

AIR.

Illustrious Visitant! design'd
By Heaven's invincible decree,
Th' noble and exalt the mind,
And teach a Nation to be free.
Welcome, thrice welcome to the spot,
Where once thy conqu'ring banners wav'd,
O never be thy praise forgot,
By those thy matchless valour sav'd,
Thy glory beams in Eastern skies,
See! Europe shares the sacred flame—
And hosts of patriot heroes rise,
To emulate thy glorious name.
Labor awhile suspends his toil,
His debt of gratitude to pay;
And friendship wears a brighter smile;
And Music breathes a sweeter lay.
May health and joy a wreath entwine,
And guard thee thro' this scene of strife;
Till seraphs shall to thee assign,
A wreath of everlasting life.

BOSTON, October 28.

Yesterday his Excellency the Governour and Council gave a sumptuous and elegant dinner, at Faneuil-Hall, to THE PRESIDENT of the United States—At which were also present, the Vice-President, the Lt. Governour, Council, Hon. Mr. Bowdoin, Judge of the Supreme Court, Officers of his Most Christian Majesty's Squadron, Foreign Consuls, President of Harvard-College, the Clergy of this town, Civil and Military Officers, and Gentlemen of distinction, to the number of 150. On this occasion the Hall was beautifully ornamented with the several flags, &c. displayed in the late Procession, amounting to 48. We lament that the want of room will not permit us to go into particulars.

Owing to severe indisposition, His Excellency the Governour could not attend the public dinner yesterday.

Yesterday THE PRESIDENT honoured the Stone-Chapel with his presence to hear the Concert of Sacred Music; but on account of the indisposition of several of the first performers, the Music was postponed until Wednesday next. Several pieces were however given, which merited and received applause.

On the arrival of THE PRESIDENT of the United States on Saturday last, the Right Hon. Viscount DE PONTEVES GIEN, and the other officers of his Most Christian Majesty's Squadron, conducted by the Hon. Consul of France, paid their respects to that illustrious character at his residence in Court-Street.

On Sunday last His Excellency the Governour visited The President, at his residence in Court-Street—which The President returned on Monday.

NEW-YORK, NOVEMBER 4.

Extract of a letter from Boston, October 27.

I am sorry to differ in sentiment with you, respecting the mode we adopted to shew our respects to our illustrious visitant.—It was impressed on every mind that the crowd would be immense—that some plan of order would be absolutely necessary to prevent confusion and accidents—and that as many persons as possible might be accommodated—these considerations, with the recollection of our sensations on the ratification of the Constitution, which produced a Procession, as the liveliest demonstration of the public felicity on that event—but above all, the circumstance of THE PRESIDENT's never having seen an exhibition of the kind, led to the determination.—The effect has been answerable to our wishes:—The multitudes of inhabitants—and people from the country, which thronged the Street, from Roxbury to the State House, nearly three miles, were beyond any collection ever before seen in this quarter:—The papers will give you an idea of the Procession—but the innumerable incidents which transpired, indicative of the curiosity, respect and veneration of the admiring thousands, no pen can do justice to.—Conceive of the feelings of a man suddenly placed in a situation which for a series of years he had ardently wished to realize, as the summit of his expectations, and you will form some faint idea of the sensations of the great Body of our citizens on this occasion, who at first gave no credit to the report that this visit was intended—considering the news too good to be true:—Believe me, Sir, it was a joyful day with us—every heart was affected—and pleasure sat on every countenance.—The ladies in a particular manner, were peculiarly gratified—Ranged in every possible situation from whence they could catch a glance of their deliverer, and protector—every eye beamed complacency and delight. No accident happened—the arrangements were judicious, and those appointed to superintend them executed their parts with judgement and propriety. But,

Not crowds admiring, as he mov'd along,
The arch triumphal, or the choral song;
Nor grand Processions, in whose ensigns wave
The highest honours of the free, and brave;
Nor all that patriot zeal and genius fir'd,
Could fully speak what gratitude inspir'd.

