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NEW THEATRE.

Miss BROADHURST'S Night.

On Monday Evening, June 8, Performances to the Opera, Mr. MORETON will deliver an OCCASIONAL ADDRESS...

The Beggars' Opera.

Peachum, Mr. Bates; Lockit, Mrs. Francis; Captain Macheath, Mr. Morball; Filch, Mr. Bliffett; Jenny Twitcher, Mr. Cleveland; Mat of the Mint, Mr. Darley; Ben Budge, Mr. Geo; Robin of Bagshot, Mr. J. Darley; Nimming Ned, Mr. Warrell, jun; Harry of Paddington, Mr. Warrell.

Between the 2d and 3d Acts of the Opera, A CONCERTO on the VIOLIN, By Mons. BOULLAY.

The BATTLE OF PRAGUE.

[Adapted for a full Band. By G.C.Schetyk.] 1. Slow March. 2. Word of Command. 3. Bugle horn for the Cavalry, and 2d. fig. Cavalry. 4. Trumpet call. 5. Attack. Cannonade. 6. Trumpet of Recall. 7. Cries & groans of the wounded & dying Cavalry. 8. Trumpet of Victory. 9. Grand March. 10. Turkish Music. 11. General Rejoicing. 12. Go to bed Tom. and advancing Heavy ar- Finale.

The First Floor.

Whimsy, Me. Green; Monford, Mr. Cleveland; Young Whimsy, Mr. Moreton; Furaish, Mr. Bates; Simon, Mr. Bliffett; Tim Tartlet, Mr. Harwood; Frank, Mr. Warrell, jun; Snap, Mr. Darley, jun; Landlord, Mr. Warrell; Footboy, Master T. Warrell; Mrs. Patty Pan, Mrs. Roufou; Charlotte, Miss Oldfield; Nancy, Mrs. Hervey.

Tickets will be had of Miss Broadhurst, No. 21 North Seventh Street, and at the usual places.

MRS. SHAW'S Night will be on Wednesday. A Comedy, never performed here, called THE CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

LINCO'S Travels.

With other Entertainments. Mr. & Mrs. FRANCIS'S Night, Will be on FRIDAY. Ladies and Gentlemen are requested to send their servants to keep places by five o'clock, and order them, as soon as the company are seated, to withdraw, as they cannot on any account be permitted to remain.

Tickets and places for the Boxes to be taken of Mr. WELLS, at the Theatre from TEN till ONE, and on days of performance from TEN till THREE o'clock. Also at Rice's Bookstore, No. 50, and Carey's No. 118, Market Street.

JUST IMPORTED,

And for Sale by Joseph Anthony & Son, Quantity of Nankens of fine quality, An assortment of India Silks in boxes, And a few boxes containing Compleat Sets of Tea Table China.

200 Barrels Prim - Bolton Beef, 70 Barrels Pork, Malaga Wine in Quarter casks, Charret in casks and cases, Russia Hemp, Ditto Sail Duck, Ravens Duck, White and Brown sheetings, East India Sugars in Sacks, Hogs Lard, in kegs and barrels, Whalebone, Whale Oil, & Spermaceti candles N. England Tow Linen, Window Glass of various sizes, and A neat assortment of Looking Glasses.

For Sale, THE time of a Stout NEGRO LAD, who has upwards of six years to serve. Enquire of the Printer. Jun: 8

EXTRACT, from Part II. A BONE to Gnaw, for the DEMOCRATS.

Siege of Lyons.

The pause was not long. The deputies, profiting by the impious frenzy with which they had inspired the soldiery and the mob, and by the consternation of the respectable inhabitants, continued their butchery with redoubled fury. Those who led the unhappy sufferers to execution were no longer ordered to confine themselves to such as were entered on the list of proscription, but were permitted to take whoever they thought worthy of death!

Accordingly, next day, the execution in mass began. The prisoners were led out, from a hundred to three hundred at a time, into the out skirts of the city, where they were fired upon, or stabbed. One of these massacres deserves a particular notice. Two hundred and sixty nine persons, taken indiscriminately among all classes and all ages, were led to Broteaux, and there tied to trees. In this situation they were fired upon with grape shot. Here the cannoners of Valenciennes, who had not the courage to defend their own walls, who owed their forfeited lives to the mercy of the royalists, valiantly pointed their cannons against them, when they were bound hand and foot!

