
THE
WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, December 10, 1792.

THE PRESERVATION:
A MORAL STORY.

To the PRINTER.

SIR,

AS your entertaining and elegant Repository, seems particularly devoted to the service of morality, and the interests of society; I presume you will be happy to insert a short narrative, illustrative of a growing evil, which, ever since the improvement of turnpike roads has rendered easy the communication between town and country, has been depopulating the latter of its beauty and innocence, to increase the vice and wretchedness of the former.

You will readily perceive, that I allude to the avidity with which the rustic fair (even those who might in their native villages have lived in the bosom of respectable felicity) throng to this overgrown, and overstocked metropolis, in hopes of making their fortunes by the rewards of menial service.—Strange delusion of credulous simplicity! Filled with extravagant ideas of the gaiety and opulence of this dissipated scene, these untutored rovers little deem how frequently, even those who are apparently the most prosperous, conceal the pangs of poverty beneath the finery of vanity; or how hardly the menial class labour for the precarious wages of servitude, embittered too often by all the degrading turbulence of the un-

feeling tribe, whom nothing but fortune has rendered their superiors.

Check, check, ye rural maids ! this roving appetite, and rest contented in the innocent obscurity of your peaceful groves ; and though labour and humility must there be your portion, exchange them not for the lying vanities of this treacherous town, which, at best, can but give you finery in exchange for happiness. Discharge but your duty assiduously in your little native scenes, your virtues and your industry will be known and rewarded ; and you may naturally hope, united in virtuous bonds with some plain but honest labourer or tradesman, to taste the blessings of mutual love, and pass your days in neatness and respectability. But here, ye can have no rational hope, but either wasting your whole life in unthankful servitude, without a home, and without a friend ; or of marrying some worthless fellow of a footman, who has as many wives as places, or some improvident mechanic, who lives one half of the year in dirty luxury, and starves in rags and wretchedness during the other.

But it would be happy for these deluded girls, and for society in general, if this were the worst they have to fear. But alas ! servitude is a precarious tenure ; and it is, perhaps, no very exaggerated computation to reckon, that there are nearly twice as many friendless females in this town, who have no other honest means of support, as with all their ostentatious luxury can be employed by the higher and middle orders of its inhabitants. The inference is obvious ; and the following narrative will place it in a stronger point of view than any comments I can possibly make.

As my friend young Melville, full of anguish at a disappointment of a tender and melancholy nature, was returning thoughtfully the other evening to his apartments, he was greeted by one of those unhappy beings whom surly cynics execrate as the pests of society, and more sympathising moralists, with equal justice, bewail as the saddest victims of hopeless misery.

Melville was not in the habit of rebuking with brutal harshness the troublesome importunities of these unpitied wretches ; but, on the contrary, would compassionate their sufferings and enquire into their distresses, especially if he supposed his liberality might alleviate their anguish, or his warning voice recall them to the forsaken path of virtue. But his mind was now so totally engrossed by its own sufferings, that when the poor wretch laid hold of his arm, without knowing what he did, he pushed her suddenly from him, and she fell upon the ground :

For,

For, alas! she was before so exhausted with hunger and fatigue, as scarcely to be able to support her own feeble weight.

Her groan awakened Melville from his dream of anguish. He turned instantly round and saw what he had inconsiderately done. His heart was stung with the keenest self-reproach; and apologizing for his unintentional cruelty, he assisted the poor victim to rise. But what was his anguish and surprise, when by the assistance of the lamps, and of the moon, which shone with particular brightness, he discovered the daughter of one of his tenants in the distant county of Derby, whose modest simplicity had formerly so frequently attracted his attention.

The street, however, was no proper place for enquiry into the cause of her situation. He therefore led her to a neighbouring tavern.

"Mary," said he, in a tone of unexpected seriousness, as he shut the door, "do you not know me?"

The poor girl, trembling with apprehension, looked up in his face. "Oh Heaven!" exclaimed she, "Mr. Melville."

"Mary! Mary!" continued he, "how came you here, and in this miserable way of life?"

"Oh! I will tell you all, Sir," answered she, sobbing. "But for Heaven's sake, do not let my father know.—It would break his heart!"

"Your father shall know nothing from me," said he, consoling her. "But tell me: How came you thus?"

"Oh! Sir; I have been reduced to it by distress. I came to London, in hopes of bettering myself in the world. But I am ruined for ever."

"Perhaps not so," replied Melville, eagerly; touched with the remains of honest simplicity, which were still discoverable in her manner. "Let me hear your story. If you wish to leave this way of life, you shall not want the means."

The poor girl poured out her gratitude in prayers and tears; and then proceeded with her story. She had been tempted to London, like many other silly girls, by the expectations of pecuniary advantage; and went into service with the confident hope of making her *fortin*. But as whatever she received she spent in silly finery, and the caprice of an ill-tempered mistress shortly discharged her, the little articles she had were quickly disposed of, and she herself, ere she could get into another place, was seduced to supply her pressing necessities by the wages of

vice. To this she had at first applied with horror and aversion, intending only to procure a temporary relief, till other means of support should enable her to return to the path of virtue. But her character was gone; and she was swept farther and farther with the stream of vice, till the peaceful shore was lost entirely to her view.

She was now sunk to the lowest ebb of human misery. For three days she had not put a bit of bread between her lips: For three nights she had not laid her aching head upon a pillow, or been sheltered from the inclemencies of the weather, by any roof but that of a shambles house: And, to complete the horrid picture, she was languishing with the cruel effects of her incontinence.

