

PRICES OF STOCKS.

Table with 2 columns: Stock Name and Price. Includes Philadelphia, February 26, Six Per Cent., Three Per Cent., Deferred 6 Per Cent., BANK United States, Pennsylvania, North America, Insurance comp. N.A. shares, Pennsylvania, shares, COURSE OF EXCHANGE, On Hamburg, London, Amsterdam.

If Mingo should be elected Governor, it is said he has engaged to Collet d'Herbois, the succession into his Tribune. Pleasant times there in reserve for poor Pennsylvania!

Vivere parvo.

Amongst the many disgusting traits in the French character, not least conspicuous, is their insensibility to reverse of fortune, and their contentment under exile and poverty. It has always marked them of a lower grade, in mental endowment, than any other civilized nation; but it passes with many for a very opposite characteristic, and so let it pass. Various writers have displayed this indifference of the French, under the most depressing misfortunes and calamities. In their endurance of hunger, however, and their ingenuity in satiating it, they appear the most curious. The Cardinal de Retz tells us, that the inhabitants of Paris, were subsisted, during many days on the meal of pulverized human bones, extracted from the church yard of the Innocents, during the siege of the league. A more extraordinary story is told either by Bouneval, or Trenck, or Munchausen, of a Frenchman existing nine days on the pomatum which adhered to the inside of his hat!

Governor Mack Kean.

"Oh! good old man! how well in thee appears The constant service of this antique world When service swears for duty not for meed! Thou art not for the fashion of these times Where none will sweat but for promotion; And having that, do cloak their service up Even with the having: it is not so with thee. But, poor Old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree, That cannot so much as a blossom yield In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry."

Qua domus tam stabilis se.

An insurrection lately broke out in a spacious mansion, tenanted by several families in each story. The conflicting parties proceeded from step to step in their revolutionary movements, until the sovereignty of the lower story actually cut away the stairs, and compelled the sovereign people of the upper part, women and all, to ascend and descend through the windows by a ladder. The others retaliated, in various ways, till the house became, through the inveterate fury of either party, a striking illustration of the well known passage in holy writ.

The shocking increase of the most flagitious crimes, in the state of Pennsylvania, within the last twelve months, is exceeded only by the abundance of those of lesser degree. The restoration of a penal code to this unfortunate commonwealth, can alone save society from degenerating to a state little preferable to that of wolves and bears. That dreary humanity which delights in warding punishment off the heads of the worst wretches in society—and proceeds no farther, is fast retiring before the slow but solemn force of experience.

In four words of a beautiful Poet,

"Pæna metusque accident," we have a strong, though accidental elucidation of the consequence that follows the non-existence of proper sanctions to the laws. The Poet is describing his Golden Age, when punishment and fear, and a thousand other ills were put away; the justness of the connection, in which he introduces his pæna metusque, must forever be realized, until that visionary æra of his imagination be brought to pass: But the present is an Age of Brass.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in New Orleans, dated 26th January.

"Since my last of the 13th inst. there have arrived here thirteen American vessels, and several are shortly expected from Vera Cruz, where they have been denied permission to sell. The great number of arrivals here lately have reduced our markets considerably, and they will continue falling for some time. At present sales for cash cannot be made—Wine is in great plenty. Our own produce has risen in consequence of the increased demand, and will soon become very scarce."

Mr. Fenno,

PERMIT me to give one more extract from Dr. Smith's sermon on the dangers of pleasure. A. B.

"Pleasure not only impairs the guard which a wise man should constantly maintain over his heart, but often lays it open to too strong temptations.

Temptation, always dangerous to the imperfect virtue of man, is peculiarly so in the house of feasting. There the senses and the passions become excited, and surround their objects with a delicious coloring. The glow of imagination raises a species of enchantment around the votary of pleasure, and his passions are growing every moment more impetuous and ungovernable.

A good man, who would preserve the purity of his mind, should, as far as is possible by human prudence, avoid those scenes where temptation acquires unusual force; or if, sometimes called to enter them, it becomes him to summon to his aid, reason, experience, and all the power of pious sentiment, to prevent the first incautious wandering of the heart and fancy, and to keep them clearly within that dubious limit which separates vice from virtue. Approaching this critical point, they often kindle with a sudden and unexpected ardor, and hurry him beyond the moderation which he intended to observe. One important indulgence invites another—the gates of the citadel are thrown open, and in rush a host of enemies. Of this David affords us an instructive and affecting example. And we still read, with sympathy and commiseration for his deep affliction, the history of that pious and amiable prince whose latter days were filled with bitterness and tears for having only once incautiously courted a temptation, and once indulged a pleasure, to which he was strongly invited by the prosperity of his fortune.

