
THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, October 8, 1792.

The PRETTY VILLAGER;

A T A L E.

Continued from Page 331.

ONE fine summer's evening, while the young ladies were on a distant visit, Lucinda incautiously roved to a pavilion situated at the bottom of a long serpentine walk, that bounded the pleasure grounds which surround Hazle Hall. Here, as she sat with a book in her hand, her whole attention engaged on an interesting story, she perceived the person whose presence she had most reason to dread, approaching. Alarmed at her situation, she instantly arose, and would have made toward the House, but was prevented by Sir Thomas, who, laying hold of her hand, led her back; endeavouring, at the same time, to dissipate her apprehensions. He then entered into discourse with her on the story she had been reading; and from that he proceeded to a subject more interesting to him, viz. the affection and good will he bore her, and the pleasure it would afford him to place her in a more independent state than she was at present.

Lucinda, displeased with the indecency of the Baronet's discourse, made no reply to it, but attempted to get away. She was, however, prevented from doing this, partly by his remonstrances, and partly by compulsion; and she found herself obliged to hear what he had to say. At length, the contemplation of her charms, heightened by the disorder she was in, and the convenient solitude of the place, raised his passions to such a pitch,

that he proceeded to take liberties, not to be admitted by a virtuous woman. The reflection that she was at too great a distance from the house to receive any assistance, induced Lucinda at first to temporise; and she accordingly endeavoured to ward off the threatening evil by intreaties; but, finding these ineffectual, she had recourse to struggles and shrieks, which she happily found of more efficacy.

From the time that Lucinda had resided at Sir Thomas Hazle's, Orlando had felt a chasm in his heart. He grew restless and unhappy. His favourite sports had no longer their accustomed incitements. Nor could the partiality of the females of the village, which had used to furnish him with opportunities of exerting his vivacity and gallantry, and had till now proved an amusement to him, afford him the satisfaction it was wont to do. His chief pleasure arose from the transitory glances he now and then obtained of Lucinda; a pleasure which he was almost constantly on the watch for. In short, he now found that she had made a more lasting impression on his heart, than he once thought it would ever be in the power of any female to do. Thus disposed, he employed most of his leisure hours in walking round the environs of that abode which contained all he held dear. And in this employ he happened to be engaged, at the very time the scene, so interesting to his own and Lucinda's happiness, was acting. A sympathetic impulse, not be accounted for by natural causes, had led him that evening to a grove, from which the pavilion was separated only by a flight hedge.

As he here reclined upon a mossy bank, indulging his melancholy reflections, and little dreaming of what was going forward so near him, he was on a sudden startled at the sound of a female voice, which seemed to carry with it the tones of distress. Aroused by so unexpected an incident, he sprung up, and listening to hear more distinctly from whence it proceeded, thought it resembled a voice with which he was not unacquainted.—A repetition of the shrieks convinced him that he was not mistaken; he recognized the sweet voice of her for whom he sighed, and needing no other incitement, he instantly leaped over the hedge, and, reaching the pavilion, beheld a sight that awakened every tender feeling. Compassion for a distressed female, increased by a newly imbibed affection, engrossed for a moment his thoughts; but these were soon succeeded by jealousy and resentment, which rushed like a torrent into his breast, and would have emboldened him to attempt her rescue from a troop of armed banditti.

Sir Thomas had nearly overpowered the trembling maiden, when Orlando was thus sent to her relief. But he no sooner became sensible of the interruption, than he turned about, and with a countenance highly marked with anger and indignation, asked Orlando what occasioned his intrusion, and how he dared to enter his gardens without permission?

Orlando, with firmness, tempered by modesty, replied, that the shrieks of a woman in distress had called him there, and as a man, he thought it incumbent on him to enquire into the cause of them. "Whatever be the cause," said Sir Thomas, "they need not your interference; therefore be gone; nor tempt me to take that revenge for your insolence which the superiority of my rank puts it in my power to do."—"As for your superiority of rank," returned Orlando, "such unwarrantable acts as you are now engaged in, level all distinction, I therefore value it not; nor will I stir, till I know whether that young lady, who seems to be in great distress, requires my assistance."—"I do require it," exclaimed the terrified maiden, "and most fervently intreat that you will conduct me to my father's house, for I will no longer sleep under the same roof, with a person who has thus forfeited all claim to my respect."—Saying this, she sprung forward, and giving her hand to her deliverer, flew on the wings of terror toward the house, and from thence, without crossing the detested threshold, to her father's habitation; leaving Sir Thomas motionless, through shame and vexation; not from compunction, but from the apprehension that his conduct would be exposed, and from finding his designs upon Lucinda so unexpectedly frustrated.

When Orlando and Lucinda arrived at Farmer Fallow's, they found him sitting before the door of his house, under a canopy of woodbines, smoking his evening pipe over a jug of his own home-brewed; and indulging himself in a train of pleasing meditations on the prosperity that attended him, and the domestic happiness he enjoyed. "But what mortal," says the son of Abdallah, the hermit of the rock, "was ever known to enjoy uninterrupted happiness!" This reflection of the eastern sage was now verified in Farmer Fallow. Till the present period, his bark had smoothly sailed through the ocean of life, nor had scarcely a rude blast ruffled his canvas. But he was no sooner informed of what had happened, (which the perturbations of Lucinda would not suffer to remain concealed) than down went his pipe, an universal trepidation shook his frame, his countenance glowed with resentment; and, snatching up his oaken sapling, he was hastening away, to take instant revenge

for the insult offered him through his favourite daughter.—
 “ Let him be a Baronet, or let him be a Lord,” said the enraged farmer, “ what care I for him ! I don’t owe any man a shilling ; and though I am not so great a man as he, yet he shan’t make a w—— of my daughter. I’ll find him out, and if he were a King, surrounded by his guards, I’d give him such a basting as he never had in his life ; let him take the law of me if he will.”

