

"It is fancy, not the reason of things, that makes life so uneasy to us as we find it."

I CAN think of no rule that will determine, whether the evil or the good we anticipate, be most likely to turn out differently from what we expected. The imagination is equally apt to exaggerate in both cases. Excess of fear and anxiety is not less common, or less foolish, than the contrary extremes of hope and complacency. We are so much controlled by fancy, and whirled about by passion, that it is difficult to acquire an habit, of viewing things according to their real character, or of regulating our hopes and fears by any rational standard. Though I am not of the opinion, that disappointed hopes are a source of so much pain, as to balance the pleasure resulting from the indulgence of such hopes, I nevertheless think that barely to escape the evils we have dreaded is no compensation for having cherished needless, and anxious fears. We are, as has been before observed, alike liable to meet with disappointment when we are swayed by fancy, either as to objects of good or evil. The impulses of hope are so lively and constant, that though they are frequently fallacious, they still return with fresh vigour and delight. So that upon the whole, we may reckon hope as a precious source of felicity. Nor do I conceive it very detrimental to happiness, to give wing to the imagination in looking for the enjoyment of objects which we may never attain. The only restriction in this case, is that we do not suffer ourselves to be so much elevated with alluring prospects, as to neglect ordinary duties, and to despise ordinary occurrences. A sacred regard to support a clear conscience, and a fair character, will restrain the pernicious effects of hope, and make it the source of much delight, intermingled with little inconvenience.

But it is far otherwise with respect to fear. This passion, though implanted as a natural guard or forewarner against the various hurtful incidents to which we are exposed, becomes a monstrous enemy to happiness, when we surrender it to fancy. If there be any case, in which reason should eminently assume a sway over the passions, it is in moderating the excesses of a fearful, anxious disposition. Ill health, loss of friends, and a thousand other misfortunes are apt to give a gloomy cast to the mind, and force it into an habit of cherishing imaginary evils. By this means, a fixed melancholy ensues, and a disrelish for the innocent enjoyments of life. We are thus deprived of those gratifications which providence puts in our way, and become the slaves of a servile passion. In this view of the subject, we can perceive the necessity of examining the reason of things, when fancy suggests any circumstance that excites fearful apprehensions. It is true, that it may be desirable, to have a right view of objects, when hope is stimulating us to action, but an error in this case is far less pernicious than an excessive and unreasonable degree of fear. For as evil is as uncertain as good, it is more eligible to hope too much of the one, than to fear too much of the other.

NEW-YORK, September 22.

By Captain Service, who arrived on Sunday from St. Petersburg, we learn, that a severe engagement between the Russian and Swedish fleets took place off Wyburg the latter end of June—That the former had taken and sunk five sail of the line and two frigates of the latter—The King of Sweden it is said had a narrow escape from being taken—Captain Service mentions that there was a rumour of this intelligence at Cronstadt before his departure, but when he touched at Copenhagen he obtained the above particulars of the event.

On Saturday last arrived here the ship Union, Capt. Whitlock, in 53 days from Liverpool, which place he left the 26th of July; nothing decisive relative to peace or war had at that time taken place, but every thing was in the greatest preparation. Some days before Capt. Whitlock sailed an Envoy had been sent off from the court of Great Britain to Madrid, with positive orders to return with an explicit answer from the Spanish minister, whether his court would accede to the demands of Great Britain or not, and that any further equivocation would be deemed a declaration of war. Upwards of twelve hundred seamen had been impressed at Liverpool about the middle of July. Amongst these were a number of Americans, who were, however, released upon their captains producing the proper testimonials of their citizenship.

We hear from Rhode-Island, that a valuable addition of curiosities has been made to the Museum of the college at Providence, by Capt. Joseph Ingraham, of Boston, which he had collected at Nootka Sound, and at the Sandwich islands. The corporation of the town have voted him their sincere thanks, and ordered their secretary to address him on the subject as soon as possible.

Daily Advertiser.

THE observation is not new,
But still tho' ancient, not less true,
That where men cluster thick together,
(Like cackling geese in stormy weather)
Amidst the din of news and noise,
Some wondrous theme each tongue employs;
Some one great subject thro' the town,
Runs all inferior topics down.

