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WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

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For MONDAY, September 17, 1792.

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*Exposition of the Motives on which the French National Assembly have proclaimed the Convocation of a National Convention, and pronounced the Suspension of the Executive Power in the Hands of the King.*

THE National Assembly owe to the nation, to Europe, and to posterity, a rigorous account of the motives which have determined their late resolutions.

Placed between the duty of remaining faithful to their oaths, and that of saving their country, they wished to fulfil both at the same time, and to do all that the public safety required, without usurping the powers with which the people had not entrusted them.

At the opening of their session, an assemblage of emigrants, formed on the frontiers, kept up a correspondence with all the enemies of liberty that were still to be found in the departments, or among the troops of the line; and fanatical priests, infusing trouble into superstitious minds, sought to persuade those deluded citizens, that the constitution wounded the rights of conscience, and that the law had confided the functions of religion to schismatical and sacrilegious persons.

Finally, a league formed among powerful Kings menaced the liberty of France; they fancied they had a right to fix to what degree the interest of their despotism permitted us to be free, and flattered themselves that they should see the sovereignty of the people, and the independence of the French empire, fall down before the arms of their slaves.

Thus every thing announced a civil and religious war, of which a foreign war would soon increase the danger.

The National Assembly thought it their duty to repress the emigrants, and to restrain the factious priests by severe decrees; and the King employed against these decrees the suspensive refusal of sanction, which the constitution granted him. In the mean time, those emigrants and those priests were busily acting in the name of the King; it was to re-establish him in what they called his lawful authority, that the former had taken up arms, and the latter were preaching assassination and treason.—These emigrants were the brothers of the King, his relations, his former body guards. And while the correspondence of these facts with the conduct of the King authorized, nay, enjoined distrust, this refusal of the sanction applied to decrees that could not be suspended without being annihilated, shewed clearly how the *veto*, suspensive according to the law, rendered definitive by the manner of employing it, gave to the King the unlimited and arbitrary power of rendering null all the measures which the Legislative Body might think necessary for maintaining liberty.

From that moment, from one end of the kingdom to the other, the people shewed those gloomy discontents that announced storms, and the suspicions which accused the Executive Power displayed themselves with energy.

The National Assembly were not discouraged. Princes who professed themselves the allies of France, had given to the emigrants, not an asylum, but the liberty of arming, or forming themselves into military bodies, of levying soldiers, of providing warlike stores; and the King was invited, by a solemn message, to break, on this violation of the rights of nations, a silence that had been kept too long. He seemed to yield to the national wish; preparations for war were ordered; but it was soon perceived, that the negotiations conducted by a Ministry, weak or treacherous, were confined to obtaining vain promises, which remaining unexecuted, could not be regarded but as a snare or an insult. The league of Kings assumed, in the mean time, a new activity; and at the head of this league appeared the Emperor, brother-in-law to the King of the French, united to the nation by a treaty useful to himself alone, which the constituting Assembly, deceived by the Ministry, had maintained, by sacrificing, to preserve the hope at that time well founded, of an alliance with the house of Brandenburg.

The National Assembly thought, that it was necessary for the safety of France, to oblige the Emperor to declare whether he would



would be her ally or her enemy, and to pronounce between two contradictory treaties, of which the one bound him to give succours to France, and the other engaged him to attack her, treaties which he could not reconcile, without avowing the intention of separating the King from the nation, and of representing a war against the French people, as succours granted to his ally. The Emperor's answer augmented the distrust which this combination of circumstances rendered so natural. In it he repeated the absurd charges against the Assembly of the Representatives of the French people, against the popular societies established in our cities, with which the partizans of the French Ministry had long wearied the counter-revolution presses. He made protestations of his desire to continue the ally of the King, and he had just signed a new league against France, in favour of the authority of the King of the French.

These leagues, these treaties, the intrigues of emigrants, who had solicited them in the name of the King, had been concealed by the Ministers from the representatives of the people. No public disavowal of these intrigues, no effort to prevent or dissolve this conspiracy of Monarchs, had shewn either to the citizens of France, or the nations of Europe, that the King had sincerely united his own cause to that of the nation.

This apparent connivance between the Cabinet of the Thuilleries and that of Vienna struck every mind; the National Assembly thought it their duty to examine with vigour the conduct of the Minister for Foreign Affairs; and a decree of accusation was the result of this examination. His colleagues disappeared with him, and the King's Council was formed of Patriot Ministers.

The successor of Leopold followed the course of his father. He thought proper to require for the Princes, formerly possessing fiefs in Alsace, indemnifications incompatible with the French constitution, and derogatory to the independence of the nation. He wanted France to betray the confidence and violate the rights of the people at Avignon. At length he announced other causes of complaint, which could not, he said, be discussed before having tried the force of arms.

The King seemed to feel that this provocation to war could not be borne patiently without betraying a shameful weakness; he seemed to feel how perfidious was this language of an enemy who pretended to take an interest in his fate, and to desire his alliance, for no purpose but to sow seeds of discord between him and his people, calculated to enervate our forces, and to stop or

disconcert their motions ; he proposed war by the unanimous advice of his Council, and war was decreed.

By protecting the assemblages of the emigrants, by permitting them to menace our frontiers, by shewing troops in readiness to second them on the first success, by preparing a retreat for them, by persisting in a threatening league, the King of Hungary obliged France to make preparations of defence ruinous in their expence, exhausted her finances, encouraged the audacity of the conspirators dispersed through the departments, excited uneasiness among the citizens, and thus fomented in them and perpetuated trouble. Never did hostilities more really justify war, and to declare was only to repel it.

