

ADDRESS,
OF THE CARRIER OF THE
NEW-YORK COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER,
TO HIS PATRONS.

ONCE more, his Patrons to revisit,
And with a glad and grateful spirit,
To greet them on this joyful day,
The faithful News-Boy speeds his way.
For him, no muse will strike the lyre,
Nor lend him her poetic fire;
Her tuneful stores he dare not rifle,
Then pray accept this merest trifle;
And if 'tis neither rhyme nor reason,
It bids you all a cheerful season.

Your eyes to hostile Europe turn,
Where rage and mad ambition burn;
Where savage fury rears her crest,
And ghastly murder flands confess;
Where the fierce warrior steels his soul
Against soft Pity's mild control;
Nor innocence, nor youth, nor age,
Can check the torrent of his rage.
See where, with dark and murderous eye,
The bold USURPER sits on high!
Wields with stern hand the iron rod,
While millions tremble at his nod!
Aloft the bloody standard rears
And bathes one half the world in tears!
Yet, tyrant, tremble! Know that heav'n
Hath to thy reign a period giv'n;
That thou, the curse of all mankind!
Shalt rule no more with hellish mind.
Say, hear'st thou not the dying sighs
Of murder'd troops, at Jaffa, rise?
Say, hear'st thou not brave D'Enghein's groan
For vengeance plead at heav'n's high throne?
Does Pichegru's dread ghost appear,
And strike thy guilty soul with fear?
Say, when you lay you down to rest,
Do fearful dreams invade your breast,
Will terrors through your bosom creep,
And wake you from your transient sleep?
Does not the tender mother's sigh,
And helpless infant's mournful cry,
Your boasted fortitude disarm,
And fill your breast with new alarm?
So ever be the monster's fears,
Who laws of God, nor man, reveres!
Say, shall an alien longer stain
The ancient throne of Charlemagne?
No, Frenchmen rise! your standard wave,
And hurl the tyrant to his grave;
Rise, ye nations, ere ye fall,
Rise, and crush the Lord of Gaul!
Lo! BRITAIN from her guardian sea
Rises in solemn majesty;
To heav'n uprears her awful form,
And braves the fury of the storm—
Her gallant navies proudly ride,
Of earth the terror and the pride;
Within their wombs dread thunders sleep,
Which soon shall shake the awful deep;
Her hardy seamen claim control,
For fear's a stranger to their soul!
Hast thou alone, O happy isle!
Where industry and commerce smile—
Hast thou alone the flag unfurl'd
To save the freedom of the world?
Why do not Europe's dauntless pow'rs
Assist thee in thy trying hours—
Assist to burst the galling chain
And crush fell Usurpation's reign?
Ye Northern realms no longer be
The cringing slaves of tyranny;
But thunder loud war's dread alarms
And join Britannia's sons in arms:
Then soon shall blood and rapine cease,
And all mankind repose in peace.

JANUARY 1, 1805.

LOVE AND PRUDENCE.

From the life of GIBBON, written by himself.
I hesitate from the apprehension of ridicule when I approach the delicate subject of my early love. By this word I do not mean the polite attention, gallantry without hope or design which has originated in the spirit of chivalry, and is interwoven with the texture of French manners. I understand by this passion the union of desire, friendship and tenderness, which is stamped by a single female: which prefers her to the rest of her sex, and which seeks her possession as the Supreme or the sole happiness of our being. I need not blush at recollecting the object of my choice; and though my love was disappointed of success, I am rather proud that I was once capable of feeling such a pure and exalted sentiment. The personal attractions of Mademoiselle SUSAN CURCHOD, were embellished by the virtues and talents of the mind. Her mother, a native of France, had preferred her religion to her country. The profession of her father did not extinguish the moderation and philosophy of his temper and he lived contented with a small salary and laborious duty, in the obscure lot of minister of Crasly, in the mountains that separate the Pays de Vaud from the country of Burgundy. In the solitude of a sequestered village, he bestowed liberal and even learned education upon his only daughter. She surpassed his hopes by her proficiency in the sciences and languages; and in her short visits to some relations at Lausanne, the wit, and beauty and the erudition of Mademoiselle Curchod were the theme of universal applause. The report of such a prodigy awakened my curiosity: I saw and loved. I found her learned without pedantry, lively in conversation, pure in sentiment, and elegant in manners; and the first sudden emotion was fortified by the habits and knowledge of a more familiar acquaintance. She permitted me to make her two or three