He was posting with all speed toward the great house, when Mrs. Fallow, hearing him so vociferous, rushed out of the dairy, attended by her three daughters, and having been informed of the cause of his anger, though she felt almost as great a degree of resentment against the assailer of her daughter’s honour, yet being possessed of more coolness than her husband, and prudence suggesting to her the consequence of his assaulting so great a man, she hastened after him, and flinging her arms about him, obstructed his passage ; and Lucinda, at the same time, intreating her father not to be so precipitate, they got him back, and persuaded him to be calm. But this could not be effected till he had vented many severe reflections on Sir Thomas, and repeatedly vowed that he would be revenged on him. “ What have I done !” exclaimed the honest farmer, in the fulness of his heart, “ what have I done, to deserve this treatment ? I, who have always made it a rule never to give offence ? But what a fool was I to trust my daughter in the hands of such a libertine. I might as well have sent my geese to feed within the haunts of a fox !”

Sir Thomas had no sooner lost Lucinda, than he cursed his stars for snatching from his lips such a delicate morsel, just as he was upon the point of securing it ; and much he blamed himself, versed as he was in the art of seduction, for not laying his plans better. Vexation at the same time racked his heart relative to the consequences of his amorous adventure ; for though he was not ashamed of having made the attempt, yet knowing that Farmer Fallow was much esteemed in the neighbourhood, he was apprehensive that a general indignation would be excited by his conduct, which even his own consequence would not be able to oppose. He therefore came to the resolution of withdrawing awhile, till the storm should be a little overblown. He accordingly, under pretext of visiting a brother sportsman, set out the next morning for a neighbouring county, taking with him his daughters, who shared in some measure in their father’s disappointment ; for though they behaved with some degree of decency towards Lucinda while she was with them,
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yet they would have been pleased to have had her envied superiority in point of beauty brought down.

Farmer Fallow, with his success in life, had imbibed those ideas which are usually generated upon such occasions in little minds. An increase of property created an increase of consequence; and priding himself at the same time in the accomplishments of his daughter Lucinda, he entertained no very distant hope of being able to marry her to a Squire, at least, and thereby to elevate his name and family from the obscurity in which it had hitherto been involved. Mrs. Fallow, catching the ambitious infection from her husband, who frequently entertained her with his views on this head, would likewise hear of nothing but a gentleman as a husband for her favourite daughter. Many an hour, while the farmer has been smoking his evening pipe, have this good couple indulged themselves in looking forward into futurity, and taking a view of the grandeur of their family. Like Alnascher (whose aspiring reveries are so pleasingly described in the *The Spectator*) they saw their progeny, after a few descents, advanced to the highest honours; and they enjoyed, by anticipation, the pleasing reverse.

The services of Orlando, when they were made known, were of course acknowledged with grateful fervour by both of them; as, without his fortunate interference, their ideal elevation, through the future alliance of their daughter, must have been circumvented. But when, emboldened by their repeated thanks, he hinted that it was in their power to shew their sense of what he had done in a manner far more acceptable to him (casting at the same time a look of tenderness on Lucinda) they instantly took the alarm, and a forbidding coolness spread itself over their countenance; so that Orlando was obliged to retire, without receiving any satisfactory answer on this head. This repulse, however, was not, upon the whole, of disservice to him; for that attention which was wanting in the parents, was made up by the daughter. The sense of the obligation she lay under to him, being impressed upon her heart in a much livelier manner, than it was on those of her father and mother, the susceptibility already implanted there by his merit, was not a little augmented by it, and it was not long before that gratitude and that susceptibility ripened into love.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Copy of the Manifesto of their Majesties the Emperor of Germany and the King of Prussia, against the French Revolution.

(Concluded from Page 308.)

III. Of the Revolution, as it respects Foreign Princes who have Possessions in France.

CONSIDERED under the third point of view, the French Revolution, so fatal to France, becomes still more so by the violence and intolerable injustice offered to foreign Princes who have possessions within the territories of the kingdom, and by the rigorous means which must necessarily be employed to do them justice.

The Comtat of Avignon belonged to the Holy See. The sovereignty of the Pope over this domain was founded on an incontrovertible title of acquisition, on possession, which among all nations is equal to a title. The usurping Assembly united it to their territories by the sanguinary right of utility and necessity, and compounding afterwards with themselves, and with justice, they offered an indemnity to the Holy See. But if the sovereignty of the Pope was legal, they had no right to deprive him of it; if illegal, why did they offer him an indemnification?

The Prince Bishop of Basle, a state of the empire, possesses in its sovereignty defiles, which tempted the ambition of the National Assembly. It caused them to be forcibly seized, and removed a detachment of troops, which the Emperor had sent there, on the requisition of the Prince Bishop, for the safety of the country, agreeably to the Germanic Constitution. The treaties of Westphalia, the Pyrenees, Breda, Aix-la-Chapelle, Nimeguen, Riswick, Utrecht, Baden, and Vienna, gave to France the provinces of the three Bishoprics, and of Alsace and Franche Comte, by expressly reversing the rights and property of the Princes and States of the empire in these provinces, and by stipulating that no innovation could be made in them, either with regard to ecclesiastical or political matters.

