constitution; and though some military preparations were lately made in Denmark, there is no reason to suppose that they relate to any hostile intentions.

The *King of Prussia*, however, seems determined to give the most effectual support to his neighbour the new Emperor; who, being now placed at the head of the German empire, will be enabled to pursue more vigorous measures than when he acted only as King of Hungary. Another circumstance which will, no doubt, contribute to encourage this young monarch in his operations is, the tranquillity that prevails in the Netherlands, where the French, contrary to their expectations, did not find any signs of that spirit of revolt which they flattered themselves would, on their entrance into the country, blaze forth immediately to their assistance. The manifesto of the Court of Vienna has appeared, and contains, as is usual on such occasions, a heavy accusation against the enemy, the French, for having provoked a war with the empire; but the particular plan which the confederates may have adopted is not yet certainly known. From the number of troops, however, which they are assembling on the banks of the Rhine, it would seem as if they

meant to carry on an offensive war; and the journey of his Prussian Majesty to Coblenz tends still farther to strengthen this conjecture.

F R A N C E.

While this kingdom is thus threatened with foreign invasion, her internal situation is such as may render it difficult for her to emerge soon from her difficulties. Though, by one of those sudden emotions which are peculiar to the character of Frenchmen, a reconciliation of parties took place lately in the National Assembly, the spirit of faction still predominates, and is far from being extinguished. The violent clamour raised against M. la Fayette, once the idol of the people, but now considered, particularly by the Jacobin party, as a suspicious person, may render him disaffected to the cause which he has hitherto so zealously espoused. This celebrated man is sensible of the danger which impends over France; but he sees, at the same time, that vigorous measures cannot be adopted while disunion prevails among those who have the supreme management of affairs.—As the proper means of remedying this evil he wishes that an end should be put to clubs and popular assemblies, which are thought to have too much influence over the minds of the people; and this has been declared by some to be a direct attack upon the liberties of the people.

M. Fayette, however, seems to enjoy the confidence of the Sovereign, and of the army; but this is not enough: to ensure success to the affairs of France, he ought to enjoy that of the people also. France certainly, since the commencement of the revolution, has never been in so disagreeable, perplexed, and dangerous situation as at present. Without an efficient Ministry; without money, which is the sinew of war; without a single ally, and without a sufficiency of troops to oppose those numerous bodies of Austrians and Prussians, well disciplined, and commanded by experienced officers, who are ready to enter her territories, she must speedily adopt some plan to promote unanimity, and give energy to her government, else a fatal blow may be aimed with effect, and subvert in an instant the new constitution. The proposal made for removing the National Assembly to some of the southern provinces, in the present crisis, is imprudent as well as impolitic; and shews that serious apprehensions are entertained of its safety. Should this plan be carried into execution, the capital will be left in a state of anarchy, and the enemies of the constitution will have

an opportunity of exciting commotions, which may be attended with the worst of consequences.

The *French Emigrants*, who no doubt have their emissaries busily employed, enjoy the satisfaction of seeing France reduced to that situation which they wished. Whatever operations, however, may be carried on against it by its enemies, the emigrants will be allowed, as is said, to take such share in them only as the confederates may think proper. They are now numerous, and, by the frequent desertions from the French troops, form a body of at least 20,000 men, well disciplined, and commanded by officers of the first distinction. With regard to the Princes, who are at their head, they may justly say, *jacita est alea*: their property in France, if they possessed any, is confiscated; and as they have taken up arms against their country, they must either enter it triumphant, or renounce it for ever, and be contented to remain dependents on the bounty of foreign Courts.

I N D I A.