"Good Heaven!" said Melville to himself, "how inconsiderate is the world! If these poor wretches complain, their complaints are answered with reproach; their wretchedness meets only with contempt; and their appeals to our compassion are returned with brutality. Yet who are so completely objects of our pity? for who are so completely miserable?"

"But oh! they are criminal!—Alas! if no misery is to be relieved, but what is unattended with guilt, charity may seek in vain for objects, and benevolence languish and expire, for want of occasions to exert her generous feelings.

"Tell me not of crimes!—Is she not wretched? And am not I a sinner?"

"Here, unhappy girl!" said he, putting his purse into her hand, "take this; and call as that card directs, you shall have whatever is needful. All the return I wish is, that you go back to your father, as soon as your health is restored; and that you exert your influence to prevent other deluded girls from repairing to this scene of vanity and temptation."

Thus saying he prevented her thanks and acknowledgments, by rushing out of the room. He flew immediately home, and retiring to his bed, indulged the pleasing hope of having rescued a fellow creature from the most deplorable fate. The soothing reflection, better than all the opiates to which guilt could ever appeal, lulled both his senses and his pangs to rest; and bestowed upon him a slumber so sweet, as nothing but conscious virtue will ever have the power to enjoy.

I had this narrative, Sir, a few days ago, in confidence, from Melville; but, as I deemed it might be highly useful if printed in your widely-circulated Entertainer, I have committed it

to paper; and by inserting it you will very much oblige, your's, &c.

A FRIEND TO INNOCENCE.

London, November 14, 1792.

ANECDOTE of LEWIS XI. of FRANCE.

THIS King had a dread of death, to a degree so ridiculous, that he once actually stopped a priest, who, after having prayed for the health of his body, was beginning to implore Heaven for his future welfare, "Hold! Hold!" cried he, "you have gone far enough for once. Never be tiresome in your address to God Almighty. Stop now, and pray for my soul another time."

The first Discovery of the Powers of Antimony.

IT is asserted in a French book, entitled, "Le Nouveau Cours de Chimie," that the discovery of the powers residant in antimony, was owing to the celebrated Basilus Valentinus, who finding that it had the property of fattening pigs, tried it, (Heaven knows with what connection of ideas,) on a convent of monks. Unluckily, instead of improving the condition of these holy men, it killed them by dozens, whence it obtained the name of "Anti-moine." Paracelsus attempted to bring it, notwithstanding this misadventure, into credit, but he, too, failed, and it was not until very late times, that the virtues of that very useful medicine were allowed.

Anecdotes of the remarkable Vicissitudes in the Life and Reign of John Ernest Biron, the last Duke of Courland.

JOHAN ERNEST BIRON was descended from a family of mean extraction. His grandfather, whose name was Buren, or Bieren, was Head Groom to James the Third, Duke of Courland, and obtained from his master the present of a small estate in land. His son accompanied Prince Alexander, youngest son of the Duke of Courland, in a campaign into Hungary against the Turks, in quality of Groom of his Horse, and with the rank of Lieutenant. Prince Alexander being killed

killed before Buda, in 1688, Biron returned into Courland, and was appointed Master-Huntsman to the Duke.

Ernest John, his second son, was born in 1687, received the early part of his education in Courland, and was sent to the University of Königsbergh in Prussia, where he continued until some youthful imprudences compelled him to retire.

In 1714, he made his appearance at St. Petersburg, and solicited the place of Page to the Princess Charlotte, wife of the Tzarovitch Alexey; but being contemptuously rejected as a person of mean extraction, retired to Mittau, and chanced to ingratiate himself with Count Bestuchef, Master of the Household to Anne, widow of Frederic William Duke of Courland, who resided at Mittau. Having through his means obtained the office of Gentleman of the Chamber, and being of a handsome figure and polite address, he soon gained the goodwill of the Duchess, and became her chief favourite. The first use which he made of his favour, was to obtain the disgrace and removal of his benefactor Bestuchef. He soon gained such an ascendancy over the affections of his mistress, that his will became her's; and the upstart favourite offended by his arrogance the whole body of the nobility of Courland.

Having espoused Mademoiselle de Trenden, a lady of noble family, and Maid of Honour to the Duchess, he endeavoured, by means of that alliance, and the favour of his mistress, to be admitted into the body of nobles; but his solicitations were rejected with great contempt.

His ascendancy over the Duchess, his spirit of intrigue, and his extreme arrogance, were so notorious, that when Anne was declared Sovereign of Russia, one of the articles proposed to her by the Council of State at Moscow, expressly stipulated, that she should not bring Biron into Russia. She consented, but instantly broke her word; for she had scarcely arrived at Moscow, before he made his appearance at her Court.

By his secret advice, the Empress formed a strong party among the Russian nobility, gained the guards, and brought about the revolution which restored to the crown despotic authority.

But when the whole plan was ripe for execution, Anne hesitated, and was alarmed, till Biron took her by the hand, and led her to the door of the apartment in which the Council of State, Senate, and principal nobility were assembled; and she was declared absolute Sovereign.

Within the space of a few months, Biron was appointed Gentleman of the Bed-chamber, Knight of the Order of St. Andrew,

Andrew, and Lord High Chamberlain, and, as Manstein says, was omnipotent in the Government; for, during the whole reign of Anne, and some weeks after her death, he ruled with despotic sway the vast empire of Russia.

On the death of Ferdinand Ketler, in 1737, the Empress dispatched General Bismarck, Governor of Riga, to Mittau, at the head of a considerable army. The nobles having assembled at the cathedral, Bismarck surrounded the church with troops, and compelled them to elect for their Sovereign the same Biron whom they had refused to admit into their corps. But his new dignity did not prevent him from keeping his post of High Chamberlain, and his wife that of First Lady of the Bed-chamber.