The National Assembly was then able to judge to what degree, notwithstanding promises so often repeated, all the preparations of defence had been neglected. Nevertheless their uneasiness, their distrust, still rested on the former Ministers, on the secret Councils of the King ; but they soon saw the patriotic Ministers crossed in their operations, attacked with rancour by the partizans of the royal authority, by those who made a parade of personal attachment to the King.

Our armies were tormented with political division : discord was sown among the commanders of the troops, as between the Generals and the Ministry. Attempts were made to transform into the instruments of a party, which concealed not its desire of substituting its will for that of the representatives of the nation, those very armies that were destined to the external defence of the French territory, and to maintaining the national independence.

The machinations of the priests became active in the moment of war, and made a restraining law indispensable ; one was passed.

The formation of a camp between Paris and the frontiers was a disposition happily calculated for external defence, while at the same time it served to give security to the internal departments, and to prevent the troubles which their disquiets might have produced ; the formation of such a camp was ordered ; but these two decrees were rejected by the King, and the patriotic Ministers were dismissed.

The constitution had granted to the King a guard of 180 men, and this guard audaciously manifested a contempt of civic duties, which inspired the citizens with indignation, or with terror ; hatred of the constitution, and above all, of liberty and equality, were the best titles for being admitted into it.

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The Assembly was forced to dissolve this guard, to prevent both the troubles which it could not fail soon to occasion, and the plots of counter-revolution, of which but too many indications were already manifest. The decree was sanctioned; but a proclamation by the King bestowed praises on those very men, whose dismissal from his service he had just pronounced, to those whom he had admitted to be men justly accused of being the enemies of liberty.

The new Ministers excited well founded distrust; and as this distrust could not stop at them, it fell on the King himself.

*(To be continued.)*

### To the P R I N T E R.

S I R,

SOME time ago you did me the favour to insert in your valuable Miscellany a brief account of the late Thomas Day, Esq. which I particularly recommended to the diligent perusal of the younger part of your readers, and especially such of them as are born to a good inheritance or good expectations. It is with the same view of exciting in the breasts of such ingenuous youth a noble emulation, and a generous ardour in the sacred cause of philanthropy, that I now transmit to you some account of the private life of Mr. Howard; which I have extracted from Dr. Aikin's "View of the Character" of that illustrious man.

### *Some Account of the late celebrated John Howard, Esq.*

JOHN HOWARD was the son of a tradesman in London, who, having acquired a handsome fortune, retired from business, and had a house first at Enfield, and afterwards at Hackney.

Mr. Howard's father died when he was young, and bequeathed to him and a daughter, his only children, considerable fortunes. He directed in his will, that his son should not come to the possession of his property till his 25th year.

It was, probably, in consequence of the father's direction that he was bound apprentice to a wholesale grocer in the city.—This will appear a singular step in the education of a young man of fortune; but, at that period, inuring youth to habits of method and industry, and giving them a prudent regard to money,

money, with a knowledge of the modes of employing it to advantage, were by many considered as the most important points in every condition of life. Mr. Howard was probably indebted to this part of his education for some of that spirit of order, and knowledge of common affairs, which he possessed; but so irksome was the employment to him, that, on coming of age, he bought out the remainder of his time, and immediately set out on his travels to France and Italy.

On his return he mixed with the world, and lived in the style of other young men of leisure and fortune. He had acquired that taste for the arts which the view of the most perfect examples of them is fitted to create; and, notwithstanding some defects in his education, he was not without an attachment to reading and the study of nature.—The delicacy of his constitution, however, induced him to take lodgings in the country, where, for some time, his health was the principal object of his attention.

As he was supposed to be of a consumptive habit, he was put upon a rigorous regimen of diet, which laid the foundation of that extraordinary abstemiousness and indifference to the gratifications of the palate which ever after so much distinguished him. For the strict regimen which he thus adopted from motives of health, he afterwards persevered in through choice, and even extended its rigour, so as to reject all those indulgences which even the most temperate consider as necessary for the preservation of their strength and vigour. Animal foods, and fermented and spirituous drinks, he utterly discarded from his diet. Water and the plainest vegetables sufficed him. Milk, tea, butter, and fruit, were his luxuries; and he was equally sparing in the quantity of food, and indifferent as to the stated times of taking it. Water was one of his principal necessities; for he was a very Mussulman in his ablutions; and if nicety or delicacy had place with him in any respect, it was in the perfect cleanliness of his whole person.

In 1756, Mr. Howard set out upon another tour, but remained abroad a few months only. Upon his return, he began to alter the house on his estate at Cardington near Bedford, where he settled. In 1758, he made a very suitable alliance with the eldest daughter of Edward Leeds, Esq. of Croxton, Cambridgeshire; a lady who possessed in an eminent degree all the mild and amiable virtues proper to her sex; and with whom he passed, as he has often been heard to declare, the only years of true enjoyment which he had known in life. Soon after his marriage, he purchased Watcombe, in the New Forest, Hampshire,



shire, and removed thither ; but he did not continue in that pleasant retreat more than three or four years ; for he sold the place, and went back to Cardington, which thenceforth became his fixed residence.

