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[Whole No. 217.]

ENGLAND.

NAVAL ARCHITECTURE.

WEYMOUTH, March 1.

LAST Wednesday arrived in this harbour his Majesty's cutter the Trial, commanded by Lieut. Malbon. She is built on an entire new construction, with three sliding keels, which are inclosed in a case or well; one forward, one midship, and the other abaft; they are worked with the greatest facility, and are not of the least inconvenience to the crew when manœuvring the vessel. She has been universally approved and admired by all our most experienced professional gentlemen in this place, as well as by our ingenious ship-builder, Mr. Stephens, and other mechanics. Her length is 66 feet, breadth 21, her hold 7 feet only, which, in justice to the vessel, ought to have been nine at least, and measures 120 tons. Has a perfect flat bottom, only draws 6 feet water, whereas all others of her tonnage on the old construction draw 14; so that by such an easy draft of water, she can go with safety into almost any harbour or creek whatever. She sails incomparably fast, either before or upon a wind; and though her timbers and planks seem to be of an immoderate degree of thickness (for what reason I cannot tell, but which must impede her sailing) yet no vessel she has ever been in company with, of equal size (even though copper-bottomed, which she is not) has been able, upon many trials, to beat her in sailing, and yet her sails seem too small.

Her hold is divided into several compartments, all water-tight, and so contrived, that should even a plank or two start at sea in different parts of the vessel, she may afterwards be navigated with the greatest security to any part of the world; a method hitherto never thought of, before this ingenious officer contrived it, and which may be the means of saving thousands of valuable lives, and large quantities of merchandize: besides, if she should be drove on shore in a gale of wind, she does not become a wreck; for her keels will all naturally be drove up into their cases, and the ship being then flat bottomed, she cannot easily be overfet, and all the crew may be saved with perfect security, by her being able to go into such shallow water.—The crew of the Halfwell Indian might all have been saved, had the Indians thus constructed. These are blessings, too obvious to mankind, not to fill every feeling heart with pleasure, and no comment need be made on the great good that may be expected.

The Dutch, who are esteemed a very sagacious commercial people, have already adopted this plan of ship-building, which at once shews the utility and advantage of this wonderful invention.

These discoveries also demonstrate plainly, how far behind hand the art of ship-building has been till this favorable epoch; and from the ingenuity and mechanical powers of this gentleman, the art is astonishingly improved already, and will probably be carried to still greater perfection.

The world is indebted for these noble discoveries to John Schank, Esq. of Barton house, Dawlish, a Captain in the Royal Navy, who had the command of the King's ships of war on the great Lakes of America, in the last war and who accompanied the late ingenious Sir C. Douglass, when he sailed to the North Seas, by order of Government, to make observations on the Transit of Venus.

It is worthy of remark, that Captain Schank, with the greatest liberality and public spirit, has given up every emolument to his country and mankind in general, which otherwise he might have secured to himself, and which he highly deserves in the greatest degree.

Great merit is due to Lord C. and the present Lords of the Admiralty, who, getting the better of all former old prejudices, ordered this vessel to be constructed.

Remedy for the Gout.

TO one pound of Brimstone finely powdered and put into a stone or earthen Jar, add one gallon of boiling water, let it stand four or five days, stirring it well two or three times a day—at the end of the fourth day, draw it off fine for use—drink half a pint every morning, at least half an hour before breakfast—let the Jar be kept stopp'd close when you are not stirring the Brimstone.

FOR THE GAZETTE OF THE UNITED STATES.

LAURA and MARY.

"WHY drops the pearly tear from LAURA'S eye?
That eye which used the love-lorn mind to cheer;
Why heaves that bosom thus the far-fetch'd sigh?
What grief afflicts the maid to friendship dear?
Form'd with the power the coldest heart to warm,
With innate beauty glowing in thy breast;
What from thy bosom can contentment charm,
Or break with momentary woe thy rest?
Can she whose presence never fails to give
New life, new joy, on whom she deigns to smile;
Thus like a turtle foliage live,
And all admirers of their hopes beguile?"

"Alas my MARY! nought can e'er avail,
To sooth the gathered tumults of my soul;
Or, waking comfort for a girl so frail,
To calm my sorrows, or my griefs control.

Not all the pleasures that this world affords,
Can give one moment to my soul of peace;
Nor all the flattering emptiness of words,
Make glad this conscience with its wonted ease.

Short are the joys triumphant beauty gives,
With hurried steps full quick they slip away;
E'en while the triumph in the bosom lives,
We droop with night, and sicken with the day.

But O my MARY! nought can e'er relieve
My soul from sorrow, or my bosom cheer;
Or bless the heart, that fluttering to deceive,
Has stretch'd my EDWARD on a watery bier.

Pleased with the thro'ts of conquest, and of fame,
I spurn'd the youth, forgetful of his love,
Whose crimson blushes spoke the burning flame—
Hard was my heart—nor sighs, nor tears, could move.

At length, dejected with my base disdain,
And worn with sorrow, and corroding care,
He plunged, at midnight, in the billowy main,
And left these fields, and left this vernal air.

'Twas then I found, nor pride, nor wealth, nor praise,
Could pour one beam of comfort on my mind;
'Twas then I wish'd, that with an answering grace,
I'd heard his vows, and never been unkind.

Full many an eve I've dew'd the green-clad earth
With stern Repentance' bitter-dropping tear;
Full many a day I've fled the house of mirth,
And brooded o'er the memory of my dear.

Thus, thus, my MARY! torn from every joy,
And pierced with Conscience' terrifying dart,
In tears, and sighs, my moments I employ,
Nor tears, nor sighs, can ease my broken heart."

