
THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, October 15, 1792.

The Declaration of the Princes, his Most Christian Majesty's Brothers, and the Princes of the Blood, united with them ; addressed to France, and to all Europe, and containing their Sentiments and Intentions.

ALTHOUGH it is evidently manifest that the confederate powers, whose troops are assembled on the frontiers of France, neither wage war against the King nor the nation, but solely against the factious, who oppress both ; and, notwithstanding the declaration published in the names of their Majesties the Emperor and the King of Prussia, by the reigning Duke of Brunswick, sufficiently demonstrates the motives and views of this formidable coalition ; the Princes, his Most Christian Majesty's brothers, the Princes of the Blood united with them, the valiant nobility marching in their train, and the flower of the nation ranged under their standard, cannot make a junction with foreign armies (which a declaration of war, made in the name of France, has brought into their country), without explaining to his Majesty, and to all Europe, their motives, their sentiments, and their intentions.

When we first took the resolution of leaving the kingdom, it was not so much from a desire for our own personal safety, as for that of the King ; by frustrating the mischiefs which threatened us, and to solicit for him that assistance which his situation did not allow him to ask for himself.

And now that we are on the point of returning into our own country, it is with the satisfaction of having accomplished

these two great objects, and finding ourselves on the eve of enjoying the advantages of our success.

The emigration from our country was to make ourselves the safeguard of his Majesty :—our return presents the prospect of his approaching emancipation, as well as that of his people.

The former, the effect of violence, has prevented its being carried to the greatest extremity : the latter, protected by the most formidable armies, makes the guilty faction (whom Providence has, in a manner, inspired to provoke them) tremble at their approach.

To recapitulate the almost incredible occurrences, which have filled up the interval of these two periods, would be to recall the remembrance of the most horrible crimes, and the most afflicting sorrows ; but at this moment, when the attention of the whole universe is fixed upon us, and all Europe is in motion for the recovery of its tranquillity ; at this moment, in which those who support the throne are declared rebels, by those who are overthrowing it, it becomes an indispensable duty to make known to other nations, and to hand down to posterity a detail of that chain of principal events, which at once justify what we have done, what we are doing, and what is doing for us.

Three years have elapsed since a conspiracy of atrocious minds conceived the project of substituting, instead of the ancient structure of our monarchy, the shapeless form of an indefinite Government, the incoherence of which could only, and indeed has produced the most barbarous anarchy.

It was from the Assembly of the States-General that this monstrous system sprung, unnatural in its principle, encouraging revolt, overturning all authority, and breaking the bonds of social order. On convoking it, the King said to his people, " What must I do to make you happy ? " and, by the blackest ingratitude, this signal mark of his good-will became the source of all his misfortunes.

In their first sittings, the *Tiers Etat*, abusing the preponderance which a treacherous Minister had obtained for it, attacked the other two Orders ; they were sacrificed ; and very shortly after, the Assembly, governed by a licentious democracy, refractory to its mandates, perjured in its oaths, and trampling under foot the conditions of its existence, erected itself into a Constituent Assembly, and seized possession of the whole legislative power ; an usurpation which, in its principle, has destroyed, and rendered absolutely null and void all that they have since done.

Posterity

Posterity will scarcely be able to believe the abominable excesses which have been the consequence of that first departure from order ; it will hardly be able to conceive, that, in three months time, the horrible artifices which were made use of, could have produced such delusion, as to extirpate a mild people, attached to its King, and to substitute in its place nothing but hordes of robbers, cannibals, and regicides !

Oh, that we could, at the price of our lives, efface the memory of those shocking days, which will for ever fully the annals of our history ; in which the asylum of Kings was violated by a frantic populace, the Queen's life threatened, his Majesty's guards butchered before his eyes, and triumphant usurpation, leading captive, after having loaded him with insults, a virtuous Monarch, who was ever the father of his people.

One would have thought, that the general cries of indignation, excited by the 5th and 6th of October 1789, preceded by the scandalous scene of the 14th of July, would have made the people of Paris blush for ever, at the mad excesses into which they suffered themselves to be drawn, and preserved the French name from a fresh stain of the same nature : but the violences committed on the 18th of April, 1791, in the palace of the Tuileries, and the insults then offered to Royal Majesty, prolonged that train of horrors, the measure of which was filled up by the arrest at Varennes on the 21st of June following, and by the ignominious circumstances which attended it.

The anti-monarchic faction, irritated at seeing that their Monarch had attempted to escape from the disgrace and torment of his captivity ; irritated still more that he had seized the first moment of liberty, which he had enjoyed for near two years, to protest against all the acts, consent, speeches, and sanctions which constraint had forced from him, dared to interrogate him ; they again put fetters on him, as well as on the Queen, and deliberated whether they should not drag them both as criminals before their tribunal. They did it not ; but by a refinement of villainy, not less cruel, though more advantageous to their views, they made use of, at one and the same time, the most savage menaces, and the most treacherous illusion, to compel this unfortunate Monarch himself to subscribe to the degradation of his throne, and the ruin of his people.

No personal danger, if it had threatened him only, could have moved his soul. He has recently proved it : but they exhibited to him the poignard uplifted against what he held most dear ; they told him that his refusal would lead to the massacre

of his most faithful servants ; and, at the same time, they held up to him the hopes of repentance on the part of his people, and the return of tranquillity :—he signed.

