

# Gazette of the United States.

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[No. 75 of Vol. IV.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1793.

[Whole No. 397.]

**FOR SALE,**  
By the Subscriber, at Walnut-Street Wharf,  
BILL OF EXCHANGE

**Madeira Wine,**  
Fit for immediate use, in pipes & quarter casks,  
**TENERIFFE WINE,** in pipes,  
**SHERRY WINE,** in quarter casks,  
**WEST-INDIA RUM,** a, 3 and 4 proof,  
**OLD BRANDY, OLD SPIRIT,**  
**COPPERAS, BRIMSTONE, ALLUM,**  
**Two Bales 10-4 BLANKETS,** and  
**A Bale of MUSLINS.**

A new 13-4 Inch CABLE, 120 fathoms long.  
**GEORGE MEADE.**  
Philadelphia, Jan. 19, 1793. *ep2m*

**TO BE SOLD, OR LEASED**  
FOR SEVEN OR TEN YEARS,  
THE FOLLOWING  
**HOUSES.**

**ONE** on Walnut-street, near Fourth-street, 23 feet front, has two parlours below, the front one 21½ by 17½ feet, the back parlour is 18 by 14 feet. The front room up stairs is 26½ by 17½ feet. There are five good chambers in this house, besides the garret is divided into three rooms, in two of them there are fire-places.

The other House is 27 feet upon Walnut-street, and 52 feet upon 4th street; there are two good parlours below, one of them 25 by 20 1-2 feet, the other 25 by 18 1-2 feet, and seven complete bed-chambers; besides the garret is divided into 4 rooms, 3 of which rooms have fire-places. The kitchens are good ones, and are under the houses; the largest house has also a house-keeper's room. It is intended there shall be a communication from both of these houses to a neighbouring ice-house, sufficiently large to supply 3 houses. Within 50 yards of these houses, there will be complete stables and coach houses, for both houses; they will be finished in the most complete manner, and the keys ready to be delivered early in the summer.

On paying half the money down (if sold) the other half may be paid by instalments, or the whole may remain for 5 years, paying interest and giving security on the premises.

For terms of sale or lease, apply to the Subscriber,

**GEORGE MEADE.**  
Who has for SALE,

**Sundry Ground Rents,**

In this city, amounting to twenty-five pounds sixteen shillings and six-pence, per annum.

Also, a quantity of BAGS, that will contain two and a half and three and a half bushels.  
Philadelphia, Jan. 19, 1792. *ep2m*

**50 Dollars Reward.**

**RAN** away on the 25th instant, a likely Negro Man called ISAAC; about twenty-three years old, five feet six or eight inches high, a well-made fellow, fond of talking, has a large mouth, and shows his teeth very much when talking; had on when he went away, a brown linen shirt, a short white kersey over jacket with a very high collar and plain breast, with buttons which appear to have been very gay; a pair of white kersey breeches, a pair of white knit yarn stockings, a pair of shoes with strings in them, and a coarse hat; all the above clothes are almost new. Said Negro was strictly the property of Mr. William Thomas, late of Kent County, near George-Town Cross-Roads, deceased, and has for several years been employed in that neighbourhood, and principally by a Mr. Maxwell, and lately by Messrs. John and James Carmack, as a waggoner, which business he is well acquainted with, and is what he prefers; and has been engaged in driving a waggon from said Cross-Roads to Duck-Creek, &c. until August last. I expect he will make his way for the neighbourhoods of George-Town, Duck-Creek, Dover or Wilmington. The above reward will be paid if delivered to me in this place, or Thirty Dollars if secured in any goal, so that I get him again. He is an artful fellow, and when taken, will make his escape, unless particularly secured.

**EASTON, OWEN KENNARD.**  
Talbot County, Maryland, Dec. 28, 1792. *em*

**200 Dollars Reward.**

**LOST,** at Providence, or between Providence and Bolton, a very small TRUNK, covered with seal-skin of a reddish colour, with white spots. It contained a quantity of South and North-Carolina State Notes, and a few of the State of Rhode-Island; with other papers, which can only be traceable to the proprietor. The State notes are checked at the offices from whence they issued. Any person producing the Trunk (with its contents) to JOHN MARSTON, of Bolton; WILLIAM HALL, of Providence; Messrs. PATTERSON and BRASHER, New-York, or Mr. SAMUEL EMERY, in Philadelphia, shall receive the above reward, or for any part of the property, One Hundred Dollars.  
Bolton, Nov. 28. *ep2f.*

**A large Cellar to Let,**

Sufficiently capacious to store several hundred barrels.  
Enquire of the PRINTER.

