

Gazette of the United States.

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SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1791.

[Whole No. 227.]

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE, ON THE SUBJECT OF THE COD AND WHALE FISHERIES.

[CONCLUDED.]

No. XV.

GRAIN and FLOUR imported from the United States of America, into the Ports of France, in the year 1789—from an official statement.

	Fr. Kentals.	lbs.	
Rice,	123402	69	} equal to {
Flour,	256545	94	
Wheat,	2015297	3	
Rye,	307390	96	
Barley,	260131	52	
			24680 tierces of 500 Fren. lbs. each.
			140959 Amer. barrels.
			3664176 Amer. bushels
			558821
			520262

No. XVI.

Statement of the VESSELS entered in the Ports of France from the United States of America, in the year 1789.

	Vessels.	Tons.
French,	13	2105
Imperial,	3	370
English,	43	4781
Dutch,	1	170
Hanseatic,	1	200
American,	163	24173
	224	31799

No. XVII.

ABSTRACT of the Tonnage of foreign Vessels entered in the Ports of the United States, from October 1st, 1789, to September 30th, 1790.

France,	13435
Holland,	8815
Sweden,	311
Prussia,	394
Spain,	8551
Portugal,	2934
Denmark,	1619
Germany,	1368
British Dominions,	225495
	262912

No. XVIII.

That the encouragement of our carrying business is interesting, not only to the carrying states, but in a high degree also to the others, will result from the following facts.

	Dollars.
The whole exports of the United States may be stated at	25,000,000
Great-Britain carries two-fifths of these in value, than is to say,	10,000,000
Freight and insurance on this in times of peace, are about twenty-two and one half per cent.	2,250,000
The same charges in war are very various, according to the circumstances of the war, we may say, however, fifty-five per cent.	5,500,000
The difference between peace and war, freight and insurance, then is annually	3,250,000
Taxed on our agriculture by British wars, during their continuance, and our dependance on British bottoms.	

Of the last one hundred years, Great-Britain has had *forty-two years of war and fifty-eight of peace, which is three of war to every four of peace, nearly.

In every term of seven years then, we pay three times three million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, or nine million seven hundred and fifty thousand, which, averaged on the years of peace and war, are annually and constantly one million three hundred and ninety-two thousand eight hundred and fifty-seven more than we should pay, if we could raise our own shipping to be competent to the carriage of all our productions. Besides this, many of our bulky articles; not bearing a war freight, cannot be exported it exposed to that; so that their total loss is to be added to that before estimated.

	* Y. M.	1689.	May.	Y. M.	
PEACE.	4	8	{ 1697. Sept. } 8	4 WAR.	
			{ 1702. May. } 10		
		6	4	{ 1712. Aug. } 2	6
				{ 1718. Dec. } 2	
		5	8	{ 1721. June. } 0	2
				{ 1727. Mar. } 0	
		12	4	{ 1727. May. } 8	7
				{ 1739. Oct. } 7	
		7	0	{ 1748. May. } 7	5
				{ 1755. June. } 7	
		15	7	{ 1762. Nov. } 4	9
				{ 1778. June. } 4	
	6	2	{ 1783. Mar. } 42	0	
			{ 1789. May. } 42		
	57	9			

INGENIOUS PIECE OF CLOCK-WORK.

DUBLIN, March 13.

THERE is now exhibiting in a room belonging to the Dublin Society, in Pool beg street, a most ingenious piece of Clock work, which the curious artist has contrived to introduce into a gardevine bottle, the neck of which is only three quarters of an inch wide; what must appear extraordinary indeed is, that one of the wheels is 3 inches indiameter, and that independent of the work, there are sundry ornamental figures interspersed in different parts of the bottle. The inventor, who is an Irishman, had this matter twenty-five years in contemplation before he brought it to its present state of perfection.

FOR THE GAZETTE OF THE UNITED STATES.

TO ELLA.