What has been the fruit of all this ?—Tranquillity has not been restored ; and the momentary release of the King from captivity (which was done with no other view than to impose on foreign nations) was soon after succeeded by renewed scenes of violence. Can there be a stronger characteristic mark of it, than forcing him wantonly to declare war against his ally, against his nephew, and against a Sovereign whose protection he could not but desire ? Had he been free, this King, who had made such repeated sacrifices from a fear of doing an injury to his people, would he have drawn on them this terrible scourge, greater than any other calamity, which they have brought headlong on themselves ?

The greatest condescensions will never stop the impetuosity of seditious villainy, nor the combined manœuvres of an usurping faction : Its audacity nourishes itself, by the terror which it inspires, and yields only to the apprehension which it creates.

Whatever the King has suffered, whatever he has done, said, or written, against his well-known will, has not prevented these barbarous libellers from continuing to load him with the most disgraceful opprobrium, to expose his august consort to the outrages of an hired populace, who have answered her complaints by the most ferocious invective, and have even disputed with her the privilege of claiming the pity of her people. In these several triumphs, they have exhibited the Sovereign as chained to their designs. In the different progresses of his continued detention, they have made use of him as an organ to persuade Europe of his pretended liberty ; but though no one has been imposed on by this cruel derision, they continue imprudently to persist in it, and force him to declare himself at liberty, at the very moment they are disposing of his Council, and imprisoning and massacring his Ministers ; at the moment that they are suppressing his guard, and arresting the faithful Captain of it ; at the moment that they are suffering his Majesty to be denounced, menaced, and publicly insulted ; and that the most villainous *canaille*, breaking open the doors of his palace, come with pikes in their hands (as it had done on the 20th of June preceding), to signify to him, with unblushing effrontery, its will, and pollute his sacred head with the most disgraceful symbols of revolt. That such horrible iniquity should pass unpunished, makes nature shudder. But so far
from

from punishing these guilty persons, the reigning faction multiplies them, and invites to the capital the most determined assassins from all parts of the country, as if it wished to announce, in the face of all Europe, armed against such crimes, that at the last hour of the revolution, its atrocity surpasses even the horrible excesses which marked its first progress.

This affecting review of the attempts committed against the person of the King, grieves our soul too poignantly, for us to reflect on it any longer. It therefore remains with us only rapidly to expose the other attempts, which have violated all the laws of the kingdom, and destroyed public order, to its very foundation.

The force and the dignity of the throne being annihilated, all the powers of it have been accumulated in the grasp of a factious majority, governed by incendiary clubs; and which (supported within by hired auditors, and without by seditious gangs of people) has exercised, without shame, the most arbitrary despotism, against which it has never ceased to declaim.

We have seen it proscribing indiscriminately abuses and privileges, confounding destruction with reform, opposing an intemperate licentiousness to the wise liberty which a beneficent Monarch had offered to his people, occupied only in destroying it, encompassing itself with ruins, undermining all kinds of property, attacking all the revenues, particularly that which was appropriated to the dignity of the throne; suppressing the inseparable distinction of Monarchical Government, held sacred from immemorial possession; stripping the crown of prerogatives which the whole nation, with the unanimous consent of its different parts, had commanded to be respected; and reducing the Royal Power even to less than a shadow.

They destroyed the administration of justice by trusting fortunes, privileges, and persons, to the incapacity of subaltern judges, removable at pleasure; placed out of the reach of the observation of the supreme head of the state, and dependent on the caprices of a mob, masters of their choice and of their fate.

They invaded the property of the clergy, at the moment in which they were offering to the finances of the state, sacrifices capable of restoring them; they changed and confounded the limits of ecclesiastical jurisdiction; exacted from the pastors an oath inconsistent with their consciences, offered them the alternative of apostacy or deprivation.

The clergy of France having remained unshaken in their duties, excepting a very small number of renegadoes, who did themselves justice by separating from a body worthy of public veneration, the Assembly not only dared to declare the episcopal see vacant, interdict the Apostolic functions to those who held them by divine mission, and replace them by false titularies, destitute of all canonical appointment; but add all the horrors of persecution, deliver over the Ministers of religion to the unbridled fury of a mad populace, put fetters on them, banish them, and issue decrees against them, dictated by the most inhuman fanaticism.

They even aim to overthrow religion itself, by ill-treating its Ministers, in the cruellest manner. Enemies to all authority know that religion is the surest pledge for the obedience of the people: That there is no religion without form of worship and no form of worship without Ministers; no Ministers without a regular institution; and no regard for established Ministers, if their income is uncertain and precarious.

It is therefore in consequence of their system of absolute independence, that they wish to destroy religion, by destroying at once its worship, its Ministers, the laws of their institution, and the respect due to their condition.

Their cavillers, publicly professing atheism and immorality, labour incessantly to take away from the people the consolation and the salutary restraint of religious ideas: Encouragements and even rewards are solemnly decreed in favour of scandal and impiety; the churches profaned, and shut against the Catholics; the Priests pursued to the foot of the altar; and aged pastors sacrificed without pity: Insults which put modesty to the blush, multiplied, tolerated, and authorised, even in the most sacred sanctuaries: Complaints made, for no other purpose, but to provoke fresh violences; and the Administrators of justice standing by, either as tame spectators, or accomplices in all these enormities.

Such has been the consequence of the fatal combination of the spirit of revolt and philosophical fanaticism.

(To be continued.)

AN ANECDOTE.