It is evident that these treaties cannot be infringed at the will of the usurping Assembly, and that by calling for the execution of those clauses which serve their views, they have no right to reject those which displease them. It is perfectly clear that they ought to renounce provinces which have been ceded to the

Crown

Crown of France, or punctually execute the conditions of the cessions made to it.

But their decrees respecting the dismemberment of dioceses, and of the rights of metropolitans; the abolition of feudality, suppression of several privileges, or the annihilation of territorial jurisdiction, without indemnification, and the sale of the possessions of the clergy, are a direct infringement of the Treaty of Westphalia, as well as of subsequent treaties; these decrees have violated political and ecclesiastical rights secured in perpetuity by the treaties of cession. These cessions, consequently, which are synallagmatic acts, which must be executed in all their parts, or rejected *in toto*, being infringed by the usurping Assembly, would be at present annulled, were not the proceedings of the Assembly radically null in themselves, and if it were not necessary that their decrees should disappear before the grand interest which France has in being just, in not violating the sacred rights of the empire, and in not wounding the dignity of any of its members.

But their Imperial and Royal Majesties are fully persuaded, that the first use which his Most Christian Majesty will make of his authority when he has recovered it, will be to restore to the injured Princes all their rights and privileges, to indemnify them for what they may have suffered in respect to degradation, or being deprived of their privileges; and to cement more and more by this act of justice, the harmony which has for a long time subsisted between the Germanic Body and his Most Christian Majesty. The injury offered to the German Princes, who have possessions in France, is not considered as a reason for making war on his Most Christian Majesty, but for placing him upon the throne in order to obtain justice.

IV. On the Revolution, as it concerns all Nations.

But the most general point of view under which their Imperial and Royal Majesties ought to consider the French Revolution, is, as it respects the interest of all nations, and the tranquillity of Europe.

In vain would the Assembly, which usurps the name of the French nation, have renounced conquest, if it wished to subject to its pretended liberty the States of their neighbours. Of all the methods of making war on peaceful, virtuous, and fortunate people, the most fatal, doubtless, would be to preach up rebellion, to mislead their minds, to corrupt their morals, to form them to crimes by example and seduction, and to draw
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down upon them the wrath of Heaven, and punishments from their Sovereigns, under the pretence of rendering them happy.

The ambition of a conqueror has its bounds, and his views when known cease to be dangerous; but a planned system of anarchy, which tends to dissolve all political society, abounds with inexpressible danger; and all Sovereigns for the interest of their subjects cannot use too much expedition to check its progress, and to stifle the evil in its birth. People would pay too dearly for the fatal error of believing that their interests can be separated from those of their Sovereigns. It is therefore necessary to destroy this error as soon as possible, and to chastise, as soon as they appear, those factious men who conspire against the happiness of all countries. Had any doubts existed in this respect, they would have been already removed by the attack and invasion of the Pays-Bas; by the plan of the usurping Assembly, divulged by the popular Minister, of spreading every where the flames of revolt; a barbarous maxim, which attests views of cowardly ambition, and which is an insult to all nations, and a signal of alarm against all Kings. Besides, a numerous and powerful nation cannot disappear from the political hemisphere of Europe, without the greatest inconvenience. The balance of power among Sovereigns, the work of their wisdom, purchased by their treasures and the blood of their subjects, which regulates the ambition of one by the interest of all, which maintains harmony amidst contending passions and jarring interests, and which almost always terminates, by well conducted negotiation, such disputes as may be exacted by bloody wars, requires for the general interest of Europe that so considerable a State as France should not be dissolved or withdrawn from its political engagements; and yet this would be the case, should the present Revolution be established. The decrees* which have deprived the King of the right of making peace and war, have at once dissolved all those treaties which connected his Most Christian Majesty with all the neighbouring Princes. The Revolution gives to the usurping Assembly the right of renouncing such treaties as are contrary to its views, while it takes from his Majesty the means of supporting those which might be beneficial to him. According to these principles, it has no more political ties than those which it chooses to approve; and it is consequently not bound to any of its allies, though all are obliged to be faithful to it. Thus the King without power, and the nation without

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* Decree of March 22, 1790.

an army, or what amounts to the same thing, having no army properly disciplined and subject to authority, exhibit to their neighbours, and above all to their allies, nothing but the shadow of power. The tranquillity of Europe, however, depends absolutely on the execution of the treaties now subsisting between the different Sovereigns; and those treaties themselves depend on the stability of the constitution of those States which contract them. The displacing, and much more the annihilation of the counterpoise of the political balance, would tend then to disturb the peace of Europe, and to revive ancient disputes and pretensions, now settled, the discussion of which, renewed, would occasion the loss of much blood, and excite the tears and regrets of humanity. It belongs to the wisdom of Sovereigns to avert such dreadful misfortunes; and it is with this view that their Imperial and Royal Majesties think themselves obliged, for the general tranquillity and safety, and for the individual happiness of their respective subjects, as much as for the real interest of France itself, to have recourse to arms, in order to prevent the annihilation of the French monarchy, and to destroy there every spark of insurrection, which might continually threaten and endanger the welfare of all Sovereigns, and of all nations.