How much more certainly will pleasure corrupt those who enter its parleys without circumspection, and expose themselves to all the dangerous force of those temptations that meet the young and unwary in the house of feasting? Here example, sympathy of feeling, the arts of seduction, all the allurements of ingenuity, all the decorations that we can give to vice, unite their influence to betray the heart. Here it is that youth so often lay aside their early simplicity and modesty, and turn apostates from virtue. Do you behold a profligate young man? Ask, where was he first corrupted? It was probably in the midst of the pleasures and amusements of the house of feasting. Where did his passions first kindle with a new and unknown ardor, and his heart form the loose purpose? Was it not in the house of feasting where temptation invited, where appetite impelled, and where the licentious strain of conversation encouraged his wish? Where did he first hear those principles defended that favor the disorders of the passions, and remove from them all the restraints of religion? Where did he learn at length to sport them himself, while, perhaps, his heart yet smote him for his impiety and falshood? Was it not in the house of feasting, whence dissipation had banished wisdom and prudence? where the sons of folly were ambitious of shining by an impious and impertinent wit, and sought admiration from one another by the most frivolous qualities? Where, at last, did principles become totally perverted, and no longer impose any curb upon the licentiousness of manners? Was it not in the midst of those scenes of gross pleasure where the mind, enveloped in the mists of passion, sees falshood as truth—where reason, bribed by the heart, defends the innocence of every indulgence—and where the example of others contributes to render it confident in error? Ah! temptation acquires a dangerous, and often a fatal power in the house of feasting—it works in all the avenues that lead to it. Youth, who incautiously expose themselves to its impressions, are hastening to ruin.

On the other hand, does not wisdom require that we should occasionally enter into the house of mourning, and grow familiar there with those serious and thoughtful scenes that present to us instructive lessons on the vanity of the world? There every object contributes to abate the immoderate ardor of the passions, and to divert the allurements to vice of their false charms. There we behold all that attracted ambition, or that nourished pride levelled to the dust. Blasted perhaps are the objects of unlawful desire—and the desires themselves seem, for the moment to be extinguished. Silent the impious tongue that profaned religion, and that jested with eternity. Gone to her account that spirit that, in life, may have forgotten her eternal destination, and sought only a vain and momentary happiness among the deceitful and fugitive joys of sense. O my soul! is this the end of all the gilded prospects of vice and folly! If temptation is ever too strong for thee, turn to the house of mourning, and the views that are there presented will correct it.

In the BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS, Dec. 11 Mr. Tierney, brought forward a motion declaring that "it was incumbent on his Majesty's ministers to advise his Majesty not to enter into any alliance with foreign powers, that may binder his Majesty from negotiating a peace with France whenever she may be disposed to enter upon a fair and equitable negotiation." This proposition, like those pacific measures recommended by the American Tierneys, was intended to prevent the only sure step by which to render France, sincere and earnest in her disposition for peace; and on this topic, Mr. Canning, with peculiar force and elegance, opposed the mistaken policy of relaxing a moment in a vigorous opposition to the ruinous projects of the French Directory, in the hope of persuading them into peace. "They fear nothing so much," said he, "as a general confederacy of Europe, of which England was to be at the head," and then proceeds; It had been frequently asked, what was the object of the war, and for what it was, which, until it was obtained, we could not lay down our arms? He should say that it was our own safety, as it stood connected with the general good. It was to be regarded in a general and complicated view, not frittered away into various and partial results. The object of a war like the present was not a thing which a man may take in his hands, lay on the table, and say, "there is an object"—He should answer the question in another way, by referring to the general state of Europe.—He could not be brought to envy the feelings of the man, who could see Switzerland bleeding at every pore—and Italy despoiled and trampled upon—Holland groaning under the weight of its oppression—and Spain trembling at the nod of a despot; and who could say, we have nothing to do with their affairs.

This was, in his opinion, to anticipate shame, and to run before disgrace and sorrow. We could not execute the great task of deliberance alone; yet we were told, that because our old allies had disappointed, therefore our new allies must deceive us. The Porte had been represented as a drivelling power; and as an ally not fit for Christians—as if men with long beards and furrowed brows could see the principles of sound policy, or acquit themselves properly in the capacity of statesmen. The Turks had the same interest in this case with the Austrians. Both had been equally provoked, by the French, and both were desirous of revenge. Russia had been outraged in like manner; and if there were any thing surprising in this coalition, it was to be attributed to the monstrous and devouring ambition of France which had forced these powers into an alliance that may otherwise appear to be unnatural.