THE aptitude which mankind, individually and collectively, display to change from one extreme to the other, was
never

never more forcibly exemplified than in the levelling system now attempted to be established in France, where rank was formerly so nice and fastidious, that even the practice of the learned professions was an invincible bar to an admission into what is usually called good company.

When that celebrated surgeon, Mr. Samuel Sharp, who died some years since at Bath, retired from practice, he made the tour of France and Italy, accompanied by his daughter, and resided for some time in Paris, where he was desired by the British Ambassador to give his opinion on the case of a young lady, the only daughter of one of the first families in France, who had long laboured under a malady which the French surgeons pronounced incurable.

Respect for the Minister induced Mr. Sharp to visit the patient, who under his direction perfectly recovered. The heart of the mother overflowing with gratitude for the recovery of her child, she begged to be informed in what manner she could recompence his kindness, as he no longer took fees, at the same time hinting, that if he had any favour to solicit at Court, the interest of her family would ensure him success.—Mr. S. told her, that he meant to stay the winter in Paris, and that if she would do him and his daughter the honour to admit them to her Assemblies, he should deem himself over paid.—Sir, said the Lady, after a pause of some moments, I am extremely sorry that you should have asked the only thing that I am unable to do for you, for, whatever may be my own opinion, if I were to attempt to introduce you, I should be instantly deserted by all my acquaintance.

The PRETTY VILLAGER;

A T A L E.

Concluded from Page 349.

FROM this moment, Lucinda began to be less reserved to Orlando. She met him, as often as she could escape the observation of the family, in a retired grove, on the outskirts of the village; accepted now and then a present from him; and listened, without reserve, to his professions of affection. A conduct so unguarded must be acknowledged to have been highly imprudent in Lucinda; and she might have fallen a victim, through it, to that deception she had so lately escaped. But Orlando, amid the levities of youth, had, fortunately for her, a high

high sense of honour; and a pure and honourable love, mutually impressed, was the result of their meetings.

But to return to Sir Thomas Hazle.—An idea once excited in a depraved mind, is seldom to be eradicated; it is much oftener cherished till it meets with its due reward.—Thus it was with Sir Thomas. Having once indulged an illicit passion for Lucinda, he was not able to suppress it. Time and absence, instead of abating it, added to the flame. The place to which he had retired, not being very far distant from his family-seat, he had frequent intelligence of the state of affairs in the village; and he had no sooner received the news of Lucinda's attachment to Orlando, and their frequent meetings, than he determined to be revenged on them. Impressed with this resolution, he returned privately to Hazle Hall, and entered into consultation with his butler, who usually assisted him in his intrigues, on the method to be pursued to accomplish this end. It was then agreed, with the assistance of three or four of his dependants, on whose fidelity he could rely, to seize on the lovers during one of their stolen interviews, and while some carried off Lucinda to a neighbouring farm-house, where Sir Thomas was to be in waiting, the rest were to drag Orlando to an adjacent town, and there detain him, for a time, under pretence of arresting him for a debt.

This was effected the following night. The moon beamed faintly through the trees, and formed a checkered shade, analogous to the hopes and fears of the lovers. Still silence reigned throughout the grove, save when interrupted by the low whispers of the happy pair, who sat under the spreading branches of an aged oak, exchanging vows of everlasting constancy and truth. While thus engaged, they found themselves instantly seized, and as one party was hurrying away the shrieking maiden to their expecting employer, another body of them forced Orlando a different way; nor could his courage or strength avail him against such superior numbers.

As the night advanced, Lucinda's absence began to cause some uneasiness at her father's, and not returning at the usual hour of rest, she was sought for in vain till the morning dawned; when farmer Fallow, returning through the grove, where his daughter and her lover had met with so unexpected an interruption to their happiness, saw a ribband lying on the ground, which he knew had graced Lucinda's bosom the preceding day. This circumstance added not a little to his apprehensions; and meeting soon after with one of his neighbours, he was informed by him, that as he returned home the night before, at a later
hour

hour than usual, he heard the shrieks of a woman, which proceeded from a field that lay to the westward of the grove, and, as he thought, not far from a house occupied by a person who had lately lived with Sir Thomas Hazle.

The moment Farmer Fallow heard the name of Sir Thomas mentioned, the attempt he had made on his daughter's honour recurred to his mind, and he entertained not a doubt but that Lucinda's absence was occasioned by some fresh manœuvre of the Baronet's. Aroused at the thought, he, with all expedition, put himself at the head of his own family, and such of his neighbours as he found stirring, and with this formidable posse made his way to the suspected farm.

The men who had been employed to carry off Lucinda, had executed their charge with so much expedition and trustiness, that they put their employer in possession of his prize, nearly as soon as he was ready to receive it. But when she arrived at the house, the distracted maiden was so exhausted with her cries and struggles, that Sir Thomas found it necessary to commit her to the care of the mistress of the house, and to conceal himself from her sight, till she should have recovered a greater degree of strength and spirits.

This woman, though devoted to the service of Sir Thomas, and ready at all times to assist the benefactor of her husband upon such occasions, could not help being moved with the beauty and distress of the weeping Lucinda. The question of, how she would wish another to act, were a daughter of her's in the same situation? occurred to her mind, and had its full effect. She instantly determined to pursue the golden rule, and to restore the captive maiden to her parents, if she could do it without running too great a risk of her patron's resentment. She accordingly prevailed on Sir Thomas to take a few hours repose, promising that she would endeavour in the mean time to prepare Lucinda for an interview with him, when he should awake. With this advice Sir Thomas complied, having first ordered his carriage to be at the door by day-break, in order to remove his prize to a place of greater safety.

