

J. Thomas

Gazette of the United States.

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[No. 5, of Vol. III.]

SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1791.

[Whole No. 213.]

[Concluded from our last.]

MR. FENNO,

AS to the tendency of the bank to make immense profits for the stock-holders and offering such vast emolument to the adventurers in it—time will shew what these will be; the experience of banking as yet in America, has not exhibited such advantages—and certainly it is not likely the profits will encrease with the competition, which is growing in this country: Prudent men will therefore look before they leap; they have time enough for any of the immense preparations spoken of—since they have two years to turn themselves in before they complete their payment of subscriptions to the bank—and years are eternally offering something new—it is but about ten since the bank of North-America was founded by Congress—and had we at that time, Mr. Fenno, been favored with your Gazette, doubtless it would have applauded as highly the favorite of the day—who tho now become less fashionable, still retains the most undeniable right to the grateful affections of this country—and will continue I hope to deserve them, till perhaps by the lapse of a few more years she may again return like other fashions into vogue.

On the present occasion the bank of North-America has certainly acted the part of a most dutiful child to the union—perfectly silent and quiescent while the bill for a new bank was pendant before Congress, they now also are the reservoir where its treasures are to be accumulated and its subscriptions opened—exhibiting to the world the very singular spectacle of one bank aiding another in its establishment—tho for purposes calculated to avert the very sources of emolument from it; so great and disinterested is the attachment of the bank of North-America for that of the United States that it seems to forget what is due to itself in the care of the interests of the rising institution—ungrateful will this be when formed if it attempts to injure its fostering parent, or is unmindful of the magnanimous and disinterested conduct, to which perhaps its existence is to be so greatly ascribed—to the union of the two, some constitutional obstacles indeed oppose, and fortunately there are interests concerned in preventing it—but from this amicable beginning we are to suppose the new bank will treat her elder sister, with at least some returns for the hospitality and kindness shewn her, and be anxious in future to preserve the house where her existence had been nurtured and commenced.

NEWBERN, (N. C.) April 23.

THE President of the United States and Major William Jackson, his Secretary, escorted by the Pitt Light-Horse, under the command of Captain Simpson, crossed West's Ferry, and were met at the landing by a number of the most respectable inhabitants of this town, headed by Judge Sitgreaves, and the Craven Light-Horse, under the command of Capt. Williams, on Wednesday at one o'clock, P. M.

The Newbern volunteers, commanded by Capt. Edward Pasteur, received him at the entrance of the town. Alighting at his lodgings, he was saluted by a discharge of fifteen guns from Captain Tinker's company of Artillery, and fifteen volleys and a *feu de joye* from the Volunteers.

In the evening the town was elegantly illuminated.

The next day the President walked around the town, and at four o'clock sat down to a public dinner at the Palace, and continued at table until a number of toasts were drank, each of which were announced by a discharge of cannon.

A committee of St. John's Lodge, No. 2, headed by the Master, waited on the President and handed him the following address.

To GEORGE WASHINGTON, Esq. President of the United States.

SIR,

WE, the Master, Officers and Members of St. John's Lodge of Newbern, No. 2, beg leave to hail you welcome by the mystic numbers.

We approach you, not with the language of adulation, but sincere fraternal affection, your works having proved you to be "the true and faithful brother, the skilful and expert craftsman, the just and upright man."

But the powers of eloquence are too weak to express with sufficient energy the cordial warmth with which our bosoms glow towards you.

We therefore most fervently, with, most ardently and most devoutly pray, that the Providence of the Most High may strengthen, establish and protect you, in your walk through this life, and when you are called from your terrestrial labors, by command of our divine Grand Master, and your operations sealed with the mark of his approbation, may your soul be everlastingly refreshed with the streams of living water which flow at the right hand of God.

And when the supreme Architect of all worlds shall collect his most precious jewels as ornaments of the celestial Jerusalem, may you everlastingly shine among those of the brightest lustre.

Signed by order of the Lodge,

ISAAC GUION, Master.
SAMUEL CHAPMAN, S. W.
WILLIAM JOHNSTON, J. W.

St. John's Lodge, No. 2, April 21st, 1791.

To which the President returned the following Answer.

To the Master, Officers and Members of St. John's Lodge of Newbern, No. 2.

GENTLEMEN,

I RECEIVE the cordial welcome which you are pleased to give me with sincere gratitude.

My best ambition having ever aimed at the unbiased approbation of my fellow-citizens, it is peculiarly pleasing to find my conduct so affectionately approved by a fraternity whose association is founded in justice and benevolence.

In reciprocating the kind wishes contained in your address, be assured that I offer a sincere prayer for your present and future happiness.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

In the evening there was a ball at the Palace, which the President attended—and on Friday morning he left town for Wilmington under a discharge of cannon. The inhabitants of the town, and Light-Horse, escorted him a few miles on his journey.

FOR THE GAZETTE OF THE UNITED STATES.

TO ELLA.

AH! vainly Ella, do I hear
Thy lute complain, in notes so clear,
As would seduce an angel's ear;
That bids me check the song of praise,
And give to other themes, my lays.

To fierce disease and grief a prey,
In pain I pass the lingering day,
No more I raise the sprightly strain,
Or warble the melodious song,
That fill'd the breast with envious pain,
And could the joys of life prolong.

Now, when the glowing orb of day,
Hath sunk, beneath the western wave;
With melancholy heart I stray
To hear the stream his border lave.

Or like some pilgrim press the yielding grass,
And wet my sandals with the nightly dew,
A sprig of laurel breaking as I pass,
To thee I lay the honoring branch is due.

