

Ricketts' New Amphitheatre,

In CHESTNUT-STREET.

Saturday Evening, September 7,

New Equestrian Performance

Never seen here, by Mr. F. Ricketts, Master Long, and Mr. Sully, Clown to the horsemanship.

TIGHT ROPE DANCING,

By Mr. Spinaetta, Who will that evening dance a hornpipe, walks down the rope to the pit, dip up at the same time in a picturesque manner, the

AMERICAN FLAG,

Without a pole, and ascend to the stage, exhibiting several surprising manoeuvres never seen here.

By particular desire,

Egyptian Pyramids;

In which the different performers will exhibit, in a surprising manner,

The LIBERTY POLE,

Never performed here—in which will be introduced, with alterations, the

ANTIPODEAN DANCE.

Masterly & Novel Feats of Horsemanship

By Mr. Ricketts, Never attempted by any but himself.

To repeat the particular Exhibition would exceed the limits of an advertisement.

BILLS and TICKETS to be had at the Box-Office adjoining the Amphitheatre, where places for the boxes may be taken from 10 in the morning till 3 in the afternoon.—N. B. No money taken at the doors, nor any admittance behind the scenes.

* Boxes, one dollar—Pit, half a dollar.

† Doors to be opened at SIX, and the Entertainment to begin at SEVEN.

ADVERTISEMENT.

FROM the first of December next, the annual subscription for this Gazette will be EIGHT DOLLARS.

Subscribers out of the City will pay One Dollar a year in addition, for inclosing and directing their Papers.

Remote subscribers are requested to pay up arrearsages to the above period; also the half year's advance from that time—those who do not, will be considered as declining a continuance of their subscription.

Advertisements of a square, or less, are published in this Gazette once, for HALF A DOLLAR; and continued at ONE QUARTER OF A DOLLAR for each subsequent insertion.

The Editor acknowledges, with gratitude, the favors of his advertising patrons—He assures them, that the increased, and increasing number of his subscribers, is continually extending the circulation in the city—its distant circulation is now equal to that of any other publication.

Philadelphia, November 3, 1795.

City Dancing Assembly.

THE Assemblies will commence for the Season, on Thursday Evening, the 19th inst.

JOE. REDMAN,
SAM. STURRETT,
THO. W. FRANCIS, } Managers.

November 4. dt19th.

This day is published,
BY MOREAU DE ST. MERY,
Corner of Front and Walnut Streets,
AN ESSAY

On the Manner of improving the Breed of HORSES, in AMERICA.

[Price, One Quarter of a Dollar.]

THIS work is calculated for general utility, and the Publisher flatters himself that it cannot fail to meet with the encouragement of all those who are in the least interested in the subject.

A French Edition of the Work is published at the same place, and is to be sold at the same price.

October 30. * eod. 4t.

Jacob Johnson and Co.

147 Market Street, Philadelphia,
HAVE CONSTANTLY FOR SALE,
A very general assortment of

BOOKS & STATIONARY,

Which they offer on the lowest terms.

They have also for Sale,
A large quantity of Demy and Crown PRINTING PAPER.

* A liberal deduction will be made to Country Store keepers, whose orders will be thankfully received.

7th mo. 25th, 1795. 23w2m.

A COMPLETE PRINTING-OFFICE FOR SALE.

Consisting of 1800lb. of Type, well assorted; one elegant Press, and every other article suitable for an extensive business. It will be sold together. Approved notes at 2, 4, and 6 months will be taken in payment. For particulars apply to the Editor.

October 13. 34w2m.

University of Pennsylvania,

October, 1795. 31w

THE MEDICAL LECTURES will commence the first Monday in November next.

Bartholomew Conolly,

No. 48, Chestnut-Street,

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public in general, that he has imported in the late arrivals from England, an elegant, extensive and well chosen assortment of men's and women's hosiery—among which is a very great variety of beautiful fancy hosiery—such as striped and clouded cotton—fine plated silk and cotton—elegant patent fancy silk. Fine striped and clouded patent worsted, &c. &c. which are now offered for sale upon his usual low terms, together with every other article of dry goods, suitable to the season.