In this situation were things here, when Farmer Fallow and his assistants approached the house; who pushed on with his usual impetuosity, not in the least doubting but he should find his suspicions confirmed; and he determined to force the door, if admittance was not readily granted. No sooner was the Baronet informed that numbers of people were approaching, than, conscious of the impropriety of his conduct, he leaped from the bed, and threw himself into his post chaise, which

luckily happened to be just arrived at the door. So great was his terror, that he decamped without even attempting to take with him the object of his present enterprise, or paying any regard to the safety of his assistants. They, however, thought it most prudent to follow the example of their employer, in which they were joined by the master of the house.

When Farmer Fallow gained the door, finding nothing to oppose him, he made his way to an inner room, where he discovered his daughter lying on a bed, dissolved in tears; and the mistress of the house sitting by her. An explanation soon took place, and the woman having endeavoured to exculpate herself, by saying that she intended to give him intelligence of what had happened, as soon as she could do it with safety, the farmer, after bestowing a volley of execrations and threats on the Baronet, and all concerned, took Lucinda with him, and soon restored her to the arms of her distracted mother.

During these transactions, Orlando, overpowered by numbers, was hurried away to a town, which lay about eight miles distant; where, by the directions of Sir Thomas Hazle, he was to be confined, till Lucinda could be removed out of the reach of his, or her father's knowledge. And as it was concluded this could be done in two days, at the expiration of that time they were to set him at liberty, with a slight excuse that his confinement had arisen from a mistake. From some accidental delays on the road, the sun had risen before they reached the inn, which they had been ordered by their employer to make the temporary prison of Orlando; and which was kept by a person also dependent on Sir Thomas. As they entered the gateway, they were met by a gentleman on horseback, who immediately recognizing the face of Orlando, enquired the reason of his being in that situation. The men surlily replied, that they were taking him to prison for a debt. But this being denied by Orlando, and the gentleman seeming inclined to make more particular enquiries into the transaction than it would bear, they found themselves instantly seized with a terror similar to that which their employer had experienced, and they thought fit to make a precipitate retreat.

The person who had been thus sent by Orlando's kinder stars to his relief, was Sir Gerard Pomeroy, a gentleman possessed of a considerable estate in those parts; one of the farms belonging to which was rented by Orlando's father, and out of respect to whom he had stood godfather to Orlando. Instigated by these claims to his attention, Sir Gerard enquired, with some degree of concern and impatience, into the cause of what he had

had just seen ; and being informed without reserve by Orlando, he assured him of his immediate assistance, to procure every redress in his power. And as soon as Orlando had taken some refreshment, and a horse could be procured for him, he set out with him for his father's.

As young men in the country frequently spend their nights abroad, his absence had not caused any alarm ; but no sooner was his father informed of the severity with which he had been treated, than fresh execrations and threats were heaped upon Sir Thomas. A consultation upon the steps necessary to be taken for punishing such an outrage was now held. But what was of infinitely more importance to Orlando, the Baronet, on perceiving his attachment to Lucinda, readily accompanied him to Farmer Fallow's, in order, if possible, to put his godson in possession of the first wish of his heart.

Upon their arrival there, they found Lucinda, to the inexpressible joy of Orlando, not only restored to her parents, but to as much tranquillity of mind, as her anxiety to know the fate of her lover would admit of. So that their satisfaction at meeting each other in health, was visible to every one. Being thus convinced of their mutual affection, the worthy Baronet, without delay, proposed an union of their hands to the father of Lucinda ; and as an inducement, offered, on the part of Orlando, to put the young couple into a farm of his, worth two hundred pounds a year, which he further promised to stock for them with every needful article.

Farmer Fallow hearing this, and seriously reflecting on the dangers to which the beauty and accomplishments of his daughter hourly exposed her ; at the same time considering the uncertainty of those ambitious expectations he had hitherto indulged ; to which might be added, the comfortable situation this offer would place his favourite daughter in ; weighing, I say, all these circumstances in his mind, at length gave his consent to the union. He however could not do this, without adding, in his blunt way, " that he thought the daughter of Farmer Fallow, such as she was, a match for the first Lord in the land."

Orlando and Lucinda were soon after united ; and being put in possession of the promised farm, by their prudent management of it, were enabled to live in a genteel style, and to support with ease and elegance that happiest of stations in this happy isle, the superior rank of yeomanry.

This agreeable situation of his beloved daughter, cherishing in some degree the desire of being thought a man of consequence, a foible interwoven with much worth in Farmer Fal-

low's frame, he soon recovered that placidity of mind, and native heartiness, which the late attempts of Sir Thomas Hazle on the virtue of his daughter had robbed him of; and he lived several years in the enjoyment of it.

As for Sir Thomas, the earliest intelligence of what passed in the village having been, as usual, conveyed to him, he no sooner heard what a turn things had there taken against him, than he removed, with his daughters, to London; where, conscious of the baseness of his conduct, he continued for some years. And notwithstanding Sir Gerard Pomeroy offered to support Orlando in any steps he should think proper to take, in order to obtain redress for the injuries he and Lucinda had received at Sir Thomas's hands, yet, as these injuries had been productive of the greatest good to them, they both declined the offer; chusing rather, with a commendable moderation, to leave him to those self-reproaches which he had brought upon himself.