“ Shall we say that public spirit has no existence but in the imaginations of moralists and philosphers? far be it—public spirit is VIRTUE in politics, which, tho it may be counterfeited,

fully bowed to all around—and the select choir of singers, with Mr. REA at their head, immediately sang AN ODE*, in

THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH (b)

which was adjacent to the Colonnade. This arch is 18 feet high, composed of a center arch 14 feet wide, and one on each side, of 7 feet, with an Ionick pilaster, and proper imports between them. The frieze exhibits 13 stars on a blue ground, and a handsome white dentule cornice is carried to the height of the platform; above is painted a ballustrade of interlaced work, in the center of which is an oval tablet, with the following inscriptions:—On one side, “ TO THE MAN WHO UNITES ALL HEARTS”—and on the other,—“ TO COLUMBIA'S FAVORITE SON.” At the end adjoining the State-House, is a pannel decorated with a TROPHY, composed of the arms of the United States, of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and our French Allies, crowned with a laurel wreath—over these an inscription, BOSTON RELIEVED MARCH 17, 1776—as a proof of a grateful remembrance of the services rendered this town by the illustrious President in his military character. Over the center arch, a rich canopy of 20 feet in height was erected, with the American Eagle perched above—the whole forming a spectacle, which, while it captivated the eye of the beholder, added much to the testimonials of the respect of the day.

His Excellency the Vice President, His Honor the Lieutenant Governour, Governour Bowdoin, the Council, The President's Secretaries, the Marshal of Massachusetts District, the High Sheriff of the county of Suffolk, &c. were in the gallery, with The President.

After the Ode was sung, the Procession passed The President, and proceeded into Court Street, where the whole were dismissed.

The military companies then escorted The President to his residence in Court Street, after which they returned into State Street, gave three volleys—and were dismissed.

The number of people collected to see their beloved President, it is almost impossible to compute—The streets were crowded—

You would have thought the very windows mov'd
To see him as he pass'd, so many young and old,
Thro casements darted their desiring eyes.

But from the precautions taken, and more from the occasion of their meeting, no one accident happened to mar the pleasure enjoyed on the auspicious day.

ILLUMINATIONS

And fireworks were exhibited in several parts of the town—In State-Street, the Bunch-of-Grapes—the Eastern Coffee-House, HAYT'S and JONES'S Room, &c. made a handsome appearance—and several fire works were let off from the Castle, and from the French ships, which were very beautifully illuminated.

(b) Designed by Mr. C. BULFINCH.

ODE,

TO COLUMBIA'S FAVORITE SON.

* Sung on the arrival of The President at the State House.

GREAT WASHINGTON the Hero's come,
Each heart exulting hears the sound,
Thousands to their Deliverer throng,
And shout him welcome all around!

Now in full Chorus join the song,
And shout aloud great WASHINGTON.

There view Columbia's favorite Son,
Her Father, Saviour, Friend and Guide!
There see th' immortal Washington!
His Country's Glory, Boast and Pride!

Now in full Chorus, &c.

When the impending storm of war,
Thick clouds and darkness hid our way,
Great WASHINGTON our Polar Star,
Arose; and all was light as day!

Now in full Chorus, &c.

'Twas on yon plains thy valor rose,
And ran like fire from man to man;
'Twas here thou humbled Paria's foes,
And chac'd whole legions to the main!

Now in full Chorus, &c.

Thro' countless dangers, toils, and cares,
Our Hero led us safely on:
With matchless skill directs the wars,
'Till Vict'ry cries—the day's his own!

Now in full Chorus, &c.

His country fav'd, the contest o'er,
Sweet peace restor'd his toils to crown,
The Warrior to his native shore
Returns, and tills his fertile ground.

Now in full Chorus, &c.

But soon Columbia call'd him forth
Again to save her sinking fame,
To take the Helm, and by his worth,
To make her an immortal name!

Now in full Chorus, &c.

Nor yet alone through Paria's shores,
Her fame her mighty trumpet blown;
E'en Europe, Afric, Asia, hears,
And emulates the deeds he's done!

Now in full Chorus, &c.

[The following Ode was to have been the first Performance, in the Concert of Sacred Music, at the Stone Chapel in Boston.]

ODE.

To the PRESIDENT of the UNITED STATES, on his arrival at BOSTON.

RECITATIVE.