Paufe here, reader, and imagine, if you can, another crime worthy of being added to those already mentioned. Yes, there is one more, and hell would not have been satisfied, if its ministers had left it uncommitted. Libidinous brutality! Javogues, one of the deputies from the Convention opened the career. His example was followed by the soldiery and the mob in general. The wives and daughters of almost all the respectable inhabitants, particularly of such as had emigrated, or who were murdered, or in prison, were put in a state of requisition, and were ordered, on pain of death, to hold their Bodies (I spare the reader the term made use of in the decree) in readiness for the embraces of the true republicans!

The murder in mass did not rob the guillotine of its prey; there the blood flowed without interruption. Death itself was not a refuge from democratic fury. The bodies of the prisoners who were dead of their wounds, and of those who, not able support the idea of an ignominious death, had given themselves the fatal blow, were carried to the scaffold, and there beheaded, receiving thousands of kicks from the fans culottes, because the blood would not run from them. Persons from their sick beds, old men, not able to walk, and even women found in child bed were carried to the murderous machine. The respectable Mons. Lauras was torn from his family of ten children and his wife big with the eleventh. The disracted matron, ran with her children, three herself at the feet of the brutal deputy Collet D'Herbois.

Let not the reader imagine that the Convention did not approve of all this. A deputati on from the city, went to Paris represented at the bar of the Convention the devastation and carnage to which their city was a prey; but in place of being heard with that attention they deserved, they were thrown into a dungeon, and the Convention decreed that Lyons should be destroyed even to its very name, which was in future to be commune affranchie (Free common), and that a column should be erected to commemorate its having avared against Liberty!

presence of him who alone was able to save her beloved husband, she followed him to the place of execution. Her shrieks when she saw him fall, joined to the wildness of her looks, but too plainly foretold her approaching end. She was seized with the pains of child birth, and was carried home to her house; but as if her tormentors had shown too much lenity, the fans culotte commissary soon after arrived, took possession of all the effects in the name of the sovereign people, drove her from her bed and her house, from the door of which she fell dead in the street.

Madame Cochet, a lady equally famed for her beauty and her courage, was accused of having put the match to a cannon during the siege, and of having assisted in her husband's escape. She was condemned to suffer death; she declared herself with child, and the truth of this declaration was attested by two surgeons. In vain did she implore a respite, in vain did she plead the innocence of the child that was in her womb: her head was severed from her body amidst the death howl of the democratic brigands.

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years." According to Mons. Boffuet, there were about 30,000 persons murdered, in all France, in the massacre of St. Bartholomew; there has been more than that number murdered in the single city of Lyons and its neighbourhood; at Nantz there have been 27,000; at Paris, 150,000; in La Vendee, 300,000. In short, it appears that there have been two millions of persons murdered in France, since it has called itself a republic, among whom are reckoned two hundred and fifty thousand women, two hundred and thirty thousand children (besides those murdered in the womb,) and twenty four thousand Christian Priests!

Charles IX. bigoted and bloody minded as he was, durst not attempt that tone of tyranny which has been assumed by the National Convention; there was some honor among the Frenchmen of those days. The Governor of Bayonne having received the order for the massacre of the Protestants of that city, wrote to the king: "Sire, I have found in your city of Bayonne none but loyal subjects, and not a single cut-throat." At Lyons, the common hangman being ordered to enter a prison, and dispatch two or three protestants: "No," said he, "I am an executioner, but no murderer." Let any man produce me, if he can, a single instance of this kind among the republican French: let him tell me when a democrat has been known to refuse to shed blood.