Biron governed Courland with the same despotic spirit with which he governed Russia; and the nobles who had been accustomed to great freedom of debate in their Diets, were suddenly restrained. Those who ventured to oppose his will, or to speak with their usual freedom, were privately seized by persons in masks, forced into kibitkas, and conveyed to Siberia.

Of a violent and sanguinary temper, Biron ruled Russia with the knout in his hand, and compelled his imperial mistress, who was naturally of a mild and merciful disposition, to order acts of the most atrocious cruelty, though she oftentimes interceded, but in vain, with tears in her eyes, for the unhappy victims of his suspicion and vengeance.

The cruelties exercised upon the most illustrious persons of the country almost exceed belief; and Manstein conjectures, that “during the ten years in which Biron’s power continued, above 20,000 persons were sent to Siberia, of whom scarcely 5000 were ever more heard of.”

The violence of his temper would break forth in a manner most disrespectful to the Empress. Once in particular, while the Duke of Bevern had an audience, Biron burst into the apartment without ceremony, threatening, with the most horrid imprecations, that he would no longer be vexed and tormented by her servants, but would retire into Courland. Having uttered these words, he quitted the room, and shut the door with great violence. The Empress, in the highest consternation, lifted up her hands to Heaven, then clasped them together, and being almost ready to faint, she opened the window for fresh air. While she continued in this agitation, the Duchess of Courland, accompanied with her children, entered the room, kneeled down, and entreated the Empress to forget and forgive

the passionate behaviour of her husband. Anne in this, as in every other instance, relented, and bore with his insolence.

His influence over his imperial mistress was such, that during the sitting of the Cabinet Council, she used frequently to repair to an adjoining room, in which her favourite remained, to receive his advice or rather his orders. She had no table of her own, but used to dine with his family.

He knew only two languages, the German, and his native jargon spoken in Courland; so that he governed the extensive empire of Russia without even understanding its language. He even piqued himself on his ignorance of that tongue, having once said in the presence of the Empress Anne, that he would not learn the Russian, because he could not bear to read before her Majesty all the reports and memorials which were daily transmitted to him.

Biron was undoubtedly a man of very great capacity; during his whole administration, the external splendour of the Russian empire, and its internal tranquillity, announced the wisdom of his measures; and he shewed his judgement in employing such a statesman as Osterman, and such a General as Munich.

He was a sincere friend and an implacable enemy; and it was justly said of him, that he seldom forgot a benefit, and always remembered an injury.

He amassed an enormous fortune in money and jewels; and on public occasions his magnificence far exceeded the magnificence of the Empress.

He had so long directed the affairs of a great empire, that he could not brook retiring into Courland. He accordingly prevailed upon the Empress, on her death-bed, to appoint his great nephew, Prince Ivan, her successor, and himself regent until the Prince had attained the age of 17; and he managed this whole transaction with so much art, that he seemed only to accept the regency at the earnest request and recommendation of Marshal Munich, the Chancellor Osterman, and the principal Russian nobility, as it were for the good of the empire, and not to satisfy his own ambition.

Having thus secured the regency, to the exclusion of Anne, the mother of the young Emperor, the first act of his power in that capacity, was to obtain for himself a clear revenue of 500,000* roubles per annum, and the title of Imperial Highness.

But the power which he had thus acquired by intrigue, he attempted to secure by repeated acts of arrogance, persecution, and

* 100 cool. according to the value of a rouble of that period.

and cruelty. Piquets were placed in the streets to prevent commotions. The numerous spies which he entertained brought him vague accounts of contemptuous expressions, and ill-formed plots. Such numbers were arrested, that scarcely a day passed in which persons suspected were not imprisoned and tortured in order to force confession. But instead of disarming the envy and jealousy of the natives, who were disaffected at being governed by a foreigner, he increased his own unpopularity by the haughtiness of his demeanour, and treated even the parents of his sovereign with the most extreme brutality.

It was natural that Prince Anthony Ulric and the Princess Anne, the father and mother of the infant Emperor, should be disaffected at being set aside, and a foreigner preferred to the regency; and Anthony Ulric, who was a Prince of great spirit, even expressed his disapprobation in the strongest terms to the Regent himself.

The Duke of Courland, suspecting that the Prince was forming cabals against his government, called on him early one morning unexpectedly, and without being announced; "Your Highness," he said, "does not deal fairly with me; for you promised to inform me if any disaffected persons caballed against me, and you now know what intrigues are carrying on against me." "I know not," replied the Prince, "that any thing is now in agitation which will be detrimental to the Emperor and the country." "I will take care," returned Biron, "to place this empire in such a situation, as no other person is capable of doing; for I am neither deficient in knowledge or in power." "The nobles must assist you," said the Prince, "and you must all be accountable to the Emperor." "Am I not Regent," replied Biron, "with absolute authority? Such assertions, Sir, may occasion great commotions; and your Highness must know, that whenever factions arise, the Emperor and the country are in danger; and what must be the inevitable consequence, if you and I should be at variance?"—"A massacre!" returned the Prince with great warmth, putting at the same time his hand upon his sword.