Here he steadily pursued those plans, both with respect to the regulation of his personal and family concerns, and to the promotion of the good of those around him, which principle and inclination led him to approve. Though without the ambition of making a splendid appearance, he had a taste for elegant neatness in his habitation and furniture. His sobriety of manners and peculiarities of living did not fit him for much promiscuous society ; yet no man received his select friends with more true hospitality ; and he always maintained an intercourse with several of the first persons in his county, who knew and respected his worth. Indeed, however uncomplying he might be with the freedoms and irregularities of polite life, he was by no means negligent of its received forms ; and, though he might be denominated a man of scruples and singularities, no one would dispute his claim to the title of a gentleman.

But the terms on which he held society with persons of his own condition, are of much less importance, than the methods by which he rendered himself a blessing to the indigent and friendless in a small circle, before he extended his benevolence to so wide a compass.

It seems to have been the capital object of his ambition, that the poor in his village should be the most orderly in their manners, the neatest in their persons and habitations, and possessed of the greatest share of the comforts of life, that could be met with in any part of England. And as it was his disposition to carry every thing he undertook to the greatest pitch of perfection, so he spared no pains or expence to effect this purpose. He began by building a number of neat cottages on his estate, annexing to each a little land for a garden, and other conveniences. In this project, which might be considered as an object of taste as well as of benevolence, he had the full concurrence of his excellent partner. " I remember," says Dr. Aikin, " his relating, that once, having settled his accounts at the close of a year, and found a balance in his favour, he proposed to his wife to make use of it, in a journey to London, or any other gratification she chose : ' What a pretty cottage it would build ! ' was her answer ; and the money was so employed."

These comfortable habitations he peopled with the most industrious and sober tenants he could find ; and over them he exercised

exercised the superintendence of master and father combined. He was careful to furnish them with employment ; to assist them in sickness and distress, and to educate their children. In order to preserve their morals, he made it a condition that they should regularly attend their several places of worship, and abstain from public-houses, and from such amusements as he thought pernicious ; and he secured their compliance with his rules, by making them tenants at will.

(*To be continued.*)

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*An Account of the late Improvements made in Salisbury Cathedral.*

*By WILLIAM DODSWORTH, Verger of the Cathedral.*

THE principal alteration is the opening of the Lady's Chapel to the Choir, which was effected by the removal of a screen that separated them. To make this alteration compleat, it was found necessary to remove a Gothic chapel on either side of the eastern extremity of the building ; the one erected by Bishop Beauchamp, the other by the Hungerford family. It is generally allowed that these chapels destroyed both the external and internal uniformity of the building, and, for erecting them, very material supports of it were taken away ; buttresses, walls, and columns were totally removed, and windows reduced ; Mr. Wyatt professed himself astonished at the temerity of those who ventured on so dangerous an undertaking ; and the defects are to be seen in the building, which the removal of these great supports had occasioned. The whole is, however, now restored to its original state. Mr. Wyatt was perfectly sensible of the great beauties of these chapels, but it was found necessary to remove them for the safety of the building. It was done, however, with proper caution, and with the consent of the descendants of the founders. The ornamental parts, many of which were defaced, are perfected and judiciously arranged, as will appear in the course of this account. In changing the scites of monuments, the greatest delicacy and precaution was observed.

The present organ screen is another material improvement, and hereby the grand eastern pillars which support the tower and spire, and which had been partly concealed by the former screen, are now open to view, and the additional arches in the principal transept, (which had been formerly erected to prevent  
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any further pressure inwards of the grand legs which support the spire) completed; the old organ screen, having been a work anterior to these arches, the architect who erected them availed himself of that circumstance, and rested that end of them upon the screen, which, when removed, it was found that they had to shore up the arches, and complete them to the height of the screen.

The side aisles of the transept are thrown open, which had been formerly used as chantries, and enclosed by a very ordinary partition. An entrance through a porch at the north end of this transept is walled up; this entrance, it is evident, was not an original one; and that the porch was not intended for the use that was made of it, is clear from this circumstance: It has four equal arches, as entrances, on each side one; each arch was finished with niches and other Gothic enrichments, and when it was taken down it was discovered, that the part which joined the wall and buttresses was finished in the same stile as those which were immediately in sight. It is supposed to be of great antiquity, and was probably brought from Old Sarum; this porch, with the consent of the Dean and Chapter, is removed to a garden belonging to Henry Penruddocke Wyndham, Esq. near Salisbury, who has added a spire and other Gothic ornaments to it, which it is supposed originally to have had. There is now but one north entrance, and that an original one, and near the west end, from which the full effect of throwing the aisles open, and that of discovering the four grand pillars which support the tower and spire, is seen.

A beam has been removed, which had been placed across the choir, above the lower tier of arches, for the purpose, as was always supposed, of resisting the pressure of the side walls; it had been much wished for many years to have it taken down, as it was an unpleasing object, and greatly intercepted the view at the entrance of the choir, but from the danger that was apprehended from the removal of it, the measure was never pursued till Mr. Wyatt had declared it to be his opinion that it might be taken away with the most perfect safety. The north end of the eastern transept is converted into a chapel for reading early in the morning, which had been heretofore read in the Lady's Chapel, and for the solemnization of marriages, and other parish duties. Here many of the ornaments which it had been necessary to remove from other parts of the church are elegantly arranged. The side aisles of this transept were enclosed, as those of the principal one, and like them had probably

bably been used for chantries ; the north end are the chancel and baptistry of the morning chapel.

The improvements in the choir are perhaps superior to any thing of the kind in the kingdom ; it having the appearance of a work of the fourteenth century. The choir was much beautified at the return of King Charles ; little regard was, however, at that time paid to the order of the building, and the alterations were in the stile of Grecian architecture. This false taste, which mixes and blends together two species of architecture that are totally and essentially different one from another, is not confined to Salisbury Cathedral, but two frequently occurs in many other Gothic buildings, where improvements (if I may so call them) have been made.

