

danger I was in; he was himself a father, and he felt for my Parents. His home became my home, he wrote to my father, and endeavoured to prevail on me to obey his orders, which were to return immediately home. I am ashamed to say, that I was disobedient. It was the first time I had ever been so, and I have repented of it from that moment to this. Willingly would I have returned, but pride would not suffer me to do it. I feared the frowns of my acquaintances, more than the real evils that threatened me.

"My generous preserver, finding my obstinacy not to be overcome, began to look out for an employment for me. He was preparing an Advertisement for the Newspaper, when an acquaintance of his, an Attorney, called in to see him. He related my adventure to this Gentleman, whose name was Holland, and who, happening to want an understrapping quilt-driver, did me the honour to take me into his service, and the next day saw me perched on a great high stool in an obscure chamber in Gray's Inn, endeavouring to decypher the crabbed draughts of my employer.

"I could write a good plain hand, but I could not read the pot books and hangers of Mr. Holland. He was a month in learning me to copy without almost continual assistance, and even then I was but of little use to him: for, besides that I wrote a snail's pace, my want of knowledge in orthography gave him infinite trouble: so that for the first two months I was a dead weight upon his hands. Time, however rendered me useful, and Mr. Holland was pleased to tell me that he was very well satisfied with me, just at the very moment when I began to grow extremely dissatisfied with him.

"No part of my life has been totally unattended with pleasure, except the eight or nine months I passed in Gray's Inn. The office (for so the dungeon, where I wrote was called) was so dark, that, on cloudy days, we were obliged to burn candle. I worked like a Galley slave from five in the morning till eight or nine at night, and sometimes all night long. How many quarrels have I assisted to foment and perpetuate between those two poor innocent fellows, John Doe and Richard Roe! How many times (God forgive me!) have I set them to assault each other with guns, swords, staves, pitchforks, and then brought them to answer for their conduct before our Sovereign Lord the King, seated in his Court of Westminster! When I think of the *sais* and *so ferbs*, and the counts of tautology I scribbled over; when I think of those sheets of seventy-two words and those lines two inches apart, my brain turns. Gracious Heaven! if I am doomed to be wretched, bury me beneath Iceland snows, and let me feed on blubber; stretch me under the burning line, and deny me thy propitious dews; nay, if it be thy will, suffocate me with the infected and pestilential air of a democratic club room; but save me, O save me from the Desk of a pettyfogging attorney.

"Mr. Holland was but little in the chambers himself. He always went out to dinner, while I was left to be provided for by the Landreths, as he called her. Those Gentlemen of the Law, who have resided in the Inns of Court in London, know very well what a Landreth means. Ours was I believe the oldest and ugliest of the officious Sisterhood. She had age and experience enough to be Lady Abbess of all the Nuns in Irish-Town. It would be wronging the Witch of Endor to compare her to this Hag, who was the only creature that deigned to enter into conversation with me. All except the name, I was in prison, and this Weird Sister was my keeper. Our chambers were to me, what the subterranean Cavern was to Gil Blas; his description of the Dame Leonarda exactly suited my Landreth; nor were the professions or rather the Practice of our Masters altogether dissimilar.

"I never quitted this gloomy retreat except on Sundays, when I usually took a walk to St. James's Park, to feast my eyes with the sight of the trees, the grass, and the water. In one of those walks I happened to cast my eye on an Advertisement, inviting all loyal young men who had a mind to gain riches and glory, to repair to a certain rendezvous, where they might enter into his Majesty's Marine service, and have the peculiar happiness and honour of being enrolled in the Chatham Division. I was not ignorant enough to be the dupe of the marvellous of military bombast; but a change was what I wanted; besides I knew that Marines went to sea, and

my desire rather increased than diminished by my being penned up in London. In short, I resolved to join this glorious corps; and, to avoid all possibility of being discovered by my friends, I went down to Chatham, and enlisted into the Marines as I thought; but the next morning I found myself before the Captain of a Marching Regiment. There was no retreating: I had taken a shilling to drink his Majesty's health, and his farther Bounty was ready for my reception.

"When I told the Captain (who was an Irishman, and who has since been an excellent friend to me) that I thought myself engaged in the Marines: "By Jesus my Lad," said he, "and you have had a narrow escape." He told me, that the Regiment into which I had been so happy as to enlist, was one of the oldest and boldest in the whole army, and that it was at that moment serving in that fine flourishing and plentiful country, Nova-Scotia. He dwelt long on the beauties and riches of this terrestrial Paradise, and dismissed me, perfectly enchanted with the prospect of a voyage thither.

[To be continued.]

The following passage is translated from the second volume of a book published some time ago in Paris, intitled, "The History of the Conspiracy of the Duke of Orleans." It may be found page 90.

