



MISCELLANY.

From a late NEW-YORK PAPER.

Some PROCEEDINGS in the CONVENTION of NEW-YORK.

IN our Convention, on Tuesday, the 11th inst. Mr. M. SMITH opened the debates of the day by an explanation of his arguments of the day before.

The MAYOR of New-York followed him by a long and well detailed speech in answer to the objections that had been made against the clause under consideration (sect. 8. art. 1).—In the course of his observations, he produced a variety of papers to shew the folly of relying on requisitions (the mode intended by the amendment) and in particular an extract from the Circular Letter of his Excellency General Washington, by which he proved, that the distresses and procrastination of the war were attributable to that mode of supplying the common wants of the general government. He was about two hours on his legs; and having gone through and fairly answered the objections that had been made by the opposite party, concluded by an apology for the length of time he had taken up, and an exhortation to the Members to be calm and conciliatory in their proceedings.—After him, Mr. JAY rose, who applauded Mr. Duane's speech in very high terms; and observed, that as every thing had been urged, which was pertinent to the occasion, he should only give his opinion in favour of the paragraph without any amendment; and he explained the idea of a concurrent jurisdiction, by which the State governments are to be supported, in a very clear and able manner.

When Mr. Jay sat down, Mr. JONES took an opportunity of rising, and with his usual ingenuity stated some objections to the idea of a concurrent jurisdiction; observing at the same time, that if such a thing did exist, he should consider it as one of the greatest defects of the proposed Constitution. He was followed by the CHANCELLOR, who, in a fine vein of humour, exposed the arguments of the opposition; compared ludicrously the reason of one to that of another, and placed in the most striking and picturesque point of view the absurdities and contradictions of all. He gave his fine imagination full scope, in sallies that would do honour to a Chesterfield or a Courtney. The bursts of applause, which he received from every side, seemed to add energy to his genius, and his whole speech was a stream of delicious satire and truly Attick eloquence. Even those who felt most sensibly the lapses of his wit, were captivated with his fancy, and were forced to join the general laugh. Nor was his address a mere exercise of sportive imagination; his wit served only to give keenness to the edge of his arguments, and to make their impression irresistible.

When the Chancellor sat down, a motion was made for the Committee to rise, and the Convention adjourned.

The opposition, mortified in the most poignant degree, prepared indutiously to give a retort the next morning. Accordingly the battery was opened next day (July 2) by Mr. Gilbert Livingston, a kinsman of the Chancellor, with a serious and illiberal invective.—Not being possessed either of talents for repartee or abilities to reason, he answered the Chancellor with personal abuse—accused him of being an infidel and a tory—and loaded him with epithets which painted a monster instead of the most amiable of men. So unprovoked an attack excited in both parties the utmost disgust. The sentiments in the features of his friends were evidenced by a look of melancholy disgust; in those of his enemies by a smile of insupportable disdain; some of his party even left the room with apparent indignation.

Having finished, he sat down, not with a countenance of conscious confusion; not with that look of sorrowful perplexity which men of sense and sensibility feel when the warmth of an unguarded moment has exposed them to censure or contempt; but with a calm felicity of invariable composure and a self satisfied face. This most generous man was followed by the Hon. JOHN W. LILLIAMS, who came forth a doughty champion, and brandished his falchion in a most gigantick style.—He brandished it a while; but could not find his foe.—All around looked on the glittering blade with a sweet complacency, which robbed him of his rage; and after a few harmless circles in the air, he restored the mighty weapon peaceful to its scabbard.

Mr. M. SMITH rose, and with sufficient decency and considerable ingenuity, together with a con-

derable dash of humour, retorted on the Chancellor. His wit seemed to have no tincture of malevolence, not to be aimed at the person or character, but the arguments and imagination of his antagonist.—His railery, however, did not, like that of the Chancellor, spring spontaneous and sudden from the occasion; it seemed more premeditated and artificial; and, as was remarked of Demolthenes' Orations, smelt of the lamp.