Until the year 1777, only prayers were performed in the choir, and the sermons were delivered in the great nave, wherein was a range of seats on each side, detracting much from its beauty. The removal of the whole congregation in time of divine service was attended with great inconvenience ; at the above period the church underwent a material alteration ; the seats and pulpit in the great nave were taken away, the Grecian ornaments of the choir were removed, and a very indifferent stile of Gothic substituted ; additional seats were made in it, and from that time the whole service has been performed there.

It remained in this state until the year 1789, when the present improvements commenced, in which Mr. Wyatt has displayed his great taste and abilities in Gothic architecture.

The organ screen is chiefly composed of various ornaments selected from the chapels removed, where they were little noticed ; their beauties are now brought to view, and by their judicious arrangement form an exquisite piece of workmanship.

The organ, (the case of which was designed by Mr. Wyatt, and is in the same stile with the screen) together composes a principal object at the west entrance.

The Bishop's throne is supposed to be the first piece of work of its kind ; forming altogether a perfect piece of Gothic architecture, which is imagined at this time not to be equalled for richness of stile and correctness of design.

The pulpit is placed opposite the throne, in which the same stile is preserved ; the top of it having all the appearance of a venerable piece of Gothic antiquity.

The canopies of the prebendal stalls are of the most ornamental stile of Gothic, particularly the Dean's and Precentor's,  
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and a rich screen at the back of the canopies greatly adds to the beauty of the whole.

The entrance of the choir is awfully striking: The windows at the east end are all painted glass; the subjects are, the Elevation of the Brazen Serpent, and the Resurrection. The former was a gift of the present Earl of Radnor in 1781, designed by the late ingenious Mr. Mortimer, and executed by Mr. Pearson; it is comprized in three compartments, and consists of twenty-one figures, all of which are admirably executed: Its dimensions are twenty-one feet in height, by seventeen feet six inches in width. In this window the divisions of the glass are concealed by being in the dark shades of the draperies and figures, and a frame of iron, to which it is fastened by bandages of lead, is so constructed as to be hid from the view by corresponding to the different shades. The other, the subject of which is the Resurrection, was designed by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and executed by Mr. Egington, near Birmingham, whose great abilities are universally admired: The window is twenty-three feet in height, and is comprized in three compartments; it principally consists of one figure, which is a full length of our Saviour just arisen from the tomb, from which a light or glory proceeds, and diffuses itself throughout the whole, dispersing the darkness of the night: In the left compartment is a distant view of Mount Calvary and the crosses. The windows on each side this are painted in mosaic, and those on the north and south sides of what was the Lady's Chapel are ornamented with the same elegant work: These, together with the range of columns within, and the vaulting above, form, perhaps, one of the grandest perspectives in architecture to be conceived, and cannot fail of producing the most solemn effect.

This part of the church was originally dedicated to the Virgin, and called St. Mary's Chapel; it was used for early prayers, and crowded with seats, by which its beauties were in a great measure concealed: The removal of these, together with the screen, opens this end to the choir, and forms the present chancel; the vaultings over this part being much lower and richer than those in the grand aisle, and the number of clustered columns being raised on a marble floor differently paved from the rest of the choir, form a space which seems appropriated solely for the use of the altar. The improvements made here are very considerable; the windows are restored to their original level, under which Gothic niches are formed, which is agreeable to what originally was in the chancels of most cathedrals, and was formerly on each side the altar of this

church: The original work of this kind in Litchfield cathedral still remains, and whatever the use of them might have been, they were equal in number to the prebendal stalls in the choir.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

### A JUST and IMPORTANT REMARK.

I Have often thought (says J. Lackington, the bookseller, in the memoirs of his own life,) that great hurt has been done to society by the *Methodist preachers*, both in town and country, attending condemned malefactors, as by their fanatical conversation, visionary hymns, bold and impious applications of the scriptures, &c. Many dreadful offenders against law and justice have had their passions and imaginations so worked upon, that they have been sent to the other world in such raptures, as would better become martyrs innocently suffering in a glorious cause, than criminals of the first magnitude.

A great number of narratives of these sudden conversions and triumphant exits have been compiled, many of them published, and circulated with the greatest avidity, to the private emolument of the editors, and doubtless to the great edification of all sinners, long habituated to a course of villainous depredations on the lives and properties of the honest part of the community; and many such accounts as have not appeared in print, have been assiduously proclaimed in all the Methodist chapels and barns, throughout the three kingdoms; by which the good and pious of every denomination have been scandalized, and notorious offenders encouraged to persevere, trusting sooner or later, to be honoured with a similar degree of notice, and thus by a kind of legerdemain be suddenly transformed into saints.

### AA A N E C D O T E.

ON Wednesday, August 15, 1792, about midnight, two fishermen belonging to Hull, being employed near the Spurn, one of them, called Samuel Sallies, having both his hands engaged in drawing the net, caught the head of a foal which was endeavouring to make its escape through the mesh of the net, between his teeth, (a practice very common amongst fishermen). The foal making an effort, sprung into the



the man's throat, who being thereby rendered incapable of calling out to his companion, went towards him, and made him sensible, by signs, of his melancholy situation. His comrade instantly laid hold of the fish's tail, but not being able to extract the body, the man was suffocated soon after he reached the boat. It was judged proper, for the justification of the other fisherman, to ascertain his death; therefore, previous to the Jury's sitting over the body, the gullet was opened in the presence of the coroner, when the foal (the dimensions of which were eight inches and a half in length, by three and a quarter in breadth) was found with the head near the upper orifice of the stomach, the teeth being fastened into the substance of the *œsophagus*, and its tail inverted. The circumstances being so extraordinary, induced the gentlemen present at the inspection to give this detail, both with a view to establish the fact, and to caution fishermen against a practice, which, however common, was in this instance fatal.