But yielding to what the honour of all crowns, and the real interest of all people require, their Majesties declare to Europe, that in the just war which they have undertaken, they entertain no views of personal aggrandizement, which they expressly renounce; and to France, that they do not mean to interfere with its internal administration, but that they are firmly and fully resolved

To re-establish in it order and public security.

To cause the persons and property of all those who shall submit to the King, their lawful Sovereign, to be protected.

To punish, in a striking manner, all resistance to their arms.

To give up the city of Paris to the most dreadful and terrible justice, from which nothing can save it, as well as all other cities which may render themselves its accomplices, if the least insult, or the least outrage is offered to the King, the Queen, or the Royal Family; and if that city does not endeavour to expiate its errors, and to merit the interposition and good offices of their Imperial and Royal Majesties, to obtain pardon, by immediately restoring liberty, and paying every due honour and respect to their Most Christian Majesties.

In short, to procure the King perfect security in some frontier town of his kingdom, and the means of collecting

there his family, and the Princes his brothers, until his Most Christian Majesty can enter his capital with honour, and enjoy there the satisfaction of seeing his subjects repent: Of conferring new favours upon them; of granting them real liberty; and consequently of finding them submissive to his supreme authority.

Comprehensive View of the manifold Uses of Sheep.

[From a Pamphlet lately published, entitled, "Wool encouraged without Exportation, &c, by a Wiltshire Clothier."]

AMONGST the various animals (says the author) with which Divine Providence has stored the world for the use of man, none is to be found more innocent, more useful, or more valuable than the sheep. The sheep supplies us with food and clothing, and finds ample employment for our poor, at all times and seasons of the year, whereby a variety of manufactures of woollen cloth is carried on without interruption to domestick comfort, and loss to friendly society, or injury to health, as is the case with many other occupations.

Every lock of wool that grows on its back becomes the means of support to staplers, dyers, pickers, scourers, scriblers, carders, combers, spinners, spoolers, warpers, queelers, weavers, fullers, tuckers, burlers, shearinen, pressers, clothiers, and packers, who, one after another, tumble and tofs, and twist and bake and boil this raw material, till they have each extracted a livelihood out of it; and then comes the merchant, who, in his turn, ships it (in its highest state of improvement) to all quarters of the globe, from whence he brings back every kind of riches to his country, in return for the labours of these his neighbours exported with it.

Besides this, the useful animal, after being deprived of his coat, grows us another against the next year; and when we are hungry and kill him for food, he gives us his skin to employ the fellmongers, and parchment-makers, who supply us with a durable material for securing our estates, rights, and possessions; and if our enemies take the field against us, supplies us with a powerful instrument for rousing our courage to repel their attacks.

When the parchment-maker has taken as much of the skin as he can use, the glue-maker comes after, and picks up every morsel that is left, and therewith supplies us a material for the
carpenter

carpenter and cabinet-maker, which they cannot do without, and which is essentially necessary before we can have elegant furniture in our houses, tables, chairs, looking-glasses, and a hundred other articles of convenience: And when the winter nights come on, and we are deprived of the cheering light of the sun, the sheep supplies us with an artificial mode of light, whereby we preserve every pleasure of domestick society, and with whose assistance we can continue our work, or write or read and improve our minds, or enjoy the social mirth of our tables. Another part of the slaughtered animal supplies us with an ingredient necessary for making good common soap, a useful store for producing cleanliness in every family rich or poor. Neither need the horns be thrown away, for they are converted by the button-makers and turners into a cheap kind of buttons, tips for bows, and many useful ornaments. From the very trotters an oil is extracted useful for many purposes, as well as their affording good food when baked in an oven.

We have now picked the poor animal to the bones, yet these are useful also, for by a late invention of Dr. Higgins, they are found, when reduced to ashes, to be a useful and essential ingredient in the composition of the finest artificial stone in ornamental work for chimney-pieces, cornices of rooms, houses, &c. which renders the composition more durable, by effectually preventing its cracking.

Any curious person would be much entertained to see the manufactory of bone-ash, now carried on by Mr. Minish, of Whitechapel New Road, wherein the bones of sheep and cows undergo many ingenious processes.—1st, There is a mill to break them; 2d, a cauldron to extract their oil, marrow, and fat; 3d, a reverberator to heat them red hot; 4th, an oven for those bones to moulder to ashes; 5th, a still to collect the fumes of the burnt bones into a brown fluid, from whence hartshorn is made; 6th, furnaces for making parts thereof into Glauber's salt; 7th a sand heat, containing twelve jars, for collecting a chrySTALLIZING vapour into sal-ammoniac.

If it is objected to the meek inoffensive creature that he was expensive while living, in eating up our grass, &c. it may be answered that it was quite the contrary, for he could feed where every other animal had been before him, and grazed all they could find, and that if he took a little grass on your downs, or in your fields, he amply repaid you for every blade of grass in the richness of the manure he left behind him.

I forgot to mention the service he yields to the ladies, whose fair soft hands he protects from the cold wintry blast, by providing

viding them with the softest leather gloves. Every gentleman's library is also indebted to him for the neat binding of his books, for the sheath of his sword, and for cases for his instruments; in short, not to be tedious in mentioning the various uses of leather, there is hardly any furniture or utensil of life but the sheep contributes to render it either more useful, convenient, or ornamental.

GENERAL REVIEW of EUROPEAN POLITICS.