After much altercation, the Prince accused Biron of having forged the testament and signature of the Empress; and the Duke quitted the apartment with these words: "This affair, Sir, is of such importance, that it must be laid before the principal nobility of the realm." Repairing instantly to his palace, he summoned the cabinet council, the senate, and the principal nobility, and acquainted them with the conversation which had passed between him and the Prince. But when the Imperial

Minister, Count Keyserling, who was present, endeavoured to justify the Prince, he called the Prince a liar, who had misrepresented the conversation; and turning to Keyserling, said, "We want here no advocates, and no lawyer's quirks;" and walking up and down the apartment in great agitation, exclaimed, "Am I a poisoner! or do I contend for the throne and the scepter!"

The Princess Anne, who had been informed of the misunderstanding, now arriving, he turned to her, and explained with great bitterness what had already passed. Anne was exceedingly affected, and appeared to blame her husband's conduct. At length, the Prince himself being summoned, was prevailed upon to attend, and soon afterward made his appearance. Being reprimanded by Biron, and by several who were present, in the grossest terms, his Highness at length submitted to demand pardon, the tears starting from his eyes from this necessary but degrading concession; and the affair was hushed up.

Soon afterwards, the Regent sent a message by Marshal Munich, ordering the Prince to resign his military employments, and not to stir out of his chamber. But this state of things could not last long. The Regent, at variance with the parents of the Emperor, suspicious of plots forming against him, and detested by the nation in general, became agitated and uneasy, felt the precariousness of his present situation, paid his court with great assiduity to the Princess Elizabeth, and seems even to have formed the design of marrying her to the Prince, his eldest son, and of raising her, or her nephew the Duke of Holstein, to the throne of Russia. He was imprudent enough to declare publicly, that if the Princess Anne was refractory, he would send her husband into Germany, and place the Duke of Holstein on the throne.

While he was fluctuating concerning his future conduct, and laying plans to remove those who gave him umbrage, his own ruin came from a powerful quarter which he did not expect, and was not prepared to resist. Marshal Munich, secretly displeased with the Regent at not being appointed Generalissimo of the Russian Forces, fomented the discontents, awakened the suspicions of the Princess Anne, and prevailed upon her to permit him to arrest the Duke of Courland. His offer being accepted, he succeeded in securing the person of the Regent, and arresting him on the 18th of December, only twenty days after he had been appointed to the regency. Lieutenant-Colonel Manstein, who was employed by Munich on that memorable occasion, and who has related the transaction in his authentic

authentic memoirs, penetrated, at the head of only twenty men into the palace inhabited by the Duke of Courland, though guarded by forty soldiers, who were placed under the windows of the Regent's bed-chamber, and by numerous centinels posted in the several apartments through which he was to pass. Being personally known to the centinels, they permitted him to pass, thinking that he had an affair of consequence to communicate to the Regent. Having burst open the door of his bed-chamber, he approached the bed, in which the Duke and Duchess were so fast asleep, that the noise did not awaken them. On drawing the curtains, both started up in surprise, and the Duke instantly got out of bed with an intention to escape, but was prevented by Manstein, who threw himself upon him, and held him fast till the soldiers came to his assistance. In this interval the Duke had disengaged himself from Manstein, and endeavouring to burst from the soldiers who had laid hold of his arm, received several blows from the but-ends of their muskets. Being at length thrown down on the floor, his mouth gagged with a handkerchief, and his hands tied behind him with an officer's sash, he was led to the guard-room, where being covered with a soldier's cloak, he was conveyed in a carriage to the winter palace, in which the Princess Anna resided. While he was leading away, the Duchess sprang out of bed, and though only in her shift, ran after him, screaming, in an agony of despair, into the street, till being forced away by the soldiers, she dropped down upon the snow, and would have perished with cold, if the Captain of the guard had not sent for some clothes to cover her, and re-conducted her to her apartment.

The next day the Duke and his family were conveyed to the fortress of Schlisselburgh; and in June were removed to Pelim, a small town in Siberia, where he was imprisoned in a wooden house under the strictest confinement. Fortunately he did not long occupy this dreary prison. The Empress Elizabeth had no sooner ascended the throne, by the deposition of Ivan, than she recalled Biron from his imprisonment; and if his misfortunes had not softened his vindictive spirit, he enjoyed the pleasure of seeing his enemy, Marshal Munich, occupy that prison which he had just quitted.

Biron was transferred to Yaroslaf, where he had a comfortable mansion assigned to him and his family, five roubles a day, and the permission of hunting within twenty or thirty miles of Yaroslaf. In this situation, wretched when contrasted with his former dignified station as the omnipotent favourite of

Anne, or as Regent of Russia, but a paradise when compared with his prison at Pelim, he passed his days during the whole reign of Elizabeth.

On the demise of Elizabeth, Peter the Third recalled Biron to Petersburg, but did not reinstate him in the duchy of Courland. Biron had refused, during his confinement, to resign his right to that duchy, although he was offered his liberty and a pension of 100,000 roubles per annum; nor could he be prevailed upon by Peter the Third to abdicate in favour of the Duke of Holstein; nobly adding, that nothing should induce him to do such an injury to his family; but that he would prefer even a second imprisonment.

Catharine, soon after the revolution which placed her on the throne of Peter the Great, took compassion on his misfortunes, and restored him to his former dignity.

Biron repaired to Mittau in 1763, twenty-eight years after he had been elected Duke of Courland, and for the first time since he had been raised to that dignity. Prince Charles of Saxony, although supported by a large party in Courland, yet receiving no assistance from his father Augustus the Third, was compelled to retire before the Russian forces; and Biron received the oaths of allegiance and fidelity from the whole nation.

In 1764, he obtained from the King and republic of Poland the investiture of Courland for his eldest son Peter, the present Duke; in 1769, abdicated in his favour; and, in 1772, closed at Mittau, in the eighty-third year of his age, a life of almost unparalleled vicissitude.