visits at her father's house, I passed some happy days there in the mountains of Burgundy, and her parents honorably encouraged the connection. In a calm retirement the gay vanity of youth no longer fluttering in her bosom: she listened to the voice of truth and passion, and I might presume to hope that I had made some impression on a virtuous heart. At Crasly and Lausanne I indulged my dream of felicity; but on my return to England I soon discovered that my father would not hear of this strange alliance, and that without his consent I was myself destitute and helpless. After a painful struggle I yielded to my fate, I sighed as a lover I obeyed as a son; my wound was insensibly healed by time, absence, and the habits of a new life. My cure was accelerated by a faithful report of the tranquillity and cheerfulness of the lady herself; and my love subsided into friendship and esteem. The minister of Crasly soon afterwards died, his splendid died with him; his daughter retired to Geneva, where by teaching young ladies, she earned a hard subsistence for herself and her mother; but in her lowliest distress she maintained a spotless reputation and a dignified behaviour. A rich banker at Paris, a citizen of Geneva, had the good fortune and good sense to discover and possess this estimable treasure; and in the capital of taste and luxury she resisted the temptations of wealth as she had sustained the hardships of indigence. The genius of her husband has exalted him to the most conspicuous station in Europe. In every change of prosperity and disgrace, he has reclined on the bosom of a faithful friend, and Mademoiselle Curchod is now the wife of M. Necker, the minister and perhaps the legislator of the French monarchy.

The conclusion of this interesting little tale, impels a very disagreeable reflection, on the sad reverse of fortune which must have befallen this amiable woman, during the late dreadful Revolution.

AN EPISTLE TO BONAPARTE.

This epistle seems to have been written by an unhappy fanatic, who viewed the French revolution as an era which was to realize the dreams of the Illuminatio, the vain systems of the philosophers, disappointed, but not convinced. These people cannot pardon M. Bonaparte for destroying their hopes, and these fanatics are said to be still very numerous in Germany. As a specimen of the language, and sentiments of the author, who professes himself to have formerly been one of Bonaparte's most zealous partizans, we begin with the first paragraph.

"No, Bonaparte! it is impossible we can love you—we should then be as bad as yourself—your actions are just the reverse of what we expected from the morality, the virtue, and reason, attendant upon your reign. Thousands of Germans who had hitherto entertained a contrary opinion, now look upon you as a mean hypocrite, a hairbrained villain. You have made your warmest friends become your greatest enemies—love once deceived, is turned into the deadliest hatred.—You may impose upon the multitude, but you will never retain the good opinion of those that think freely—history will never convey your name to future ages. Thy immoral, artful; perverse, and self-consequential character, cannot conduct you to the port of immortality, but can only cast you upon some barren desert, where time shall leave nothing to contemplate but the remains of those hopes which Europe had vainly founded upon you.

"Do not think that an envious wish to shine has induced me to take up my pen—my grief is too profound to admit of the assistance of pleasantry; indignation produces a strong moral feeling, and scorns fictitious aid. Hear me you must—my right of putting these questions is as well founded as your pretended right to govern France.

"You, the exalted head of the French people! Very well; now, then, consider me as the Representative of some millions of honest Germans, who are influenced by the same opinion.

"At the most, you are but a man like myself. If I now tell you some disagreeable truths, I still do honour to the memory of those sentiments once the ground of my attachment. I was once one of the most zealous apologists of all your actions, and one of the first men in the world to celebrate your exploits. But every thinking man in Germany had once this to say, at last we behold upon the throne of France a man like ourselves, and no better than ourselves. Being educated without the prejudices of a Prince, he knows the nature of human life, and what is useful to mankind. He will certainly act with more wisdom than any of his predecessors. Truth, morality, and reason will be his guides, and from him we shall expect the most perfect system of government which can possibly be established upon earth. Enlightened people from all parts will go upon pilgrimage to see Bonaparte, who will restore the age of Frederic the Great, with new advantages, and lay the foundations of such an empire as has never been seen.

"Now, however, you are a mere fool, whose head is turned by its vanity. In the mad houses there is nothing to be found comparable to your pride and ridiculous extravagance. The absurd arrogance of the ancient Cæsars, the Emperors of Japan, and all the despots of India, Persia, Tartary and Africa, are not to be compared with the fury you manifest on all occasions. We think you more ridiculous than a King of Congo, who used to distinguish himself by plumes of feathers, while his subjects were permitted to wear nothing but rushes and straw. Of course we laugh more heartily at the means you use to distinguish yourself from your subaltern Consuls and Ministers. We did not expect you to have been as tame and sheepish as Sancho Panca; but when alone and in retirement, you ought at least to recollect what you were but a short time since—a mere Lieutenant in the artillery, and most insignificant of all men. Taking all things together, you should never launch out as you do, in your own commendation. We are always sick when we hear you talk of yourself. Who would ever have thought that you would have been puffed up to such a degree, as not only to establish the ancient etiquette of the French, but to exceed the splendour of our former Monarchs? What, a Lieutenant in the Artillery, a mere upstart, not admit any person to his Court,

unless they had been presented to the Monarch in their own! What, your wife sit on an easy chair, while the other women sit upon stools! And when one of your fillers was brought to bed, you must cause the affair to be announced officially to the Diplomatic Corps! You told the City of Strasburgh you were satisfied with it; but after all these fooleries, you will have good luck if Strasburgh and the other cities are satisfied with you. And Canova is to make you a statue of a colossal size. Your portrait, painted by David, has been placed in the Library of the Invalids, under a discharge of 24 pieces of cannon! Deer and goats have also been sent from Saarbruch to St. Cloud, and there received by Haninchurt, Captain General of your Parks!

