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FOR THE GAZETTE OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE GUEST.—No. II.

THE second appearance of the GUEST is in a dress, borrowed from an ingenious, unknown Correspondent—who accompanied the favor by the following billet:

SIR,

If the enclosed meets your approbation, I may furnish you with one or two more Essays from the same pen. The author is not without a consciousness that the character of CLEANDER is, in some degree, his own portrait. If the same consciousness should be awakened in any of your numerous readers, they may derive some advantage from his reflections.

NEC ASPERA TERRENT.

WHOEVER contemplates the various calamities that fill the world, and the still more numerous avenues by which we are exposed to distress, will be deeply affected with a sense of the misery of Man. In this survey we need not search for remote and distant evils; we need not crowd our imaginations with the horrors of war—the progress of armies, or the desolation of States: In the most familiar walks of life we may meet with miseries, at which humanity must bleed—scenes of distress lie open on every side—every quarter is filled with the groans of the dying, and lamentations for the dead. In the mass of mankind we can scarcely select an individual, in whose bosom there does not rankle unpublished griefs; and could we look into the hearts of the most tranquil, we should often find them a prey to unpitied regrets, torn with anxiety, and bleeding with disappointment.

Retiring from this melancholly spectacle without looking any further, we might be ready to consider the world as a great nursery of disease—a vast receptacle of miseries—filled with beings whom Providence has endowed with sensibilities to suffer, rather than capacities to enjoy: But to him who views the moral influence of afflictions, the evils they are intended to correct, and the benefits they import, they will appear in a very different light. He will consider them as at once the punishment of vice, and the cure of it. Sorrow is indeed the offspring of guilt; but the parent of wisdom: Stern in her aspect, and severe in her deportment, she is however sent on a message of mercy: She is destined to follow in the footsteps of temptation—to break her enchantments—to expose her delusions, and to deliver from thralldom such as are entangled in her snares, or are sleeping in her arms. Whoever surveys the course of his past life, with a view to remark the false steps he has taken in it, will find, that as they have proceeded from indiscretion, they have been recalled by distress.

To every object, our attachment is proportioned to the pleasures we have received, or expect to receive from it, and the passion will continue to be cherished, as long as the recollection of the objects calls up ideas of pleasure, rather than of pain. Now every vicious pursuit is founded in indulgence, and is guided by impulse. To the licentious and abandoned therefore, there is no prospect of the termination of their vices, till by the actual experience of the miseries they inflict, they convey to the mind more sentiments of a severer than of love. From that moment the enchantment is dispelled—the false colours are stripped off, and they will be regarded as specious deformities, and real dangers. Multitudes who could never be persuaded by the calls of interest, or the voice of conviction, to restrain the licence of their passions, and abandon their inimical pursuits, have been reclaimed by the lash of adversity. The decays of health—the desertion of friends, and the neglect of the world, have not unfrequently softened those harder spirits, to whom the charms of virtue have been displayed in vain.

Nor is sorrow less effectual in the correction of foibles than the extinction of vice. CLEANDER, in other respects a man of virtue and honor, had from his infancy accustomed himself to the unbounded indulgence of his tongue. Upon all occasions, he trod upon the very brink of decorum. A total stranger to the delicacy of friendship, which generously hides the faults it cannot correct; his ridicule was turned on the imperfections of his friends and his enemies, with indiscriminate severity. The splendor of distinguished virtue, which calls at a distance the reproaches of the world, and almost sanctifies the blemishes of an illustrious character, exempted no foibles from the scourge of CLEANDER; but rather quickened his acuteness to remark, and his asperity to expose them, as it furnished a display of his penetration, in discovering imperfections, where there appeared to the world nothing but unmingled excellence. It was indeed his chief delight to remark the shades of a brilliant character, and to pourtray with exactness the secret gradations of excellence, by which it fell short of perfection: Yet in CLEANDER, this conduct by no means sprang from the envy of superior worth, or the malignant desire of degrading every one to his own level. He possessed the magnanimity of a virtuous mind, and disdained to lessen his inferiority by any other means than that of honest emulation. It had its basis in a taste for ridicule, and the pride of wit. This deportment could not fail to issue in perplexity and distress. His enemies considered him as a kind of beast of prey, a savage of the desert, whom they were authorized to wound by every weapon of offence, some by open defamation, and some by poisoned arrows in the dark. His friends began to look upon him with alienation and distrust, esteeming their characters too sacred to be suspended for the sport of an individual, on the breezy point of levity and wit. His appearance was a signal for general complaint, and he could scarcely enter into company hoping to enjoy the unmingled pleasures of social converse, but he had innumerable jealousies to allay, and misunderstandings to set right. He was every where received with marks of disgust; met with resentment for which he could not account, and was every day obliquely insulted, for careless strokes of satire, of which he retained no recollection. Wherever he turned himself, he found his path was strewed with thorns; and that even they who admired his wit, secretly vilified his character, and shrank from his acquaintance. His scars began to bleed on every side; his reputation was tarnished; his fairest prospects were blasted, and CLEANDER at length awakened from his delusion, convinced, when it was too late, of a lesson he had often been taught in vain. That the attachments of friendship, and the tranquility of life, are too valuable to be sacrificed to a blaze of momentary admiration!

