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[WHOLE No. 143.]

DISCOURSES ON DAVILA.—No. XVIII.

CONTINUED.

L'un et l'autre parti cruel également,
Ainsi que dans le crime, est dans l'aveuglement.

THE King of Navarre, in examining the dispositions of the Court, had observed that all those who were employed by the government, satisfied with the present situation of affairs, troubled themselves very little about the pretensions of the Princes of the blood—and that those who had an interest to desire his grandeur, and that of his brother, either intimidated by the power of their enemies, or disconcerted by his extreme delays, despaired equally of the success of his enterprise. He returned therefore easily to his first design of recovering his states, and judged that he ought not to let slip an opportunity so favourable for renewing the negotiations of accommodation with the crown of Spain, and of quitting decently a court, where he could no longer remain with honor. He accepted cheerfully the commission of conducting the young Queen into Spain. The Queen-mother continued to delude him with magnificent hopes, and in spite of the discontent of the other Princes of his party, he pressed his departure with as much ardor, as even his enemies could have desired. He suffered himself to be duped in Spain with the same facility. The Queen-mother had already informed Philip the second, of all this manœuvre. This Monarch who desired, equally with her, to see humiliated and excluded from the government, the King of Navarre, so ardent to make good his pretensions to some part of his dominions, instructed the duke of Alva, and the other grandees who were to receive the Queen his consort, not to reject the propositions of this Prince, but to lead him on and amuse him, by receiving them seriously, and offering to make report of them to his Catholic Majesty, and the council of Spain, without whose advice they could not determine any affair of state. As soon as the King of Navarre was arrived on the frontiers, and had presented the Queen Elizabeth to the Spanish Lords, he began to speak to them of his interests, and thought himself sure at first of success. The Spaniards conducted the negotiation, with an address which served to nourish his hopes, at the same time that they let him know that the effect could not be immediate. They engaged him even to send ambassadors to Madrid, so that solely occupied with his first designs, he retired to Bearn, fully resolved not to meddle in the affairs of France, whose negotiation appeared ineffectual, and the project of arms as dangerous, as they were dishonorable.

The Prince of Condé his brother, had opposite views, and took very different resolutions. His fortune was not commensurate with his courage, nor with the extent of his designs. Excited by the mediocrity of his circumstances, by the hatred which he bore to the Guises, and incessantly stimulated by his mother-in-law and his wife, one the sister and the other the niece of the Constable, both devoured by ambition, he openly detested the government of the Queen-mother and the Guises. All his thoughts and actions tended to a revolution. He figured to himself, that if the war should be enkindled by his intrigues and for his interests, not only he would become the chief of a numerous party, but moreover he would procure to himself riches, advantages, and perhaps the sovereignty of several cities and provinces of the Kingdom. Full of these high ideas he assembled again at La Ferte, an estate of his inheritance, situated on the frontiers of Champagne, the Princes of his blood, and the principal lords of his party, and harranged them in this manner. "In vain, have we hitherto employed the means of delicacy and moderation. It is not hereafter but by the most vigorous efforts that we can prevent the ruin of the royal family, and of all those who have not been able to resolve to cringe servilely under the tyranny of the Queen-mother and the Guises. It is no longer seasonable to dissimble outrages of which no man can be ignorant, and which we have suffered with too much patience. We are banished from court, and the government of Picardy, and the office of grand-master is taken from us. Finances, offices, dignities, are the prey of foreigners and persons unknown, who hold the King in captivity. The truth never reaches the throne. The best part of the nation is oppressed to elevate traitors, who fatten on the blood of the people, and the treasures of the state. It is on violence that the ty-

ranny of these strangers, is founded, who persecute with so much ferocity the royal blood: let us employ violence also to destroy this tyranny. It will not be the first time that the Princes of the blood, shall have taken arms to maintain their rights. Peter, Duke of Brittany, Robert, Earl of Dreux, and several other Lords opposed, during the minority of Saint Louis, the Queen Blanche, his mother, who had seized on the government. Philip, Earl of Flanders, employed all his forces, to exclude from the regency, those who pretended to usurp it. Under Charles the VIIIth, Louis, Duke of Orleans, took arms to cause himself to be elected regent, instead of Ann, Duchess of Bourbon, who, in quality of eldest sister of the young King, had taken into her hands the reins of the state. Let us imitate our wise ancestors, let us follow such striking examples. We find ourselves in the same case: it is therefore our duty to employ the same means to save the nation. Let not the apparent pleasure of the King restrain us. This Prince, buried in a lethargic dream, and in his own imbecility, perceives not the deplorable slavery to which they have reduced him. He waits, from the Princes of the blood, the assistance, which is expected from an enlightened and skillful physician, by patients who feel not their distempers and know not their danger. The duties of our birth, and the unanimous wishes of the nation, authorize us to break the fetters with which this Prince is loaded, and to redress the evil before it arrives at its last extremity. A vigorous resolution must be taken without delay. Let us hasten to be beforehand with our enemies, if we wish to surmount a thousand obstacles, which will arrest us, if we waste the time in deliberation, and which a sudden execution alone can overcome, sloth and timidity will only aggravate upon our necks the weight of a yoke equally shameful and fatal. Can we hesitate when our tranquility, our honor and our lives have no other resource, than in the valor of our arms?"

THE TABLET.—No. 140.