B. C. has also imported a great variety of gentlemen's out size stockings.

Oct. 24. eodm.

James Tiffin,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL HATTER,
No. 70, fourth Second Street, near the City Tavern.

HAS just received by the late arrivals from London and Bristol, a large and elegant assortment of Ladies and Gentlemen's fashionable HATS.—Also, a variety of Children's HATS of different colours, which will be sold on the lowest terms for cash.

N. B. Ladies Hats trimmed in the newest fashion from London, Oct. 12. \$

WANTED,

On or before the first of December next,

Furnished ROOM, on the first or second floor, on a northern or western view, and situated between Front and Fifth-streets, and between Walnut and Mulberry-streets, for which a liberal price will be given. The furniture required are only tables and chairs, and chimney apparatus, as it is intended for Miniature-Painting business. Apply to the Linnaer at No. 13, north Fourth-street.

November 2. \$14t.

Canal Lottery.

No. 149, Chestnut-Street, between Fourth & Fifth-streets.

TICKETS examined gratis, and every information given respecting said Lottery. Also, Washington and Pateron Lotteries. Oct. 22. †

GAFFER GRAY.

BY MR. HOLCROFT.

HO! why dost thou shiver and shake,
Gaffer Gray;

And why dost thy nose look so blue?
'Tis the weather that's cold;

'Tis I'm grown very old,
And my doublet is not very new,
Well-a-day!

Then line thy worn doublet with ale,
Gaffer Gray;

And warm thy old heart with a glass.
'Nay but credit I've none;

And my money's all gone;
Then lay how may that come to pass?
Well-a-day!

Hie away to the house on the brow,
Gaffer Gray;

And knock at the jolly priest's door.
'The priest often preaches
Against worldly riches,
But ne'er gives a mite to the poor,
Well-a-day!

The lawyer lives under the hill,
Gaffer Gray;

Warmly fenc'd both in back and in front.
'He will fasten his locks,
And will threaten the stocks,
Should he ever more find me in want,
Well-a-day!

The squire has fat beeves and brown ale,
Gaffer Gray;

And the season will welcome you there.
'His fat beeves and his beer,
And his merry new year,
Are all for the flush and fair,
Well-a-day!

My keg is but low, I confess,
Gaffer Gray;

What then? while it lasts man, we'll live.
The poor man alone,
When he hears the poor moan,
Of his morsel a morsel will give,
Well-a-day!

The following article without essential variation will apply to four other Editors. It is taken from the Eastern Shore Advertiser, printed at Wilmington Delaware.

To the Editor of the Delaware Gazette.

S I R,

Your address to the public, on the commencement of your editorship, led me to expect a publication replete with useful information. Your declarations persuaded me to believe that your sentiment of justice would restrain you from the promulgation of every thing injurious to truth, of every opinion which should not augment the mass of public virtue and knowledge. I presume, Sir, however widely you may have deviated from your avowed design, that you will not permit your spirit of contradiction to hurry you so far beyond the limits of common prudence, as to oppose this construction of your address.

I am authorized, by your own acknowledgment, to believe that an Editor of a public paper, is to be regarded as the parent of his publication.

Do you really think, that in the capacity of an Editor, you have never overstep'd the line of propriety? I charge, it home to your conscience, Sir—have you never, either by omission or otherwise, dishonoured the dignity of virtue—never violated the majesty of truth? If the bitter reflections, the bold accusations which you have heaped upon the federal government and some of its most respectable officers, proceed from a mind animated by virtue, and eager to be active for the public good, then shall your conscience smile a calm and self-approving reply to my appeal. But if your censorious temper arise from a natural propensity to malign mankind, an inherent antipathy to the prosperity of our country, or a mind impelled by a passion, like one of the heroes of Schiller's banditti, to torture and to desolate, how severe must be your solitary reflections, how embittered with misery your self-meditations!