GENERAL REVIEW *of* EUROPEAN POLITICS.

For NOVEMBER, 1792.

F R A N C E.

THIS kingdom will long remain the most conspicuous figure in the political groupe. While the other powers of Europe are darkened by the gloom of despotism, or obscured by the shades of moderation, she arrests the mental eye, by the glowing colours of unfettered liberty, boundless valour, and unabated success. The most splendid periods of her monarchy may be eclipsed by the rising glories of her republic; the reputation of Sully obliterated from the page of history by the superior fame of Roland; and the actions of a Turanne,

Turenne, or a Conde, may be forgotten in the exploits of a Dumourier, and a Custine. Since the memorable 10th of August, we have beneld a Cato arising, to inculcate morality on the minds of his countrymen, and restore tranquillity to a divided people; a Fabius to harass the retreating enemies of his fellow-citizens, and a Marcellus to retort the calamities they had endured.

The genius which slumbered on the couch of tyranny, awakened at the magical touch of freedom; and the soldiery, which reluctantly submitted to the mandate of a treacherous court, obeyed spontaneous, when the nation called. However defective the democratic governments may be in stability of internal organization, and in promptness, and energy of exertion; however unfavourable they may be thought to the cultivation of the minuter duties, and the qualification of the more private affections of social life; yet, as they are calculated for a display of character, the efforts of talents, and the exercise of the sublimer virtues, they have ever occupied a peculiar share of the historian's attention. The mighty kingdoms of Assyria and Persia, have passed disregarded through the tide of time; but the mind is stopped, in contemplating the legislation, the arts, the eloquence, and the arms of Greece, and the progress of imperial Rome, from the time she was a nest of banditti, to the period when she arose the mistress of a prostrate world. The magnificent spectacles, which the ancient records displayed, are acting again with renovated splendour, and, should the present convulsions reduce the mortal universe to its primæval chaos, there are not wanting men to assure us, that from the ruins of the present fabric, a system more beautiful, more permanent, and more useful, must arise. Some centuries ago, Europe, obedient to the voice of a fanatic, loosened from her hinges, and poured her countless myriads on the plains of Asia; the *Sans Culottes* of Peter the hermit, revelled in the luxuries of Constantinople, and erected the cross on the ruins of the crescent at Jerusalem. If the age of religious crusades is gone, the æra of political ones is arrived, and the Belgian lion, which has so long crouched beneath the eagle of Austria, may repose in security under the tree of liberty, planted by the hands, and protected by the swords of the French republicans. But, though the pursuits of men are different, are their morals changed? Do we not still behold them striving to attain abstract good by violence, fury, and war; and if we turn with horror from the deluded enthusiasts, who performed their orisons at the tomb of the Redeemer when their hands were reeking with the blood of his

his creatures, with what emotions will posterity consider the General who proclaims liberty amidst mangled carcases, and regulates elections in provinces, whose plains are fattening with slaughtered thousands?

Of the *internal situation of France* we know but little. It requires much patience, and more discernment, to extract truth from the exaggerated accounts of interested travellers, or the wilful misinterpretations of diurnal publications. The seasons of revolutions are generally unfavourable to private felicity, and we see no reason to exempt those of France from the common imputation. Since the abolition of royalty, two parties have arisen, the one, denominated disorganizers, the other, federative republicans. A metropolis, without commerce to occupy the minds of its inhabitants, religion, to overawe their vices, or regular legislative authority, to punish their crimes, must be the resort of needy villainy, and the grand emporium of human iniquity. The former party has, therefore, fixed upon Paris as the theatre of their machinations; and seek to increase their importance, and secure their influence, by raising it to a superiority above the other departments. The leader of this faction has been accused before the Convention, and, after having been heard in his defence, has been dismissed with impunity, rather from the dread of his power, than the conviction of his innocence. The majority of that body wish to forget past misconduct in universal regeneration, and imagine that the quantum of good produced by their labours, will soon outweigh the numerous inconveniences with which their commencement was accompanied. But, to blunt the moral feelings, by a frigid appeal to final consequences, and forgive individual offences, for the eventual benefits they may have conferred, is a false and dangerous policy: Such moderation may effect a momentary calm, but that calm, like the solemn stillness of the loaded atmosphere, threatens only wider havoc, and more general ruin.

We are, indeed, sorry to remark, even in the Convention itself, some strong symptoms of that ferocious spirit, which has so much disgraced the character of Frenchmen; the undistinguishing severity of their decree against the *Emigrants*, is an ample proof of this sanguinary disposition. Many of these men certainly merit the utmost chastisement which indignant patriotism can inflict. The perfidious traitors, who drew their swords against the privileges of their country because its wisdom had annulled their own, and the hypocritical priests, who, under the mask of religion, endeavoured to poison the minds of the people,

people, merit the utmost rigour of their fate : But those who fled from a well-founded apprehension of being robbed of property, or deprived of life ; who beheld an implacable enemy advancing into the heart of their republic, and witnessed the excesses of a furious populace, driven to desperation at their approach ; can excite no emotion but compassion, and are entitled to protection, instead of being obnoxious to punishment. It is to be hoped that a regard to their own honour, and the peaceful philosophy they so loudly profess, will induce the Convention to reconsider this step, that an impartial observer may view their progress without being disgusted by scenes which wound his sensibility, and undermine his principles. In their political career, in many instances, the present constituent authority of France seems more actuated by the tumultuous applause of fleeting popularity, than the calm suggestions of deliberative prudence.