For SEPTEMBER, 1792.

NORTHERN POWERS.

LITTLE worthy of notice has occurred since last month, in the political hemisphere of the north, except the wise and prudent regulations of the *Duke of Sudermania*, the Swedish Regent, who seems to conduct himself in such a manner as to give satisfaction to the people whom he governs. Among other regulations, he has established, under certain restrictions, the liberty of the press; an object which, in every civilised country, must tend greatly to promote the cause of freedom; and which, by affording the ready means of disseminating knowledge, may instruct not only the people, but even sovereigns. Whoever properly considers the liberty of the press, will find that, however much it may be decried in some countries by ignorance and superstition, it affords equal advantages to Kings and to their subjects. The former may be informed by it of many things necessary for them to know, and which, while surrounded by flatterers, they could not otherwise learn; and the people acquire that knowledge respecting their own rights and the abuses of government, which their rank in life prevents them from being made acquainted with in any other manner. Another object which has contributed to increase the popularity of Sweden is, the fidelity with which he has fulfilled the dying request of his brother. Notwithstanding his failings, Gustavus III. was certainly a heroic and uncommon character; he desired, in his last moments, that the punishment of those who were concerned in his assassination, might be changed into exile or imprisonment. In consequence of this request, none but the assassin himself who perpetrated the deed, has been publicly executed. Of the remaining conspirators, some have been condemned to imprisonment, and some to perpetual exile. An
example

example of lenity to which there is no parallel in ancient or modern times.

R U S S I A.

The Empress of Russia, as we hinted last month, has now openly acceded to the confederacy against France. A large body of her troops, commanded by two experienced Generals, are on their march from Poland, and in all probability will soon arrive at the place of their destination. These troops, accustomed to a severe climate, and inured to hardships in the northern regions which gave them birth, may reach the frontiers of France in sufficient time to act this season; and will therefore add one more to the numerous enemies by whom the unfortunate and distracted kingdom of France is likely to be invested.

P O L A N D.

With regard to this country little farther has transpired.— Though a report was spread, and at first credited, that Catherine II. meant to place her own grandson upon the throne of that country, there is as yet no certainty of this event taking place. It is even asserted, that a new candidate, Count Potocki, seems desirous of becoming Sovereign of Poland; and should the Empress of Russia wave her pretensions in favour of the Grand Duke, and support those of Potocki, it is probable that his ambitious views may be crowned with success. In the mean time, *Stanislaus II.* deeply affected by the late misfortunes of his country, laments, in silence, the farther miseries which seem to await it. Chagrin and disappointment have had such an effect upon his spirits, that it is affirmed he desires to retire altogether from public affairs, and to seek, in solitude, that happiness and tranquillity which he despairs of finding in a country torn by intestine factions, fomented by foreign enemies. Whatever may be the case, Stanislaus has shewn himself worthy of the love of mankind. The liberal and proper ideas which he entertains respecting government, while they do honour to his heart, give him a just title to the exalted appellation of *deliciae humani generis*; and should he do, what very few Sovereigns have ever done, bury himself in obscurity, he will carry along with him the affection and esteem of those enlightened mortals who cultivate and respect virtue.

The operations of the combined armies of the *Emperor and the King of Prussia* have not as yet been attended with that success which their leaders perhaps expected. Longwy and Verdun

dun have, indeed, been taken; but both these places, if the French accounts are to be relied upon, were surrendered by treachery. Thionville, however, has made a gallant resistance; and Prince Hohenloe's army, in their attempt to storm it, sustained a considerable loss. Whether they mean to besiege it in a regular manner, we are not informed; but if they do, the conduct of General Wimpfen gives us reason to conclude that it will not become an easy conquest. The general plan of the campaign seems to be kept secret. Perhaps, indeed, no regular one was ever agreed upon; and the *Duke of Brunswick*, considering the extraordinary circumstances under which he was to act, meant to regulate his operations according as he found the minds of the French people affected by his appearance in the country. He has now penetrated a considerable way with his army which, in point of discipline and experience, is certainly not inferior to any that has been brought into the field in the present century. The obstacles, however, which he has to encounter, and the difficulties he must overcome, before he can accomplish the grand object, are great and numerous.

F R A N C E.

This kingdom, for some time, must be exposed to all the miseries of war. The combination at present against her is formidable; and as the whole German empire is on the eve of espousing the cause of the Emperor and the King of Prussia, her resources and efforts must be great to oppose with effect so great a confederacy. Spain, too, and Sardinia, are making hostile preparations; and even Holland and Switzerland seem disposed to favour the confederation of Kings. France certainly possesses great resources, and, were the people unanimous, might bid defiance to all her enemies; but as the kingdom is torn by intestine faction, and a prey to all the evils of anarchy, its salvation is to be despaired of, unless proper measures are soon pursued to establish an executive government, which may repress the licentiousness of the populace, and enforce that obedience to the laws which is necessary to the existence of every political constitution. Over the barbarities which have been lately committed in France, we cannot throw a veil. They will not escape the pen of the historian; and, in whatever manner they may be palliated by enthusiasts for liberty, they will remain an indelible stain on a nation which in Europe has long been considered a model of politeness. These excesses have obliged great numbers of unfortunate people to fly from
a country

a country where neither persons nor property were safe. Of these emigrants the refractory priests are the most numerous.—England, which has always proved an asylum for the persecuted, is now filled with them; and the people of this country, forgetting both religious and political differences, are disposed to give them that relief which their distressed situation seems to require.

