

(-317-)
Gazette of the United States.

A NATIONAL PAPER, PUBLISHED WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS BY JOHN FENNO, No. 34, NORTH FIFTH-STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

[No. 80 of Vol. IV.]

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 6, 1793.

[Whole No. 402.]

By THOMAS JOHNSON, DAVID STUART, & DANIEL CARROLL, Esquires,

Commissioners appointed by Government to prepare the Public Buildings, &c. within the City of Washington, for the reception of Congress, and for their permanent residence after the year 1800—

A LOTTERY FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE FEDERAL CITY.

50,000 Tickets at 7 dollars, are 350,000 dollars.

LIST OF PRIZES, viz.

Table with 2 columns: Prize description and Amount. Includes items like 'Superb Hotel, with baths, &c. out houses, &c. &c. to cost \$50,000', 'Cash Prize \$25,000', and '16,737 Prizes \$350,000'.

50,000

By this scheme at least the amount of the tickets will return to the fortunate adventurers, and yet the federal City will gain its object thereby, in a magnificent building designed both for public and private convenience.

Although some expense must necessarily attend the conducting of the lottery, (which expense will be taken from the principal prize) the Commissioners having agreed to present in return a sufficient quantity of excellent free-stone, together with the best adapted lots for the hotel and for the out-houses, the value of the lottery entire may be fairly rated at something more than par: In this important instance it will be found, on examination, to exceed all the lotteries that have ever been offered to the Public in this or perhaps in any other country.

The drawing will commence on Monday the 9th of September next, at the City of Washington.

Tickets may be had of Col. Wm. Dickins, City Treasurer of Washington; Thayer & Bartlet, of Charleston, South-Carolina; Gidon Denison, Savannah; Messrs. James West & Co. Baltimore; Mr. Peter Gilman, Boston; and at such other places as will be hereafter published.

N. B. ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS will be given for the best Plan of an elegant and convenient HOTEL or INN, with hot and cold Baths, Stables, and other out houses, if presented on or before the 30th of April next; and a preference will be given to the Artist for a Contract, provided he be duly qualified to complete his plan. The ground on which the Hotel and out houses are to be erected, will be a corner lot of about 90 by 200 feet, with a back avenue to the stables, &c. Sections and estimates of the expense will be expected with the elevations, &c. complete; and 50,000 dollars must be regarded by the Architect as the utmost limit in the expense intended for this purpose.

S. BLODGET,

Agent for the affairs of the City.

March 6, 1793.

For the GAZETTE of the UNITED STATES.

CRITIQUES

ON THE ODE OF THE HON. J. S. ESQ.

THE Hon. J. S. Esq. having finished his reading, sat down. The Chairman questioned, "gentlemen, you have heard the Hon. Member's Ode, have you any remarks to make on it?" The Hon. J. N. rose—"I move, sir, that the first twenty lines or so, be re-read, and that we then proceed to make criticisms on it." "No—Mr. Chairman, (said the Hon. A. J. D.) I think that unnecessary; the gentleman has read it to admiration, his voice was uncommonly audible—I verily believe it extended three quarters of a mile. I proceed to observe that, in the Ode kind, I scarce remember to have read any thing equal to it—We know, sir, among the ancients, it was a law of usage, to address the ruling Deity, or the one whom the poet supposed to be his guardian; to this precedent the Hon. gentleman was attentive, and has acted accordingly. He supposes his genius, to be something divine or human, bird or beast, or perhaps all four, and as an evidence that birds are not wanting in sagacity, he brings the instance of the Roman goose—I remember, sir, that the great Lyric Poet, the Theban Pindar, in his first Olympic Ode, inscribed to Hiero, of Syracuse, has with wonderful art praised water