As the basis of the new constitution, *the Convention* has passed a decree excluding its members from all public offices for six years after the completion of the constitution. Our neighbours have been accused of despising the guidance of experience ; and the little they have acquired they seem resolved to neglect. The error of the Constituent Assembly, in rendering themselves ineligible to seats in the legislative body, was the cause of much mischief. Presuming upon the weakness of their successors, the court became treacherous, and the populace ungovernable ; the restless spirits of the first assembly attached themselves to the Sovereign, or intrigued with the mob ; while the wiser part of it beheld with sorrow and amazement the edifice they had erected falling to the ground from one act of indiscretion. The springs of government, touched by an unskilful hand, endanger the whole machine ; and if the brightest ornaments of the Gallican church, and the most distinguished advocates of the French bar, retire from public life, by virtue of this new species of ostracism, their places will be occupied as before, by a host of country parsons, and a rabble of provincial attorneys, whose zeal will prove dangerous, and whose ignorance will render them contemptible. A division of power, in the hands of citizens of acknowledged ability, and not an indiscriminate admission, by rotation, of any man to an office of public trust, is the true foundation of a republic. This decree involves in itself a voluntary self-degradation ; is inimical to the abstract idea of the democratic system, which requires the immediate assistance of all its members whenever the state is pleased to demand it ; and is subversive of the practical doctrine of general expediency, by introducing inexperience, vice, and
cunning,

cunning, instead of sagacity, integrity, and virtue, into conspicuous situations.

On the question relating to *the trial of Louis XVI.* the Convention has not yet come to any decision. Though, in some of their debates on this subject, they have indulged a strain of legal metaphysics not unworthy the termly quibbles of Westminster-Hall, or the sublimer subtleties of the Managers against Mr. Hastings; yet, upon the whole, they have proceeded with candour, moderation, and impartiality. As the great end of human punishment is not to gratify revenge, but to prevent crimes, we hope that the late King will be dismissed; royalty being abolished in France, his fate cannot operate as a warning to his successors; and the other potentates of the earth are too powerful to dread his lot, or too incorrigible to profit by his fall. By his suspension he has been deprived of the means of doing farther mischief; and the safety of the republic being effectually secured, it would be consistent with its magnanimity to dismiss him to oblivion and the reproaches of his own conscience. The same degree of evidence which justified his expulsion from the throne, will hardly warrant his execution; and if the enormities of one side are to be obliterated, upon a parity of reasoning those of the other should meet with the same indulgence.

General Dumourier has made his projected irruption into the Netherlands, and gained a decided victory over the Austrians at Jemappes. The action displayed prodigies of valour on both sides, the possessors of the country fighting with all the obstinacy of despair, and its invaders with all the enthusiasm of hope. The advantages of situation and discipline were on the side of the former; but the greater numbers, and superior artillery, of the latter, decided the contest in their favour. The intrenchments of the Imperialists afforded them but a temporary shelter from the fury of the republicans; the shattered remains of their army retired with disgrace, and the triumph of liberty and equality was complete. Few battles have been more decisive, and more important in their consequences. Mons, Charleroi, and Ghent, immediately submitted; and Brussels received her generous deliverer with transport.

The governors of the Low Countries, on their retreat from that city, issued a proclamation, proffering immunities they could no longer withhold, and disavowing tyrannical acts they could no longer exercise. Their impotency taught them to bestow privileges, and perhaps their calamities may have excited compunction. The inhabitants of these provinces have been
more

more oppressed than any nation in Europe. Since the reign of Charles V. they have always been subject to a foreign yoke. The absolute monarch who dwells in the midst of his people, who is apprised of their character, and acquainted with their circumstances, may alleviate the horrors of arbitrary power by the fascinating splendour of a court, the philanthropic exertions of a benevolent disposition, and diversified connexions with his subjects: But the precarious nature of his authority, and the uncertainty of its duration, make cruelty and rapacity the never-failing characteristics of the delegate of despotism. Provoked by the wickedness of Alva, the Netherlands attempted to burst the chains which Philip II. had rivetted upon them; but the military prowess of the Duke of Parma, and the superior discipline of the Spanish troops, reduced them to their former state of subjection. An additional load of oppression was the effect of their unsuccessful resistance. Their commerce was deliberately sacrificed to the selfish policy of the Dutch; the Scheldt was permitted to roll her waves in silent majesty into the ocean, while the Texel bore on her bosom the wealth of worlds. Their sumptuous palaces, and extensive warehouses, were converted into monasteries and convents, the retreats of droning superstition and misguided devotion, and their territory became the common stage on which the prize fighters of Europe displayed their dexterity, and signalised their courage. During the war of the succession, the victories of Marlborough restored them to the House of Austria. But this alteration produced no reform; the work of tyranny continued unmolested, and it had nearly completed its operations by degrading the character of the nation, and unfitting it for the freedom which once it prized.

The well-meant, but ill-concerted, reformations of *the Emperor Joseph* provoked resentment, instead of inspiring gratitude; and inflamed rebellion; instead of promoting tranquillity.—A crafty priesthood raised the standard of revolt, and an ambitious aristocracy repaired in crowds to their assistance. Mankind were presented with the singular spectacle of a people contending for the supports of a throne, and a sovereign labouring for their overthrow. But, like every contest in which faction and not principle predominates, it terminated without meliorating the condition of the community. The French, on the contrary, are as formidable by their doctrines as their arms; and if, by their assistance, the Belgians obtain their independence, they may reap the fruits of the blessings which Providence and nature have conferred; Antwerp may rise from her ashes, and be-

come the rival of Amsterdam, and future generations hail the day of their emancipation from imperial bondage.