If our former allies were faithless at one time, it was, because they were not so enlightened then as they are at the present moment, with respect to the views of France.—He would suppose the Prussians and Austrian ministers to meet, (though probably that meeting would not be held at a tavern) to recant their former opinions, and to state what was their conviction with respect to France, now that she had thrown off the mask. If they should state at the bar of the house that they once looked on the French Republic as gentle, unambitious, full of frankness, and free from guile; that they now regarded it as the reverse of all these, would they not be entitled to forgiveness? Would the gentlemen on the opposite side say, that a man who had been once contaminated with French principles, or touched by French connections, could never be considered as sound? No, they would undoubtedly admit of his principles, though they may doubt of its application [This allusion which was to some late descriptions of Mr. Fox at the Whig Club, was loudly cheered from the ministerial side of the House.] It was to be observed, that the feelings of the continental powers, with respect to France, arose from their immediate experience; we had to form ours only from remote descriptions.—They had to feel what we could scarcely conceive.

Signis irritant animas demissa per aures. Quam que sunt seules subjectis facibus. He then proceeded to draw a pathetic picture of the sufferings of the people in Switzerland—the rapes, murders, and conflagrations, which followed on the entrance of the French into their territory, only to assist them, he said in bringing about a slight parliamentary reform! There was no man so belittled as not to believe that the Swifs would heartily join in the cause, if a general confederacy were framed.—on the continent. But if this motion were to be adopted, we should throw a wet blanket on the fire, which was otherwise about to spread through Europe. When our allies are slightly mentioned, he should like to know from which of their allies the French could expect any thing like a firm adhesion and co-operation. Was it from the Cisalpine Republic, which they had taken as a living subject on which they may practise their experiments in political anatomy, and through the palpitating members of which they hunted for the vital principle of republicanism? Was it from the Roman or Ligurian Republics, which they had so shamefully plundered and abused?—Was it from the King of Sardinia, who, though a nominal monarch in his palace, yet felt that the French General in the citadel of Turin was "a Viceroy over him?" If the war were once vigorously carried into Italy, none of these powers would quietly sit down under such tyranny. It was the same with Spain and Holland, whose resources had been pilfered by the baneful touch of French Fraternity, and who were now paying to the usurpers.

"Mouth-honour, breath Which the proud heart would fain refuse but dare not."

Translated from a late Paris Paper.

STILL BORN INFANTS. Doctor Herbol, an eminent Man-midwife and a Surgeon of Division at Copenhagen, has made the following important Discovery.—That the cause of apparent death in still-born Children, is their having the wind-pipe filled with water.

By the simple process of laying the Infant in such a position as to procure a gradual and total discharge of the water, Dr. Herbol has had the happiness to rescue in the proportion of twelve out of thirteen of the Innocents, fortunately submitted to his care.

Some months since the French were talking about making Naples the Grand rendezvous of their fleet.—Where, now, is the necessity of this Grand rendezvous?

"The Bank of England, the sole support of government, has just broke; the news from the Indies is disastrous; every thing predicts the downfall of its pride and power."—This was the wild expression of Doublet in the Council of 500, on the 16th of March 1797; and he is not the only fool who has predicted the downfall of that government, the generous support of which only has prevented the destruction of every other.

BALTIMORE, MARCH 7. We are concerned to state an unfortunate occurrence which took place yesterday morning, on the George Town road, about 4 miles this side of Mr. Spurrier's tavern.—The southern stage, through the drowsiness of the driver, it is supposed, was upset, and a Mr. Harrison of Virginia, and gen. Sumpter, of S. Carolina, representatives in congress, were so much injured as to be unable to proceed further than Mr. Spurrier's. It was at first thought that an arm of the former and a leg of the latter were broken; but fortunately their wounds proved not to be so bad.