The success of *Earl Cornwallis* in India, and the likelihood of peace being established there on terms highly advantageous to the British nation, must give pleasure to every one who has the interest of his country at heart. The sacrifices which *Tippoo* has made, in order to save himself from utter destruction, while they will in part indemnify the East India Company for the expences of the war, must weaken his power so much, that he will scarcely venture to threaten our Oriental possessions, or to attack any of the native powers who may be in alliance with Great Britain. While we are, therefore, at peace with all the world, and while there is so little appearance of our tranquillity being soon interrupted, let us pay attention to those objects which tend to raise empires to the highest pitch of glory, and to secure independence and prosperity. If our legislators discharge with fidelity the trust reposed in them; if they exert themselves in promoting trade and commerce; and the people preserve unanimity, and cultivate virtue and good morals, Great Britain, notwithstanding the wars she has been engaged in, may yet bid defiance to her enemies, and continue to be feared and respected by the nations of Europe.

The intended *Embassy to China*, the object of which is to procure certain advantages respecting our tea-trade to that country, will serve to impress the Chinese with higher ideas than they ever, perhaps, before entertained of the power and dignity of this country, and may be the means of opening new sources

of commerce with these industrious people. Magnificent presents of various kinds, and particularly a valuable mathematical and philosophical apparatus, have been provided, in order to conciliate the friendship of Kien-Long, the reigning Emperor, who has distinguished himself by his taste for literature; and several men of science as well as artists, are engaged to accompany the Ambassador, who seems, in every respect, well qualified for so important an undertaking. Lord Macartney's love of science, and the affability of his manners, will no doubt secure to him a favourable reception at the Court of Pekin; and we have every reason to hope that, by his abilities and address, he will be able to accomplish the object of his mission.

Answer, by T. W. of South Petherton, to Tho. Mullett's Rebus, inserted May 21.

CONSTANTINOPLE was the seat
Of famous Constantine the Great.

We have received the like answer from T. Scadding, of Williton; R. Hawkey, Creed; Alphonso, St. Austell; J. M. A. near Sherborne; J. Bulgin, Castle Cary; S. Shepton, Awliscombe; D. G. of Chard; J. Hounsell, of Chard academy; J. Rogers, Exeter; T. T. S. ditto; Amico Crewkerniensis; J. B. Chivers, St. Austell; J. L. Clarke, of Honiton; Eremita, Weston Zoyland; Oenus, near Tregony; T. Taylor, Bickington; S. H. Dawlish; T. Walker, Hemyock; John Spry, Wiveliscombe; T. D. Cross, Plympton; Fidelio, Bath; J. Collins, Uffculm; J. Selwood, Stockland school; Sciolus, Bristol; W. Brewer, Taunton; A. Apsey, ditto; T. Gill, Stythians.

An ANAGRAM, by W. Barrett, jun. of Exeter.

A Grain first tell, add a letter thereto,
A garment will then appear next in view;
One letter change, the whole transpos'd aright,
A reptile then will be within your sight.

An ANAGRAM, by S. Hugo, Tywardreath.

YE bards go scan the sacred writings o'er,
A prophet's name from thence with care explore;
Change

Change it with care and there will plain be seen,
What's oft with Kings as well as countrymen.

A QUESTION, by S. T. Gundry, of Penzance.

A Cone whose diameter at the base is 44,5 inches, and altitude 107,5 inches, of which I want 3,75 feet solid of the top to be cut off. What length on the perpendicular must be cut off?

A CHARADE, by John Taylor, Blackhole.

IN wild Arabia's bleak domain,
Where savage beasts betake their way,
My noted first you may obtain,
As thro' the wilderness you stray.

When blooming spring's enamel'd scene,
With sweets perfume the vall'es round;
My next luxuriant reigns as queen,
For man with choicest dainties crown'd,

My whole's a place where riot reigns,
And men their wonted friends beguile;
Forbid it Hav'n such lawless scenes,
Should be practis'd in freedom's isle.

A REBUS, by Juba.

FIRST name the champion who the dragon slew,
And rescu'd a young lady fair;
A King of Thebes bring to view,
Who Sphynx's riddle did declare.

A famous mountain now define,
Whose fiery meteors flame on high;
The nymph who for Narcissus pin'd,
Ye gents you lastly must descry.

