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TRANSLATED
For the GAZETTE of the UNITED STATES.

A DISCOURSE OF STEPHEN BOETIUS, Concerning voluntary Servitude: Or the Anti-One.

(Continued from No. 12 of this Gazette.)

LOOK at the Venetians, an handful of people, living so freely that the meanest among them would not be a King; and all so born and educated, that they know no other ambition than that of taking the most pains, and having the greatest care to maintain their liberty: thus taught and formed, in and from the cradle, they would not accept all the other felicities of the whole earth, in exchange for the smallest point of their freedom. Let him who has seen these personages go from thence to the territories of him whom we call the Grand Seigneur, and see there people who could not be born but to serve him, and who to maintain him abandon their own lives. Would a man who has seen both these sorts of people think that they both had the same natural qualities; or rather would he not think that coming out of a city of men he had entered into a park of beasts? Lycurgus, the Legislator of Sparta, having brought up two puppies from the same litter, brothers suckled with the same milk, fattened one in the kitchen, and used the other to run about the forests at the sound of the trumpet and the hunting horn—wishing to show the people of Lacedemon that men are such as their education makes them, placed his two dogs in the market-place, and between them a soup and an hare—one of them ran to the dish, and the other after his game: nevertheless, said Lycurgus, they are brothers. And he, with his laws and his policy, educated so well the Lacedemonians, that every one of them would have rather suffered a thousand deaths than recognize any other master than the law and the King.

I take a pleasure in reflecting on a saying of the favorites of Xerxes, the great King of Persia, touching the Spartans. When Xerxes made his preparations of a great army to conquer Greece, he sent his Ambassadors through the Greek cities to demand earth and water—this was the customary summons of the Persians to cities to surrender—but he sent not to Sparta nor to Athens; because that of those which Darius his father had sent to these cities to make a similar demand, the Spartans and Athenians had thrown some into the ditches, and others they had compelled to leap into wells, saying to them, that they might there take boldly both of earth and water to carry to their Prince. These people could not bear that by the smallest word their liberty should be attempted. For this conduct, however, the Spartans knew that they had incurred the resentment of the gods themselves, especially of Talchibius, the god of Ambassadors. They resolved to send to Xerxes to appease them, two of their citizens, to present themselves to him, that he might do with them as he pleased, and revenge himself on them for the two Ambassadors which the Spartans had killed for his father. Two Spartans, one named Sperthes and the other Bulis, offered themselves voluntarily to go and make this reparation. They went, and on their way arrived at the palace of a Persian, who was named Hydarnes, who was Lieutenant of the King in all the cities of Asia which are on the coast of the sea. He received them very honorably, and after several observations, following one another, he asked them why they refused the friendship of the King? "Believe me, Spartans, (says he) the King knows how to honor those who are worthy: consider, if you belonged to him, and he were to know you, there is neither of you who would not be the commander of some city of Greece."—"In this, Hydarnes, (said the Lacedemonians) you are not capable of advising us; because, although you know the nature of the good which you promise us, having had experience of it, yet you know nothing of that which we enjoy. You have experienced the favour of your King, but you know nothing of liberty, what is its relish and how sweet it is: but if you had tasted it, you would advise us to defend it, not only with the lance and the sword, but with teeth and nails." The Spartan alone said what ought to have been said—But certainly both the Persian and Spartan spoke according as they had been educated; for it was impossible that the Persian should regret liberty, having never had it—or that the Lacedemonian should endure subjection, having tasted freedom.

FOR THE GAZETTE OF THE UNITED STATES.

O D E, TO BIRTHA.

WITH every changement of the varying mind
New feelings animate the mortal frame;
And new sensations of the body, claim
A soul to equal sympathy inclined.

See Malice on the face imprint
A dimpled smile, the down-drawn lip that strains,
Half bend the brow, and place the eye aquint,
And shrink, with expectation, all the veins.
See pale Consumption o'er the sage's foul
Spread idiot weakness, infantine distrefs,
Raise with false hope, with faithless joy controul,
With fancied, groundless agony depress.

While with invigorating health we tread,
And Youth, with dewy fingers, binds
Her crown of roses round the head,
Borne on the winged winds,
Imagination strays.

Wherever Nature's hand her charms displays—
Be it to see "the rich-hair'd Youth of Morn"
Impearl the fragrance-breathing thorn;
To see the mist wind slowly o'er the hill;
Or hear, from unseen bank, loud burst the gurgling rill;
Or Zephyr rustle sweet the woods among
Whose thickets swell with melody and song;
To hear the voice of Industry resound;
The ploughman whistling o'er the loamy ridge;
The shepherd's tinkling bell that talks around;
And hoofs loud rattling o'er the village bridge;
Or torrents foaming down the mountain's breast;—
There doth imagination love to rest.

But when the fallow hand of Sickne's spreads
Wan desolation o'er the human face,
No more imagination loves to trace
The sportive beauties of the laughing meads,
But the drear cavern, and the dark some dell,
The wild faint-gleaming with the meteor's light,
The distant watch-tower's hollow-sounding bell,
And tempests brooding o'er the inclement night;
Blue, sulphur-breathing, flames, from church-yard paths that rise,
Dim, shadowy forms, that dance before the sight,
The quick-departing flash, that wraps the skies,
And horror's scream, the melancholy soul delight.