TO DOCTOR LOGAN, ENVOY OF THE PEOPLE. SO, Doctor, you have been in France! Not (as of old) to learn to dance, Altho' there's none, in this our day, Like Tallrand, can shew the way To cut and shuffle, shift and wheel, And run a diplomatic reel: But you went there (elfe Pm mistaken) On the blif errand of peace-making; You saw how Adams, firm and staunch, Would not be scard to give an inch; You saw how sister France was blundering, By asking tribute, threatening, slandering; Your country's wak'd spirit, you saw it Shake off her faulchion's dust and draw it. With dread the gath'ring storm you view'd—Th' impatient flame pent in the cloud, You knew, if once burst into action, Down would go France, and down go faction. To Paris then you flyly went To give kind sis a friendly hint. But sure (as wife men did before ye) You first consulted wise Deborah\*, And told her what a mighty honour You would ere long confer upon her, Being just about for France to go The democratic Plenipot.— Deb smild content, we well may guess, For honor never came amiss To female pride, be't false or true, Since Satan first Eve's pride up blew, To be an angel, when the ate The fatal fruit, for which we sweat!

Now on the Atlantic's heaving tide I see the vessel softly glide. Smooth seas, and favouring winds are given, (The friend of peace is dear to Heaven). And now the happy coasts you see—The land of sweet equality. No hills deform the level scene, 'Tis all a vast unbounded plain. No land-mark, line nor fence are seen, They would the rights of man deincean— A common waste to live upon, Where ALL have part, and each has none. There no man's thicker, heavier, bigger, Taller nor shorter, than his neighbour. The equal law, supreme and wise, Decrees that all be of a size. Should perverfe nature dare to shoot A leg or arm, a hand or foot— Project a nose or other member, Or stretch a neck too long and slender, Beyond the equal legal gauge, They're trim'd, like rambling twigs in hedge. And some, you'd see with rumps close shaven, And some sans beads to make them even. O Doctor, how your heart rejoic'd To see the phantom realiz'd, Of which all dreamers were in chafe From Harrington's to our Vice Pres.!

Now, Doctor, you admission gain To Liberty's most sacred fane, Where people sovereign, or mob Has set up a five headed God. But, Doctor, (an essential thing) You did no votive offering bring!— "Alas!" you'd say, with deep regret, "We're not the coffers of the state." However, with prayers, to your fond wishes You made the deity propitious. He smild, benign thro' every head, And gave the nod that PEACE WAS MADE. O! how it joys a virtuous spirit, To think of your transcendent merit, When ev'ry hope of peace was past, And faction 'most at its last gasp, With food and cordial drops, humane, To bring the fiend to life again!

Back now, triumphant, for our coast You sail—your country's hope and boast. The all-important joyful news To Nam: was handed by your spouse. (Not Virgil's Fame—an ugly witch— Her modern shape's like Madame Bacbe.) Upon the morning's wings it flew, And round the country soon was spr'd— Peace, Peace, Peace, the Demos' song— Logan and Peace mov'd every tongue. Logan and Peace was all the ditty In every gin-hop of the city. Nor left the country felt the theme Thro' all its roads, and every lane. In all the rippling booths and taverns, The rural Jacob's fane, like ravens— "Peace, Peace with France, the mighty nation, Procured by Logan's intercession. "Well he deserves our love most fervent, "We cannot get a better servant, "He'll without asking do our work, "And (better still) ask nothing for!" The other "tenants of the shade" (Just mov'd from there a single grade) Join'd in the general joy ('tis said) The house-cock crow'd, and clapt his wings, And look'd as conscious of great things: The bulls and bullocks ran and bellow'd, The calves and they were mute and follow'd. Cows shook their heads in joyous peals, Dogs bark'd, and cats play'd with their tails. Mean while, the patriots filled the noggin, And drank a health to DOCTOR LOGAN.

AN AMERICAN. \* This is a natural inference, as the envoy first communicated the success of his mission to his wife Deborah, and she announced it to the public as mentioned in the sequel of this poem. † Alluding to the primeval curse, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." ‡ The author has departed from the natural topography of the country, the better to adapt it to the idea of universal equality, which all admirers of the French seem to have in their heads. § The author of the Oeana. || Doctor Logan's letter to his wife was first published in the Philadelphia Gazette, but republished in the Aurora, and from that copied into all the other democratic prints.