"There is nothing more certain than that names alone set a price upon things with those people who have not judgment to know their real value."

I HARDLY know whether the names by which things are called, or the appearances they assume, furnish the most common source of delusion. To confer a splendid title upon any object, will awaken emotions of admiration in all persons who have not taught themselves to be uninfluenced by the fascination of words. It is unlucky for those who are fond of deceiving or being deceived by the glare of expressions, that experience should so frequently remove the mask from artificial characters, and dissipate the gay phantoms that play around the imagination, and infuse vigor into all our sensations. The reader will not be surprized that I express myself with some ardor on this subject, when I let him into a secret which has been hidden from him, merely by a propensity to take delight in names that denote alluring images, and to be astonished with sounds that convey ideas of magnificence. I believe every person who is much acquainted with what passes in this part of the world, has at least heard of COLONEL CHARLES ADMIRABILIS.—This gentleman resides at his estate in the country, which is rather too remote from the metropolis, to make it convenient to travel from one to the other, in a single day. This is a circumstance that I very much regret, because the citizens seem to have an ardent curiosity to visit this estate, which the Colonel himself has long called by the name of the *happy retreat*. To abate a little the ardor any one may feel in favor of this delightful spot, I know of no better way than for him to obtain a just description of it.

The Colonel and myself had been long and intimately acquainted, before I found it convenient to spare so much time as I thought requisite to do justice to this *happy retreat*, by taking a full view of all the charming objects it contains. For this reason I checked my impatience to see it at all, till I had leisure to attend to all its beauties, and examine it under all its aspects. I must freely confess that I have found my taste congenial with that of the Colonel, whenever he has been describing the various allurements that should tempt me to pay him a visit. Though he did not specifically point out any elegant traits of architecture in his mansion, there was, nevertheless,

not a room in it, on which he did not confer some fascinating title. His parlour went by the name of *Prospect-Hall*: His dining room, which lay back of the hall, was denominated the *festive bower*, on account of a little vine that spread over one of the windows. But I was most of all delighted to hear his library room called the *attic retirement*. There was not, in fact, any corner of the house, which had not become remarkable by its name. In like manner, all the appendages were dignified with appellations that denote superior elevation or refinement. The Colonel had not less than a dozen horses, to which he had given names, the least honorary of which was *Ajax*. I must not forget to mention that he called his choicest wine the *vital essence*. Were I to run over all the particulars I had heard of the *happy retreat*, the reader would not have patience to peruse one half of them; but I cannot omit to observe that these descriptions had wrought me into a pitch of enthusiasm, I had never before felt. There is nothing remarkable, therefore, in my being unable to resist the temptation of accepting an invitation to pass a few days with COLONEL ADMIRABILIS.

Finding myself so situated the beginning of July last, that I could spare a week or two for amusement, I hastened as fast as I could to regale myself with the *vital essence*. I arrived at the enchanting habitation of my friend about ten o'clock in the morning, the second day of my departure from home. As I made no enquiry for several miles before my arrival at the magic spot, what distance I had to travel, I actually came upon it, while I yet suspected I was not near it. I was riding past at the rate of six miles an hour, but the Colonel happening to espy me, called to me and I stopped. The voice was familiar to me, and looking about I saw my good friend standing in the front of an house, which under any other circumstances I should have thought an ordinary one. My first impression was, that I had met the Colonel at some neighboring house, and that he would, in a few minutes, accompany me to his own. I was on the point of asking him how far we were from the *happy retreat*, when he ordered one of his nephews, a young lad, to take care of my horse. It unluckily happened, and I have never blamed myself so much for a want of precaution, that I assured my friend I had come to make him a long visit. I hope it will be deemed an apology for me, when I mention that I made this assurance before I so much as conjectured I had arrived at the spot of destination.

In taking the best possible view of the country around me, I must own, there would have been nothing remarkably attractive, had I not been standing in *prospect hall*. As I had travelled that morning near twenty miles, and most of the distance after I had breakfasted, my imagination dwelt more upon the refreshment I expected to find in the *festive bower*, than upon any landscapes that could be formed by looking through the windows of the hall. It seemed however by some conversation that passed between the Colonel and his lady, that the hour of dining was yet very remote. I therefore proposed a walk by way of filling up the chasm between that time and dinner. My friend would not permit me to walk, but ordered two horses, called *Frederic* and *Hector* to be saddled. The names of the horses led me to suppose they were so high-mettled that I could not safely wear my spurs. I laid all my weapons of offence aside, and was only solicitous that the bridle should be strong enough to check the impetuous courage of *Hector*. I was rather surprized at the temerity of the Colonel who durst mount *Frederic*, with a whip in his hand, heavy enough to knock down an ox. We rode off slowly together and took a survey of the whole estate in an hour and an half. Before I returned, I thought *Hector* a very harmless animal, and was well convinced I had taken an unnecessary precaution in pulling off my spurs.

Dinner being ready, I was, for the first time, shewn the way into the *festive bower*, and as my appetite rendered the repast delicious, it was of no importance to examine too critically the size or elegance of the room. The name of *vital essence* was sufficient to give a peculiar relish to any liquor that is produced from grapes, and therefore the *Sherry*, we were then drinking, had a much finer flavor, than *Madeira* would have had under less favorable auspices. After dinner I was admitted into the *attic retirement*, in which I was not long detained by an examination of the books and curiosities which belonged to that a-