as being better than wine, and I suppose he would add, than strong-beer, punch, grog, or any other liquor; but notwithstanding that poet's unparalleled skill, I think the Hon. gentleman has fairly out-pindar'd him. For the Goose, we all know, hath long been held in contempt; and although this particular instance is in the gentleman's favor, yet it requirith astonishing labor to make any thing of a Goose, and, in my way of thinking, the gentleman hath so perfectly and with so much acuteness of understanding, raised the great qualities of this bird up to admiration, and to a level with his own exalted genius, that he may be said to have far excelled the ancient poet. I feel myself in honor bound thus publicly to pay my mite of applause to the ingenious author; and I must confess, as he hath so eminently dignified the sagacity of the Goose, I more willingly subscribe to his opinion that man may be made a poet—Indeed every line by which the Hon. gentleman has extolled that Goose, (by which I suppose he means his genius) compels me to embrace his translation of Horace's text, given at our former meeting. The Hon. J. S. rose and said, "Sir, I am very deeply indebted to the Hon. gentleman for the praise which he has been pleased to bestow on me—But to be candid, as friends should be, I really fear the gentleman means flattery, when he says I out-Pindar the unparalleled Pindar—However that may be, the gentleman well observeth, that it is a difficult matter to raise the fame of the Goose, whom mankind have so shamefully degraded—But 'tis with me a confirmed and established belief, that within the compass of this revolving Orb on which I now stand, from the getting up of the all-imparting sun to his place of going to bed, there is not an animal who, in particular sagacities equals the Goose, (bye the way wild geese are wiser than tame ones)—and although I did not immediately address the Goose as my genius, yet I think I in part derived my cunning from that animal, as well as from Paddy"—Here the Hon. J. N. questioned—"I suppose, sir, you mean the wild goose?" "Oh! yes!—yes, yes; replied the Hon. poet, and continued—"Gentleman, I have no doubt but you have been filled with admiration to an higher degree, in contemplating some other parts of my ode. The idea of a sail-paced pedant's thinking in the mire—I think peculiarly poetical and happily expressed, as is also that of Fancy pricking our nob's"—The Hon. Poet was again interrupted by the Hon. J. N. who, looking over the Ode as it lay on the table, cried out, "Got the seat for you! pray what do you mean sir? Who got the seat for you, did't I help? I'm sure you're very ungrateful not to mention me, did't I help?" At this instant the contagion spread itself through the breast of every member, even the Chairman himself, and the study rung with the cry of, "Ah! ungrateful! I help'd—I help'd—I help'd"—This uproar continued, in defiance of all the efforts which the Hon. J. S. made to restore order, for the purpose of explaining—For although the Doctor's voice could be distinguished from all others, yet as he joined the cry of "I help'd, I help'd"—and used his bung-driver to produce noise instead of silence, the Hon. J. S. found it impossible to obtain order, until the throats of the gentlemen became dry, by their great exertions, and required something to moisten them, which the Hon. Poet perceiving, he apologized, and ordered some claret—When five bottles were emptied, the Hon. J. S. rose—"Gentlemen had you suffer'd me to explain, you would not have charged me with ingratitude; on a more attentive inspection you will see that I have inserted what our friend Jimmy O's told me, the morning after my election—In that congratulation he says we, and I have marked it for italic—In that we, gentlemen you are all included—Yet you must know that not you only, but one of my genius's was also very serviceable in helping me to the seat. This genius was Disimulation, or Falshood, or any similar being—Had I not been aided by her or him, in complying with vulgar prejudices, and feigning honesty and patriotism, I should not have obtained my present honorable station—You will likewise perceive that I have prayed for a continuation of her or his support, and as she or he has hitherto preserved me, I hope for her or his future aid." The Hon. J. N. rose—"Mr. Chairman, I wish to apologize, I am ashamed of my conduct, I did't see that the worthy gentleman had remembered us—but I was mistaken, and I hope he'll pardon me—I allow the gentleman likewise to be in the right, and judicious in his prayer to his deceitful genius, for really so tedious are the modern notions of our people in this town, that he and all of us must seek this comforter and assistant." The Hon. A. J. D. then spoke—"Sir, our Hon. friend has apologized for us all, and I shall proceed to remark, that the simile of the gentleman's blood creeping thro' his veins like an eel, and then working like bottled beer, and driving out the corks that stop the fountains of inspiration, are admirable. He has here displayed a skill in the art of climax, which I think unparalleled. Virgil indeed, in his story of Dido's grief for the loss