Howsoever deformed may appear your motives to action, that charity which ought to be exercised between man and man, induces me to attribute your conduct to causes less unamiable than these which I have suggested.

There have been, for a long time, roving about these states, small bands of violent and discontented spirits, whose poverty or ambition would be gratified by the salaries or honours of offices under our republic. They perceive that our citizens are not generally so totally ignorant of the qualities requisite in their public officers, as to bestow their honours and rewards on persons destitute of virtue, and unimproved by knowledge. With minds, which present to the eye, a prospect dreary as the wilderness of Africa, whose barren soil pours out no salutary spring, yields no solitary plant of invigorating or restorative virtue—without integrity to command confidence, without talents to attract regard, their sole dreadful hope, like that of Milton's arch fiend; is derived from despair. They endeavor to poison, by distrust, the heart of the people, to shake their faith from those whom they have chosen to promulgate their will, and exercise their powers. They strain every feeble nerve to break a sunder the chain of the union, to overturn the fabric of our government. Their hags of discord have long been abroad working in silence and darkness. But now, with furious temerity, they rush into day, and run about muttering their witcheries, presuming that their spirit of malignity will at last diffuse itself, and inflame the temper of the people into rebellion and civil war. In times of such lamentable confusion, when the heart of a nation is bleeding, the souls of the good and wise are often overwhelmed with sudden grief; but the wicked, who behold scenes of individual or general calamity without commiseration, are at liberty to exert their feeble powers, to take advantage of the mournful disorder. They prowl about seizing the prey before them, and triumph with a barbaric ferocity in the general uproar.

Such appear to be the designs of the present revilers of public measures. Every supporter of good order is the object of their hatred and abuse. Every law created for the safety of the people—every new bulwark which is erected for the security of our liberty—all men, all opinions which serve to

establish, more firmly, our constitution, and ensure us permanent tranquillity, are attacked by their malignant sophistry, assailed by their clamorous calumny.

Be advised, Sir, by one who is the enemy only of folly and vice, to exercise your sagacity—to consult your understanding. Look around you—behold the people directing their scrutinizing eyes towards you and your fellow-labourers. It cannot be long before they must discover your arts. The time is at hand, when plots so pregnant with horrible designs, shall stand displayed to their astonished sight. Their indignation shall palsy the heart of faction, and stamp its visage with dismay. Detestation and ruin shall pursue the sons of political iniquity through out the Union! Guilt—self-scourging guilt, conscious of detection, shall haunt them in their most secret retirement, and inflict a dose of anguish upon their disappointed hearts!

Examine yourself, Sir,—are you sufficiently hardy to bear the displeasure of your fellow citizens? Is honorable pride so thoroughly extinguished— are your nerves deadened to such insensibility, that you can stare, with eyes unabashed, upon the honest indignation of those whom you, and your co-workers, have endeavoured to deceive and mislead? Have your unwearied arts and vicious violence expelled Conscience, the vicegerent of Heaven, from your bosom? Have you no apprehensions that your soul may be saluted with the voice of his unappeasable displeasure?—Beware, Sir—consider what you are about—behold the ground on which you stand! Learn to know that impotent malice is equally foolish and criminal. Impiety is upon your memory, that Truth and Virtue are not merely words—not shadows of visions but have a real and eternal existence; and remember that their violators finally work their own inconsovable ruin.

Nov. 2. BRUTUS.

INTERESTING PARTICULARS,

Of the trial and execution of those members of the National Convention, who instigated and favored the late insurrection in Paris, on the 18th of Prairial.

PARIS, 30th Prairial.

MILITARY COMMISSION.