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*The* BRETON:  
A CURIOUS HISTORY.

[From *Desmond*, a Novel, in 3 vols. by Mrs. Charlotte Smith.

LETTER to Mr. BETHEL.

*Hauteville, in Auvergne, Oct. 2, 1790.*

**D**ID I not name to you a Breton, who had something in his air and manner unlike others of the peasantry?—Whenever I have observed him, he seemed to be the amusement of his fellow labourers; there was an odd quaint kind of pleasantry about him; and I wished to enter into conversation with him, which I had yesterday evening an opportunity of doing.—“You are not of this part of France, my friend?” said I.—“No, Monsieur—I am a Breton—And now, would return into my own country again, but that, in a fit of impatience, at the excessive impositions I laboured under, I sold my little property about four years ago, and now must continue to *courir le monde, et de vivre comme il plairoit à Dieu*.”—Sterne has, I think, translated that to be upon nothing. My acquaintance did not appear to be fond of such meagre diet. “But, pray,” said I, “explain to me what particular oppressions you had to complain of, that drove you to so desperate, and as it has happened, so ill-timed a resolution.”

“I believe,”

“ I believe,” replied he, “ that I am naturally of a temper a little impatient ; and it was not much qualified by making a campaign or two against the English ; the first was in a ship of war fitted out at St. Malo’s—or, in other words, Monsieur, a privateer ; for though I was bred a sailor, and love fighting well enough, I was refused even as *Ensigne de vaisseau*\*, on board a King’s ship, *because I was not a gentleman*.—My father, however, had a pretty little estate, which he inherited from his great great grandfather.—But he had an elder son, and I was to scramble through the world as well as I could—They wanted, indeed, to make me a monk ; but I had a mortal aversion to that *métier*†, and thought it better to run the risque of getting my head taken off by a cannon ball, than to shave it—My first *debut* was not very fortunate—We fell in with an English frigate, with whom, though it was hopeless enough to contend, we exchanged a few shot, for the honour of our country ; and one of those we were favoured with in return, tore off the flesh from my right leg, without breaking the bone—The wound was bad enough, but the English surgeon sewed it up, and before we landed, I was so well as to be sent with the rest of the crew to the prison at Winchester—I had heard a great deal of the humanity of the English to their prisoners, and supposed I might bear my fate without much murmuring ; but we were not treated the better for belonging to a privateer.—The prison was over-crowded, and very unhealthy—The provisions, I believe, might be liberally allowed by your government, but they were to pass through the hands of so many people, every one of which had their advantage out of them, that, before they were distributed in the prison, there was but little reason to boast of the generosity of your countrymen. To be sure, the wisdom and humanity of war is very remarkable in a scene like this, where one nation shuts up five or six thousand of the subjects of another, to be fed by contract while they live ; and when they die, which two-thirds of the number seldom fail to do—to be buried by contract—Yes !—out of nine-and-twenty of us poor devils, who were taken in our little privateer, fourteen died within three weeks ; among whom was a relation of mine, a gallant fellow, who had been in the former wars with the English, and stood the hazards of many a bloody day—He was an old man, but had a constitution so enured to hardships, and the changes of climate, that he seemed likely to see many  
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\* Answering, I believe to our midshipmen.

† Trade—profession.



more—A vile fever that lurked in the prison seized him—My hammock (for we were slung in hammocks, one above another, in those great, miserable rooms, which compose, what they say is, an unfinished palace) was hung above his, and when he found himself dying, he called to me to come to him—" 'Tis all over with me, my friend," said he—" *N'importe* one must die at some time or other, but I should have liked it better by a cannon ball—Nothing, however, vexes me more in this business, than that I have been the means of bringing you hither to die in this hole—(for, in fact, it was by his advice, I had entered on board the privateer) however, it may be, you will out-live this confounded place, and have another touch at these damned English."

National hatred, that strange and ridiculous prejudice in which my poor old friend had lived, was the last sensation he felt in death—He died quietly enough, in a few moments afterward, and the next day I saw him tied up between two boards, by way of the coffin, which was to be provided by way of contract; and deposited in the *fosse* that surrounded our prison, in a grave dug by contract, and of course very shallow, in which he was covered with about an inch of mould, which was by contract also, put over him, and seven other prisoners, who died at the same time!—My youth, and a great flow of animal spirits, carried me through this wretched scene—And a young officer, who was a native of the same part of Britany, and who was a prisoner on parole, at a neighbouring town, procured leave to visit the prison at Winchester, and enquired me out—He gave me, though he could command very little money himself, all he had about him, to assist me in procuring food, and promised to try if he could obtain for me my parole, as he knew my parents, and was concerned for my situation—But his intentions, in my favour, were soon frustrated, for, on the appearance of the combined fleets in the Channel, the French officers, who were thought too near the coast, were ordered away to Northampton, while, very soon afterward, a number of Spaniards, who had among them a fever of a most malignant sort, were sent to the prison, already over-crowded, and death began to make redoubled havock among its wretched inhabitants—Of so dire a nature was the disease thus imported, that while the bodies that were thrown over-board from the Spanish fleet, and driven down by the tide on the coasts of Cornwall and Devonshire, carried its fatal influence into those counties, the prisoners, who were sent up from Plymouth, disseminated destruction in their route, and among all who approached them; thus becoming  
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the instruments of greater mischief, than the sword and the bayonet could have executed. Not only the miserable prisoners of war, who were now a mixture of French, Spanish, and Dutch perished by dozens every day; but the soldiers who guarded them, the attendants of the prison, the physical men who were sent to administer medicines, and soon afterward, the inhabitants of the town, and even those of the neighbouring country began to suffer—Then it was that your government perceiving this blessing of war likely to extend itself rather too far, thought proper to give that attention to it, which the calamities of the prisoners would never have excited. A physician was sent down by Parliament, to examine into the causes of this scourge; and in consequence of the impossibility of stopping it while such numbers were crowded together, the greater part of the French, whom sickness had spared, were dismissed, and I, among others, returned to my own country.