G R E A T B R I T A I N.

While most of the other nations in Europe are likely soon to be involved in a general war, this country distinguishes herself by generously affording an asylum to the unfortunate French emigrants, and cultivates the arts of peace. While we avoid interfering in the political disputes of our neighbours, and while we profit by the melancholy instances of the evils resulting from that anarchy and division which have desolated France, let every virtuous citizen unite to preserve unanimity, which gives strength to nations, and which will always secure them from the machinations both of external and internal enemies.

On the MISAPPLICATION of WORDS.

THE English, like most other of the modern languages, abounds in terms commonly supposed synonymous; in which nevertheless the critical are sensible of distinctions, more or less minute. An ignorance of such nice discriminations is pardonable in those who, from their situation, profession, or rank in life, could not be expected to have had the advantage of a classical education: but there is a grosser misapplication of words, which, from a character humourously delineated by Fielding, in one of the most popular of his novels, has been called *slip-slopping*. These mistakes never fail to excite laughter; but what often renders them the more ludicrous is, that a truth is spoken in a sense not intended by the speaker.

These slip-slops are frequently of the rank he has drawn his lady; that is, gentry at second hand, who pick up words thrown out by their superiors, and blunder in the application of them. Not long ago, I heard one of these ladies, who without the least reason was not a little vain of her person, declare, that she was *extremely frightful*; meaning only to convey an idea of the extreme delicacy of her nerves.—Another, though no wife happy
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in either mental or corporal endowments; always gives her dissent to any proposal, by declaring that she is *not agreeable*.

Right for obligation is a common mistake. *I ha'n't no right to pay that money*, is, among the vulgar, a general answer to a demand which the speaker deems unjust. *He had no right to be hanged*, said one of another whom he imagined not to have been legally convicted.

Successfully is another word used frequently for *successfully*; thus I remember to have heard a landlord of an inn, descanting on the hardships of quartering soldiers, declare, that in the very town in which we then were, half a dozen landlords of the neighbouring inns *had all been successfully ruined*.

Ingenious is often substituted for *ingenuous*:—*Come, be ingenious and tell me the truth*, is an exhortation frequently used by justices' clerks to culprit poachers, suspected of the wilful murder of divers hares and partridges. The same gentlemen are sometimes very strenuous for *levelling* the penalties.

Consort is sometimes mistaken for *concert*; and judging of things as they ought to be, rather than as they are, this error is extremely natural. The meaning of these two words should not be so opposite as they often are; but the fact is, that those whom destiny has joined do not always unite their mutual endeavours in harmony together.

Even the church service itself is not exempt from this kind of slip-sloperry. Almost every parish clerk, uses *a lion*, instead of *an alien*, among her mother's children; one, I remember, who went to a length still more extravagant: in that verse, in the chapter of Revelations, describing the New Jerusalem, wherein it is said, *the doors were of agate, and the windows carbuncles*, the honest fellow read, *the doors were a gate, and the windows crab's ancles*.

An Extract from one of the Letters sent by a Gentleman, who made a philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland, to his Friend John Watkinson, M. D. of London.

IN the north and some other parts like it, the tenant makes his rent, not by his land, but his industry, and the spinning of his wife and family. He must have some land for his potatoes and his cow, for which he gives whatever the landlord asks. But sometimes the landlord is not at the trouble of asking; he sets up his land to the best bidder, and receives written proposals.

fals. And thus it frequently happens, that the wretched tenant, to whom long possession gives no preference, is driven from his little dwelling, unless he outbids every other proposer. Upon such hard conditions, you may see it is morally impossible that this country can be improved successfully; for the tenant is persuaded, that every improvement he makes, will but enhance the difficulty of renewing his lease.

This may explain to you what an Englishman can scarcely conceive. We, in general, imagine that a twenty-one years lease is a very good one, and so it is with us, where the present occupier is supposed to have a *tenant-right*; and where the tenant is allowed to make three times what he pays for his land,—one share for his rent, another for the support of his family, and a third for contingencies. But here there is no such allowance made, for if the tenant can pay his rent, and exist upon potatoes and butter-milk, his landlord thinks he has a good enough bargain. And though in some places, rents are as high in Ireland, as in England, yet they do not yield half the produce,—the tenant starves, and the landlord has almost the whole value.

When I speak thus, I would not be understood to comprehend all Irish landlords, under the above description. There are many good landlords; if there were not, this nation would soon cease to exist as a people; for till the breaking out of the late troubles in America, they migrated in such numbers from this kingdom, that the price of lands fell one third of their former rate; but this spirit being now checked, lands begin to rise again.

When upon this topic, it would be injustice to pass over in silence, the conduct of that excellent person, the late Sir George Saville, which I have so often heard extolled in Dublin, the only part of the kingdom I have seen, indeed, where the rights of human nature seem in the least attended to. That exemplary landlord had, it seems, an estate in one of the northern counties of this kingdom. A few years ago, when the leases were expired, he paid a visit to it, that he might learn all its local circumstances. He found the majority of the occupiers groaning under the most piteous oppression. The tenantry, who held large tracts immediately from him, had under them a numerous set of cottagers, who paid exorbitant rents. Sir George resolved at once to emancipate them. He announced, that every cottager might become his tenant, and desired them to make each man his proposal for what he then possessed.—This was not received, as he expected, with joy and gladness,

but with gloom and dejection of spirit. Unaccustomed to acts of mercy, they doubted whether such a principle existed in the human heart. The character of Sir George was unknown to them. It was infused into their minds, that, like other landlords, he only wanted to raise his estate. It was some time before they could be prevailed upon to make any proposals. At length, they proposed to pay him what they then paid the undertakers; they thought it would be in vain to offer less. The issue of the whole was, that Sir George gave these poor vassals leases at a much less rent than they proposed, yet doubled at the same time, the income of his estate. This you'll say was a sufficient sacrifice; but you will agree with me, that the favour of it must ascend to Heaven, when you hear, that he might have had, without any trouble, from a single undertaker, and with as good security as the Bank of England, even more than he would accept from his tenants.