EACH of the accused, eight in number, viz. Gilbert Romme, aged 45; Jean Michel Duroy, aged 41; Jean Marie Claude Alexandre Gougeon, aged 29; Pierre Jacques Foretier, aged 56; Pierre Bourbotte, aged 32; Ernest Dominique Francois Joseph Duquesnoy, aged 47; Pierre Amable Soubrany, aged 42; Jean Palschal Charles Peyssard, aged 40; was at first brought in separately to be confronted with his accusers, seated in a chair in front of the President, and guarded by two grenadiers with naked sabres. They had not all the same degree of assurance, nor the same system of defence.

Romme denied almost all the motions he had made. He attacked the exactitude of the Monitor, and the fidelity of the Editor who had taken down the minutes of the sitting. During the whole trial he hardly raised his eyes. He was pale and wan; fear was painted in his countenance; he seemed to concentrate himself, and shrink as if he was afraid of being approached. Naturally more ugly than Marat, his features inspired aversion and disgust, for he had not, like the pretended "friend of the people," that grotesque air which always excited laughter.

Duroy came next; his manner was mild and submissive; he seemed to expect much from the humble style he had adopted. His system of defence was quite opposed to that of Romme, who had denied every thing; Duroy confessed every thing. Romme accused the Monitor of infidelity; Duroy acknowledged it right even to the very words; he even praised the exactitude of the Editor, in several things not mentioned by any other witness. He entered into some details of his political life. He spoke of his missions into Calvados, and the department of the Lower Rhine. He declared he had never caused one drop of blood to be spilt; that he had only once caused some Federalists to be arrested to save them and to appease the clamours of the partisans of Buzot. He spoke a great deal, and in every thing he said appeared anxious to conciliate the favour of his Judges, and the pity of the public.

Duquesnoy denied almost every thing. He was recovering from a severe fit of sickness, in which he had lost the greatest part of his hair. He appeared yet in pain, and seemed to think he had not long to live.

Bourbotte saluted with grace, and inclined his body almost every time he answered his Judges; looked often at the ladies who were among the spectators, spoke with affection, and played incessantly with his snuff box. He affirmed that he did not support the motions made by Romme, Gougeon, Duroy, &c. in the evening sitting of the 18th of Prairial, that he had only proposed to arrest those journalists who poisoned the public mind. And as to any thing else which escaped him, he offered as an excuse, that his head was heated by several glasses of wine which he had just drunk. During his whole trial he preserved a serene and cheerful air.

Gougeon had a certain sullen composure, and a ferocious, though down cast look. He tried to embarrass the witnesses and make them fall into contradictions. Like Romme, he suffered some personalities to escape him against the witnesses, and like him appeared to think that his affair would not have a favorable issue.

Soubrany knowing himself to be before the men on whom his fate depended, had no longer that lofty and disdainful air, which he always carried in the hall of the Convention. He was very candid and decent in his defence. He even owned himself the author of a motion which no body had attributed to him, and which every body thought had been made by Duquesnoy.

Peyssard seemed to try to overawe the witnesses; he put on a bold face, and affected a haughty look. He denied having cried victory! when the rebels obtained a momentary advantage over the citizens who delivered the Convention in the night of the first and second of Prairial. Peyssard seemed however, to be reconciled to his fate, and to be very

careless about what might be the decision of his Judges.

Foretier answered to any thing proposed by referring to his written defence and to his interrogatory: He did not appear to be in very good spirits.

The 28th Prairial, at 3 o'clock, P. M. the examinations being terminated, the sitting was adjourned until the morrow. The 29th, at half past 12 at noon, the Commission ordered the eight accused to appear before them. They were brought, and standing before their Judges, from whom they were separated by the secretary's table and six grenadiers, the secretary read to them the judgment of the Commission. Romme, Duquesnoy, Duroy, Bourbotte, Soubrany, and Gougeon, representatives of the people, having been convicted on the fullest evidence of being the authors, factors and abettors of the dreadful events which took place on the 18th of Prairial, of having conspired against the republic, provoked the dissolution of the Convention, the assassination of its members, attempted by every means, to organize revolt and civil war, and to revive all the horrors of the tyranny which preceded the fall of Robespierre—were condemned TO DEATH—ordered to be delivered over to the executioner of the criminal judgments, and to be executed the same day on the Square of the Revolution.