On the Confederacy of the Princes of Europe against France.

By the celebrated Dr. PARR.

MUCH, however, as in various instances I may condemn the language of Mr. Paine upon the rights of men, I cannot dissemble my concern at the "dreadful notes of preparation" which have been lately sounded by kings about the rights of kings.

The book of an individual has little or no weight, except what it derives from argument; and argument, if fallacious, may be refuted; or, if mischievous, may be counteracted by better arguments in a better cause. But when kings proceed to harangue in public, and official documents upon the rights of kings are published, they speak in a tone of authority, which is not to be slighted. The line of distinction is said to be already drawn by two foreign courts, between kings and subjects, nay, between kings and men; between those who have no right to govern, but as they protect, and those who are under no obligation to obey, but as they are protected; between those who neither govern nor protect the French, and those who in France are governed and protected by laws of their own, and a King of their own.

For now sits expectation in the air,
And hides a sword from hilt unto the point

With

With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets,
 Promis'd to Louis and *their* followers.

SHAK. HENRY Vth.

But in opposition to all the pleas of interference from the other powers of Europe, let Frenchmen, says common justice, decide the affairs of France.

For many of the French noblesse "who worshipped," as Mr. Burke most beautifully says, "their country, in the person of their King," and "whose blood," as Shakspeare says not less beautifully, "is fetched from fathers of war proof," I have a sincere veneration. Nor would I hastily and indiscriminately condemn the principle by which some of them are actuated in attempting a counter-revolution. The end may be honourable though the means are execrable, and would lead, in the present case, not so much to the re-establishment of Monarchy in France, as to the extirpation of freedom throughout Europe. In respect then to the menaces of foreign powers, I must say with Mr. Burke (p. 59), that "the arguments of tyranny are as contemptible as its force is dreadful."

After all the intrigues of politics, all the devastations of war, and all the barbarous excesses of despotism which disgraces the annals of mankind, the black and lowering storm which threatens soon to overspread the face of all Europe, and to overwhelm in one common ruin every loose remnant and every faint vestige of liberty, constitutes a spectacle equally new and tremendous.

Even the tenets of Mr. Paine himself are yet less novel in theory, and yet less pernicious in practice, than the counsels of those sanguinary fanatics, who would unblushingly and unfeelingly rouse the unsparing sword of foreign potentates, and point it without provocation, without precedent, without any other plea than will, without any other end than tyranny, against the bosoms of Frenchmen contending, or wishing to contend, with Frenchmen alone, upon French ground alone, about French rights, French laws, and French government alone.

When it is urged, that princes from their relation to princes have a common cause, and a cause too, it is meant, virtually paramount to the rights of subjects and of men, the obvious answer is, that they who are not princes have also a common cause; and the obvious consequence of that answer is, that if they are true to themselves, to their neighbours, and to their posterity,

posterity, confederacy is to rise up against confederacy, and deluge the world with blood.

If, indeed, the threatened crusade of russian despots should be attempted, it will, in my opinion, be an outrageous infringement upon the laws of nations; it will be a savage conspiracy against the written and the unwritten rights of mankind; and therefore, in the sincerity of my soul, I pray the righteous Governor of the Universe, the Creator of Men, and the King of Kings, I pray HIM to abate the pride, to assuage the malice, and to confound all the devices, of ALL the parties, directly or indirectly leagued in this complicated scene of guilt and horror! This insult upon the dignity of human nature itself! This treason against the majesty of God's own image, rational and immortal man.

As to myself, and to others, who, like myself, express the terror and just abhorrence which they feel at this most unparalleled measure, when we are scornfully asked, why we express those feelings, we shall find our answer in Mr. Burke's philanthropy opposed to Mr. Burke's politics (p. 9 of his Appeal): "Is it inhuman to prevent, if possible, the spilling of Frenchmen's blood, or imprudent to guard against the effusion of our own," and in a cause, I will add, which, while Englishmen are Englishmen, never can be our own? For is it possible, that by the intrigues of courts, by the sophistry of ministers, or by the futile and hollow pleas of a guarantee in one place, and of alliance in another, the free-born descendants of free-born fathers can be enticed or inflamed to re-echo one barbarous clamour, to countenance one hostile measure, to endure one tax, to unsheath one sword in opposition to the precious and sacred interests of general liberty?

Unless our constitution be, as dying Brutus said of virtue, "an empty name," by the very spirit of that constitution, and by the force of a compact, more solemn and more binding than the ties of any treaty woven in any cabinet, Britons eminently are, what the Athenians professed to be, the guarantees of freedom itself, and the allies of all free men, throughout all the world.

And, when they frown, it is against th' oppressor,
And not against the French.

SHAK. RICH. II.

The people of England, I am sure, then, are too gallant to engage in a war against such a nation, in such circumstances.

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The Parliament of England is too enlightened to approve of a war. The King of England is far too wise, too humane, too magnanimous to propose a war.

Account of the Society called Jacobins in France.