of Aeneas, has made some good similes and climaxes to express the greatness of the passion with which the mind labored, but in all the twelve books of the Aeneid, there is not one passage which can stand a comparison with that in the ode before us—By the manner in which the poet, our Hon. friend rises, and the spirited apostrophe—"Now, Thomas, listen now, for now my Ode," &c. 'tis evident his prayer had succeeded, and his fountains of inspiration were all completely uncorked—As I view the various beauties of this Ode, I, sir, feel myself inspired. But how shall I find language to flash upon your minds, the bold, daring, extravagantly sublime beauty of the simile in the sixty-ninth and seventieth lines, where the Hon. Poet says, his ode shall rush abroad—"Loud as o'er the wall, The mill-pond waters roaring, floundering fall." Sir I am lost in contemplation of it—I cannot go on—I must sit down."—The Hon. author then rising said—"Mr. Chairman, my honorable and esteemed friend, has this evening fully compensated me for the disagreeable emotions which he excited in my bosom at our former meeting. He has done me the highest justice, he has spoken with all the ardor of sincerity and his observations are exactly similar to my own, during the period of my composing my ode.—But sir, there is one truth which candor obliges me to confess to you.—My violent exertions in producing that last simile, of the mill-pond waters, by which my Hon. friend has been overwhelm'd, were so exhausting, in fact so entirely subversive of the laws of nature, that on the moment of my giving the last stroke of my pen to the line, my left hand seized its brother ear, my right hand was fixed, my body motionless, and at bottom rooted to my chair; and for nearly one hour, I fancied myself a tea-pot, filled with scalding water."—These words diffused over the countenance of the chairman a broad flare of disbelief, which, the poet observing, he said, "However this relation may appear, 'tis free from poetical fiction, 'tis literally true—and I account for this belief, partly by the perturbation of my mind, and partly by the excessive heat of my blood, which bringing into my recollection hot water, and that being often contained in tea-pots, caused the completion of my deception. The Chairman said, he had in the course of his practice, met with instances of a similar nature, and that the gentleman traced the cause from the effect, with much acuteness and penetration, and although for a moment he doubted the fact, he was now very well convinced of its truth—"indeed (added he) I myself, being one day greatly exasperated by the neglect of my butcher, in omitting to send home some beef-steaks, imagined myself a bull-dog & went up to the market for the purpose of tearing the butcher to pieces; but seeing his bull-dog under his shamble, and believing him larger than myself, I was deterred from executing my intention, and so sneaked off home. The Hon. A. J. D. said—"For my part I do not doubt the veracity of my Hon. friend's—Both cases I think more than probable.—But to pursue our critiques. I admire the noble and apostrophizing spirit with which our poet breaks out into, "Hark! hark! Tom! &c. but I think he has not shewn sufficient respect towards us, his friends, when he says—"but still our G—v—n—r thou shalt remain, as long as I thy smile and nod can gain."—And I also think he has not exhibited a proper respect to his Hon. friend Mr. G—l—n when he promises solely and alone, to cram the countrymen's gullets with his bank scheme; I mention not these things as objections to his poetry, for I call that exquisite, particularly the metaphor, of cramming the countrymen's gullets, as they do Turkey-cocks, Geese and such like animals; but there seems a want of generosity, he does not allow us and his friend any merit—If I am wrong the gentleman will please to let me right." The Hon. poet stood up, "Mr. Chairman, I rise to explain; I mean no disrespect to any one of my friends. In that, I, to which my friend objects we are all included. I, is intended to stand for us—in the same manner as when General Dampourie tells the French Assembly, I did so and so—I obtained such a victory—meaning all the while he and his soldiers; so by this, I, you may understand, I and my friends; my fellow-laborer in the A—l—y is also included in the parts objected to; but my duty to myself calls on me to assure you, that if the new bank is established, our master will be more indebted to me than to all others. I have whispered into the ears of some country members, that this Bank will lessen the expenses of government, by supplying the places of the T—r—C—m—l—r and R—g—t—r general, and prevent that system of speculation which has hitherto existed."—Here the Hon. gentleman was interrupted by a loud thumping of a cane on the floor, and a dreadful cry of "What? What do you mean, Sir?" Turning round, in terror, he beheld his Hon. friend J. N. brandishing his cudgel over his head, and with the wild visage of a madman crying "What? What do you mean Sir?" Lifting his arm over his head, by way