A consideration of the benefit of afflictions should teach us to bear them patiently, when they fall to our lot; and to be thankful to Heaven, for having planted such barriers around us, to restrain the exuberance of our follies, and our crimes.

Let these sacred fences be removed; exempt the ambitious from disappointment, and the guilty from remorse: Let luxury go unattended with distaste, and indiscretion lead us into no embarrassments or distresses, our vices would range without control, and the impetuosity of our passions have no bounds—every family would be filled with strife—every nation with carnage—and a deluge of calamities would break in upon us, which would produce more misery in a year, than is inflicted by the hand of Providence in the lapse of ages.

H.

From the PENNSYLVANIA PACKET and DAILY ADVERTISER.

Messrs DUNLAP and CAYPOOLE.

THE smallest hint that has a tendency to alleviate the disasters arising from an element so terribly destructive as fire, will merit attention. An eye-witness of the calamity which happened this morning in Third-street would suggest the propriety of having a suitable number of small engines, of such a size as might be easily introduced through an entry or passage in a house, or even, if necessary, be carried up stairs; such as are usually made for watering gardens, the box being no more than a plain tub, capable of containing 15 or 20 gallons of water. Fire sometimes lurks in places inaccessible to the large engines in the street, and out of the reach of the hand: one of these small machines, which would carry water 25 or 30 feet, would then be found of great advantage.

When the ravage of fire is so sudden, that the family barely escape with their lives, and leave their property to destruction, it often happens that there are many articles of an incombustible nature, which receive but little injury, and if carefully picked out of the rubbish, and restored to the owners, would diminish the amount of their losses. But the morning after the calamity, the ruined buildings are generally over-run with boys and idle people, scrutinizing, not without risk, the scenes of destruction, and probably secreting any small article which they find uninjured, while no attention is paid to secure to the disconsolate and unheeded owner the larger effects, which a little care would preserve. The magistracy might direct a slight fence to be run round the place in the morning, and constables to be stationed till the ruins were properly examined; or if they would not attend to it, fire-companies might have a committee constantly appointed for the purpose.—A watch, belonging to poor Brown, the hair dresser, and some dollars, were picked out of the ruins this morning, and delivered to the unfortunate people; what was concealed amongst a crowd of boys cannot be told.

The great inclemency of the weather increases the merit of the citizens who attended, and exhibited the usual activity of Philadelphia upon an occasion so melancholy. There are, indeed, few duties more incumbent on the inhabitants of a large city, where so much property is comprised in so small a compass, than to step forward without hesitation, in opposition to an enemy, which assails at once both life and property with equal violence. And it has been the meritorious character of my fellow citizens, to sacrifice on such occasions the distinctions of civil life, and the consideration of personal safety; rich and poor, black and white, old and young, mingling together in lanes, or assisting at the engine, with a zeal which reflects honor on human nature. That there are some, whose love of ease subdues their sense of duty, who, without ill health, or advanced age, will coldly ask from the window, *Where is the fire?* and will return to their beds with the selfish remark, *that there will be people enough there,* cannot be denied—but their numbers are few, and their praise is small.

A. C I T I Z E N.

November 26, 1789.

EASTERN MAGNANIMITY.