As for example look at London,
Great Britain's heir by debt is undone;
Then poor Mad Peg, with carving knife,
Aims at great George's—coat—or life—
A Pig,* or Cat,† as is the fashion,
Gains the attention of the nation;
Some boxing-match, to which the Prince
Flies, his great courage to evince;
Where some great Cobler maims a Weaver,
Or Butcher fights a fam'd Coal-heaver;
Where bones are broke, and joints are put out,
Where bruises kill, and eyes are cut out;
Such glorious themes fill English papers,
Cure English ladies of the vapours;
Nay, of such consequence are grown,
That faith they nearly fill our own;
Mendoza's battles, or sad work
'Bout duel fought by Duke of York,
Of how his Highness' curl was hit,
Or when George wore his Epaulet,
Convey instructions to our youth,
And teach them sentiment and truth:

—Thus in all places some small matter,
Is found for universal chatter—
Assumption, Residence, M'Gillivray,
Treaties, trainings of Artillery,
Coweta's, Cuffitahs, and Choctaws,
Tuskabatchees, and other Crackjaws.

When Congress wish'd to go away,
Thus said our cits—or seem'd to say,
"Ungrateful men, and will ye go,
"And can ye—dare ye—leave us so?
"After we've turn'd Old City Hall,
"Into fam'd Mansion Federal;
"After dismissing all our powers,†
"Worne smooth by tramping sweepsand shavers;
"Those venerably ancient stones,
"That bore our great forefathers' bones;
"That made the ploughman, when at work,
"Remember, he had seen New-York,
"And limping, tell his neighbour Clods,
"That city streets a'n't pav'd with fods.
"After new mod'ling all our matters,
"And treating ye, as if our betters;
"And fee! The lofty fort is down,
"The harmless guardian of our town;
"All open to the bay and seas,
"T'invite—for you—the summer breeze;
"And see yon tow'ring pile arise,
"A Babel!—threatening the skies;
"Rising—on! most unapt allusion,
"I do not mean to our confusion:
"And can ye so ungrateful be,
"From such kind patriots e'er to flee?
"Where will the soft, sweet, southern manners,
"So soon allure to pleasure's banners?
"So soon convince the artless maid,
"That love at best is but a trade;
"Beauty, a saleable commodity,
"Marriage, a state old fashion'd oddity;
"For which free joys may be exchange'd,
"In case affairs should be deang'd;
"But otherwise a girl of merit,
"Should manage matters with more spirit;
"Taste uncontroul'd the joys of love,
"For ever?—that is—till ye move.
"Oh think, and think, and think again,
"Oh thick, deep, complicated pain;
"How much we wish, and wish, to keep ye,
"Altho' long speeches make us sleepy;
"Remember all our anxious toil,
"The Philadelphians arts to foil;
"That we to keep ye—glad and willing,
"Gave six pence, hoping for a shilling.

Thus rav'd the wife ones of our city,
Some swore t'was shame; some said t'was pity;
When suddenly this topic dies,

And all the rage is blank and prize!
No longer bluster, bounce and sounds,
But ev'ry thought—three thousand pounds:
From National Assembly prancing,
They seek th' Assembly Room for dancing: §
No longer loiter, nod and slumber,
But watch the wheel, and catch the number;
No longer, peeping thro' the grates,
See Senators desert their seats,
And walking forth as if for air,
Strait to the anti-room repair, ||
View TRUMBULL'S forms sublimely blaze,
And feel the paint—with wondering gaze.
Justly admire the glowing work,
A lasting honor to New-York;
An honor to our corporation,
A future honor to our nation.
Blest Lottery! Blest thirst of gain!
That makes us lose all sense of pain:
While our grave citizens were watching,
And every rumour's rumour catching,
Of who is blank, and who is prize,
Mine is four pounds young Noddy cries—
I'll not put up with it, not I,
But oft to Roosevelt's and buy—
Four pounds! Why tis'n't worth a thank—
D—n it, I'd rather have a blank.

While thus all ranks were deep engag'd,
And various war with fortune wag'd;
Congress perceiv'd the lucky minute,
Slipt off—left us—to bear and grin it.
"Slipt off! but pray what did they do,
"By way of recompence to you?
"You! who in pure good natur'd pity,
"Granted them house-room in your city;
"And gave them beef, and fish, and mutton,
"And genteel Congress coats to put on;
"Their horses, cows, and goats, found hay for,
"And ev'ry thing—that they could PAY for?"
What did they do? Why Sir, I'll tell,
They gave what we deserv'd full well—
They met in form—good Heaven guard us,
Resolv'd nem. con. they would reward us;
Voted for great Potowmac's banks,
And gave us—"What?"—They gave us—THANKS.