of defence, he petitioned, "pray be calm for one moment sir, and I will explain all to your satisfaction;" explain, explain then," roared the enraged gentleman—"well, sir (cried the poet) you know it was necessary for us to establish this Bank, and being so, we are justified in every means we may use for obtaining it. I used those arguments in private, only by way of a take in. I always intended to do my best to keep you, my worthy friend, where you are, and sir, I never charged you with speculation. I know you are honest, you hate to see the state's coffers lightened, in short, sir, you are my friend. This explanation will, I hope satisfy you—I appeal to you my friends, ought not our honorable friend to be satisfied with my explanation?" They all replied "Aye" and the Hon. J. N. said he was "content" and sat down; "I am sorry, pursued the poet, to have caused so much uneasiness, and to prevent any further differences, before I sit down, I will remark, in line 110, I have again used the singular pronoun, I, in the same line I had before employed the pronoun, they, meaning you, and choise, I, or I will; merely for variety, for be assured I mean we—I believe sir, we have now gone through with my Ode, and I will the sense of my friends taken on it, in these words, "Is Mr. J. S.'s Ode a good one, and fit to appear before our worthy friend the G—v—n—r?" The Chairman then questioned, "Do you agree to Mr. S's motion? and there being no negative, he put the question in the words of the Hon. J. S. and it was carried in the affirmative by a unanimous vote.

In the warmth of discourse a truth had escaped the Hon. poet's lips, and such a truth as he did not intend to have spoken, he is therefore under the necessity of telling a lie to balance that truth and so soothe his enraged friend.

P A R I S, December 23. NATIONAL CONVENTION. December 31. TRIAL OF LOUIS XVI.

VERGNAUD, in a most eloquent speech, deprecated the condemnation of Louis by the Convention. "What security have we, (said he) that those who now ascribe all the calamities of the nation, all the distresses of the people to Louis, will not, after his death, impute them all to the Convention? What security have we that they will not tell the people, that they have only changed one tyrant for another, that the calamities of war, increased by the accession of England and of Spain, are imputable to the Convention, who, to gratify their lust of revenge, condemned Louis to death; that the indigence of the people and the want of energy in the government, are all imputable to the Convention?—What security have we that these clamors of turbulence and anarchy may not effect an union of the aristocracy, thirsting for vengeance; of misery, eager of change; of pity, which the fate of Louis will inspire? What security have we that, from among the Judges of the 2d of September, will not appear the Chief so much desired? This Chief, Citizens,—ah! let him appear, it will be but to fall beneath a thousand wounds. But what will become of Paris amid these new tempests—of Paris, whose courage against Kings posterity will admire, and will not believe that this city has suffered a horde of banditti in its bosom, to agitate and rend it to pieces by convulsive movements? And you, industrious citizens! who have operated the revolution; you, whose sacrifices are every day multiplied by the necessities of your country, what will become of you? What resources will you have? What hand will dry your tears, who will comfort your families? Will you apply to your pretended friends! Ah! fly them rather; I will tell you their answer: 'When you ask them for bread, they will say, Go to the quarries, and ravish from the earth those bloody fragments which we have heaped up in them. Would you have dead carcases and blood? There they are—There, Citizens, is the nourishment they offer you.'

He concluded, that every act of the Convention, not directly or tacitly ratified by the people, was an act of tyranny; that the people had promised inviolability to Louis, and alone had the right to strip him of it; and that to them, in the Primary Assemblies, his fate ought to be submitted.

Dubois Crance opposed the appeal to the people. "It would be convenient, I grant, to remove responsibility from ourselves, but our duty is to preserve it entire. Victory alone can decide between the mandatoris of liberty and the despots of Europe. Let us die, if necessary, but let us preserve the right of saying in death, Thank Heaven, we have saved our country."

Coren Fustler was for referring the sentence to the sanction of the people.

Moreau opposed it as a source of discord, perhaps of civil war. Addresses and petitions were read from various parts, some desiring the preservation, some the death of Louis, and some an appeal to the people, but all the speedy organization of a Republican government.