The initials join'd ye bards of fame,
Then quickly you will see arise,
Your humble servant's real name,
And banish far the faint disguise.

P O E T R Y.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

Lines occasioned by the Death of Mr. William Smale, a Merchant, who died at Tiverton, July 31, 1792, and whose remarkable Industry and unwearied Assiduity in Business, provided a regular and ample Employ for many Hundreds of the Poor, in the Woollen Manufacture of that Place; who will severely feel, and with his Family and Friends deeply lament their untimely Loss.

'T WAS mine the lot! to hear the faint reply,
To mark the fading cheek, the sinking eye;
On the chill brow to see the damps of death,
And watch with dumb distress the short'ning breath.
The starting tear I check'd, and bless'd the rod,
And not to earth resign'd him, but to God.

Friendship may sooth, and reason strive to heal,
The pang which children, wife, and friends must feel,
When thus the useful man, their joy, their trust,
Eludes their grasp, and moulders in the dust;
But faith alone those balsams can supply,
That faith, which tells us we shall never die;
Which tells us death his conquest shall restore,
And all the just shall meet to part no more.

AMICUS.

Tewngmouth, August 3, 1792.

The JUDICIOUS BACCHANAL.

W HILE the bottle to humour and social delight,
The smallest assistance can lend;

While

While it happily keeps us the laugh of the night,
Or enlivens the mind of a friend:

Oh! let me enjoy it, ye bountiful powers;
That my time may deliciously pass;
And should care ever think to intrude on my hours,
Scare the haggard away with a glass.

But instead of a rational feast of the sense,
Should discord preside o'er the bowl;
And folly debate, or contention commence,
From too great an expansion of soul;

Should the man I esteem, or the friend of my breast,
In the ivy feel nought but the rod;
Should I make sweet religion a profligate jest,
And daringly sport with my God.

From my lips dash the poison, Oh merciful fate!
Where the madness or blasphemy hung;
And let every accent which virtue should hate,
Parch quick on my infamous tongue.

From my sight let the curse be eternally driv'n,
Where my reason so fatally stray'd;
That no more I may offer an insult to Heav'n,
Or give man a cause to upbraid.

O D E to F A N C Y.

COME, fancy, from the mottled sky,
In flowing robes of various dye,
Fair child of sense and memory.

The limping pace of time forestall,
From pensive sorrow strain the gall,
And scenes of joy elaps'd recall.

Elate as hope, assur'd as faith,
'Tis thine to tread the dreary path
That leads thro' the still shades of death.

From dark oblivion's gulph to save
The wife that moulders in the grave,
The friend that welters on the wave.

The father, son, or brother slain
On Abram's rocks, or Minden's plain,
Thy power can raise to life again.

Thy flight nor seas, nor skies can bound;
Thou fearless wing'st th' abyss profound,
And soar'st aloft o'er Heaven's high mound.

MEREMOTH SKIDMORE junior.

June 11, 1792.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

T H E W R E A T H.

TELL me, ye gentle shepherds, tell,
If Chloe wanders on the dell,
Or seeks the covert of the shade,
Where Zephyrs sigh thro' every glade,
And fan their wings in sportive play,
To mitigate the solar ray?

Or has the streamlet now to boast
The presence of her fleecy host,
Frisking beside the babbling brook,
Regardless of her song and crook?

This wreath I form'd, with Flora's art,
To captivate her tender heart;
And cull'd the flowers with nicest care,
To deck the tresses of my fair.

If with the wreath her brow she bind,
I then may hope my Chloe kind;
But if the gift she disapprove,
I then must weep my hapless love,
And tune my reed in mournful strains,
Neglect my flocks, and leave the plains,
To teach the hills and woody vale
To echo back my doleful tale.

But see, the wreath begins to fade!
Then tell me where to seek the maid:
The rose begins to lose its bloom,
Before it seals the lover's doom.

MARCUS.