

fon, the residue continues sufficiently strong for greens and yellows, even after it has been kept for a considerable time.

N. B. To make the best solution of tin with nitrous acid, it is necessary to have the strong smoking spirit, to which an equal quantity of the purest river water must be added; and the proportions of the following ingredients are to the weight of spirits; 1-16th sal ammoniac, 1-32 refined nitre, dissolved by a little at a time in this aqua regia: dissolve 1-8th of granulated grain tin also by small quantities, to prevent too great an ebullition, which would weaken the solution considerably.

The ingredients and proportions are the same, when a solution is to be made with aqua fortis: but that spirit, in general, will not bear any water, when a perfect solution is intended.

Extract from Grew's Chemical Journal. 1789.

VOGLER has discovered a method of making a fine black ink, which has the smell of roses. In an earthen vessel he boils seven ounces of rain-water with an ounce and an half of dried tormentil roots, (tormentilla erecta Lin.) When it has boiled sufficiently, he pours off the liquid, and adds to it a solution of three drams of copperas, and one dram of gum-arabic; he then stirs the whole with a stick; when it has grown cold, the ink is ready for use.

FOR THE GAZETTE OF THE UNITED STATES. ANECDOTE OF A PATRIOT.

JUST before the commencement of the American Revolution, a band of patriots were conversing on the various arts adopted by the British Ministry, to seduce and divide the leaders in the glorious cause of our country—Among other topics, bribery was mentioned—it was well known at that time that attempts at corruption had been unsuccessfully made—One of the company asked a very distinguished character if no overtures had ever been made to him?—He replied no!—for, added he, "they well know that a guinea never glistened in my eyes." It is hardly necessary to add, that this was the Phocion of Massachusetts, their present Lieut. Governor.

LANCASTER, (Pennsylvania) July 3, 1791.

THIS evening, at 6 o'clock, arrived here, on his return from his Southern Tour, his Excellency the President of the United States, accompanied by Major Jackson. He was escorted from Wright's Ferry by a respectable number of the inhabitants of this borough: and on Monday, July 4, being the Anniversary of American Independence, the Corporation, at the particular request of the inhabitants, waited on him with the following address:

To George Washington, President of the United States.

SIR,

ON behalf of the inhabitants of the borough of Lancaster, the members of the Corporation beg leave to congratulate you on your arrival at this place. On this joyful occasion, they approach the First Magistrate of the Union, with hearts impressed with no less grateful respect than their fellow-citizens of the east and of the south. With them they have admired those talents, and that firm prudence in the field, which finally ensured success to the American arms. But at this time reverence forbids the language which would naturally flow from the recapitulation of the events of the late glorious revolution. The faithful page of history will record your illustrious actions for posterity.—Yet we cannot forbear to mention what we, in our day, have beheld and witnessed. We have seen you, at the awful period, when the storm of war was burbling around us, and our fertile plains were deluged with the richest blood of America, rising above adversity, and exerting all the talents of the patriot and the hero, to save our country from the threatened ruin: And when, by the will of Heaven, those exertions had restored peace and prosperity to the United States, and the great object for which you drew the sword, was accomplished, we have beheld you, adorned with every private, social virtue, mingling with your fellow-citizens. Yet that transcendent love of country, by which you have always been actuated, did not suffer you to rest here;—but when the united voice of myriads of freemen (your fellow-citizens) called you from the repose of domestic life, actuated solely by the principles of true glory—not seeking your own aggrandizement, but sacrificing the sweets of retired life to the wishes and happiness of your country, we have beheld you, possessed of the confidence of a great people, presiding over their councils, and, by your happy administration, uniting them together by the great political bond of one common interest.

It is therefore the inhabitants of this borough, seize with joy the only opportunity which has offered to them, to testify their approbation of, and their gratitude for, your services.

Long, very long, sir, may you enjoy the affections of your fellow-citizens. We pray for

a long continuance of your health and happiness, and the choicest blessings of Heaven on our beloved country—and on You—its Father and its Friend.