When deep disease hangs heavy on the mind,
Such sympathetic grief the body feels,
That he but half restores, who only heals
The woe with which the anguish'd spirit pines;
For health must give new vigor to the frame
Ere soft Contentment can the bosom claim.

So, if the hand of agony distrefs
The suffering body with distracting pain,
No earthly medicine can so well sustain,
No costly cordial can so truly bless,
As the calm soul, to providence resign'd—
The steady sunshine of the immortal mind.

O then, my BIRTHA! from the scenes
Where gloomy Contemplation loves to dwell,
From musing Melancholy's cell,
Your wounded spirit call,
To where eternal love the soul serenes,
And Heaven's own finger's "drest the dreary ball."

Read and reflect, reflect and read;
Make it your constant study and employ,
The grand, affecting, solemn, truths to heed,
Which wake, of pious hearts, the moral joy.
These as you study, torn from dreary views,
New bliss shall animate your soul,
New strength your body brace;
With sweet delight the fancy trace
The lighter paths of moral dues,
And see contentment light the mental pole.

By soft degrees, the scenes which former days
On your imagination pictured fair,
Shall rise, bedeck'd with joy-reviving rays,
And from your bosom chase the monster Care.
Then Happiness, with powerful arm,
Shall wrest his poignard from Disease,
And from the features that were born to please,
Scatter, of felon Sickne's, far the fallow charm:
Again shall bid health sparkle from your eye;
In every step-bid laughing pleasure dance;
Young Love the dimpling cheek with smiles enhance;
And Youth, in glory bursting from the sky,
With Beauty's rich, inimitable grace,
Throw her celestial roses o'er your face.

E L L A.

L O N D O N. MIRABEAU,

By his will, has left all his Papers relative to legislation and politics, to M. Cabania, his physician and friend.

His writings on the revolution, and all his minutes of intended motions and speeches, he has left to M. de la Marck. And he begs M. Foucherot, his colleague, to take from his library any books he likes, to the amount of four thousand eight hundred livres.

He acquits M. Lamourette, Bishop of Lyons, and a Madame Lojay, of every thing they owe him.

Finally he desires he may be interred by the side of his father and uncle, at Argenteuil, where he had ordered a chapel and mausoleum to be built.

The last article will be superceded by the National Assembly's last decree.

FROM THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

Some account of the COTTON and WOOL-CARD MANUFACTORIES, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

THE various manufactories of this Commonwealth, finish upwards of 10,000 dozen pair of cotton and wool cards yearly; two thirds of these are exported to the several States; they average at the price of five dollars and an half per dozen, and produce 53,000 dollars. Four fifths of the whole, are made in the town of Boston. One house alone produces 6000 dozen per annum: This gives employment to at least 1600 women and children, who stick them: If to them, we add the great number of persons, who are busied in manufacturing 30,000 sheep skins; those who make 8 millions of tacks; others engaged in the wood work; and the hands employed in cutting wire, and completing the cards, this manufacture may be allowed to furnish the principal means of subsistence to 2,500 people.

About 150 casks of wire at 25l. per cask, are imported annually, which is all that depends on a foreign source. There is a hope, that even this trivial import will shortly cease, as some ingenious mechanics have in contemplation a work of this kind.

The importation of tacks, which at the commencement of these works, was common, is now nearly abolished. The tack-smiths, within 20 miles of the capital, furnish sufficient for home consumption, and export a great quantity abroad.

The manufactory of Mr. Giles Richards, and company, is reputed the largest in the Commonwealth. Their improvements in cutting wire, have excited the attention of judicious Europeans; and models of two of their principal machines, were lately purchased by an English gentleman for nearly 100l. sterling.

These gentlemen are daily profiting by new and happy inventions, which diminish the toil of labour, expedite work, and lessen the price of cards. The present year they have completed machines for cutting of boards, which form both the concave and convex parts, to great perfection, at a very few strokes. A lathe is also invented for turning the handles either oval or flat, or round with great ease and facility. At present the works are in such perfection, that 8 men can turn out 50 dozen per day; and should they laudably progress, in various improvements for two or three years to come, as they have done for the same period past, their manufactory may justly challenge the known world, to equal them in goodness or dispatch in their work. His Excellency the President of the United States was pleased to honor the company with a visit; and expressed himself highly satisfied with their ingenuity.—To his best wishes for their prosperity, we can but add our own—and doubt not, but they will be finally patronized by an intelligent community, as meriting public encouragement, superadded to private emolument. Z. Y.

FROM THE HAMPSHIRE CHRONICLE.

MR. PRINTER,
Please to insert the following, if you think it merits a place in your paper.

TO THE PROMPTER.

SIR,
I HAVE waited a considerable time, hoping you or some of your correspondents would take notice of an evil, very common; but as none have touched upon it as yet, I beg leave to lay the matter before you, and wish your opinion upon it.—There are many farmers within the small circle of my acquaintance, who raise barely grain sufficient to bread their families from year to year; yet these men will run to the merchant and retailer, and because they can be trusted until fall, and then pay in grain, they will take up twice as much gauze, cambrick, lace, &c. and three times as much rum as they want. When fall comes (and it will come once a year) a great part of their grain must go to pay up the merchant's and retailer's bills; and by March or April they are rambling about to buy bread for their families, and very often go to traders they have dealt with, and must give twenty-five or thirty per cent. higher than what they sold for, and must pay the money too. Now, Mr. Prompter, I want to know whether these men work it right; or whether, as Dr. Franklin says, they do not pay very dear for their whistle? J. K.