

the horses of their Cavalry are daily killed for the sustenance of the army.

From every circumstance, it is now evident, that the general sense of the people in France, were equally against the abolition of Monarchy and the establishment of that abominable, tyrannical, destructive system of Government, called The Rights of Man. Happy for this country, the loyal blood of its inhabitants was too pure to catch the plague of rebellion, although we had many infectious spirits publicly abroad to disseminate its poison. The late proclamation, however, for public safety, by a proper order, required the sons of sedition to perform rigid quarantine.

Extract of a letter from Lisse, Sept. 30.

The following proclamation of the council of war was posted up yesterday afternoon at three o'clock, after a summons which the Col. of the Austrian regiment De la Tour, accompanied by a trumpet, came to make towards noon to the Administrative Bodies, to deliver up the town to the Austrian Despot, or otherwise they would begin to bombard it at three o'clock.

Proclamation of a Council of War held at Lisse the 29th of Sept. 1792, at Noon, the First Year of French Liberty.

Citizens, our enemies, despairing to take the fortress by the rules of art, menace you, in order to obtain that end, by a bombardment. Citizens, be calm, remember your oaths, be assured that the Government will indemnify you for your losses, and our enemies will prove, that it is without success they attack a free people. By order of the Council of War,

POISSONIER, Secretary.

The enemy has begun to besiege us with red-hot balls and bombs. The immense number which has fallen in the city, has hitherto only set fire to the church of St. Stephen, and thence to three small houses adjoining, and to two or three other houses in the Rue Esquermoise.

Our batteries on the ramparts must have done great ravage among the enemy, and we are assured, have dismounted two of theirs.

We have not yet heard that any citizen has been killed; a poor mechanic only has been wounded in the hand by a bullet.

One of our neighbours has been much incommoded; 15 hot-balls have struck his mansion in the night. Several other houses have shared the same fate. We have ourselves been struck by a hot ball, which, passing the roof, covered with slate, and a party-wall, fell at the door of a servant's room, and another fell in the garden, but the vigilance of a good neighbourhood was ready to assist wherever fire threatened, and has happily preserved us from greater mischief.

Brantom, in his Life of Don John of Austria, relates, that Louis XI. of France, observing one day among a croud, an officer whom he disliked, made a private sign to Triston l'Hermitte, his Grand Prevost, "to put him out of the way." Triston, well accustomed to the signal, but unluckily mistaking the man alluded to, accosted a well-fed Monk, who stood in the same line with the Captain, allured him to the Palace-yard, thrust him into a sack, and hrew him into the Seine—Louis hearing that the profcribed officer had been posting towards Flanders, reproached Triston with his neglect. "Flanders!" said the Grand Prevost, "Your Majesty must be in an error. The Monk has got half way to Rouen by this time; I sent him a-drift, tied up in a sack." "What Monk?" "Him, your Majesty pointed at." "Ah, Pasque Dieu!" exclaimed the King, you have drowned me the best Priest in my kingdom; but it cannot be helped now; so I will have a dozen masses said for his soul; it was that dog of a Captain, not the poor Monk, whom I meant."

There was no Levee yesterday at St. James's place, the King being indisposed at Windsor from a Cold, with the additional circumstance of indolence.

under the head of *spotting intelligence*. Has not the stud been twice sold? This is not a time to play with popular resentment.

DUBLIN, October 11.

The Parliament of this kingdom, which now stands prorogued to Tuesday the 16th instant, is further prorogued to Thursday the 6th day of December next.

His Majesty has been pleased to appoint Mr. Henry Fane to be Cornet in the 7th regiment of Dragoon Guards, vice — Dillon, promoted in the 27th regiment of Foot.

A gentleman who has had several opportunities of conversing with the Hibernico-Gallican clergy who had taken refuge in this country from France, on account of what they stile the impious overthrow of the Catholic religion, by the late revolution in that kingdom, ascertained in the year 1791, declares, that on Sunday last he was in company with eight of these unhappy ecclesiastics, who had quit the Gallic nation on account of their repugnance to the principles of its new constitution, only one of whom he found, on a close investigation, had so much as read the constitution they had thought proper to fly from.

Whether the Parliament of England does or does not meet next month, we are assured, from as good authority as now can be quoted, that the Parliament of Ireland will not sit until the usual time, that is, the third week in January next.

It is thought that notwithstanding what has been reported, that the British Parliament will not meet before the usual time. His Majesty's Ministers, after every effort to raise the indignation of the people of England against the French revolution, by blending it with the desperate enormities which invasion from without, and treason from within, have occasioned, so as to sanction a war on the part of England against that unhappy nation, none but the persons who hold offices under government can be brought to confound the excesses of an exasperated people, struggling for liberty with the immutable principles of truth and reason, so as to reprobate the mighty good, because from the incompetence of sublunary wisdom some evil is unavoidably attached to it.