My dangerous course along the vale I take,
Beneath the hanging rock, that seems to shake
With ev'ry blast, and threatens on my head
Its crushing weight to roll;
But my undaunted soul,
Enjoys the scene, nor feels the chill of terror spread.

Now, near a cavern dark, and wild,
With folded arms I stand,
Like melancholy's gloomy child;
I heave the swelling sigh;
Upon the passing gale;

While from my ever-streaming eye;
Adown my cheeks, so wan and pale,
The tears incessant drop upon my hand.
There I hear the moaning owl,
His dismal whoopings roll,
Upon the heavy ear of night,
In sounds that would thy soul affright.

But Oh! my bursting heart!
So tortur'd by the pang of grief,
In other scenes would seek relief:
On fancy's rapid wing I'd dart
Where horror with his staring eye,
And upright hair,
Sits gazing on the fiery sky,
When sulphurous lightnings fly,
And swell the soul to wild despair.

Where the vex'd wave with mad'ning roar,
Rolls thundering on the craggy shore,
And aims with ev'ry dreadful shock,
To burst apart the flinty rock;
When still like wretched man! in vain
He strives his purpose to obtain;
Mad to despair, he flies again
And clamours to his parent main.

BIRTHA.

BENNINGTON, (Vermont) May 2.

IN our last we inserted a paragraph under the Pennsylvania head, which mentioned, that 5000lb. of hemp were raised the last season, by Col. Wood, on the memorable heights of Charlestown. A correspondent remarks, that the blood of the American heroes, shed on those heights, in the unparalleled action of Bunker's hill, &c. was in no wise spilt in vain. From those rich libations at the sacred shrine of freedom, Columbia's independence took its date, and the blessing is once more realized, by an extraordinary production of so stable a commodity for manufacture—that grand palladium of national greatness, on which the happiness of America essentially depends.

Thus tho the honored heroes rest in peace,
Their beneficial influence doth not cease,
That blood which freely flow'd at freedom's call,
Wafts federal stripes around this spacious ball;
In distant realms, Columbia's flag unfurl'd,
Displays their worth to an admiring world;
While from the forehead of a brightening sky,
They view their country's farms with Europe's vie.

With pleasure we inform our readers, that faithful posts are once more appointed, to ride regularly from Bennington to Windsor. Any communications may be made with safety, and the demand for services will be reasonable. Riders are likewise established from Bennington to Onion river, and the rout in a few weeks, will be extended to the northern extremity of the state; which establishment, if duly encouraged, will no doubt be extensively useful—more especially as a regular communication with the sister States is now permanently established.

'Tis by INTELLIGENCE Republic's live!
And a free service, not a slavish give;
Stop but the streams of knowledge, and you'll find,
The laws oppos'd, the people factious—blind.

Return of EXPORTS from the District of Bermuda Hundred or City-Point, from the 1st of January to the 31st of March, 1791.

BREAD, ship, 18 barrels.
Pilot, 4 barrels.
Butter, 9 firkins.
Corn Indian, 1917 bushels.
Flour superfine, 223 barrels.
Fine, 319 barrels.
Common, 426 barrels.

Fish Cod, 6 quintals.
Iron Pig, 88 tons.
Indigo, 8 barrels.
Lard Hog's, 7½ barrels.
Oats, 446 bushels.
Pork, 94 barrels.
Pease, 367½ barrels.
Rum, 8160 gallons.
Skins Deer, 600 pounds.
Tobacco, 5040 hogsheds.
—Manufactured, 1 barrel.
Hogshead Staves, 69,975 hhd's.
Barrel do. 33,929.
Pipe do. 1952.
Handspikes, 11 dozen.
Wheat, 8238½ bushels.

Total value 203,886 dollars 73 cents.

Net value of every species of merchandise entered in the district within the same period,—£. 2426 4 Stl.—equal to 10,772 dollars 32 cents.

SALEM, (Massachusetts) APRIL 26.

The following extract of a letter from London, and also that published in our last, were taken from a series of letters; in which the writer appears to be greatly interested in the happiness and prosperity of the people of this country, and solicitous that they may be guarded against precipitation in forming their COMMERCIAL SYSTEM. The sentiments are thought to be deserving of public attention.

LONDON, Jan. 3d, 1791.

DEAR SIR,

KNOWING you to be a friend to commercial regulations, upon the belief that they may prove favorable to your national interests, I ventured in my letter of the 21st ult. to quote to you the opinions of some reflecting people upon the tendency of all restrictive systems. You need not be told that here mercantile men and manufacturers generally entertain sentiments quite opposite to those I recited, and that a man who should be bold enough to assert seriously the advantages of freedom in trade and industry, would find no strength of reasoning nor purity of motives sufficient to shield him from calumny and suspicion: I hope it is not yet so bad in your country, and that candid discussions will establish right ideas—indeed it seems peculiarly essential to your general and permanent welfare, that just sentiments on such subjects should prevail among your people, because your government, more than any other, is directed in its movements by the present public opinion, let that opinion be well or ill-founded—and it cannot be a matter of future indifference what steps they shall now take on this ground. I wish they may take none but such as shall be clearly dictated by the soundest policy—and I call that policy sound which, proposing for its object the most extensive public good, has justice for its support and truth for its light. I suspect every measure that is defective in these as useless at best, and often pernicious.—Although I am a native of this island, yet you well know that my heart, with its best feelings, is wholly with you—your country has become mine, and already

* See No. 210 of this Gazette.