A GAIN thy sweetly warbled strain,
Thou leader of the choral train;
Again thy sweeping harp I hear,
That long has charmed my ravished ear.
New vigour to my soul thy words impart,
With softer pleasures touch my wounded heart:
The moral lore that flows along thy line,
Might well bestir a PIRINE to rejoice;
The bold descriptive beauties of thy Verse,
Would bright on TITIAN'S glowing canvas shine.

When closed the blazing eye of day,
And on my downy couch I lay,
Deep musing on thy moral lore;
The God of Sleep around me threw
His mantle dipped in slumbrous dew;
And thus arose my fervent pray'r—

O! thou from whom creation sprung!
O! send from thy bright realms above,
Some faint to cheer me with thy love,
And bid me raise the rapturous song—
For I have heard thy spirits, who on high
Possess the plains of yon cerulean sky;
Have oft, in pity to the mortal race,
Descending closed them in their pure embrace;
And whispering soothing music to their breast,
Charmed all the tempests of the soul to rest—
Scarce had the words escaped my moving tongue,
Yet on my lips the trembling accents hung;
When lo! a form descending from on high,
On silver plumes thro' yonder orient sky:
Wide flows in circling locks her golden hair,
And plays with every eddying of the air.
Her filmy robes white as the falling snow,
Around her form in graceful foldings flow.
Her bright blue eyes beam forth a gentle light,
And fix and charm at once the gazer's sight.
When near she moved I saw bewitching grace,
And heavenly beauty lighten up her face.
Now by my side upon the earth she stood,
Her quickened glance warmed all my chilly blood.
High waving in the air a sky-blue wand,
She bade me follow to yon lofty land;
The path she led, with joyous heart I flew.
'Till near the high and verdant hill I drew;
Then turning round she took my trembling hand,
And waved again her bright cerulean wand:
Soft as the sound of some angelic lute,
Sweet as the breath of Orpheus' mellow flute,
Her words in rapturous warblings poured along,
And thrilled my trembling soul with heavenly song.
Behold! she said, that lovely country round,
With nature's richest gifts and beauty crowned;
There purest joy flows thro' the circling year,
The happy people know no pain, nor fear;
Their queen am I, from realms of light I came,
Fair virtue's offspring, blue-eyed Hope my name.
She ceased; then rose before my ravished sight,
Enchanting scenes in nature's beauty bright;
Here spreads a wide and ever verdant plain,
And waves the yellow life-supporting grain:
There grandly rise the proud aspiring hills,
Between whose rocky chinks slide down the rills.
Here in majestic beauty towering high,
The branching groves shoot to the cloudless sky;
The feathered warblers hop from spray to spray,
And hold their tuneful strife till closing day:
Then pours the plaintive Nightingale her notes,
And all night long her melting music floats—
Along the walks of those e'er blooming bowers,
Forever spring new crops of fragrant flowers.
The pristine colors of the sun are seen
With countless changes waving o'er the green—
Rich sculptured figures formed of blazing gold,
Attract the eye, and firm the senses hold—
Here Dove-like Innocence, engaged in play,
With frolic lambs prolongs the happy day;
There Charity throws from her copious store,
Till the glad supplicants cease to ask for more:
Here, with celestial fire in her eye,
Mild Faith with firmness gazes on the sky,
And Adoration pours her song of praise,
While tears of rapture wander down her face.
There o'er white curling lakes the nodding trees,
Wave slowly to the gentle passing breeze;
And wildly-grand around deep rocky caves
Return the echo of the dashing waves.
Here chrysal mountains shoot into the sky,
And with the sun in splendor seem to vie;
Where rise the rugged rock an awful height!
The fleeing torrent holds my wandering sight:
From steep to steep down dash with thundering roar
The mad'ning waves, and foam along the shore.
'Lo said the maid there hurling from the ground,
A bubbling fountain calls its waters round;
And see behind, where opens yonder bower,
The virtuous souls enjoy the rapturous hour:
There many a harp, and many a breathing flute
Is heard; responding sounds the silver lute;
Whilst ravished with the melody of sound
The vocal chorus pour their songs around.
Thus all the blest their happy days employ,
And each contributes to the other's joy;
Their grateful incense rises up to heaven,
And for their praise a double joy is given:
Know thou, she said, who'er pursues the path
That leads to Virtue and unwavering Faith,
Shall hail me Queen! and where they dwell shall rise
A scene like this, enchanting to their eyes;
The spheres shall warble music in their ear,
And all creation harmony appear.
Now ceased her voice, she clapt her silver wings,
And rising to the sky thro' Ether sings.

