

The Gazette.

PHILADELPHIA,
MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 24.

Justum et tenacem propositi virum,
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni,
Mente quatit solida.

EXTRACT FROM
"THE IMPEACHMENT."
A manuscript Tragedy.

Scene—The Street near the Government
House Elsinour.

Enter Frothy Ned, Blinky and Smockface.

Frothy. The air bites shrewdly—it is very cold.

Blinky. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Frothy. What hour now?

Blinky. I think it lacks of twelve.

Smock. No—it is struck.

Frothy. Indeed! I heard it not; perhaps it was.

Thy little joints, which shivering with the cold,

Clink'd like icicles blown against each other,

By the keen north wind.

Blinky. Or perhaps

Yon Raggamuffin, passing near that lamp,

Palfy'd my little Smockface with a frown

More chilling than the midnight air.

Smock. No—No—indeed I heard it.

Blinky. It then draws near the season

Wherein the Spirit held his wont to walk;

High: Snibbor's Ghost.

(Lights appear above.)

What mean these lights, my friends.

Frothy. The man we wish to ruin—He on

whom

His country's hopes—his country's wishes

rest,

Yet wakes, and studies by his midnight lamp.

Blinky. Is it a custom?

Frothy. Ay marry is it;

But to my mind, tho' I'm not native here,

(But in the man's horn) it is a custom

Better for us, if broke, than in the obser-

ance.

His constant study for the public good,

Makes all his foes detested, by the virtuous.

They y'ce us Traitors, and with swinish

phrases

Soil our addition—and indeed it takes

From our achievements, tho' performed at

height

The pith and marrow of our attribute.

Smock. Ah, Ah—look, look, look—

It comes. (Smock falls.)

Enter Tingalat, with his face meal'd, a

cord round his neck, and an old sail cloth

round his shoulders, mimicking the Ghost

of Snibbor.

Frothy. Demons of darkest Erebus defend

us!

Be thou a Spirit of Hell, or Mountaineer,

Bring'th then Geneva Drams, or new still'd

Whisky;

Be all thy duties paid, or Excise cheated,

Thou com'st in so detestable a shape

That I'll drink with thee—I'll call thee Snib-

bor;

Victim—devoted victim.—Oh answer me;

Let me not burst in ignorance! But tell

Why thy dry bones, exalted in the air

Have burst thy Gibbet? Why the chains

With which thy blood stained carcase was

encircled

Have open'd their ponderous and iron links

To cast thee down again? What may this

mean,

That thou dead corse, again, like Seaman

But as for madness—as for desperation
Blinky knows full well, we all
Are mad and desperate. But see
It waves me still.

Go on—I'll follow thee. (To the Ghost)

Blinky. You shall not go, my friend.

Frothy. Paws off—

Smock. Be ruled—You shall not go.

Frothy. My fate cries out—Blinky

drop your hold,

Or else I'll make a Ghost of you, for hold-

ing me.

Smockface is less than half a Ghost al-

ready.

Go on, I'll follow thee.

Breaks away—exunt.

Scene changes—Sea coast and a Gibbet.

Re-enter Ghost and Frothy Ned. Frothy

Ned's doats appearing as if he had trav-

elled through the bottom of Cloacina's

Temple.

Frothy. Whither wilt thou lead me?

speaking. I'll go no further.

Ghost. Mark me.

Frothy. I will.

Ghost. The hour is almost come

When I, to sulphurous and tormenting flames

Must render up myself.

Frothy. Alas poor Ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy fer-

ocious hearing

To what I shall unfold.

Frothy. Speak—I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to impeach, when

thou shalt hear.

Frothy. What.

Ghost. I'm Snibbor's Spirit,

Permitted for a time to walk the night,

And aid the business of Hell and thee;

And for the day confined to last in fires,

The dread atonement for those deeds of horror

Done in my days of nature.

But that I am forbid

To tell the secret of my prison house,

I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word

Would harrow up thy soul—freeze thy thin

blood,

Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from

their spheres,

Thy jetty and pomatum'd locks to part

And each particular hair to stand on end

Like quills upon the fretful Porcupine.

Frothy. Oh! name not Porcupine—the

very sound

Shocks my whole frame—pierces my marrow

bones,

And sets them all a clattering.

Ghost. Well; this eternal blazon must

not be

To ears so nice as thine—Lift; lift; Oh, lift

If ever thou did'st Insurrection love.

Frothy. Oh, Manimoth's great historian;

Satan's friend!

Ghost. Lift to my soul and most enorm-

ous murders.

Frothy. Murders!

Ghost. Murders, most foul, as in the

best they are,

But these most foul, and most unnatural.

Frothy. Ha! He knows me to know it; let my

eager ears

Drink in the tale of Blood.

Ghost. I find thee apt.