For the GAZETTE of the UNITED STATES.

MR. FENNO,

I send you Sketches of the Proceedings of a Club of Hon. and learned Gentlemen, friends of the President of this State, at a meeting held in the early part of last month.—The genius and the amiable parts of some of the members who compose that Club, deserve to be held up to the admiration of the world. I therefore hope, that you will do the Citizens of this State particularly, the favor of publishing them. Yours, Z.

**ON** the 3d day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three, the seventeenth year of American independence, and the third year of the Presidency of the Hon. T. M. Esq. of the State of Pennsylvania; the Hon. J. S. Esq. J. H. M.D. P.E. &c. &c. the Hon. J. N. Esq. C.—G.—l of the State of Pennsylvania, and the Hon. A. J. D. Esq. S.—y of the aforesaid State, assembled, by the side of a good fire, in the study of the Hon. J. S. Esq.—for the purpose of holding a solemn consultation on their own particular political situations, on the present standing of the Hon. T. M. Esq. and on affairs of state. After spending several hours in minutely examining their own particular conditions, and mutually administering consolation, and advising each other firmly to adhere to their noble leader, and persist in their virtuous practices, they proceeded to the President's present and future probable standing. On this point they perfectly agreed, "That as many delicate consciences revolted against his system of morality and politics, it was necessary, to secure his future influence and consequently his seat in the chair of state, by the establishment of a Bank peculiarly calculated to effect that end."—On the affairs of state, it was their opinion that every wheel would move glibly and pleasantly, in fine, entirely agreeably to their desires, provided they could secure to their beloved friend, the honorable, the virtuous President, the Presidency of the State during life.

Those important objects being examined and adjusted, the next consideration which arose, was, "By what means shall we exhibit our true love and loyalty to our worthy leader, the Hon. President of the State?" (I had like to have been guilty of an unpardonable neglect, and forgotten to mention that this sagacious and nobly grateful question originated in the head of the Hon. A. J. D.) This question had scarce issued from the lips of the proposer, when loyalty, like an electric spark, shot through the breast of every member of the club.—Their eyes closed with the emotions produced by their excessively tender love, their under-jaws suddenly dropped, their mouths gaped, and a mixture of admiration and wonder erected "every particular hair," like the bristles on the back of the terrible hyena. A silence of full five minutes reigned, when the members with one accord opened their eyes, raised their jaws and dropped their hairs, and after much puffing, blowing, and foaming at the lips, (the effect of inspiration) the Hon. J. S. Esq. said, "That as the mind of man, when filled with any great and noble passion, naturally breaks out into broken, abrupt, short numbers, like unto a song, he should think, and did believe it his duty, and the duty of each member, to address the Hon. President in song." (Here clapping of hands, stamping of feet, and roars of applause interrupted the learned gentleman, who involuntarily clapped his own hands, in admiration of his wisdom and eloquence.) And I, (continued he) propose, that by this day one month, that is to say, on the third day of February next ensuing, we shall meet here again, and each gentleman bring his address in poetry, to the Hon. President, for the purposes of mutually benefiting, by critiques on each others verses, and rendering them worthy of the subject of our panegyrics.—Bravo! bravo! was the cry, and an awful silence of ten and three-quarters minutes ensued.—The Hon. J. N. then lifting his chair nearer to the Hon. J. S. Esq. knitting his brows thoughtfully, slowly moving his head up and down and sideways, in a see-saw manner, (like one of those loose-headed beautiful china figures usually stuck up as mantle-piece ornaments) and biting his lips, spoke thus—"Dear sir, I beg leave to utter a doubt which struck me during the time of our silence. I have heard 'tis a hard matter to write verses, and perhaps the time which you have allotted us will be rather too short for the arrangement and statement of our love, in verses." True, added the Hon. A. J. D. for as Horace says, "*Poeta nascitur non fit.*"—"Well! what of that?" cried the Hon. J. S. staring rather disrespectfully in the face of the Hon. gentleman, well! what of that? Surely he is on my side! man, he is on my side," (putting his fore finger to his nose and smirking). "On your side! pray sir, how on your side?" Why! (replied the Hon. gentleman) I will clearly state it and prove it—Poeta, is poet, first; secondly, that nascitur, I have heard is two words, and a learned friend hath thus explained it—*nasci*, an abbreviation of the word *natus*, born; *itur*, to go; fit, fit. As you know sir, that old language being much compacted and condensed, becomes nothing when literally translated, we