For the Gazette of the United States. MR. FENNO, There is nothing that can equal the patriotism of a genuine democrat but his modesty; and by the aid of these two ingredients united he will attempt things, which no man besides would dare:—Of this description are the two writers who through the channel of the "Aurora" have offered their remarks on the "Review," which appeared in your Gazette of the 2d inst. One of them indeed is so extremely out of humour with the author of that piece, and with you for publishing it, that there are no names, he can bestow, too hard for you. Grub Street Gazette, Witch of Endor, detestable slanderer, wretch, John Bull's calf, and predantick pedagogue, slip from his pen in such rapid succession as would almost stun a reader, who had never looked into an "Aurora" before. But this is all consistent enough. The "Aurora" has an exclusive right to be the vehicle of abuse. Clubbists and democrats may employ her to traduce the Government of their own country; to spread discontent and opposition to the laws; and to pour all their vials of filth on the heads of the first and fairest characters of the age.

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mislead the public mind; and to change the specific names of actions, is it a duty to oppose them, whatever the present rulers of France, or their American friends may think of it.

From the Columbian Centinel. ODE,

Peter Addresseth the Jacobins in much distress, and great tribulation. O! HOW melodious is a friendly sound, Which comes with greetings to the woeful ear; Which comes, when sorrow spreads her veil around, And the heart trembles with a deadly fear. No balm, tho' brought by beauty's polish'd hand, Serv'd in a golden vase, or crystal bowl; Made of the riches of a blooming land; Can like to friendship soothe a languid soul. With such dear friendship see meek Peter comes, With eyes half drown'd, and with blubbing chops; Heaving up sighs, as thick as hops, And dropping tears, as children drop their crumbs. O! could you see his mournful, wailing face— You'd lend your clust'ring sorrows out to graze. He knows thy tribulation, and thy works; How that thy souls are spongy, like to corks; Thy poverty no prudence e'er could screen; And I, yes, I have also heard and seen, The blaphemy of those, who call thee good. Who call thee citizens and peace promoters; Whear'er in Satan's synagogue you've stood, And bend for his young imps, the only voters. Take thou that little book* into thy hand, Which thy dear friend for pure instruction wrote, And warble o'er and o'er each melting note. 'Till thou hast ev'ry sentence at command: 'Twill in thy mouths grow sweet, and SWEETER; But much I fear 'twill be in belly bitter. And he, that cannot read, (whom Peter fears are many) But has an ear, and is not quite a niny; Let him request an older, wiser, brother; To read the contents to his drooping soul; That each may cease their inconsistent pother, And crawl repentant to their skulking hole. 'Tis the first woe, which has around thee past, And sadly rumbl'd on thy trembling ears; Made thy lank forms with horror look aghast, And shook thy souls with multitudes of fears. Leave off sweet sinners, ev'ry crying crime; No more the whore of Babylon extol; Remember, she has had her fall, And that thy turn is in the womb of time. Therefore take godly Peter's good advice— Hang thy ringleaders in a trice, Then swab and cleanse thy faces; Throw off each Jacobine badge, No more patrol the streets in rage, Or brag like droves of asses; But to the shovel, spade, and hammer, Turn all thy strength, and cease thy clamour.

PETER QUINCE. *Peter, I suppose, hints at the Jacobinism. † Peter must mean the Green-Dragon. ANECDOTE, Extraited from the Republican Francois, The 14th Vendemiaire, 4th March. A fact is now reported, which gives a shocking idea of the ferociousness of the monster who had succeeded in subjugating all France. Trial a comedian, and at the same time a magistrate of the people, as was Collet d'Herbois, declared, some minutes before his death, that he died convulsed with remorse for having caused the execution of madame de St. Amaranthe, her beautiful daughter, madame de Sartine, her son aged 16 years, her whole family, and many of their friends. It happened in the following manner: Robespierre and Trial were admitted into madame de St. Amaranthe's house, and were frequently there entertained at dinner. One day Robespierre, intoxicated with liquor, spoke with much indelicacy, and even disclosed some of his purposes in presence of some of the guests and attendants. The next morning, Trial came with eagerness to Robespierre, to remonstrate upon the imprudence he had committed, and exposed to him the dangers he might run by such an indiscretion. Robespierre paused a moment, then only said to Trial, "be not uneasy." Two days after, the whole family and all the servants were guillotined.

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