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[Whole No. 229.]

TRANSLATED
For the GAZETTE of the UNITED STATES.

A DISCOURSE OF STEPHEN BOETIUS,

Concerning voluntary Servitude: Or the Anti-One.

(Continued from No. 15 of this Gazette.)

CATO of Utica, while he was a boy, and under the ferule, went and came frequently to the house of Sylla, the Dictator. Both on account of the place and house where he was, the doors were never shut against him. Indeed they were near relations. He had always his Preceptor with him when he went, as was the custom of all children of good families. He perceived that in the palace of Sylla, in his presence, or by his orders, they imprisoned some, and condemned others: one was banished, and another hanged: one demanded the confiscation, and another the head of some citizen. Every thing went on, not as if it were before an officer of the town, but a tyrant of the people; and it was not a tribunal of justice, but a cavern of tyranny. This noble infant said to his master, why will you not give me a poinard? I will hide it under my robe—I enter often into the chamber of Sylla, before he is out of his bed—I have an arm strong enough to deliver the city from him. A sentiment worthy of Cato! It was the beginning of a character worthy of his death. Nevertheless, let us not mention his name or his country—let us relate simply the fact as it is, and the thing itself will speak: and we shall easily judge that he was a Roman, born in Rome, but in the genuine Rome, while it was free. To what purpose is all this? Not certainly that I think the country and the soil perform any thing—for in all countries, in all climates, subjection is unnatural, and freedom is agreeable.

But, I am of opinion, we should pity those, who, at their birth, have found a yoke upon their necks; and that we should excuse or pardon them, if having never seen the shadow of liberty, and knowing nothing of it, they perceive not the evil which it is to them to be slaves. If there are certain countries, as Homer says of the Cimmerians, where the sun shows itself otherwise than to us, and after having enlightened them for six months together, leaves them sleeping in obscurity, without returning to see them the other half of the year: those who should be born during that long night, if they had never heard mention made of the sun-shine, should we wonder if, having never seen the day, they should be contented in darkness, in which they were born, and have no desire for light? We never mourn the loss or absence of what we never had—and regret comes only after pleasure—and the memory of past joy always accompanies the knowledge of good. The natural disposition of man is to be free, and to desire to be so; but his nature is also such, that he naturally holds the turns and folds which education gives him.

Let us say then, that as to man all things are natural to which he is educated and accustomed, but that only is innate to which his simple and unadulterated nature calls him—so the first cause of voluntary servitude is custom—as the most spirited colts, which at first bite the bit, and afterwards play with it; and although at the beginning they winced at the saddle, they at present carry themselves nobly in the harness, and exhibit themselves proudly in armour. They say that they have always been subjects, and that their fathers lived in the same manner: they think that they are obliged to bear the bridle, and they make it easy to them by examples, and found themselves and their patience on the possession and prescription of those who tyrannize over them. But in truth, prescription can never give a right to do evil—it rather aggravates the injury. There are always some better born than others, who feel the weight of the yoke, and cannot subdue their inclination to shake it off—who are never disciplined to subjection—and who always, like Ulysses, who by land and sea fought to see the smoke of his own chimney, know not how to restrain themselves from reflecting on their natural privileges, to remember their predecessors and their primitive existence. These are they, who having their understandings near, and their minds clear-sighted, content not themselves, like the gross populace, who look only at what is before their feet, without examining all that is before and behind, recollecting things and times that are past, in order to measure the present, and judge of the future. These are they, who hav-

ing their heads well made at first, have polished them by study and learning. These, although liberty should be wholly lost out of the world, imagining and feeling it, in their own minds, and highly relishing it, servitude is never to their taste, cook it and dress it as you will.

FROM DUNLAP'S AMERICAN DAILY ADVERTISER.

On the Subscription to the National Bank on the 4th of July, the Fifteenth Anniversary of AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

STRANGER,

HEY-DAY!—What's the meaning of you busy throng,
Who, with purses and papers, thus hurry along,
Each panting and eager to enter yon gate,
Each straining his speed, lest he enter too late?

CITIZEN.

Hitherto in her nonage Columbia has been;
Nor in her own hands was her portion yet seen.
Yon crowd are her guardians:—her dower to pay,
Rejoicing they speed, on Columbia's birth-day.

STRANGER.

What?—Portion'd so soon, at the age of FIFTEEN!

CITIZEN.

Unlike common Beauties, Columbia our Queen,
Though yet in her Teens, so much wisdom displays,
That grey-headed matrons look on with amaze.

Henceforth her own mistress,—a portion in hand,
To enhance that respect, which her virtues command,—
Her own choice let her make, from the numberless train
Of suitors, who strive her Alliance to gain.

To the Editor of the GAZETTE of the UNITED STATES.

SIR,
I OBSERVED in your paper of the 22d ult. some directions by the Humane Society of Philadelphia, to prevent the effects of drinking Cold Water—where they seem to lay the greatest stress of a cure on the use of Laudanum. This is conformable to Dr. RUSN'S principle, laid down before the Philosophical Society in Philadelphia some years past, which I remember to have read. I think in that treatise he says that it was the only remedy. In many instances it may not be in the power of the patient to get Laudanum soon enough to prevent the sudden death that generally follows drinking cold water, in certain cases.