"At Beauvais your carriage are drawn by men, and the cannon of Paris must fire every time you return from a journey! The luxuries of your Chateaux surpass every idea of luxury.—But what right have you to these Chateaux?—Who made you master of the national property?—Who authorised you to enrich your wife and yourself with the spoils of Kings and Queens?—At this spectacle all Europe has not only cried shame, but shrugged up their shoulders, to think that people from whom they expected so much good, should exhibit so much impudence and vanity.

"What is the meaning of the star placed near you when you appear in public?—Why is the name of St. Roche taken out of the Calendar, and that of St. Napoleon, that nobody ever heard of before, placed in its room? Is it not the persecution raised in Germany against the Romance of Delphine, grounded upon some allusions in the same, supposed to relate to the conduct of Josephine?

"You, who have acted with conspirators, seem uncommonly alarmed that any conspiracy should be formed against yourself. This you represent as a crime unheard of in Europe. The sanguinary executions of the Emperor of Morocco beheading his subjects, merely from whim and caprice, are preferable to that miserable hypocrisy of yours, which leaves men languishing in dungeons. You say that you must kill them that would kill you! Very good; but kill them at once. Frederic the Great acted otherwise; and his conduct you dare not imitate. He even gave a reward to a man who had attempted to poison him, telling him to get out of the way, or his people would hang him.

"Your principal enemy was Moreau. This brave man will carry with him to the grave the suspicion of having conspired in favour of the Bourbons. Not so; the supreme contempt in which he held you was his principal crime. You have been saved for once, but conspirators will be continually renewed because that motive will ever exist. Hitherto most conspiracies have been no more than silly and irresolute attempts. Of these, not more than one in a hundred can ever succeed. A man truly brave and determined will never join any conspiracy. He will trust none but himself. Let a man of this stamp be found (and this is very likely), and then your death bell will soon toll. Such a man you cannot avoid; even though you should sleep in a tower of iron, you could not escape so determined a hand, that is to say, of a man resolved to lose his own life for the sake of depriving you of yours. On what a parcel of rascals are most of our suicides, who always go out of the world without company! On the contrary, if they would murder some great scoundrel at the same time, they would be deemed the real reformers of the world; and a dozen of these suicides would do more good than the most sanguinary wars and extensive revolutions. What, is there nobody left in France that will take up this idea! Assassination, however, will most certainly be your lot at last! You will neither be overthrown by a party or cabal, but fall beneath the stroke of one, or at most two or three, brave men."

LAW REPORT.
ENNIS SUMMER ASSIZES.
CRIM. CON.

This was an action for damages, brought by the Rev. Charles Maffly, against the most noble the Marquis of Headfort, for criminal conversation with plaintiff's wife. Damages at 4000l.

Mr. Hoare stated the case for the plaintiff.—The plaintiff, the Rev. Charles Maffly, is the second son of a gentleman of high distinction in this county, who has been more than once called to the representation of it by a free and honorable election; and not only so descended, but is a person of liberal education, a member of one of the learned professions, in the prime of life; a man not only of inoffensive manners, and of innocent life, but a man whose virtues correspond with his situation in society, and adorn the profession he has adopted. In the year 1796, Mr. Maffly became attached to Miss Roslewin. Mr. Maffly, being a second son, and not independent of the bounty of his father, possessed then a living but of 800l. a year. Sir Hugh Maffly, his father, disapproved a match which had not fortune to support the claim of beauty, and had therefore proposed one with a young lady of a neighbouring county, which he conceived, in point of fortune and connection, far more eligible, and on that occasion had offered to settle on his son, the plaintiff 1000l. a year in landed property, together with the young lady's fortune; but, declining the hand of an amiable and accomplished lady, refusing an ample independent establishment, with the additional enjoyment of parental bounty and approbation, and foregoing all these advantages, Mr. Maffly proved the sincerity and purity of his attachment, by a sacrifice of fortune to affection, and married Miss Roslewin, in March, 1796; and the happiness of the young couple, for eight succeeding years, not only seemed to be, but really was unmixed and unabating; he loving with constant and manly ardour—the wife with chaste and equal affection; and during the interval, Heaven had blessed their union with a boy, the bond and cement of their present happiness, the pledge and promise of future multiplied felicities.—All was quiet, tranquil, and happy, until the misfortune of this couple, and of this county, the Marquis of Headfort made his appearance at Limerick.—Mr. Maffly happened to have had some years since a living in the county of Meath, where Lady Beville, the mother of the Marquis of Headfort, was a principal partitioner, and from