"CHATEL, Mayor of St. Dennis, had his turn. From the beginning of the revolution he had beheld with affliction, the calamities of his fellow-citizens, and made every effort in his power to assuage them. He was the father of a numerous family.—Before the convocation of the States General, he had been called to the place of Mayor. His size being colossal, and his countenance hideous, the first impression that he made was very unfavourable; but his deformed and disagreeable exterior concealed a noble soul, and a heart full of sensibility.

"During the last winter, which was so excessively severe, he had been constantly surrounded by the wretched, among whom he distributed orders, which entitled them to receive gratis, bread, meat, and fuel. The rich, who were so well acquainted with his beneficent disposition, placed funds in his hands to be employed in those works of charity, and he so happily justified their confidence, that the people of St. Dennis universally concurred in bestowing on him the title of father and saviour of the poor. When the revolution broke out, the scarcity of grain excited his zeal anew. He searched into the cause, and what was his indignation at finding it in a monopoly; and becoming convinced that the first Prince of the blood had bought up, and unpitifully retained, the subsistence of the people, he flattered himself with the hope, and he did not conceal it that he should discover and unmask the authors of monopoly. In the mean time, he redoubled his efforts to save the city of St. Dennis from the ravages of famine; and being unable to rely any longer on the bounty of the rich, whom the troubles had obliged to fly from their country, he devoted a part of his own fortune to the purpose of keeping down the price of bread.

"Chatel, however, could not prevent it from being still too dear for the poor, and often of a bad quality. Murmurs arose; and all at once the man, who made it his aim to lay open and detect the schemes of the monopolists, hears himself accused of monopoly. Mis-accusation extended also to Beville, the procureur fiscal, who had aided Chatel in his exertions for the poor. He however, without waiting for the storm to burst, fled to a place of safety.

"As for Chatel he quietly continued his distributions of bread, and his cares to furnish every person with a supply. One Sunday about 9 o'clock in the morning, as he was walking before the abbey of St. Dennis, he was accosted by a peasant, who with an air of good natured simplicity said, "Good morning Mr. Mayor; will you give us a pinch of your snuff?" The kind hearted Chatel, opened his snuff box.—When the rustic had got the pinch of snuff, he continued thus, and still with the same air of simple good nature, "look here Mr. Mayor, it is as true that we shall play at bowls this evening with your head, as that I now hold a pinch of your snuff between my fingers."

"Chatel was so far from being concerned at this threat, that he mentioned it as a pleasantry to his family, who,

however, did not partake of his tranquillity on the subject. On the contrary they conjured him to adopt a speedy flight. He treated their alarms on this subject as mere panic terrors, and laughed at them: nor could he ever be persuaded to conceal himself in the house of a friend."

"In the afternoon a noise was heard with screams and shouting. They ran to look and perceived a crowd, composed of men, women, and children, which made towards his house. Unhappy people which slaughtered those who fled it, and despoiled the wretches who destroyed its subsistence! Chatel perceiving at length that it was time to provide for his safety, left his house by a back door, ran to the Curate des trons patrons, and begged an asylum. "The people, answered the Curate, "have certainly seen you enter my house, and that you will certainly be discovered, and then there will be two victims instead of one: My house, therefore, cannot afford you an asylum." "Well then," replied Chatel, "open the church, and I will hide myself there." The door was opened, he ran in, and climbed up on the clock; while the people searched and hunted for their prey through every part of the Curate's house. Not finding it there they burst into the church, and turned over the benches, the seats, the confessionals, and the altars. Enraged at the fruitlessness of their search they began to retire, when Chatel, whose fright was increased by all this noise, in order the more perfectly to conceal himself, endeavoured to get up to the highest part of the clock.—In hoisting himself up the weight of his body occasioned him to strike against the belfrey: the bell rang and discovered the place of his retreat; so that the unhappy wretch himself gave the signal for his own death."

"The executioners ran back, pulled him to the ground, and dragged him feet foremost to the bottom of the steps, his head striking all the way down. They then drew him in this manner through the whole town, piercing his body every moment in different parts, sometimes with the point of a bayonet, and sometimes with the knife. "Ah, wretch," he continually cried in a piteous accent, "why do you not kill me at once! Why do you torment me with such ferocity and such slowness?"

"When they had dragged him thus through all the streets of St. Dennis, which he every where bathed with his blood, they proceeded to the Paris road. There it was resolved to conduct him to the capital, and hang him on that lamp post to which Camille Desmoulins by his sanguinary lies, daily caused those to be dragged whom the Orleans faction had proscribed. "Don't think of it, said an old woman, with the countenance and heart of a demon; it will be impossible to carry him so far: he will die before we can reach the place. Let us strangle him, or cut off his head, no matter which: give him to me, I will put an end to him on the spot."