THIS society (which takes its name from the accidental circumstance of meeting in a church, formerly belonging to the convent of Jacobine Monks) stands at the head of, and is closely connected with, about 40,000 societies of a similar nature, dispersed over every part of the nation. All publick constitutional questions are here debated in the fullest, the most free, and open manner. When a measure of public importance is taken into consideration, a motion is first made on the subject; it is then referred to a Committee, and their report is immediately transmitted to all the other societies, who in like manner take the affair into consideration, and transmit their resolutions thereupon to the society at Paris. If the majority of opinions are in favour of the measure, it is then proposed to the National Assembly as proper to be sanctioned by a decree, and the representatives of the people give it a final and solemn discussion.

On Good Humour and the Avoiding of Quarrels.

By the Rev. Dr. KIPPIS.

LET us therefore be constantly on our guard against those principles, prejudices, and passions, that tend to alienate our minds from each other. Let us endeavour to throw aside all mean and narrow views and purposes, and to cultivate the most enlarged and generous sentiments and affections. Let us in particular be cautious in giving offence, and slow in taking it. By being cautious in giving offence, we shall avoid the causes of strife, and shall secure the general esteem and good-will of mankind. By being slow in taking offence, we shall preserve many a valuable friendship that would otherwise be broken; and shall pass through the world with a tranquillity and satisfaction to which hasty and resentful persons are strangers. Indeed, I have had much occasion to observe that the things which are taken for affronts, and are frequently improved into violent quarrels, are often the result of mere inadvertency and inattention,

tention, and by no means proceed from any settled design, or from malignity of temper. In all such cases, where no positive injury is intended, though there may be a considerable deficiency in external respect, I have laid it down as a rule to myself, and would recommend it to others, entirely to overlook them.

And now, if my voice could be heard, I would earnestly call on all the children of Adam, who are travelling in the road of life, not to fall out by the way. I would call upon the nations of the earth to lay aside their jealousies and enmities, and to unite together in the bonds of peace. Could my voice be heard, I would ardently and affectionately call upon the bigots and persecutors of the globe, no longer to violate the rights of conscience, but to grant to every man the privilege of worshipping his God and Father in the manner that is agreeable to the dictates of his own mind.

But it must suffice for me to address each of you in your personal and private capacities. In your personal and private capacities, therefore, permit me to beseech you, that ye fall not out by the way. Be persuaded, since ye are disciples of the same heavenly teacher, and servants of the same master, to live in love, even as Christ also loved you; and do not permit any differences in religious sentiments to interrupt the harmonious agreement with which it behoves you to march on the road that leads to the mansions of glory. As neighbours and acquaintance, be ready to perform every office of kindness and humanity. Let those who are joined in the bonds of a particular friendship, be solicitous not to break so delightful an union.— Let relatives remember and discharge all the obligations arising from the ties of blood. Let private houses, in particular, be temples consecrated to unanimity, tenderness, and affection; and that this may be effectually done, let them likewise be temples consecrated to piety and devotion. Religion well understood, and received in its genuine spirit, will be the best foundation of domestic peace and pleasure. In short, let each of us, in our several stations and connexions, be studious to cultivate the sentiments of universal meekness, good-will, and benevolence; and let us constantly attend to the weighty arguments and motives to this purpose which are set before us in the gospel. If thus we be careful not to fall out by the way, we shall enjoy the truest satisfactions which the present life can afford, and shall be preparing for the realms of complete concord and blessedness. Amen.

Historical

Historical Reflections on Inconsistency of Character.

UNDER what head, except that of inconsistency, can the strange, paradoxical character of Catherine de Medicis be introduced? The abilities of this celebrated lady, had nearly been confined to a much smaller field than that of France, for had not Philibert de Chalons, Prince of Orange, been slain at the siege of Florence (after his exploits at the sack of Rome and the defence of Naples) he meant to have married her, young as she was, and to have made himself Duke of Tuscany, under the protection of the Emperor Charles V. Notwithstanding the unlucky fate of her husband Henry II. she continued to govern the kingdom of France, during the reigns of Francis II. Charles IX. and Henry III. Her beauty, wit, and taste could lure from his army, a rival Prince, who knew her to be his bitterest enemy. Indifferent to religion, except as it suited her ambitious purposes, she was, yet, credulous to the most absurd degree, and the woman who could coolly say, on hearing that the Huguenots had gained an advantage, "Well then! we must say our prayers in French!" was actually the architect of a hollow column, built expressly for the purpose of examining the stars, that she might judge the better of their influence. Though delicate as to the ornaments and nicety of her person as a Messalina, she could yet give way to a passion for hunting with such eagerness, that she often received bruises, once broke her leg, and another time fractured her skull in so dreadful a manner, that she was obliged to be trepanned. Her inquisitive disposition went hand in hand with her fortitude, and she had courage enough to listen with calmness, through a tube which she had contrived for the purpose, to a conference between the King of Navarre, the Duke of Guise, and the Marechal de André, wherein she heard one of the three maintain, that the best way for the peace of France, was, to tie her up in a sack privately, and throw her into the Seine. A proposal which she found was negatived by a very small majority. To sum up her character, we will take the words of a favourite servant of her's, who had just been endowing her with every virtue and every grace. "Some weeds were to be found among this harvest of divine virtues; indeed she was reckoned perfectly faithless (a very common fault, particularly in that age) and greedy, (or rather, thoroughly regardless) of human blood, much more than suited with the natural tenderness of her sex. Nor did she scruple any means, however wicked and perfidious, to gain those ends which appeared to her desirable."