Disgrace still attends the arms of the confederates in *Germany*; and Custine gathers fresh laurels wherever he goes. The capture of Spire and Worms has been followed by the taking of Mayence and Francfort. The petty Princes of the empire tremble at the approach of the French General, who, like the prophet of Arabia, with his political Koran in one hand, and his sword in the other, converts and subdues opposing hosts. This officer is, however, more distinguished for courage and impetuosity, than military skill or prudence. The Convention seem to entertain considerable doubts of his safety; and perhaps the King of Prussia and the Duke of Brunswick may offer up him and his army as victims at the shrine of insulted majesty.

In *Savoy* the war continues to languish; the King of Sardinia is protected by the situation of his country; and the dispute between the French and *Geneva* has diverted the attention of the former from that quarter. This difference originated in the request of the assistance of 1600 troops which the magistrates of Geneva demanded of the cantons of Zurich and Berne, in consequence of the march of General Montesquiou into their neighbourhood. This measure the executive council of France regarded as a breach of the treaty of neutrality of 1782, concluded between France, Sardinia, and the canton of Berne; while the government of Geneva justifies its conduct under the exceptions of that treaty, and their continued usage in similar cases. Indeed, the succour in dispute is so inconsiderable, and the commonwealth itself so weak, that we are afraid we must impute the behaviour of the French to the desire of gratifying the wishes of individuals by incorporating Geneva into their own republic, rather than to a strict adherence to the faith of alliances, or a serious apprehension of danger to themselves. A pacification was concluded by the General of the Army of the South; but as he has since fled in consequence of an accusation preferred against him, we cannot be certain that the difference is terminated.

On the state of the *Northern Powers* we have little new to offer. Poland still continues to groan under the domination of Russia; Sweden prospers under the mild sway of her Regent; the exhausted treasury of Catherine, and the disappointments of the schemes of the allied courts against France, compel her to assume an appearance of moderation, and to profess the love of that tranquillity which she dares not disturb.

The

The storm which agitates surrounding countries has not yet reached *Great Britain*. The gradual amendments in the municipal law, the increase of our commerce, and the moderation and good sense of Englishmen, will, we trust, supersede the necessity of any violence, and insure the internal repose of our island. If, when Frenchmen are upbraided with the enormities attending upon their convulsions, they justify them from the principles which produced their operation, with how much greater confidence may Britons silence the clamours of the factious, by reminding them of the general contentment of their fellow-citizens, and appealing to the gradual improvements of our constitution as a proof of its excellency, and an evidence of its stability.

A C U R E for a S C A L D.

To the P R I N T E R.

S I R,

YOUR benevolence will not be averse to communicate to the public the following fact, through the channel of your valuable and diffusive *Entertainer*. My footman in bringing up the urn for breakfast one day, fell with it on the stairs, and scalded both his hands and arms all over in a dreadful manner. His mistress had happened to mention in his hearing, but a few days before, the great benefit which she and I had repeatedly experienced, from applying ink immediately to a burn. The moment the young man met with his accident, he flew to the ink bottle, and spread its contents wherever the scald extended. In about an hour after the pain was gone; he was able to wait at dinner; and next morning he was perfectly well.

F. J.

Answer, by W. Davies, of Kenwyn, to his own Question, inserted March 5.

PUT x = the greater diameter, and y = the lesser.

Then $| 1 | 8x = 11y$

$$\left. \begin{array}{l} | 2 | \frac{x^2 + y^2 + xy}{2618 \times 30} = 9240 \\ | 3 | \frac{x^2 + y^2 + xy}{7854} = 9240 \end{array} \right\} \text{per Question.}$$

Or $| 3 | x^2 + y^2 + xy \times 7854 = 9240$

$$1 \div 8 \quad | 4 | x = \frac{11y}{8}$$

$$4 \odot 2 \quad | 5 | x^2 = \frac{1217^2}{64}$$

$$4, 5, 3, | 6 | \frac{111y^2}{64} + y^2 + \frac{11y^2}{8} \times 7,854 = 9240$$

$$6 \text{ red.} \quad | 7 | 17153, 136y^2 = 4730880$$

$$7 \text{ uv2} \quad | 8 | y = \sqrt{4730880} = 16,6073 \text{ inches}$$

$$\text{By } 4 \quad | 9 | x = \frac{17153,136}{22.8350375} \text{ inches.}$$

Answer, by a Pupil of Mr. Smyth's School, St. Stephen's, to W. Smith's Rebus, inserted October 1.

ON heavenly objects you're inclin'd to write,
And I a neighbour offer up my mite,
ANTARES was the subject of your theme,
And surely is the star which you did mean.

† We have received the like answer from I. Salter, of Payhembury; W. H. of Dean Prior; and R. Uren junior, of Grampound.

Answer, by Joseph Platts, of Plymouth, to M. Barrett's Rebus, inserted October 8.

ERE thrice I'd scann'd your mystic rebus thro'
LONDON, that famous city came in view.

† We have received the like answer from H. C. Wade, at Chard academy; S. Hill, near Dawlish; Isaac Salter, of Payhembury; T. T. S. of Exon; T. Giles, of Bridgwater; I. Tucker, Penryn; W. Hodgson, Tywardreath; T. Walker, of Hemyock; H. Johns, of Millbrook; J. B. Chivers, of St. Austell; W. Smith, and J. Cooke, of Grampound; W. Brewer, of Taunton; R. Uren junior, of Grampound; T. Gill junior, of Stythians; and T. K. of Gulval.