must use great freedom with it.—Thus, a properly liberal translation of this *poeta nascitur non fit*, would be, after a man is born, as he goes through life, he becomes fit to be a poet—so sir, you see I am right, he is on my side, and as we have travelled the greater part of our journey, we are fit to be poets." "Good! excellent," (cried the Doctor, clapping the learned gentleman on the shoulder). "No sir, I deny it, (exclaimed the Hon. A. J. D. in a rage) you have dishonored the poet—he says the poet is born, not made."—"Poh! poh! don't be in a passion dear sir, said the Hon. J. N. cannot you see his meaning in that? No man is made, but born, so every man is born a poet."—"No sir, I cannot join with you there, (spoke the Doctor) the way I explain it is this, homo, man, being understood, homo nascitur poeta fit—man is born to be made a poet."—"You are wrong, damn'd wrong," very uncivilly and profanely exclaimed the Hon. A. J. D.—"Pray sir, (said the Hon. J. S. trembling, his piety being wounded) why are you so warm? I'll prove, I'll prove to you what I have affirmed; I'll do any thing to convince you of it—I'll put it to vote."—"Instantly a cry, "to vote, to vote," filled the study.—It was accordingly put to vote, "Is the Hon. J. S's exposition of the text quoted from Horace, by the Hon. A. J. D. a true exposition?" On counting over the votes, they stood thus:

The Hon. J. S. Aye,  
The Hon. J. N. Aye, The Hon. A. J. D.—No  
J. H.—M. D. &c. Aye.

So there being three in favor of, and but one against the question, it was carried by a majority of two in the affirmative. Notwithstanding this novel, but fair mode of deciding the question, the Hon. A. J. D. could not prevent his unruly tongue, uttering expressions of discontent, which expressions, being overheard by the Hon. J. S. caused him to address the Hon. gentleman as follows: "Sir, I perceive your discontent, I am very willing still to prove what I have asserted, by making an example of myself—Do you believe that I was born to be a poet; I mean, to be a poet in spite of myself; for certainly I was born to be a poet, as I am one—but you understand me, do you believe I was a poet when I was born?" "No"—sternly replied the Hon. member; "well then—if I prove myself a poet now, you will believe that I was right in my translation?"—"Most certainly, yes."—The Hon. J. S. then turning round to each gentleman, begged he would excuse him, for half an hour, as he was going into his garret, to be retired, and make some verses to prove himself a poet, and to satisfy the Hon. gentleman of the truth of his translation of Horace's text; but, gentlemen, he questioned snarlingly, rubbing his hands, what shall be the subject? "Accounts, accounts," cried the Hon. J. N. "well accounts," said the Hon. poet, and went up stairs.

In 27½ minutes, he returned with sparkling eyes and upright step, and repeated the following couplet—

"Accounts are accounts of things but down when fold,  
In blank books made, accounts of things to hold."

The glaring beauties of this couplet, must strike every reader. It needs no explanation, the concise and perspicuous definition of the word accounts, the sweetness of the verse, must impart infinite pleasure to every reader from the Clerk of a Sheriff's Office, to the adorer of Homer and Virgil. The moment it was read, dumb astonishment reigned on every hearer. At length the Hon. A. J. D. though very reluctantly, and in a very low voice, confessed his error, and asked pardon for his stubbornness. The Doctor rising, took the left hand of each gentleman, and putting them into each other, said, "be friends," they cast their eyes on the floor, smiled and sat down; (the Hon. J. S. rising, said) "thus you see, men were made to be poets and I hope you will no longer object to my proposal."—You may indeed, at the first trial, expect to find some labor absolutely necessary to the perfection of a poem, but, practice makes perfect.—The first time that I tried my hand at it was, on the following occasion: I had a Cat, which I called Patty, in honor of a sweet female whom I courted.—This Cat was beautiful, and as I had named her Patty I loved her tenderly, I kept her in my bed at nights and often hugged her to my bosom and thought I was squeezing my other Patty. Unfortunately Patty was in the store cellar, hunting mice, when my porters were hoisting some hogheads of West-India; the ropes broke, Sirs! and a whole heavy hoghead fell directly on Patty's back; I was instantly called into the cellar, for the porters knew my love for Patty; and there, when they rolled away the fatal hoghead, was the poor creature, almost crushed into pieces, and with only enough life to kick with one hind foot; I could not bear the sight of poor Patty—tears

\* The Doct. has committed an error in grammar, but it must be remembered that very many years have passed over his head since he left school; and that while yet a boy, his memory was of a peculiar nature, and required the frequent application of such to his professors to give it tenacity.