I, soon after, not discouraged by what had befallen me, entered on board another privateer, which had the good fortune to capture two West-India ships, richly laden, and to bring them safely into l'Orient, where we disposed of their cargoes; and my share was so considerable, that I determined to quit the sea, and return to my friends—When, in pursuance of this resolution, I arrived at home, I found my father and elder brother had died during my absence; and I took possession of the little estate to which I thus became heir, and began to think myself a person of some consequence. In commencing country gentleman, I sat myself down to reckon all the advantages of my situation—An extensive tract of waste land lay on my little domain—On the other, a forest—My fields abounded with game—a river ran through them, on which I depended for a supply of fish; and I determined to make a little warren, and to build a dove-cote.

I had undergone hardships enough to give me a perfect relish for the good things now within my reach; and I resolved most piously to enjoy them—But I was soon disturbed in this agreeable reverie—I took the liberty of firing one morning at a covey of partridges, that were feeding in my corn; and having the same day caught a brace of trout, I was sitting down to regale myself on these dainties, when I received the following notice from the neighbouring *seigneur*, with whom I was not at all aware that I had any thing to do.

“The most high and most powerful *seigneur*, Monseigneur Raoul-Phillippe-Joseph-Alexandre-César Erispoë, Baron de Kermanfroi,



Kermanfroi, signifies to Louis-John de Merville, that he the said *seigneur* is, in quality of Lord Paramount, to all intents and purposes invested with the sole right and property of the river running through his fief, together with all the fish therein; the rushes, reeds, and willows that grow in or near the said river; all trees and plants that the said river waters; and all the islands and aits within it—Of all and every one of which the high and mighty Lord, Raoul-Phillippe-Joseph-Alexander-Cæsar Erispoë, Baron de Kermanfroi, is absolute and only proprietor—Also, of all the birds of whatsoever nature or species, that have, shall, or may, at any time fly on, or across, or upon the said *fief* or *seigneurie*—And all the beasts of chase, of whatsoever description, that have, shall, or may be found upon it.”—In short, Sir, it concluded with informing me, the said Louis-Jean, that if I, at any time, dared to fish in the river, or to shoot a bird upon the said *fief*, of which it seems my little farm unluckily made part, I should be delivered into the hands of justice, and dealt with according to the utmost rigour of the offended laws. To be sure, I could not help enquiring within myself, how it happened, that I had no right to the game thus fed in my fields, nor the fish that swam in the river? and how it was, that Heaven, in creating those animals, had been at work only for the great *seigneurs*!—What! is there nothing, said I, but insects and reptiles, over which man, not born noble, may exercise dominion?—From the wren to the eagle; from the rabbit to the wild boar; from the gudgeon to the pike—all, all, it seems, are the property of the great. ’Twas hard to imagine where the power originated, that thus deprived all other men of their rights, to give to those nobles the empire of the elements, and the dominion over animated nature!—However, I reflected, but I did not resist; and since I could no longer bring myself home a dinner with my gun, I thought to console myself, as well as I could, with the produce of my farm-yard; and I constructed a small enclosed pigeon-house, from whence, without any offence to my noble neighbour, I hoped to derive some supply for my table—But, alas! the comfortable and retired state of my pigeons attracted the aristocratic envy of those of the same species, who inhabited the spacious manorial dove-cote of Monseigneur; and they were so very unreasonable as to cover, in immense flocks, not only my fields of corn, where they committed infinite depredations, but to surround my farm-yard, and monopolize the food with which I supplied my own little collection, in their enclosures. As if they were instinctively assured of the protection they enjoyed as belonging to