ABOUT the commencement of the late Mahratta war, an army, under the command of General Carnac, made an excursion into the territories of those warlike and Independent republicans. In proportion as the English army advanced up the country, difficulties increased upon them apace. At last they were surrounded by the Mahratta army, under the command of Madagee Scindia, and, for want of provisions, obliged to capitulate. The terms granted by the Mahratta Chief were far better than the English had any reason to expect. He permitted them to return to Bombay, and furnished them with provisions for that purpose, on these equitable conditions, viz. That the English should make peace with the Mahrattas, and that they should restore to them the Island of Salsette, from which the Presidency of Bombay had expelled them in the commencement of that unjust war. The Field Deputies of the English army agreed to the terms, and delivered up as hostages, for the performance of their part of the convention, two English gentlemen, Messrs. Farmer and Stewart, the first a Civilian, the latter an Ensign in the service.

But when the army returned to Bombay, the avaricious views of the Presidency of that settlement refused to ratify a treaty which had saved their army from destruction.

Madagee Scindia came to the prison in which

the English hostages were confined. "The English," said he, "have broke the treaty, and your lives are forfeited of course! But the Mahratta States disdain to take the lives of two innocent men. Go, and serve your country."

Transported with gratitude, and struck with the generosity of the Mahratta Chief, Mr. Stewart was going to swear on his sword, which Madagee Scindia had delivered to him, that he would never draw it against the Mahrattas. "No, No!" exclaimed Scindia, "Let your sword be pointed against the enemies of your nation, whoever they may be; and, brave young man! remember, I expect to meet you in the field the very next engagement."

LUXURY.

IN a country where the people go barefoot, I ought the first person that procured a pair of shoes to be blamed for luxury? Would it not rather be a proof of his good sense and industry?

May not the same be said of him who first wore a shirt? As to the man who first contrived to have a shirt washed, and worn a second and a third time, and so on, I look upon him to have been a prodigious genius, and dare say he was capable of governing a State.

Nevertheless it is probable that he was considered by those who did not wear clean linen as an effeminate person, who was likely to corrupt the manners of the people.

It is not long since a Norwegian reproached a Dutchman with luxury. What is become, said he, of those happy times, when a merchant on going from Amsterdam to the East-Indies, left a quarter of dried beef in his kitchen, and found it at his return? Where are your wooden spoons, and your iron forks? Is it not a shame for a sober Dutchman to lie in a damask bed?

"Go to Batavia," answered the man of Amsterdam, "get ten tons of gold, as I have done, and then see if you will not want to be a little better clothed, fed and lodged."

REVOLUTION at PARIS and VERSAILLES.

P A R I S, October 7.

THE following is an authentic copy of the resolutions of the District of the Cordeliers, adopted by the other Districts of Paris, which occasioned the decisive measure of the Marquis de la Fayette's march to Versailles, at the head of the National Militia.

October 4, 1789.

"THE district of the Cordeliers being this day legally and extraordinarily convoked and assembled, and being informed by the public papers and the report of ocular witnesses, that on Thursday the first of this month, the officers of the Gardes du Corps gave an entertainment in the hall of the Opera-House, at Versailles, to the officers of the regiment de Flandres, to which were invited the officers of the Trois Eveches, the Dragoons, the Suisse and Cent Suisse, the Garde Nationale of Versailles, the Marechaussee, and Prevote, being in all about two hundred and fifty guests; and that after the healths of the King and Queen, and of the Dauphin were given, (that of the Nation omitted) the air of "O Richard! O my King!" &c. was played by the music of the regiment de Flandres. Some grenadiers and fusiliers of that regiment were then introduced to join their officers; and to confound the sentiments and libations of the company, a grenadier drew his sabre, saying, that he had ill defended his King (as if serving the nation was betraying the King). The national cockade was also insulted; they having substituted the black cockade, and afterwards the white; that they had audibly said, that this last was the only good one, although the King and the National Assembly, and even the whole nation, had adopted invariably the colours of red, blue, and white, ever since the day of taking the Bastille, and of the arrival of the King at Paris; that, such an insult to the symbol of liberty, and to the nation, who will defend it to the last extremity, could only be the effect of that aristocracy, which is renewing even in the National Assembly, which alone appears in the unjust opinion which prevails in the affairs of Orleans, Macon, and Marienburgh: That such an entertainment, given in the very moment when all good citizens sacrifice a part of their subsistence, is an insult to the public distress; that the people who thus acted, have rendered their patriotism doubtful; more especially when one recollects, that the day which had been fixed for the execution of the fatal project, which the vigilance of the good citizens of Paris rendered abortive, was preceded by similar rejoicing.—

Resolved unanimously, 1 That every citizen in Paris, and even every stranger, inhabitant thereof,