AN ANECDOTE.

AMONG the distressed Emigrants who have lately landed on our coast, there are few whose escape seems more wonderful than that of Viscomtesse de Semailson, who on Tuesday, September 25, 1792, with four children, their preceptor, and two servants, landed at East-Bourne from a very small boat. The Comtesse (whose husband left Paris with the French Princes) remained in France as long as it was possible; but being well assured that she and her children were marked for destruction, she got down to Dieppe, meaning to make her escape in a packet then lying off, and actually contrived to get her luggage on board it. The sailors engaged in this service told her she was noticed by the people, and if she did not immediately put off in a small boat they would certainly be stopped; accordingly she embarked in the boat, supposing she should soon be put on board the packet; but was shortly informed that she had no prospect of escape but by trusting herself and children to the hand of Providence, whose immediate interposition seemed requisite to preserve them in a dark and tempestuous night, exposed to the elements in their rudely state, and in a boat scarce big enough to contain them. Their little bark was borne in safety over a tremendous sea; and in twenty-four hours this interesting group arrived off East-Bourne, where, hoisting a signal of distress, they were with much difficulty brought on shore. Their debarkation was rendered truly affecting

fecting by the deportment of each individual around them.—The anxious cares of the mother were strongly displayed, and could be equalled only by the tender assiduity of the elder of her children towards her, while the two youngest, insensible of the actual peril of their situation, were, with equal assiduity, endeavouring to shelter from the wind and rain their two dolls, which they had with much care rolled up in their frocks.

The Comtesse is in her person pleasing and of a delicate habit. Her two youngest children are remarkably pretty.

AN ANECDOTE.

WHILE a late Anglo-American Governor was building a house, a few miles from Albany, he observed an Indian very badly habited, and apparently in want, frequently looking at the workmen, and on that account took the opportunity of asking him whether he would be employed, and fare as the rest did; but this was so ill taken by the latter, that he retorted upon the Governor by asking him why he did not work, and received for answer, that as the Governor *worked with his head*, he had no occasion to *work with his hands*. However, he was employed in some domestic jobs, and being repeatedly accused of rudeness, &c. was at length sent with a letter to the keeper of the prison at Philadelphia, recommending the bearer to a sound whipping. This letter the Indian, as he intended to leave those parts, gave to one of the Governor's servants, whom he overtook by chance, saying he was sent after him for that purpose, and who received the punishment designed for the other. Some months after, the Governor meeting with this fellow, with an assemblage of his countrymen, began to upbraid him with duplicity, which the Indian heard with much patience, but on the Governor's conclusion, clapping his fingers upon his forehead, *Head-work*, said he, *Massa! Head-work!*

Answer, by W. Upjohn, of Shaftesbury, to J. Whitcombe's Question, inserted May 21.

IN the underwritten algebraical process I have substituted x and z for the whole distance between the two bodies, ($= 240,000 = r$), and m and $n =$ their semidiameters.

$$\left. \begin{array}{l} 1 \mid z+x=r \\ 2 \mid n:z::m:x \end{array} \right\} \text{per question.}$$

2 Y 2

$$\begin{array}{lcl}
 1 \odot & | & 3 | z = r - x \\
 2 :: & | & 4 | nx = zm \\
 & & nx \\
 4 \div m & | & 5 | \frac{nx}{m} = z \\
 & & m \\
 3 = 5 & | & 6 | r - x = \frac{nx}{m} \\
 6 \times m & | & 7 | rm - xm = nx \\
 8 \odot & | & 8 | nx + xm = rm \\
 & & rm \\
 8 \div n + m & | & 9 | \frac{rm}{n + m} = x \text{ theorem,} \\
 & & n + m
 \end{array}$$

Hence it appears very evident that the point where both bodies appear of the same magnitude is $188,200 \frac{400}{5078}$ miles distant from the earth, and $51,799 \frac{4678}{5078}$ miles distant from the moon. W. W. R.

† We have received the like answer from Fidelio, of Bath; and D. Robarts, of St. Columb.—D. Robarts says the question was copied from the Supplement to the Lady's Diary for 1792, wherein it was proposed by Mr. John Liddell, of Habton.

Answer, by Philagathus, of Dartington, to J. Chivers's Anagram, inserted July 23.

HYDRA transpos'd aright I know,
HARDY, kind Sir, 'twill plainly show.

†§† We have received the like answer from P. Lyttleton, of Lanlivery.

A QUESTION, by Fidelio, of Bath.

THERE is a circular island 73 miles in circumference, and three men A. B. and C. start together to travel on foot the same way about it: A. goes 5 miles a day, B. 8, and C. 10; when will they all come together again?

Note.