the *seigneur* Raoul-Phillippe-Joseph-Alexander-Cæsar Erispoé, Baron de Kermanfroi; my menaces, and the shouts of my servants, were totally disregarded; till, at length, I yielded too hastily to my indignation, and threw a stone at a flight of them, with so much effect, that I broke the leg of one of these pigeons; the consequence of which was, that in half an hour, four of the *gardes de chasse*\* of Monseigneur appeared, and summoned me to declare, if I was not aware, that the wounded bird which they produced in evidence against me, was the property of the said *seigneur*; and without giving me time to acknowledge my crime, or apologize for it, they shot, by way of retaliation, the tame pigeons in my enclosures, and carried me away to the *chateau* of the most high and puissant *seigneur* Raoul-Phillippe-Joseph-Alexander-Cæsar Erispoé, Baron de Kermanfroi, to answer for the assault I had thus committed on the person of one of his pigeons—There I was interrogated by the Fiscal, who was making out a *proces verbal*; and reproved severely for not knowing or attending to the fact, so universally acknowledged by the laws of Britany, that pigeons and rabbits were creatures peculiarly dedicated to the service of the nobles; and that for a vassal, as I was, to injure one of them, was an unpardonable offence against the rights of my Lord, who might inflict any punishment he pleased for my transgression—That indeed, the laws of Beauvoisis pronounced, that such an offence was to be punished with death; but that the milder laws of Britany condemned the offender only to corporal punishment, at the mercy of the Lord—In short, Sir, I got off this time by paying a heavy fine to Monseigneur Raoul-Phillippe-Joseph-Alexander-Cæsar Erispoé Baron de Kermanfroi, who was extremely necessitous, in the midst of his greatness.—Soon afterward, Monseigneur discovered that there was a certain spot upon my estate, where a pond might be made, for which he found that he had great occasion; and he very modestly signified to me, that he should cause this piece of ground to be laid under water, and that he would either give me a piece of ground of the same value, or pay me for it according to the estimation of two persons whom he would appoint; but, that in case I refused this just and liberal offer, he should as Lord Paramount, and of his own right and authority, make his pond by flooding my ground, according to law.

“ I felt this proposal to be inconsistent with every principle of justice—In this spot was an old oak, planted by the first de Merville,

\* Game-keepers.



Merville, who had bought the estate—It was under its shade that the happiest hours of my life had passed, while I was yet a child, and it had been held in veneration by all my family—I determined then to defend this favourite spot, with which design I applied to a lawyer, who advised me to submit.

“It was in vain I represented that I had a particular taste, or a fond attachment to this spot. My man of law told me that a vassal had no right to any taste or attachment, contrary to the sentiments of his Lord—And, alas!—in a few hours, I heard the hatchet laid to my beloved oak—My fine meadow was covered with water, and became the receptacle for the carp, tench, and eels of Monseigneur—And remonstrances and complaints were in vain!—These were only part of the grievances I endured from my unfortunate neighbourhood to this powerful Baron, to whom, in his miserable and half furnished *chateau*, I was regularly summoned to do homage ‘upon faith and oath’—Till my oppressions becoming more vexatious and insupportable, I took the desperate resolution of selling my estate, and throwing myself again upon the wide world—Paris whither I repaired with the money for which I sold it, was a theatre so new, and so agreeable to me, that I could not determine to leave it till I had no longer the means left of playing there a very brilliant part; when that unlucky hour arrived, I wandered into this country, and took up my abode with a relation, a farmer, who rents some land of Monseigneur the Count d’Hauteville, and here I have remained, at times, working, but oftener philosophising, and not unfrequently regretting my dear oak, and the first agreeable visions that I indulged on taking possession of my little farm, before I was aware of the consequences of being a vassal of Monseigneur Raoul-Phillippe-Joseph-Alexander-Cæsar Frispoe, Baron de Kermansroi, and indeed sometimes repenting that I did not wait a little longer, when the revolution would have protected me against the tyranny of my very illustrious neighbour.”

De Merville here ended his narrative, every word of which I found to be true; and I could not but wonder at the ignorance or effrontery of those who assert the *noblesse* of France either possessed no powers inimical to the general rights of mankind, or possessing such, forbore to exert them. The former part of his life bears testimony to the extreme benefits accruing from war, and cannot but raise a wish, that the power of doing such extensive good to mankind, and renewing scenes so very much to the honour of reasonable beings, may never be taken from the princes and potentates of the earth. I thus

endeavour, dear Bethel, by entering into the interests of those I am with, to call off my thoughts from my own.

LIONEL DESMOND.

*Answer, by Fidelio, of Bath, to J. K. G.'s Enigma, inserted July 2.*

**Y**OU are perfectly right, Sir, in saying a BED,  
Brings folks to their senses who were seemingly dead;  
But I pity the lot of your neighbour, whose life  
Is render'd unhappy by his bed-loving wife.

††† We have received the like answer from P. Lyttleton, of Tywardreath; J. Collins, Uffculm; A. Apsey, and William Brewer, of Taunton; W. K. of Treneague; T. Gill junior, Stythians; T. Taylor, Bickington; W. H. of Dean Prior; and R. Hawkey, of Creed.

*Answer, by Curiosus, of Bath, to W. Tucker's Charade, inserted July 9.*

**W**HEN *Night* returns, how blest the slave,  
A short respite to find;  
With eager steps he eyes the cave,  
That *Cap's* him from the wind.  
No NIGHT-CAP has he to protect his head,  
Nor downy couch, the ground he makes his bed.

\*†\* We have received the like answer from J. Rogers, of Exon; R. Salter, Bodmin; W. H. of Dean Prior; John Chivers, St. Austell; W. Brewer, and A. Apsey, of Taunton; S. Hill, near Dawlish; Fidelio, Bath; J. Ralph, Wellington; T. Brockedon, Kingsbridge; S. Hugo, Tywardreath; T. Coumbes, of St. Germans; K. F. nigh Truro; J. Hadley, and J. Bulgin, of Castle Cary; T. Taylor, Bickington; R. Hawkey, of Creed; and J. Collins, of Uffculm.

*An ANAGRAM, by R. Craze, at Chard Academy.*

**T**O know if you aright transpose,  
A number, Sirs, you'll then disclose;  
Change it again, and then I know,  
Part of a plant with ease 'twill shew;

One



One letter change, and then transpose,  
A well-known night bird 'twill disclose;  
Transpose again, and you'll explain,  
The state of those who're poor and mean.