Signed on behalf of themselves and the inhabitants of the borough of Lancaster:

- EDWARD HAND, } Burgesses.
PAUL ZANTZINGER, }
JOHN HUBLEY, }
ADAM REIGART, }
JACOB KRUG, } Assistants.
CASPER SHAFFNER, }
JACOB FREY, }

To which the President was pleased to return the following Answer:

To the Corporation and Inhabitants of the Borough of Lancaster.

GENTLEMEN,

YOUR congratulations on my arrival in Lancaster are received with pleasure, and the flattering expressions of your esteem are replied to with sincere regard.

While I confess my gratitude for the distinguished estimation in which you are pleased to hold my public services, a sense of justice to my fellow-citizens, ascribes to other causes, the peace and prosperity of our highly favoured country. Her freedom and happiness are founded in their patriotic exertions, and will, I trust, be transmitted to distant ages through the same medium of wisdom and virtue.

With sincere wishes for your social, I offer an earnest prayer for your individual welfare.

G. WASHINGTON.

At three o'clock the President, and a very large number of citizens, set down to an elegant entertainment, provided for the occasion, in the court-house.

FOR THE GAZETTE OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE CRITICS.

A FABLE.

WRITTEN SEPTEMBER 1785.

"To every general rule there are exceptions."—Common Sense.

TIS said of every dog that's found, Of mongrel, spaniel, cur, and hound; That each sustains a doggish mind, And hates the new, sublime, refined. 'Tis hence the wretches bay the moon, In beauty throned at highest noon; Hence every nobler brute they bite, And hunt the stranger-dog with spite; And hence, the nose's dictates parrying, They fly from meat to feed on carrion. 'Tis also said, the curish soul The critic race possesses whole; As near they come, in tho'ts and natures, As two legg'd can, to four legg'd creatures; Alike the things they love, and blame, Their voice, and language, much the same.

The Muse this subject made her theme, And told me in a morning dream. Such dreams you fages may decry; But Muses know they never lie. Then hear, from me, in grave narration, Of these strange facts, the strange occasion.

In Greece Cynthe's village lay, Well known to all, who went that way, For dogs of every kindred famed, And from true doggish manners named. One morn, a greyhound pass'd the street; At once the foul-mouth'd conclave met, Huddling around the stranger ran, And thus their smart review began. "What trumper" with a grinning sneer, Bark'd out the clumsy cur, "is here? No native of the town, I see; Some foreign whelp of base degree. I'd shew, but that the record's torn, We true Welsh curs are better born. His coat is smooth; but longer hair Would more become a dog by far. His slender ear, how strait and sloping! While ours is much improved by cropping."

"Right," cried the blood-hound, "that strait ear seems made for nothing, but to hear; 'Tis long agreed, thro' all the town, That handsome ears, like mine, hang down; And tho' his body's gaunt, and round, 'Tis no true rawboned gaunt of hound. How high his nose the creature carries! As if on bugs, and flies, his fare is; I'll teach this strutting, stupid log, To smell! the business of a dog."

"Baugh-waugh!" the shaggy spaniel cried, "What wretched covering on his hide! I wonder where he lives in winter; His strait, sleek legs too, out of joint are; I hope the vagrant will not dare His fledging with my fleece compare. He never plunged in pond or river, To search for wounded duck and diver; By kicks would soon be set a skipping, Nor take, one half so well, a whipping."

"Rat me," the lap-dog yelp'd, "thro' nature, Was ever seen so coarse a creature? I hope no lady's fid mishap E'er led the booby to her lap; He'd fright PRIMRILLA into fits, And rob FOOLERIA of her wits; A mere barbarian, Indian whelp! How clownish, countryish, sounds his yelp! He never tasted bread and butter, Nor play'd the petty squim and flutter; Nor e'er, like me, has learn'd to fatten, On kisses sweet, and softest patting." "Some parson's dog, I vow," whined puppy; "His rufly coat how sun-burnt! Stop ye!" The beagle call'd him to the wood. The bull-dog bellowed, "Zounds! and blood!"

The wolf-dog and the mastiff were, The Muse lays, an exception here; Superior both to such foul play, They with'd the stranger well away.