Yesterday a number of the inhabitants, in pursuance of the Lord Mayor's requisition, (some curious to learn the issue, and others very differently situated) met at the Royal Exchange: The Sheriffs having attended, one of them, agreeable to the usual principle observed on such occasions, was called to the chair by the general voice, and accordingly accepted the invitation; immediately after, however, a gentleman in the Assembly moved, that the Chief Magistrate, in consequence of whose precept they had met, should be placed there. This produced a division—the motion was negatived hollow—and the object, or objects, of the Lord Mayor, of course, fell plump to the ground.

We have every reason to suppose, that the ostensible motive for calling this meeting would have been attended with success, had not the idea prevailed that, somehow, political considerations were blended with this application to the humanity of the people. If that were really the intention, the sense of the Meeting has been unequivocally expressed by the day's proceedings—if not, there is sufficient benevolence among the inhabitants to do that by private collection, which, in the manner of an aggregate meeting, they may justly object to, on the supposition that it might bear the construction of approving the principles, while they only pity the distresses, of those concerned in the business.

On Monday last, the Printers of the City of Dublin, were elegantly entertained at Smith's Tavern in Fownes's-street, by Mr. William Cassin, the celebrated LETTER-FOUNDER of London (now on a visit here).—No expense

death.

Last Sunday died, at his seat at Clooncha in the county of Galway, Peter Daly, Esq; son-in-law to Philip Roche John, Esq; of this city; he was amiable in private life, benevolent to the distressed, and universally respected by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

Thursday last, Master Rosslewin, shot a fine Woodcock on the Lands of Ross-hill, in the County of Clare; this is supposed to be the first bird of that species killed in the kingdom.

The Slaughtering of Beef commenced last Tuesday in this City, when a number of prime Bullocks, the property of Mr. William White were killed; it is expected Beef and Pork will bear a high price this season, as orders to a considerable amount has been received by several merchants in this City.

The 17th regiment of foot embarked at Plymouth, on Thursday the 4th inst. for this kingdom.

MARRIED. Yesterday, in the Quaker's Meeting-House, Mr. Solomon Sprouls, of Dublin, merchant, to the amiable Miss Fayle, daughter to Mr. Nehemiah Fayle, of this City, both of the Society of Quakers.

DIED. Yesterday morning, at John's-gate, much regretted, the wife of Mr. Thomas Peacock, an eminent Linen-manufacture.—Last night, in Nicholas-street, Mrs. Mason, relict of George Mason, Esq; late of this City, Attorney.

PORT NEWS, October 10. Arrived the Success, Hudson, Bourdesux, wine, vinegar, &c.—The Swan, Galbreath, Liverpool, rock-salt, and earthenware.—The Thetis, M'Neil, Ballyshanny, ballast.—The Nancy, Clanchy, Liverpool, rock-salt.—The Camilla, Bone, Archangel, tar, hemp, iron and deals.—The Mary, Ruff, Bristol, bottles, pipes, Cyder, cheese, bark, &c.—The Greyhound, Dent, London, porter, &c.—The Venus, Gorman, Liverpool, coals.—The Maria, Catherine, Orbo, timber and deals.

On CHARITY SCHOOLS.

Nor Faith, nor Hope, whate'er their force,
Can aught avail the Soul,
Should CHARITY not guide its course,
To Glory's Heavenly Goal.

The Songs of Wisdom, tho' they soar,
In notes that SERAPHs swell,
If she be wanting are no more,
Than Folly's TINKLING Bell.

A thousand shapes as bright as morn's,
Sweet CHARITY assumes,
And as the hues of Heaven adorn,
Her variegated plumes:

'Tis she, with Consolation's voice,
That stills Affliction's storm;
She bids despairing Want rejoice,
In Bounty's radiant form.

But with what semblance is she seen,
That more her power endears,
Than when with mild Instruction's mien,
Her INFANT SCHOOLS she rears.

Then see the earth-bound Spirit lifts,
Above the Valley's clod,
Then gives the richest of her Gifts,
The KNOWLEDGE of her God.

Address of the CHILDREN to the Benevolent.

If any Pity dwells on Earth,
If any Cries can call it forth,
Let helpless Youth for Succour plead,
And bid, Oh! bid our wish succeed.

No Crimes of our have brought us low,
Our Age, too tender, Crimes to know,
But born in stern Misfortune's frowns,
With Iron Arm she keeps us down.

Nor deem the Wretch despised by God,
Our rugged Path the best have trod;
The Son of God himself has said,
He found no place to lay his head.

Oh! for his sake, compassion shew,
In Gratitude one Mite bestow;
He bids us hope, he bids us sue,
E'en HE, that pleads in Heaven for you.