BIRTHA.

FROM THE (HAMPSHIRE) CHRONICLE.

THE ECONOMIST.

A penny saved is as good as a penny earned.

BUT how shall I save my pence? They will go as fast as I earn them." Reduce all your affairs to order. Observe order in your family, in your meals, in your business, in your amusements. Prescribe to yourself rules of conduct. Beware of contracting expensive habits, and subdue those you have contracted. Be industrious in your calling. Never lay out your earnings for that, which, in the long run, can do you no good. Form no connexions with spendthrifts. Waste nothing that can be applied to real use, for your own, or your neighbour's benefit.

My neighbour Frugal, orders his family to bed so early, that they may rise with the sun the year round. Thus he saves candles; for the sun lights him for nothing; and he reckons the sun affords a better light than a candle. Morning drams, and drams before dinner he has disused for many years. This is a considerable saving; and he now enjoys better health and eats with a better appetite, than when he used them. He keeps a plenty of wholesome food, good beer, and cider; and requires of his labourers no more work than they can perform with the strength of these. Ardent spirits, he thinks, ought to be reserved for occasional use. And he says, his people do more work, and do it much better, than they did four years ago, when he indulged them in the free use of rum. Besides they seldom quarrel with one another. When he sees a young fellow turn down two or three glasses of rum in quick succession; "There," says he, "is a fellow who will always be poor: He will be a drunkard before he is forty years old." As he was once on a visit at a friend's house, in a town at some distance, he saw a man in a poor habit with a bottle in his hand, passing the street just before sun down on Saturday. He observed, that the man went into a retailer's shop, and soon returned and entered a small house. "There," says Mr. Frugal to his friend, "is a miserable family, not to be maintained by the town. They waste the earnings of the week in rum. They cannot keep Sunday without a bottle. They never go to meeting. I dare say the woman and children are as dirty and ragged as Hottentots, and almost as ignorant. They plead, I suppose, in excuse for not going to church, or sending their children to school, that they are so poor, and have so many rates to pay, that they cannot procure clothes. If one of the family happens to be sick, I presume, the neighbourhood must be called upon to supply them with the necessaries of life. And all this for rum." "You have hit it exactly," says the gentleman of the house; "and this is the case of several other families among us. Rum is the ruin of them."

Frugal never goes to a tavern without business, nor tarries longer than to finish the business that called him there. If he meets a friend, whom he is glad to see, instead of treating him at the tavern, he invites him to his house; for he says, he can better give a friend a dinner or supper at home, than half a mug of drink at a tavern; and can enjoy with him a much more social chat. He observes, that some men invite their friends to the tavern, because they love the place themselves: And then by tavern expences they are become so poor, that they cannot entertain a friend at their own houses. At the tavern they can go up on tick, and pay all off by and by in a lump with a cow, or piece of land.

Frugal is punctual to pay his debts, and never contracts more than he can pay in season. Thus he saves interest, the expense of suits and the vexation of contentions with his neighbors. I need not tell you that Frugal is a thriving man; and there never was a better neighbor.

AN EXTRACT.

HAPPINESS

DWELLS with the virtuous mind—virtue is that sure prop to the soul of man, which softens woe to raptures: makes the exile smile—the captive rejoice—and removes all terror from dissolving nature. Virtue, then in the largest sense of the word, is that jewel, which gives a true relish to all other possessions; it blunts the keen edge of misfortune, adds a flavor to prosperity, and lifts the man above the frowns or