Note. Some make the answer 5329 days, and others only 73. It is, therefore, required to find which solution be right, and to give the operation at length.

A CHARADE, by J. Chivers, of St. Austell.

MY first is to travel, gents, quickly 'display;
My next is a place where shipping doth lay:
My whole being join'd you'll instantly find,
A little inclosure just come to my mind.

A REBUS, by M. Barrett junior, of Exeter.

AN English fish first bring to view;
An English eastern county too;
An English fruit which doth abound;
An English poet once renown'd;
An English grain next call to mind;
An English bird you last must find.
The initials when plac'd right I know,
An English city 'twill clearly show.



† The Subject of "The Progress of Dullness" having been dropped some time, we do not wish to revive it, and must, therefore, decline inserting Candidus's Lines.

†§† As we are heartily tired of the Dispute relative to the Charade sent by R. Dugger, of St. Austle, we shall finally dismiss it with mentioning that R. Viddecombe still persists in charging R. Dugger with being incapable of writing a Line without Assistance; and that the Letter signed "W. Moise", of which mention was made in the Entertainer for September 24, turns out to be a Forgery, for the only person of that name in St. Austell spells his Name "Moyes," and he positively denies having written any such Letter.

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

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

P O E T R Y.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

W E R T E R t o C H A R L O T T E.

IS this my Charlotte's firm and last decree,
That I no more must look with eyes of love?
Dost thou command not e'en to think of thee?
Forbid it Heav'n, forbid it powers above!

Oft have I seen thy gentle bosom heave
For others woes the sympathetic sigh;
Oft seen thee for the wretched wand'rer grieve,
And smile compassion thro' a tearful eye.

Smile then on me! nor cruelly disdain
To hear my sufferings with a pitying ear;
And thou who feel'st so much for others pain,
Oh! drop for me at *least* a pitying tear.

Farewell my hopes! my golden dreams farewell!
To you, my love, a long, a last adieu!
I haste to hide me in some moss-grown cell,
And waste my lingering life in pray'rs for you.

A cave embosom'd in some shady grove,
Where human foot has ne'er presum'd to tread,
Quick let me find; whilst living there I'll rove,
And there unnotic'd lay me when I'm dead.

By all the world, by Charlotte too forgot,
No sorrow heaves her gentle breast in sighs;
And ne'er repining for her Werter's lot,
No pearly tears shall drop from Charlotte's eyes.

But ere I yield to fate these lines I'll trace,
On yielding bark of some tall beechen tree:

• " Poor

" Poor Werter lies in yonder dreary place,
 " Who died for love, oh ! Charlotte, love of thee."

Now say—should chance to ever reach your ear
 The hapless tale of wretched Werter's doom,
 Wilt thou not drop one tributary tear,
 One tear of pity o'er his sylvan tomb?

But yet recall, thy harsh decree recall,
 And think on happier times that yet may be,
 When faithful Werter at your feet may fall,
 And you may love, nor blush to love like me.

WERTER.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

SONNET *from* OSSIAN.

C O M A L A.

O'ER thy proud plains pursue thee wild Dismay !
 Confusion seize thee, tyrant of the world !
 Few be thy steps to death—from fortune hurl'd—
 And may one virgin mourn thee in the day
 Of youth—of beauty—like Comala, lorn !
 Ah ! why unkind Hidallan didst thou tell
 My trembling soul, that my lov'd Fingal fell ?
 I might have hop'd a while his wish'd return—
 I might have view'd him, thought I view'd, reclin'd,
 On some rock far remov'd—some lonely tree
 Might have deceiv'd my pensive misery—
 I might have heard his horn in each low wind—
 Oh ! Carun, that I wander'd on thy shore,
 That on his cheek mine eyes their tears might pour !
 L.

SONNET *to* AUTUMN.

By Miss PEARSON.

SWEET Autumn ! nymph serene ! I love to trace
 Thy pensive footsteps to some wat'ry cave,
 Where

Where oft thou lov'st to shed with softest grace,
 Thy various foliage o'er its issuing wave;
 Yet dearer to my soul thy chilling air,
 When thy soft bird* has ceas'd his farewell sweet,
 Far more congenial to this heart of care
 Thy looks, that Winter's solemn beauties greet,
 Than when thou stray'st beneath an azure sky,
 And all thy glowing graces dost unfold,
 Giv'st to the fragrant peach its crimson dye,
 And to the shade its vegetable gold;
 For Oh! thy parting look recalls those lovely hours
 Dear weeping mem'ry decks in choicest flowers!

* The red-breast.

ODE on MELANCHOLY.

AMID the calm, sequester'd shade,
 Sad Melancholy wanders still,
 Or, pensive, droops the cheerless maid,
 Aside the silver, purling rill;

Where Silence holds her placid sway,
 Scarce interrupted by the stream,
 Or sigh that slowly heaves its day
 From sad Affliction's troubled dream;

Where fall'n the sculptor's pride is seen,
 The moss-rob'd pillar's worn remains,
 And mouldering Grandeur's fullen mien
 Derides the busy artist's pains;

Where, emblematic falls the bough
 Of drooping Sorrow's favour'd tree;
 Where warm Devotion breathes her vow,
 Beneath the veil of secrecy.

ON AFFECTATION.

HOW prone to error is the human breast!
 Since now each mind in affectation's dress;
 So strong the passion that it nature sways,
 And marks our weakness in a thousand ways.

VERITAS.