gushed from my eyes—I cursed the porters—packed them off and came up into this study to weep; when my tears had given vent to my storm of grief—excuse these fresh tears—I began to think how I should honor her memory, and next day began these elegiac stanzas; handing them to the members, who ordered the Hon. A. J. D. to read them aloud, which he did, as follows:

**ELEGIAC STANZAS ON PATTY.**

Oh! dearest, tenderest Patty! how thy loss  
Afflicts my bosom, yea, I burn indeed!  
I ne'er in life before met such a cross,  
Within my heart, how all the great veins bleed!  
Ah! ah! dear Patty! oh! ah! oh! dear Cat!  
Thou wert the prettiest thing I ever saw,  
How cunningly I've seen thee nab a Rat;  
From thee in truth, my cunning did I draw.  
Ah! never shall I see thy like again,  
Thou wert so witty, yet to meek a creature!  
There is no Cat 'midst all the Catfish train  
Possess'd of half thy parts, or sweet good-nature.  
Ah! who shall I now get to sleep with me!  
Is there no filler in thy tribe, dear Cat!  
Who'd make for good a bedfellow as thee?  
No—I am sure there's none like thee, dear Pat.  
Ah! must I lie each winter night alone?  
Ah! must I lie without my dear to hug?  
Why surely I shall freeze, and turn to stone!  
My blood will freeze like water in a mug!  
For now my other Pat, thy counterpart,  
Swears I shall never lie with her at all;  
She says she does not love me in her heart;  
Ah! what have I to do but lie and bawl!  
Curse on the Porters! curse upon their ropes!  
And curse upon the devilish hoghead tops,  
That did with vile intent cut off my hopes!  
Ah! curse them all—adieu! dear Pat! adieu!

Such was the melting power of these lines, and the pathetic tone of the reader's voice, that, by the time the reading was finished, every soul present, even the author himself, blinked his eyes, snivelled, and was necessitated to blow his nose. Indeed the watry fountains of the author were so completely unstopped that he was compelled to seek a private corner, to discharge himself; when he returned his Hon. friends were drying their eyes and noses, but the sight of him, for a moment excited fresh snivellings.—"Oh!" (cried the Hon. author of the elegy, affecting an insensibility uncongenial to his soul) gentlemen pick up your spirits, why should you be so touched by the bare reading of my verses? Had you beheld poor—here in spite of his affected unfeelingness his utterance was choked—but 'tis plain he designed to have added Patty. "Ah! I sighed the Doctor, putting both his hands upon his belly—the Hon. A. J. D. turning his head towards the Hon. author, whom till now he could not face, echoed, "Ah! (and continued) I was really wrong in my assertion, that man could not be made a poet, and I believe old Horace did not intend to have written so daring a falsehood.—The opening of the elegy is unusually tender, but the pathetic expression of the first line in the second stanza, excels every thing of a similar nature in Ovid or Tibullus—and the compliment in the last line of the same, is *inexpressibly delicate.*"—"But don't you think (said the Hon. J. N.) that the line, "Ah! must I lie each winter's night alone!" and the one next to it, "Ah! must I lie without my dear to hug," is very moving? It affects me mightily indeed; but the next two lines, "why surely I shall freeze and turn to stone! my blood will freeze like water in a mug!" strike me as being the most sublime of any in the whole lamentation. "Why surely I shall freeze," I am chilled to my back bone, then "and turn to stone," at this my whole body shivers; I think I see a stone statue. Then "my blood will freeze like water in a mug." That! that! who can stand that? It puts me in mind of a cold, terribly cold and freezing winter, when my water in my member-mug (no offence to any of the members I hope) under my bed has froze solid and to save my blood from freezing also, I have brought my knees up to my mouth, thrown the blankets over my head."—Here the Hon. gentleman was startled and interrupted by a mournful moaning sound from the Doctor—"Ah!" said he, in a slow melancholy tone, "Ah! what have I to do but lie and bawl!" this, my dear friend! it is what melts my heart; methinks I see you tossing to and fro, upon your bed and like a poor dying man, groaning dismally."—The author smirking approbation, said, "I am not surpris'd at the various manners in which you have been affected by my elegy on Patty, because all men differ in taste and sentiment; but I have expected you particularly to notice the concluding stanza; Do you not perceive with what a noble spirit of indignation I labor? How I curse the porters, and the ropes, and the hoghead—this my friends is the terribly sublime—I was always struck by its poetical boldness; and attend to the last line, "Ah! curse them all, adieu! dear Pat! adieu!" how expressively abrupt! how deeply pathetic! Do not you here see my throat choked, that I was unable to speak, that grief swelled my stomach, that I could only sob and sigh; in short, that I