Here as she paused, a sudden thunder shook
The groves around; the darken'd forests roar;
The trees that mantled o'er the winding brook,
Scared at the sound, forsook the waded-wash'd shore.

Terrific lightning blazing round their heads
In one large sheet the wide-stretch'd forest veil'd;
And new-form'd thunder shook again the meads,
And chased the lightnings that their forms assail'd.

At once a voice, stern as the winter's roar,
That chill'd their vitals, and that froze their blood;
Bade the loud grumbling thunder vex no more
The trembling forest, and the frighten'd flood.

At once a deeper flash o'erspread the sky;
A louder peal convulsed the trembling ground;
The lightnings vanish'd from the pain-fet eye;
And thunders wavered with a distant sound.

Sudden a form, with which the angelic host,
Nor Raphael's self in majesty could vie,
Chased the dark thunders from the quaking coast,
And oped the purpling regions on their eye.

Then, with a look that pierced thro' LAURA'S heart,
And crop'd the withering roses of her cheek—
"Thou wretch!" he cried, "no comfort I impart;
No joys for thee the swift-wing'd minutes seek.

He who, with tears, thy favors once implored
Another holds by Hymen's sacred band;
No more to wander from the nymph adored,
No more to quit, for vile disdain, the land.

Content shall bless him in the works of peace,
Fame shall his footsteps in the war attend;
Rent from a Cesar's brow the withering wreaths
To deck the worthier temples of my friend.

His wife, sweet partner of his every joy,
Adorn'd with all the virtues of the fair,
Shall bless his life in love without alloy,
Love free from sorrow and perplexing care.

In all her looks is sentiment express'd;
In every action dignity and grace;
O! form'd from every age new praise to wrest—
And scatter blushes o'er a Portia's face.

She, tinged with health's inimitable dye,
Shall pass the spring and summer of her life;
Rife, with a nation's blessings, to the sky,
Her only Epitaph—"This was a Wife."

But thou, shall sicken with the coming eve;
Drop, unlamented, to the narrow grave;
No grateful memory to thy kindred leave;
No hand assist thee, none shall wish to save."

Again fresh lightnings sheeted o'er the skies;
Again fresh thunders rock'd the trembling ground;
The vision vanish'd from her eager eyes,
And lightnings quiver'd at the parting found.

E L L A.

From the COMPLAINANT.

Published in the CONNECTICUT COURANT.

THAT there are many School Masters in the country, training up youth in the way they should go, I make no doubt—and hope they will excuse me if I complain of some others of their profession of quite a different character—and that for these two things.

1st. "In the exercise of government, too much credulity in admitting the information of one boy against another: Children take a certain delight in seeing their fellows brought to punishment, which is not so commonly observed in their riper years; hence you will see a boy lashing a tree or a post, to get the imaginary pleasure of being the scourger of some person; hence, likewise, they will be sure to fill the master's ears with information against their mates, of every thing they suppose will incur his resentment, and bring stripes upon them. And sometimes false informations, back'd with false witnesses, will bring punishment, making a master the instrument of revenge or diversion to his scholars. A quotation on this subject from a letter of a gentleman of veracity, will, I hope, be excused both by him and the public.

"When I was 6 or 7 years old, I was in a very large school, under the tuition of a gentleman remarkable for his severity; I was very small of my age, and my nerves were strung in such a manner as that I cut capers with much activity and nimbleness, when a stick four feet long cling'd round my little limbs. This was great diversion to the larger boys, and therefore they contriv'd to have the affair brought about once or twice every day. I was daily accused of playing in school, calling names, or some other fault which I was altogether innocent of. The accusation would be supported by two or three large boys, and the rest that knew it to be false, dare not open their mouths. Hence I was daily whip'd, for a fault I never committed, till I was forc'd to own it, and then whip'd for lying. This was the case for so long a course of time, that I have since wonder'd that my master, who never saw any thing in me but obedience, with his own eyes, did not suspend his credulity, and determine, that the diversion of my accusers, in seeing me cut capers, was the end of their accusations. But whether he did, or did not, the practice was continued till I found there was no more benefit in obedience, manners or study—my fate must be the same. So true to the school was I, that I never mentioned any thing of my treatment to my parents; and my master was much caref'd at our house, as being a valuable, faithful preceptor. Where it would have ended I know not (since my discouragements produced actual faults, and the exercise of the long stick was repeated several times in a day) had not I once had my little, raw-bon'd back and ribs smartly checker'd because I was bloody from a great boy's having run a broomstick into my ear before school began. I was forced then to go into the hands of a physician, to have the wound heal'd, but several disadvantages, the consequence of that accident, remain to this day; and yet the matter was a gentleman offense and of learning, which shews the danger of credulity, as to complaints against children under our care. With such a warning before me, one would have thought that I should have avoided it, when acting in character of school master; but I confess, that I believe that a droll, half witted, comical, lubberly boy, who was once my scholar, has been punished upon false information given for the diversion of the school. And indeed we are all too apt to forget that little children, from their want of language to convey their ideas, as well as from the awe they have from the presence of their master, are under an incapacity properly to defend themselves."

2d. I would complain of a too common disregard of the advice implied in my motto, which is, in short, "to endeavor themselves to their scholars, and make both school and study delightful. (N. B.) If any one should say I do not construe right, I will not dispute the matter, as I am not very expert in translating.) To inspire the little mortals with a servile fear and awe, seems to be the grand point in view with many; and I would have authority supported, but easiness of excess, and indications of kindness towards his pupils is quite as necessary.—I will