* The learned Pig.—† Lunardi's Cat.—‡ Stones for paving.
§ The Lottery it is well known was drawn in the Dancing Assembly Room.—|| The Room adjoining the Senate Chamber, where Mr. Trumbull paints his truly historical portraits of The President, and Governor Clinton.
New-York, Sept. 17, 1790.

DR. FRANKLIN remarks, that in modern times, notice and advocate are become verbs; a man advocated a certain measure; I noticed his arguments. It is doubtless true that the use of these words as verbs is modern; but I question the propriety of discarding this use of them. In this I should differ even from so respectable an authority as Dr. Franklin; altho' I entirely concur with him that progress used as a verb, is both "abominable and awkward." Let us carefully attend to the idioms of our language, as well as to the harmony of its construction.

It is observable that multitudes of our verbs, perhaps one half of them that may be properly called English, are mere nouns, used in the form of verbs. This is the case with love, fear, hope, form, fashion, pen, interest, promise, &c. which by the prefix to, or the affixing the terminations of verbs, become real verbs; as to love, he loveth, &c. It is evident to any person who looks into old English authors, or examines the true structure of our language, that this was the original method of forming our verbs; it may therefore be considered as the genius of our language. Whenever therefore modern nouns or new words begin to be used as verbs, we have only to consider whether by assuming a new form, or taking the personal terminations of verbs, they do not become harsh, unharmonious, or of difficult accent in pronunciation. If they do not, I see no rational objection to their use as verbs. The words notice and advocate are not liable to this objection. They are, in most variations, of easy pronunciation; and as they abridge the number of words necessary to convey certain ideas, I should, with deference to abler judges, suppose the use of them as verbs, proper and admissible. The same cannot be said of progress; for to make it a verb it would be necessary to change the accent to the last syllable, and even then it would be a harsh and awkward word. The same objection lies against the use of difficulted, a word that cannot be pronounced, without violence to the organs.

The Doctor's remark on the use of opposed is very just. For a man to say "he is opposed to a measure" is neither English nor sense. He may oppose a measure and be opposed by another man; but not opposed to a measure; for this last passive sense, supposes an agent which opposes him to the measure; whereas the act of opposition, is limited to the person, which neuter sense should not be expressed in the passive form.

I am not a little surpris'd at the revival of the word stricken, after being disused for centuries. It may be fairly said that the word does not belong to modern English. The participle of strike is struck; the word stricken being used in one phrase only in the vulgar translation of the bible, "stricken in years," and this phrase, as well as the word, stricken, is wholly obsolete. I should as soon have expected to see the words wot and trowed revived in our national legislature, as stricken. For the honor of American Belles Lettres, I hope the word may be permitted to rest in oblivion. If Lowth's authority should be produced against me, I would just observe, that he gives stricken as an old participle of strike, and so he does stricken; but where are the words used?—Words are like leaves of trees, always changing, as Horace remarks; but when a word has ceased to be used by a nation, it no longer belongs to the language of that nation; and the compiler of a Grammar has no right to say it does. This is but one of a great number of egregious errors, which we find in Lowth's Introduction, a work which has done some good and some hurt. Even on Lowth's authority we may as well use stricken as stricken, but neither of them belongs to the present English language.

N. W.

FOR THE GAZETTE OF THE UNITED STATES.

REMARKS ON THE ENGLISH WRITERS.

MR. FENNO,

I WAS much pleased with the "remarks on the English Language," and hope they will be duly attended to; I am determined to profit by them, being conscious of their being applicable to myself. The New-England people are not the only persons who might be deservedly laughed at for such blunders—for their southern brethren are not wholly free from them. That attachment to ancient customs should take strong hold of the illiterate, and thereby prevent the adoption of improvements in literature, or useful arts, tho' it must pain every benevolent mind, yet it is not surprizing. But when we behold those on whom the rays of science have fallen, whose understandings are expanded by cultivation, and who consequently ought to be guided by views of public utility—I say, when we behold such persons acting a similar part, it not only gives pain, but must chagrin every philanthropist. These reflections have repeatedly occurred to me, when I beheld English writers larding their labors with scraps from other languages, by way of embellishment—I think this practice, (so justly branded with the epithet of pedantry) calls equally loud for redress, with the blunders committed by common people in speaking—and is as