No reckoning made, but sent to their account
With all their imperfections on their head.
The ship we seiz'd and bore to Whiskerandos.
But Heaven wink'd not on the deed of horror.
For coming here into the state of Denmark.
Where many of my clan had found protection
My fame pursued me, and on some rotten
notions

Of public faith, forsooth, and nation's honor

The sacred faith of treaties, and what not,

I amely your Snibbor's neck was yielded up

To necklace anodyne and gibbet chains—

Oh! horrible! Oh horrible, most horrible!

If thou hast spunk within thee, bear it not.

Let not your servants lord it thus amongst

you.

But see; the glow worm shews the matrin

near

And gins to pale his ineff'ual fire.

Impeach; impeach; impeach; remember me.

Exit Ghost.

Frothy. Oh! what a filthy pickle I am!

Oh! he; hold; let me wipe my hand,

And ye, my breeches, thaw not on the

infant

But bear me stiffly up; remember thee;

Aye, thou poor Ghost; long as I hold a

feat

In yonder corner hall; remember thee?

Ye; from the table of my memory

I'll wipe away all trivial fond records

That youth and vanity have copied there

And thy commandment all alone shall live

Within the book and volume of my napper;

Now to my word—It is

Impeach; impeach; impeach; remember me.

Commodore Truxton has fought and

beaten a man of war of 58 guns, Thirty

Two Pounders, mounted on two decks, and

crowded with men, to the number, it is

said, of six hundred; with a frigate of 36,

18 pounders, and 300 men, and was pre-

sented only by a stroke of ill-luck, from

consuming the distinguished act of gal-

lantry, by the capture of the enemy.

Saturday last being the day appointed by

Congress for a general mourning, was ob-

served in this city, according to the resolu-

tion of that body, by orations, eulogies,

prayers, processions, &c.

General Macpheron's legion of volunteer

troops in the service of the United States,

was paraded and marched to the German

church in Fourth street, having been joined

in procession by the Order of Cincinnati,

and the Officers of the Navy and Army.

Here, after a prayer by the Rev. Doctor

Rogers, an Oration was delivered at the ap-

pointment of the Cincinnati, by Major W.

Jackson, a member of that society.

An Eulogium on the character of General

Washington was delivered at the German

Lutheran church, before the Freemasons,

by the Rev. Dr. Magaw; and one at St.

Mary's church, by the Rev. Mr. Carr.

A pertinent Oration, was very eloquently

pronounced in the afternoon, before the

Washington Society, (a juvenile association)

by Master Jonathan Meredith, jun.

Major Jackson's oration occupied an hour

and twenty minutes in the delivery. The

President of the United States, the Vice-

President, Members of the Senate, and

Members of the House of Representatives;

His Excellency Robert Liston, Esq. Mini-

ster Plenipotentiary of His Britannic Majes-

ty, and several other gentlemen of the Di-

station for myself, before the road of Guad-

aloupe, and at half past 7, A. M. of the

day following, I discovered a sail to the

S. E. to which I gave chase, and for the

further particulars of that chase and the

action after it; I must beg to refer to the

extracts from my journal herewith as being

the best mode of exhibiting a just and can-

did account of all our transactions in the late

business, which has ended in the almost en-

tire dismantlement of the Constellation—

though I trust, to the high reputation of

the American flag.

I have the honor to be, &c. &c.

THOMAS TRUXTON.

Ben. Soddart, Esq. Sec.

of the Navy.

Occurrences on board the United States ship

Constellation, of 38 guns, under my com-

mand, Feb. 1, 1800,

Throughout these twenty-four hours, very

unfettered weather, kept on our tacks

beating up under Guadaloupe, and at half

past 7, A. M. the road of Bassatere bearing

East, 5 leagues distant saw a sail in the S.

E. standing to the S. W. which from her

situation, I at first took for a large ship from

Martinico, and hoisted English colours on

giving chase by way of inducement, for

her to come down and speak me, which

would have saved us a long chase to leeward,

off my intended cruising ground; but find-

ing she did not attempt to alter her course,

I examined her more minutely, as we ap-

proached her, and discovered that she was

a heavy French frigate, mounting at least

24 guns. I immediately gave orders for

the yards &c. to be slung with chains, top-

sailsheets, &c. flopped, and the ship clear-

ed; and every thing prepared for action,

and hauled down the English colours. At

noon the wind became light, and I observed

the chase, that we had before been gaining

fast on, held way with us, but I was de-

termined to continue the pursuit, though

the running to the leeward I was convinced

would be attended with many serious disad-

vantages, especially if the object of my wish-

es were not gratified.

Passed two schooners standing to the

northward, one of them showed American

colours, and was a merchant vessel, and the

other I supposed to be of the same descrip-

tion.

February second, at 1 P. M. the wind

being somewhat fresher, than at the noon

preceding, and an appearance of its contin-

uance, our prospect of bringing the enemy

to action began again to brighten, as I per-

ceived we were coming up with the chase

fast, and every inch of canvas being set

that could be of service, except the bog