"The heart rises at the very recollection of the circumstances which added to the horror of this assassination, and our revolution abounds with crimes which the hand almost refuses to trace. But we must leave this generation all its disgrace as a lesson to those which are to come. It is proper also, since my subject leads me to it, that I should supply the means of deciding a question which is at present agitated: Whether the crimes committed under the third or second Conventions, surpassed in enormity those which were perpetrated with impunity under the reign of the first. I therefore pursue my narrative."

"When the fury had spoken thus, she sat down on the ground, and took the head of the unhappy mayor between her knees; she then took from her pocket one of those wicked knives which are called 'cutchers,' and which were bought at a time for eighteen farthings; she thrust the blade slowly into the neck of the victim, drew it out, and every time put to him this infernal question—"Don't you feel it a little cool?" The unfortunate wretch uttered only these words: "Ah monsters, thirsting for blood, I forgive you my death; my religion bids it; but I could never believe that men would find pleasure in inflicting such long and cruel tortures."—This terrible suffering lasted for an hour and a quarter.

"When the unfortunate Chatel had uttered his last sigh, she cut off his head, and fixing it on a pike, took the road to Paris, to display to the Parisians a trophy which was thought worthy of themselves. The Marquis de la Fayette, informed of the arrival of these cannibals, deputed a

detachment of his national guards to beg that they would be so kind as to return. They made no difficulty in complying with his request; and his complaisance for this horde of man-eaters, on whom he might so easily have inflicted an exemplary punishment, is one of the crimes wherewith posterity will have to reproach him. It is also a blot upon those who at that time possessed all authority, that not one of Chatel's murderers has ever been punished.

This act, and hundreds like it, took place, it will be remembered, while the virtuous La Fayette was commander of the armed force of Paris, the virtuous Bailly, mayor, the virtuous Constituent Assembly possessed of the whole powers of Government, and in the first moments of the revolution when those causes did not yet exist whereby an excuse is made for the enormities of the French; and they prove that the atrocious disposition displayed by that nation did not arise from particular circumstances, or the guilt of any particular set of leaders, but was inherent in the French character; and that all the revolutionists from d'Orleans, la Fayette, Mirabeau and Lefevre, down to Danton, Robespierre, Tallien and Barras, were the same in principle, differing only in the shades of wickedness. They all encouraged assassination, pillage, infurrection, and every species of crime and disorder, when it favoured their purposes. They exclaimed against them when directed by their opponents at their own heads, as they themselves had directed them at the heads of those, whom, for their own exaltation, they wished to destroy.

FRONTIERS OF ITALY,

October 27.

The French army is now drawing off from the Austrian Italian frontiers, and marching in several columns into the Milanese. In several places and districts which have been left by the French and taken possession of by the Cisalpine troops, the former have levied all the arrears of the contributions, or imposed new ones. At Brescia they required two millions of livres, of which Count Veneroli paid 70,000. They have likewise required two millions of Mantua.

From the New-York Gazette.

PRETTY CONDUCT.

[The following Declaration was made at Nantz, on the return of the Intrepid from her cruise. It was handed to us by Captain M'Dougal, late of the American Hero, who endeavoured to get the American Captains in that port to join him in a prosecution against Condu, but failed in the attempt.]

Declaration from the Chief Mate, of the brig American Hero, of New-York, when on board the Intrepid, Capt. Condu, on his last cruise from Nantz.

This witness declares, that on the 21st of June last, they then being in the lat. of 44, N. and long. 30, W. in the evening of that day they saw a sail, to which they gave chase, and came up with at 8 P. M. and proved to be the American ship Swarwick, of Philadelphia, Capt. John Jochlan, from Belfast, and bound to Philadelphia, with goods and passengers; and that Capt. Condu ordered him to land his boat on board, and bring all his papers, which he did. Capt. Condu detained him and his boat's crew on board the privateer all night, and the ship was taken possession of by one of Capt. Condu's officers and 7 of his crew. Through the night, Captain Condu had sent his boat several times on board of the ship with his orders.

That on the morning of the 22^d. inst. Capt. Condu gave orders for the American ship's long boat to be put out, and to be employed in carrying goods and merchandize from said ship's cargo on board of the privateer—Seven or eight loads, and as many in the privateer's boat, with the different goods and merchandize, from the cargo of the American ship as aforesaid. At 4 P. M. of the 22^d aforesaid, Capt. Condu gave liberty for the American ship to proceed on her voyage to Philadelphia. Capt. Jochlan, his chief mate, crew and passengers, informed Capt. Condu, that they would rather be sent to France, their ship being so much lighted they considered themselves in much danger, the ship being rendered unable to carry full with safety, and 150 men, women and children on board, and that their provisions were much thinned by Captain Condu's taking from them four barrels of provisions, some fowls, and a large hog of the passengers for his stock.