A QUESTION,

A QUESTION, by *Triangularius, of Hinton St. George.*

GIVEN the two legs of an essential $\Delta = 56$, also the hypotenuse $= 40$ chains respectively: It is required to determine the Δ without the assistance of any scale or table, and to shew the analytical investigation of the same.

A CHARADE, by *Fidelio, of Bath.*

WHEN Phœbus sinks into the west,
And birds and beasts retire to rest,
And all is hush'd in peace profound,
My first is visible around.

But when at blazing noon of day,
That glorious planet's bright beams play,
To thee, my next, we oft retreat,
To shield us from his sultry heat:

From these, ye bards, to view is brought,
A plant with poisonous influence fraught.

A REBUS, by *H. T. of Totnes.*

A Jewish prophet first expound;
An English fruit must next be found;
The first thing that to wheat is done,
When ripe beneath the scorching sun;
And now a root, ye gents of fame;
A foreign river next pray name;
A bird that nightly seeks its prey;
A town in Rutland now survey;
A reptile that's in England found;
A part of time pray last expound:
Take the initials, range them in a line,
A western seaport town you will define.

*** The Conclusion of Mr. Perceval's Translation of Mr. Gray's *Elegy in a Country Church-yard*—is unavoidably postponed till our next.

††† The occasional Correspondence of Anna will be acceptable.

P O E T R Y.

IMAGINATION'S SEARCH AFTER HAPPINESS.

AN ALLEGORICAL FABLE.

STRUCK with his charms whom all admire,
Whose beauties colder bosoms fire,
Imagination ventur'd forth,
To try if chance she might discover
The haunts of Happiness, her lover,
Nor fear'd the frowns of Wit or Worth:
No blame could on her choice be thrown,
When once the object's name was known.
To Love's gay temple first she flies,
And darts around her piercing eyes;
"And is my hero here?" she cries.—
"Perhaps he may," the god replies;
"But freely search my grove around,
"Nor think yourself confin'd;
"His name our echoes all resound,
"Perhaps his form you'll find."
The nymph was pleas'd, her search renew'd,
Thro' each soft maze her love pursu'd;
At every turn his name she heard,
And much she hop'd, and much she fear'd;
'Till, as she ran with rapid force,
Fair Delicacy check'd her course;
With eye severe, the lovely maid
Blush'd for her friend, while thus she said:
"I never thought to see you here,
"Without a veil, too, fie, my dear!
"To seek your lover! and is this
"A likely feat for sober bliss?
"Believe my words, and quick recede,
"No Happiness lives here, indeed."

Imagination stood corrected,
 Then swiftly from her presence flew;
 And soon her wand'ring steps directed
 T' Ambition's palace now in view.
 Fix'd on a mount of steep ascent
 The glittering fabric stood;
 The way was slippery as she went,
 And wet with human blood:
 Her lover's form on high was plac'd,
 To tempt her steps along;
 But when the phantom she embrac'd,
 It vanish'd and was gone.

From hence, with trembling haste, she sped,
 And to the realms of Riches fled:
 Consumptive Care, and dropsied Pride,
 With tinsell'd Splendour, here she spied;
 Dignity, Pomp, and Power, she saw,
 And Fashion, that keeps fools in awe;
 Nor aught was wanting, more or less,
 Save what she sought for, Happiness.
 What has our heroine next to do?
 Her journey she began to rue.
 For why? we're all at sea again,
 No places now remain
 To try our fortunes in, 'tis plain;
 And yet this foolish, luckless love
 Would let her have no rest;
 Tho' 'gainst it all she could she strove,
 Still it would flutter in her breast.

While thus she thought, and would have spoke,
 Sudden a voice the silence broke:
 "Come to my cot, despairing maid,
 "'Tis mine alone to give you aid;
 "Come to my cot, and live with me,
 "*In unreprieved pleasures free;*
 "Content, that smooths the bed of Age,
 "Meek Peace, that loves the hermitage,
 "And Contemplation, hoary sage,
 "With me long time have deign'd to dwell,
 "And dignify'd my homely cell;
 "If you such company can bear,
 "And will awhile inhabit there,
 "Nor more your search renew,

"Your

“ Your lover will no longer fly;
 “ ’Tis his to court when we deny,
 “ And fly when we pursue.”

The virgin weigh’d, and found her wife,
 Nor scorn’d to own herself to blame;
 But took fair Piety’s advice:—
 Uncall’d, the lover came.

S O N N E T.

By Mr. BAMPFYLDE.

AROUND my porch and lonely casement spread,
 The myrtle never sere, and gadding vine,
 With fragrant sweet-brier love to intertwine;
 And in my garden’s box-incircled bed
 The pansie pied, and musk-rose white and red;
 The pink, the lily chaste, and sweet woodbine,
 Fling odours round; thick-woven eglantine
 Decks my trim fence; in which, by silence led,
 The wren hath wisely built her mossy cell,
 Shelter’d from storms, in courtly land so rife,
 And nestles o’er her young, and warbles well.
 ’Tis here with innocence in peaceful glen
 I pass my blameless moments far from men,
 Nor wishing death too soon, nor asking life.

O D E to F A N C Y.

OH thou keen power! whose radiant eye
 Can thousand shadowy forms descry,
 That cheat corporeal sight;
 Thou who canst soar above yon spheres,
 Past days recall, see future years,
 Or pierce the shades of night.

Come, swift-wing’d Fancy, airy maid,
 In varied, dazzling vest array’d,
 Inspire thy vot’ry’s lay;
 Grant me thy flow’ry walk to tread,
 To range thy summer painted mead,
 Or near thy fountain play.