In the memoirs of Captain Carleton, (a book deserving credit, as the author was a veteran, of good family, and irreproachable character) remarkable testimony is given to the bravery of James Duke of York, particularly in the celebrated fight of May 28, 1672; in which he was obliged to change his ship several times. "Nevertheless," says the author, "on his entrance upon the London, which was the ship I was in, and on our hoisting the standard, De Ruyter and his Squadron seemed to double their fire upon her, as if they resolved to blow her out of the water. Notwithstanding all which, the Duke of York remained all the time on quarter-deck, and as the bullets plentifully whizzed around him, would often rub his hands and cry, 'Spragge, Spragge, they follow us still.' He adds, "I am very sensible later times have not been over-favourable in their sentiments of that unfortunate Prince's valour, yet I cannot omit the doing a piece of justice to his memory, in relating a matter of fact of which my own eyes were witnesses, and saying, that if intrepidity and undauntedness may be reckoned any part of courage, no man in the fleet better deserved the name of courageous, or behaved himself with more gallantry than he did."

And yet this very Duke of York, when he became King of Great Britain and Ireland, could demean himself so far as to desert his friends and his troops after the battle of the Boyne, at a period when his army might have been recruited with ease, and when affairs were in such a situation in Great Britain, through the cabals of the profligate great, that a little steadiness and a moderate exertion of personal courage, must have insured him an easy restoration.

This assertion supposes that the account of court-intrigues, brought forward by M'Pherson, and Sir John Dalrymple, is grounded on facts. This is, it is true, a painful supposition; but the degrading story has never been controverted by any descendants from the noble families, whose ancestors it covers with indelible disgrace. Among other paradoxical affirmations, in the books alluded to, the most striking perhaps, is, that Admiral Russell was under an engagement to restore King James, at the very time when he defeated the French fleet. One would think that the charge of so palpable an inconsistency might have been easily overturned; but no pen has stirred on the occasion. Nor has any one attempted to defend John Duke of Marlborough, from the charge of having betrayed the expedition against Brest, in May 1694!!!

AN ANECDOTE.

[From Zimmerman's Conversations with the late King of Prussia.]

I Shall here relate (says Dr. Zimmerman) and in a few words, what is known only to a few persons. Frederick the Great never believed, not even at the moment of his death, in the Christian religion, or the immortality of the soul; though he was not perhaps always free from uneasiness, in this respect, in the latter part of his life. He shewed a great spirit of toleration towards those who thought differently from him, and who even told him so; and he was mild and indulgent to enthusiasts, fanatics, and fools. Of this he gave a convincing proof, a little while before his death, in his behaviour towards a person who endeavoured to bring him within the pale of the church.—Amongst the letters which had arrived one day, and which the King delivered into the hands of his Cabinet Secretaries, there was one without any signature, which surprised them so much that they brought it back to his Majesty. The author, from conscientious motives, represented to the King, out of respect and love for him, though he had been incredulous all his lifetime, there was still room for him to amend, and to return to his duty; but that, as he was on the brink of the grave, he had not a moment to lose, unless he wished to go to that place where there are gnashing of teeth and eternal wailings, and to be *roasted in hell* throughout all eternity. The same evening the King made a present of this letter to Luchefini, saying, “You see how careful they are of my soul.”

Frederick often joked respecting death when he had the glass in his hand. His letters to d’Alembert, at the time when that philosopher was approaching towards his end, contain sublime consolations, replete with the most stoic philosophy against the dread of ceasing to exist.

Count Luchefini asked me, however, one day, at Potzdam, in what manner his Majesty’s fears respecting death might be quieted, as he was not susceptible of that pleasing consolation which arises to those who believe in the immortality of the soul. “Comfort him,” said I, “by representing to him the immortality of his name; the indelible remembrance of every thing great and sublime that he has done, and of all the good actions he has performed; and, lastly, by shewing him that all these will live a long time after him. The King, as he himself has often told me, is not afraid of death, and I believe it; but he hates and detests it, and would wish to oppose it if possible.

Suffer him to deny, to the last, the immortality of the soul; for in this point you will never be able to convert him. But tell him boldly, and without ceasing, that he has done more than any King before him could do in a similar situation; and that all he has done has taken too deep root not to expand and flourish till the remotest period of futurity. Repeat to him, and even proclaim with a loud voice, in his latest moments, that *the Prussian eagle shall never be humbled.*"

Answer, by T. James, near Redruth, to R. Dugger's Charade, inserted July 23.

THE place is RAVENSPUR you mean,
Which in your lines is plainly seen.

† We have received the like answer from William Burroughs, of Somerton; J. K. C. near Wells; J. Mitchell, of Polruan, near Fowey; J. Chivers, St. Austle; R. Salter, of Bodmin; J. Bulgin, Castle Cary; R. Hawkey, Creed; Aegon, of St. Stephens; and J. Williams, of Truro.

Answer, by J. B. Chivers, of St. Austell, to J. Taylor's Charade, inserted August 13.

BEAR-GARDEN, Sirs, a scene where riot reigns,
And silly men oft waste their honest gains.

||†|| We have received the like answer from T. Giles, of Bridgewater; F. I. of Totnes; W. Smith, of Grampond; T. James, near Redruth; T. Walker, Hemyock; J. Salter, of Payhembury.

A CHARADE, by Fidelio, of Bath.

WHEN Damon addresses his favourite maid,
And presses the lass to be kind,
Should my first be attentive, it promises aid
To relieve the youth's trouble of mind.
My second assisting their happiness crowns,
When at old Hymen's altar they stand,
Each heart then with pleasure doth quickly rebound
As he takes the fair bride by the hand.