From spleen the stridures rose to fury, "Villain," growl'd one, "I can't endure you." "Let's seize the truant," snarl'd another, Encored by every foul-mouth'd brother. "'Tis done," bark'd all, "we'll mob the creature, And sacrifice him to ill-nature."

The greyhound, who despised their breath, Still tho't it best to shun their teeth. Easy he wing'd his rapid flight, And left the scoundrels out of sight.

Good JUNO, by the ancients holden, The genuine notre-dame of scolding, Sate pleased, because there'd such a fufs been, And in the hound's place with'd her husband; For here, even pleasure bade her own, Her ladyship was once out-done. "Hail dogs," she cried, "of every kind! Retain ye still this snarling mind, Hate all that's good, and fair, and new, And I'll a goddess be to you.

Nor this the only good you prove; Learn what the fruits of JUNO's love. Your souls, from forms, that creep all four on, I'll raise, by system Pythagorean, To animate the human frame, And gain my favorite tribe a name. Be ye henceforth (so I ordain) Critics, the genuine curs of men. To snarl be still your highest bliss, And all your criticism like this. What'er is great, or just, in nature, Of graceful form, or lovely feature; What'er adorns the ennobled mind, Sublime, inventive, and refined; With spleen, and spite, forever blame, And load with every dirty name. All things of noblest kind and use, To your own standard vile reduce, And all in wild confusion blend, Nor heed the subject, scope, or end. But chief, when modest young beginners, 'Gainst critic laws, by nature sinners, Peep out in verse, and dare to run, Thro' towns and villages your own, Hunt them, as when you stranger dog Set all your growling crew agog; Till stunn'd, and scared, they hide from view, And leave the country clear for you."

This said, the goddess kind caressing, Gave every cur a double blessing. Each doggish mind, tho' grown no bigger, Henceforth assumed the human figure, The body walk'd on two; the mind To four, still chose to be confin'd; Still creeps on earth, still scents out foes, Is still led onward by the nose; Hates all the good, it used to hate, The lofty, beauteous, new, and great; The stranger hunts with spite quintessent, And snarls, from that day to the present.

LONDON, April 7.

AT a convivial meeting, at which Lord MOUNTMORRES was present, his Lordship being called upon for a toast, gave as follows:—"Success to his Majesty's fleets by sea and land."

The venerable Earl of Mansfield being asked what he thought of Payne's Book? said—"In my opinion it should be burned by the hands of the common Hangman;—but if that be not the law of the present day, it ought to be bought up at any price!"

Robberies were never so frequent in France as they are at present; not only Paris, but the public roads are infested with thieves, many of whom are disguised in the uniform of the National Guard. A stage-coach near Brest was attacked a few days ago, the postillion killed, and two of the passengers dangerously wounded.

The late King of Prussia used to say, that the pleasantest dream a sovereign could have was that of being King of France—Louis XVI. would be happy if he could even dream that he was so.

That Catholick Dissenters, if we may judge from their writings, are as angry with the scarlet whore of Babylon, as any pious protestant can possibly be. The POPE, with all his finery, is as little relished in the ecclesiastical, as Mr. BURKE, with all his finely decorated aristocratic principles, is in the political world. The fact is, that mankind will no longer endure civil or religious tyranny in any dress.

Dr. Johnson, on being shewn his portrait by Sir Joshua, representing him as near sighted, (which has since been engraved) was much offended—but it being represented to him that Sir Joshua had painted his own similitude with an ear trumpet. "Hé may paint himself as deaf as he pleases said the Doctor, but I do not chuse to be handed down to posterity as blinking Sam!"

APRIL 26.

At a committee of the society instituted for the purpose of effecting the abolition of the slave trade. Resolved,

That the thanks of this committee be respectfully given to the illustrious minority of the commons, who lately stood forth the assertors of British justice and humanity, and the enemies of a traffic in the blood of men.

Resolved,

That our acknowledgments are particularly due to William Wilberforce esquire, for his unwearied exertions to remove this opprobrium of our national character, and to the right honorable William Pitt, and the right honorable Charles Fox, for their virtuous and dignified co-operation in the same cause.

Resolved.