*A QUERY, by W. Upjohn, of Shaftesbury.*

**Q**UERY, if there is any difference of magnitude in the top and bottom diameters of a tower, whose sides are built exactly in a perpendicular direction? A demonstration is required.

*A CHARADE, by T. K. of Gulvall.*

**M**Y first, ye bards, with ease you'll find,  
If you scan o'er the points of wind;  
The fleecy flocks pray next view round,  
For there my second's to be found:  
These parts if you aright cement,  
Will shew a town well known in Kent.

*A REBUS, by Fidelio, of Bath.*

**A** Name that's apply'd to a lover of news;  
A shield from the weather we frequently use;  
An odious passion that causes vexation;  
What we cannot behold without admiration;  
A Cretan who slept many years in a cell;  
And lastly a fish that's confin'd in a shell:  
From these six initials a city's obtain'd,  
Where the Britons a glorious victory gain'd.



\*§\* C.'s Answers are not right.

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

POETRY.

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## P O E T R Y.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

L I N E S *from* O S S I A N.

ON the bleak hills let clouds of night appear !  
Let spirits fly, and the worn traveller fear !  
Let the loud winds arise, and forests rend,  
And, heard far off, the sounding storm descend !  
Roar winds, and windows flap ! from the dark sky  
Let the green-winged streaming meteors fly !  
Rise, moon, rise, from behind thy hills, or shroud  
Thy head, pale orb of heaven, in darksome cloud !  
To me alike appears the nightly scene,  
Or blue, or stormy, gloomy, or serene :  
Chas'd by the beam the rear of darkness flies ;  
The young morn blushes 'neath the gladsome skies ; }  
But we shall sink, ah ! never more to rise !

Where are our chiefs of old ? our kings of fame ?  
Alas ! they've perish'd—perish'd with their name !  
Their fields of war are hush'd : their tombs unknown,  
And scarce the moss remains upon their stone :  
We too must be forgotten : We must die :  
These walls shall fall, and in confusion lie :  
Our sons shall bid the aged sire relate,  
Where stood our dwelling, and their father's fate.

Raise, raise the song ; and let the loud harp sound ;  
Let the shrill shells of merriment go round !  
With hundred tapers let the high halls glare !  
Begin the dance, ye youth ! begin, ye fair !  
Let some grey bard sit near me to relate,  
The deeds of other times ; or glorious fate  
Of kings, who once the sword of conquest bore ;  
Of chiefs renown'd, whom now we view no more :

Thus



Thus let us pass, my friends, the jocund night,  
Till morn appears, soft clad in robes of light:  
Then let the well-strung bow, and dogs be near:  
Youths of the sounding chace, prepare, prepare,  
With day we shall ascend the hill, and wake the deer. }

September 5, 1792.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

VERSES on the DEATH of PHILLIDA.

WHEN Phillida walk'd by my side,  
To visit our sheep in the vale,  
She an innocent kiss ne'er deny'd,  
And pleas'd heard me tell my fond tale!

Ah! then I was happy and gay,  
My cheeks with contentment did glow;  
The hours then pass'd swiftly away,  
And my breast was a stranger to woe.

But alas! now she's gone to that place,  
From whence she can never return;  
Old Time seems to slacken his pace,  
To see how I sorrow and mourn.

When Death with his terrors appears,  
Well pleas'd I'll submit to my doom;  
'Till that time ev'ry day with my tears,  
I'll water my Phillida's tomb.

ODE to MORNING.

—*Prima novo spargebat Lumine Terras  
Tithoni croceum linquens Aurora cubile.*

VIRG.

BRIGHT harbinger of day, inspire the strain;  
Parent of light, to daring Tithon born,  
Gay vanquisher of night's ungenial train,  
Whose hand with roses strews the blushing morn.  
Glad I hail thee on thy way,  
Mother of the infant day.

The

The shepherd boy from 'neath the wattled rock  
 Full blithely to the dew-bespangled vale,  
 With nimble footsteps drives his bleating flock;  
 As glimmering Phosphor spreads his circlet pale.  
 Tethys thro' her portals bright  
 Mantling o'er the east with light.

Where night withdraws her veil from Tithon's bed,  
 Their rosy-finger'd queen the hours attend;  
 Faint struggling blushes paint the sky with red,  
 And the dark shades with chequer'd lustre blend.  
 Morn, to thee I tune the lay,  
 While thy beams thro' ether play.

Her lambent fire awakes the youthful spring,  
 Whose gushing rays unlock the varied year.  
 Love scatters plenty from his purple wing,  
 While Time, reluctant, moves the tardy sphere.  
 Nature's charms lie hid in night,  
 Till Aurora takes her flight.

While glancing thro' blue Ocean's mirror'd streams,  
 Where Neptune deck'd with pearl the coral grove;  
 Thou gladd'st the Neriads with thy lucid beams,  
 Where deep beneath the scaly Tritons rove.  
 Gentle Morn, my verse inspire,  
 While for thee I string the lyre.

Flora, enamour'd of his gale that blows,  
 Invites brisk Zephyr to her longing arms,  
 Now Pæan fierce his potent arrows throws,  
 And Morn to him resigns her milder charms.  
 From his ardent floods of fire  
 See the gentler Morn retire.

S. W.

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*On seeing a faded Rose in the Bosom of a Young Lady.*

IN vain, Maria, do you strive  
 To keep the fading rose alive,  
 With nature for your foe;  
 To Phœbus' rays the fragrant flower  
 Alone can owe its vivid hour,  
 And not to hills of snow.