My

My whole is an ornament worn by the fair,
Adorn'd oft, with diamonds and gold,
Which gives to the fairest so graceful an air,
As is pleasing indeed to behold.

An ENIGMA, by J. K. C. near Wells.

YE bards whose keen investigation
Deserves the public admiration,
Approach and give an explanation
To what I here shall ask;
Each wandering wight in expectation,
Attentive waits for your oration,
To give a general approbation
To him who finds the task.

Know then I dwell within this nation,
And occupy a lofty station,
Where I've the flatt'ring adulation
Of many a belle and beaux;
I daily alter to the fashion,
Yet oft in some mean habitation
I'm seen—a mark of degradation,
As you will quickly show.

I have no kindred nor relation,
No lying tongue to cause compassion,
Nor any means of vindication,
Yet people will me bind;
And this to your consideration,
I now resign for mitigation,
And trust from your civilization
You'll deem it not unkind.

Tho' I've no feeling nor sensation,
I guard the instrument of passion,
Where dwells a happy combination
Of sense and ready wit;
And now from this long declaration,
My name I ask for compensation,
Which after true deliberation
You doubtless, Sirs, will hit.

P O E T R Y.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

EDWARD *and* LOUISA.

DARK was the night; the winds were loud;
The meteors danc'd; and many a cloud
Obscur'd the lights on high:
Horrick thunders loudly roll,
Blue light'nings gleam from pole to pole,
Throughout the low'ring sky.

Beneath some weeping willows laid,
Apt emblems of some mourning maid,
The fair Louisa wept;
Her unavailing tears were shed
For Edward in his watry bed,
Where peacefully he slept.

The hoarse winds blew her lovely hair,
And chas'd away the pearly tear,
Which on her white breast fell;
And thus she mourn'd the hapless doom
Of Edward in his early tomb,
Where sea nymphs rung his knell.

" Edward, farewell! thou much lov'd youth,
" Bear, bear, ye winds, my vows of truth,
" And constancy above;
" Oh! tell him his Louisa's grief,
" Which never can admit relief,
" So great, so true her love.

" My hapless fate, (the mourner cried)
" Since all my bliss with Edward died,
" Must be his loss to mourn;

" And

“ And here within this willow grove,
 “ Where I was wont to meet my love,
 “ I’ll raise a sylvan urn.

“ And here I’ll take my nightly walk,
 “ And of my much-lov’d Edward talk,
 “ Tho’ buried in the deep ;
 “ But when the pale moon’s silver light
 “ Brings his sad urn before my sight,
 “ I’ll lay me down and weep.

“ He’s gone ! (she cried) the raging sea
 “ Has swept my lover far away ;
 “ Two years are left behind
 “ Since Edward left his native home,
 “ In Asia’s burning climes to roam,
 “ Some Indian wealth to find.

“ Farewell Louisa ! weep no more,
 “ My Edward said, as from the shore,
 “ The oary barge was borne ;
 “ But ah ! how can I cease to weep,
 “ Since he is buried in the deep,
 “ And I am left to mourn ?

“ And here beneath this willow tree,
 “ I’ll mourn his loss from day to day,
 “ To him this debt is due.”
 “ Angel of Heav’n, divinely fair !
 (A voice reply’d) “ Thy Edward’s here,
 “ He lives my love for you.

“ Tho’ shipwreck’d on a barbarous coast,
 “ My love, thy Edward was not lost,
 “ At that ill-fated hour,
 “ When angry Neptune vengeful hurl’d
 “ Destruction o’er the watry world,
 “ And shew’d his kingly power.”

Grief for a moment fled her face,
 And joy resumed its wonted place
 In fair Louisa’s eyes ;
 Whilst Edward to his faithful breast
 The lovely mourner fondly press’d,
 Who sighing, faints, and dies.

Ye lovers, say what Edward felt,
 Whilst by the lovely maid he knelt,
 And caught her latest breath;
 "At length, Louisa!" Edward cry'd,
 "My love! I come."—He spoke and died;
 His eyes were closed in death.

Beneath the willow's sacred shade,
 One grave for these two lovers made,
 Contains the hapless pair;
 Where nymphs and swains of Auborn vale
 To tell the melancholy tale
 Of Edward's love repair.

There, rosemary, funereal flower,
 And roses sweet, a fragrant bower,
 With jessamine have made;
 The willows ever weeping shew,
 They mourn two lovers laid below,
 Now mouldering in their grave.

B——.

Strange Epitaph in the Church-yard of Thetford.

MY grandmother was buried here,
 My cousin Jane, and two uncles dear;
 My father perish'd with a mortification in his thighs,
 And my sister dropp'd down dead in the Minories;
 But the reason why I am here interr'd according to my thinking
 Is owing to my good living, and hard drinking;
 If therefore, good Christians, you wish to live long,
 Don't drink too much wine, or brandy, or gin, or any thing strong.

O N V I R T U E.

FAIR Virtue, hail! Thou source of sweet delight;
 Be thou our safeguard, morning, noon, and night;
 May all our thoughts, our words, and actions be,
 Directed, lovely Virtue! still by thee!
 Thou art a blessing which we ought to prize;
 Without thee, Virtue, none are truly wise.
 May we unto thy God-like ways incline,
 For Virtue leads to happiness divine!

Sturminster, 1792.

T. MULLETT.