About 25 years past, being in Philadelphia at a time when several men had died suddenly by drinking cold water, at a friend's house in Chestnut street, a servant went through the room with water newly drawn; I was somewhat warm, and desired a glass to be given me; and as I had been cautioned from many circumstances, and was well acquainted with the hard quality of the water, I took care, as I apprehended, to drink a very small quantity. I think less than one gill; but was immediately seized with a most intense pain in the pit of my stomach, so violent, that if a sword had been run through that part of my body, I think it could not have been more painful. There happened to be hot water handy; I immediately drank a quantity so hot as to scald my mouth—in a few minutes a most profuse sweat succeeded, and I was entirely released from pain, or any farther bad consequences attending.

I am, Sir, your most humble servant,
Brunswick, July 2, 1791.

H. G.

FROM THOMAS'S MASSACHUSETTS SPY.

THE NEIGHBOR.

"In Shirley's form might cherubims appear—
But, then, she has a freckle on her ear."

WE are all freckled more or less; and it is an act of as great folly to look for perfection in human nature, as to search for wisdom in the brain of a maniac.

We have, all of us, some plea to charity.—The association of perfect and imperfect beings together would make the situation of both orders very disagreeable. Our obligations would cease to be reciprocal: It would be all debt, and no credit. The disgust on one side, and envy on the other, would occasion perpetual war: The contrast would be too great. Pride will generally keep imperfect beings in order. Man is much less in danger of the enmity of his neighbor for having something to be forgiven. The difference which nature has made between individuals, though she has left no one independent of the rest, is already too apparent for the peace of the world. Imagination, by blotting the fair face of beauty—envy, by being associated with better passions to console the conscious heart of inferiority, by balancing the imaginary defects of others with its own real vices and deformities, prevents those open acts of violence which mortification would often prompt to, and the desertion of the different orders from each other. I have often wondered that consciousness, which is generally prompt and candid, never told the envious whence their imaginations had borrowed the ingredients of defamation.

How happens it, Invidius (said I to him) one day, after he had sheathed his knife from the sacrifice of a dozen characters in his way; how happens it that the most perfect men find the fewest faults in others?—Is it because they have less of their own to shape them from? Invidius

blushed—it was a mistaken stream sent from the heart to the cheek, to disclaim a compliment which he had not deserved, and which I had not made him.—I do not think it ever does happen, said he—I believe that conscience is a true monitor—but it is a silent one: It whispers to the heart—pride wont permit it to speak loud. Mankind do not love to remember their faults.—Yes, replied I, but if their practice is continually renewing the remembrance, and they cannot prevail upon themselves to amend, will they not look abroad for similar faults in others, to balance them? And if the eye is unfaithful, or unsuccessful, is not imagination always called in to aid it? You, Invidius, are the most proper person in the world to give a lecture upon this subject—your own experience has all the necessary rules by heart.—How! how—said Invidius, surprised—I don't understand you. The courteous blush at that moment retreated to make room for a frown.—You, Invidius, said I, are distinguished by the wife in our neighbourhood as an envious man, a fame killer—there is not one of them who has not had his picture drawn by you, yet none of them like the painter.—By the ignorant, you are distinguished as a beautiful describer of characters—yet they all impeach you of flattery. Why is it that the two orders find qualities so different in the same man? Is it not because you discover very different qualities in them? Are you not conscious that you stand in a middle line between the two? From one you have nothing to fear; from the other you perhaps conclude you have nothing to hope. If you should undertake to smooth the surface of the world, would it make any difference whether you raised the valleys to lower the hills, or lowered the hills to raise the valleys? The only difference is, in the latter case you would give the valleys what you stole from the hills—and you cannot turn this the other way.—There is another trick you play upon the ignorant. In your description of characters, you do them more than justice, that you may be allowed to take back a part from what you have given, to avoid the imputation of flattery—you draw a very flattering picture of your friend; give a beautiful proportion, and colour to the features—and then with one daub of the black *but-or-if*-brush, you derange and stain the whole. Believe me, Invidius, you leave the picture more your own than your friend's.—It is a vile practice—pray leave it off—It is like charity emptying comforts from one hand, into the lap of want, and stealing them out with the other.

FROM THE HAMPSHIRE CHRONICLE.

EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE OF REANIMATION.

Mr. PRINTER,
Please to give the following a place in your paper.

WILBRAHAM, June 19, 1791.

ON Saturday the 28th ult. about noon, my little boy, aged 4 years, was playing with his sisters in the chamber, whose floor did not extend over the whole room; when by some unfortunate accident he fell, and first struck with his head against the lower floor: I was aroused by the noise occasioned by the fall, and out-cry of his sisters, and ran with all possible speed to his assistance; but previous to my entering the room, his mother had taken him from the floor: I saw him gasp once, and then, without a groan, he seemed to sink supinely into the arms of death. There was a total suspension of the vital functions; however, I could not but hope that the latent spark of life was not wholly extinguished;—that hope stimulated me to make use of every effort in my power to restore him to life again; auxiliaries were called, the windows and doors thrown open, and his body stripped; stimulants were applied to his nostrils, &c. we threw cold water into his face, agitated his limbs, and for want of other spirits, bathed his head, breast, arms and legs, with vinegar. I rubbed his skin, and used the lancet several times, but in vain. He continued for a considerable time apparently dead. Warm fomentations were applied to his whole body, but more potently to his breast and legs; soon after I discovered a tremour about the region of the heart, succeeded by convulsive motions—on these signs of returning life, I opened his mouth and breathed forcibly into his lungs, he gasped; again I used the lancet, and he bled. However, it was more than three hours after his almost fatal fall, before he