Peyssard not having shewn the same spirit of rebellion, was condemned to banishment only.—Foretier, as he did not take a very active part in the revolt, though inculpated as having favoured it, was ordered to remain in prison until the Committee of General Welfare should take cognizance of his case.

After sentence was read, Foretier laughed. Gougeon laid his portrait on the table, desiring it might be sent to his wife.

Duquesnoy also delivered a letter which he said contained his farewell to his wife and friends. "I wish," said he, "my blood may be the last innocent blood that may be shed; may it consolidate the Republic! Vive la Republique!"

"The enemies of liberty," said Bourbotte, have alone demanded my life. My last prayers, my last sigh shall be for my country."

The condemned then put on the tables their certificates of deputies—their pocket books, &c. to be sent to their families. They were then carried out, and as they descended the stairs they stabbed themselves with knives and scissars. Bourbotte as he struck himself said, "See how a brave man can die."—They had among them all, only two knives and an old pair of scissars, which they used one after the other. They were immediately led into the room on the lower floor, which had before served them for a prison. An officer soon brought to the President of the Commission the two knives and scissars, and announced that five of the condemned had stabbed themselves.

The President then read the order given by the commission the evening before and even that morning, to search the accused and take from them their knives, scissars and other cutting instruments; and to search even their beds. It is thought that they concealed the instruments they used, in the lining of their cloaths.

The commandant of the post was instantly arrested. A health officer was called for to verify the state of the condemned, and say if they could live to be carried from the prison to the place of punishment. He announced that Romme, Gougeon, and Duquesnoy were already dead.—Romme had wounded himself deeply, not only in the body, but in the neck and even in the face; he was so covered with blood that he could hardly be recognized.

Gougeon seemed to have died writhing with torment; for his face and above all his lips were contracted in a very remarkable manner. Of the three who were carried to place of execution, Soubrany appeared the most wounded. He stabbed himself in his right side, and had lost so much blood that he was nearly exhausted; and covered with blood he lay quite extended in the bottom of the cart.

The countenance of Duroy was as usual.—Bourbotte shewed the most courage. He sat upright and looked around him.

Before they came out of the tribunal, Duroy said, "The assassins enjoy their work! How unhappy I am that my blow failed! Were those hands made to be tied by the executioner? By merry Messieurs les Aristocrates!" He then broke out in abusive language only against the persons who were in the hall.

Soubrany said "Let me die." When arrived at the square of the revolution, he was obliged to be lifted on the scaffold.

Bourbotte who suffered the last, gave in that extreme moment a new proof of the courage which had not abandoned him during the whole course of his trial. While they were tying him to the plank, he talked to the people around the scaffold. At the instant he was levelled to receive the fatal stroke, it was perceived that the axe had not been remounted; he was accordingly turned over, to raise the instrument, and he employed that short time in yet speaking to those around him. He said he died innocent and wished the republic might prosper.

The condemned were escorted by a regiment of cavalry. One battalion of infantry was placed in observation in the Elysiun fields, and another on the bridge of the Revolution.

Such was the end of these men.

August 24.

Legendre has accused Madam Stael, lady of the Swedish Ambassador and daughter of the celebrated Neckar, of giving splendid dinners to the deputies of the Convention, and of intriguing with them, in favour of the emigrants; in whose favour she has written several very spirited and pathetic pieces.—This cowardly attack upon his lady, was very properly noticed by the Swedish Ambassador, who immediately rose and retired.

BON MOT. Madam Stael being told, that Legendre, in the Convention, had compared her to Circe, replied, "I can easily credit the assertion, for I have changed him into a beast."