BEHOLD the man! whom virtues raise
The highest in the patriot throng!
To him the muse her homage pays,
And tunes the gratulatory song.

and pretensions may be made to it by those who are really destitute of it, is yet an active, living principle, bringing forth the most noble fruits. It is undoubtedly a fact that those who are destitute of PRINCIPLE in politics, are devoid of every moral sentiment.—Hence a MEER politician, who shapes his conduct according to his prospects, and shifts with every wind that blows—who squares his pursuits with those circumstances that may best promote his ambition or avarice, without a supreme regard to the public good, is one of the most detestable animals that prey upon society.

To encourage our dependence on Divine Providence, we are assured by the pen of inspiration, that “ while the earth remains, seed-time and harvest, day and night, winter and summer shall not cease,” and to animate our hopes that the blessings of freedom shall be ours, and descend to our posterity, let us reflect on the present spirit of enlightened patriotism that animates the citizens of these States. Behold them coalescing under a wise, a just, and liberal form of Government—A system, which while they contemplate its perfections (as a skilful artist does the happy result of his labors) gratitude expands their bosom to the fountain of all wisdom, who hath inspired them to shelter the ark of their liberties beneath its protecting wings.

Behold their demonstrations of attachment and veneration to the illustrious personages whom their free suffrages have placed at the head of the confederated republic—a circumstance highly evincive of their affection to their public, and personal characters—and of those principles on which the union of the States, and the prosperity of the government are suspended.

Behold the harmony, peace and plenty, with which heaven has blessed our country—the extension of our agriculture, arts, and commerce—the increase of our schools, and seminaries of learning—diffusing the beams of knowledge far and wide—cementing and brightening our union and prospects, and raising the human mind to degrees of improvement and refinement hitherto unknown.

Behold, under the auspices of good government, extensive plans of Manufactures are formed, and the American genius, in discoveries and inventions bursting upon the world with a lustre that astonishes mankind—while our men of wealth, relieved by the Constitution, from the dread of paper-money, and tender-laws, are dilating their purse strings, throwing their long dormant specie into circulation—extending their commercial enterprizes to every clime, where men are found, or where ships can sail.—Thus, while commerce enlarges the demand for exports, our resources are brought forward—the arm of industry is nerved—the hopes of the farmer and the artizan are animated—and our capacity to annihilate our public debts, is made abundantly apparent—These, among a thousand other ideas, rush upon the mind in contemplating our situation—and so long as “ our eyes are upon the faithful of the land,” in electing our civil rulers—so long as we are just to ourselves, and suitably prize the Constitution which is the pledge of every blessing—while the earth remains—“ PEACE, LIBERTY and SAFETY” shall be our rich inheritance.

EXTRACTS.

Why does the name of exile grate the ear, and weigh down the heart? why is it dreaded more than death? It is not the allurements of inanimate nature, the excellence of the climate, the richness of the soil, nor the verdure of the fields, which chain down happiness to a narrow spot of earth.—FRIENDS are the ornament, the riches, the attraction of our native land—with them, the wilderness, and the solitary place is made glad; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.

Were the laws less severe with respect to debtors; were people less afraid of a jail on failure of payment; there would be less credit, and, consequently less dealing in these commercial states—but if credit were less, would not extravagance lessen also? Should we see such sumptuous tables among people whose circumstances do not warrant them? would such quantities of costly wines be drank; or spirits intoxicate so many persons? Should we see such gorgeous apparel on our belles and beaux, if neither merchant, grocer, mercer, nor taylor would trust?

A NECDOTE.

The casuists might amuse themselves with settling whether the following action be ranged under the banner of justice or inhumanity. The Editor had a friend, who studied at a celebrated university, and having a strong predilection for anatomy, took great pleasure in attending on dissections. One evening he, with many others, were anxiously attending the commencement of that operation, on the body of a notorious malefactor, who lay stretched out on the table before them: the surgeon, who had been placing it in a proper position, turning to the company, addressed them thus: “ I am pretty certain, gentlemen, from the warmth of the subject; and the flexibility of the limbs, that by a proper degree of attention and care, the vital heat would return, and life in consequence take place. But then, when it is considered what a rascal we should again have among us; that he was executed for having murdered a girl who was with child by him, and that were he to be restored to life, he would probably murder somebody else: when these things are coolly considered, I own it is my opinion, that we had better proceed with the dissection.” With these words he plunged the knife into the breast of the carcase, and precluded at once all dread of future assassination or hopes of repentance.

DIED—On Sunday morning, THOMAS CERRY, the only Son of The Hon. Elbridge Cerry, Esq.