FOR SALE A House and Lot in Trenton, THE house is of brick, two stories high, four rooms on a floor, and in good order.—For further particulars enquire of Ab. Nunn, in Trenton, or of JOHN E. CRESSON, No. 54, Market Street. march 9

PORTLAND February 25. By a coaling vessel which arrived here on Thursday last, from Castine (mouth of Penobscot) which place she left the day before (February 20) the Castine paper of that date has been received, which contains the following news:—

"Castine, Feb. 20. "Yesterday arrived at this port, the Lark, Capt. Snow, 17 days from Martinique. Capt. S. informs, That a few days previous to his leaving that place, information was received there, that an English packet had arriv'd in the West-Indies which brought London papers to the 10th of Jan. which stated that Official Acc unts had been received of the Death of Buonaparte, and the Total Destruction of his Army.—Capt. Snow says that he saw and read the account in a London paper received by the packet. Capt. Snow was informed while he lay at Martinique, by an American who had made his escape from Guadalupe, that a large number of American vessels had been taken by the French pirates and carried into that port; that 7 sail had been captured in one week; that they were all condemned with little or no ceremony, and the Americans thrown into prison; that the frigate United States, Commo. PARRY, had run so far into Guadalupe, that he was fir'd at from the batteries on shore, and in return had given them a few broadsides; that the sloop of war Pickering, having a number of vessels under her convoy had fired a few shot into an English privateer, supping her to be an enemy's vessel, which oblig'd her to sheer off. Capt. S. soon after spoke some privateer, who treated him politely, and permitted him to proceed.—Spoke on his passage home, the American sloop of war Ganges with a number of American vessels under convoy."

\* THE Eastern Mail had not arrived when this paper went to press.

New Theatre. Never Performed.

MONDAY EVENING, March 21. WILL BE PRESENTED, A new COMEDY, called, A Wedding in Wales.

Sir Owen Meredith, Mr Francis, Sir Griffith Price, Mr Warren, Lambton, Mr Marshall, Somers, Mr Fox, Lewelyn, Mr Wignell, Arwols, Mr Bernard, Davy, Mr Blisset.

Augusta Meredith, Mrs Marshall, Miss Winifred Price, Mrs Francis, Charlotte Belmont, Mrs L'Estrange, Maria, Mrs Merry.

After which Mr. and Mrs. Byrne will dance the much admired MINUET DE LA COUR, AND PAS RUSSE.

To which will be added, A COMIC OPERA, called, THE FARMER.

Colonel Dormant, Mr Warren, Captain Valentine, Mr Marshall, Fairley, Mr Wirtell, Cou Jellor Flummery, Mr Blisset, Farmer Blackberry, Mr Darley, Jimmy Jumps, Mr Bernard, Rundy, Mr Francis.

Louis, Miss L'Estrange, Betty Blackberry, Mrs Harding, Molly May-Bush, Mrs Warrell, Landlady, Mrs Doctor.

With the original Overture and Accompaniments. Box, one Dollar—Pit, three quarters of a Dollar—GALLERY, half a Dollar.

The Doors of the Theatre will open at a quarter past 5, and the Curtain rise at a quarter past 6 o'clock precisely.

\* Plates in the Boxes to be taken of Mr. Wells at the office of the Theatre, from ten till one, and on the days of performance, from ten till four.

ROBBERY. SIXTY DOLLARS REWARD. THE Cellar of the Subscribers' Warehouse was broke open in the night between the 7th & 8th inst. in which was taken a Trunk marked F. No. 7, matted and corded, it came from London; containing 74 drab coloured cloth cardinals 60 scarlet do. some of them plain, and others bound with gimp and ermine. ALSO, a piece of fancy striped callimancoes. Thirty dollars will be paid for the discovery of the perpetrators of the robbery when convicted, and thirty dollars for recovery of the goods. THOMAS & JOSHUA FISHER. 3d month 9. ddt

NOTICE. ALL persons having claims against the Estate of Thomas Boon, of Carroll county state of Maryland, deceased, are requested to exhibit them, properly proven, to the subscriber at Denning, in the county and state aforesaid, on or before the first day of May next, that there may be a dividend made of the assets now in the hands of the subscriber. Those who neglect this notice, will be forever barred of their dividend, which will be made on the aforesaid day. Wm. BOON, administrator of THOMAS BOON. march 9. 1aw3w

Notice. THE Creditors of JOSEPH JEFFRES, of the city of Philadelphia, house and partner, are hereby requested to take notice, that he hath petitioned the honorable Judges of the Court of Common Pleas, in and for the county of this Commonwealth, for the benefit of an act entitled, "An act of Assembly providing that the person or a debtor shall not be liable to imprisonment for debt, a creditor being up his estate for the benefit of his creditors, unless he has been guilty of fraud or embezzlement"—and the said court have appointed Monday, the 25th of March instant, at 10 o'clock of the clock in the forenoon, at such place where the said court may be held, to hear him and his creditors: when and where you may attend if you think proper. march 9. Com & W 31