The CHANCELLOR then rose, and replied to each one's attack, with perfect temper and the most engaging good humour.—In particular, he addressed his honourable relation, who had the most cruelly assaulted him; lamented pathetically that his worthy kinsman, regardless of their common ancestry and the tender ties of blood, should have aimed his dagger too at the bosom of his friend!—And exclaimed with affectionate astonishment, in the words of Cæsar, "and thou too Brutus."—The Chancellor's former speech shewed the rich extent of his fancy; in the present all were amazed with the instantaneous facility of his genius.—In the former his wit was a pure but delightful varying current; in the latter, it was an electrical shock.

After the CHANCELLOR was seated, on the motion of Mr. JONES, the Committee proceeded to take up the next clause, which authorises Congress to make loans:—Here Mr. LANSING proposed an amendment, restricting Congress from making any loans, but by the concurrence of two thirds of both Houses.—This proposition occasioned some debate, in which Mr. JAY, Mr. HAMILTON, Mr. HARRISON and the CHIEF JUSTICE bore a part; they shewed, in the clearest manner, the impropriety and dangerous consequence of such an amendment.—Those who supported the amendment, were M. M. SMITH, Mr. LANSING and the GOVERNOUR:—While the GOVERNOUR was speaking, Colonel Livingston, who arrived at Poughkeepsie in nine hours and one fourth, from this city, made his appearance in the Convention-Chamber, with the interesting intelligence of the ratification of Virginia, which occasioned such a buzz through the House that little of his Excellency's speech was heard.

The debate on Mr. LANSING's motion having subsided, Mr. JONES brought forward another amendment, to the clause which enables Congress to establish Post-offices and Post-roads. His amendment was to restrict Congress from laying out or repairing any roads, without the consent of the Legislature of the State in which the same may be.—This instead of a debate, created much laughter and the Committee with a view of taking time to consider of the importance of the motion, rose and adjourned.

In the afternoon, a respectable number of Federalists, whose exultations on the happy news from Virginia, were too great to be confined to their own breasts, had a meeting to congratulate each other; fired ten cannon in honour of the ten adopting States, and with three huzzas sent the welcome news to their friends in the country.

Thursday the Convention made some considerable progress in the business before them, having got quite through the first article of the Constitution.—This great expedition, however, was owing to the Federalists taking no notice of the string of amendments that were offered; indeed the silence of the Federalists seemed to confound the opposition, who in about two hours having offered all the amendments they could then think of, moved for an adjournment in order that they might have time to prepare more against next morning.

The 2d article was then to be taken up, and we understand that Mr. M. Smith intends making three objections to the Executive.—1st, that he shall not in person command the army or navy, without the consent of Congress.—2^d, That he shall be ineligible after four years.—and 3^d, that he shall not have power to grant pardons in cases of treason.

Grand Procession at Philadelphia.

[In our last we mentioned, that it would be impossible for us to give the particulars of the Procession at Philadelphia in detail. We have, however, selected the following articles, which, as being new, with our hope, prove accessible to our readers.]

XIII.

THE CONSTITUTION.

THE Hon. Chief Justice M'Kean. The Hon. Judge Atlee. The Hon. Judge Ruff, (in their robes of office) in a lofty, ornamented car, in the form of a large eagle, drawn by six horses, bearing the CONSTITUTION, framed, and fix-

ed on a staff, crowned with the cap of liberty.—The words—"THE PEOPLE," in gold letters on the staff, immediately under the Constitution. The car was made by George and William Hunter; the carriage painted light blue, twenty feet long, hind wheels eight feet, and the front six feet and an half in diameter; the body, fixed on springs, was thirteen feet high, in the shape of a bald eagle; from head to tail, thirteen feet long; the breast emblazoned with thirteen silver stars, in a sky-blue field, and underneath thirteen stripes, alternate red and white. The dexter talons embraced an olive branch, the sinister grasped thirteen arrows.

XXII.

Peter Baynton, Esq. as a citizen, and Col. Isaac Melchor as an Indian chief, in a carriage, smocking the calumet of peace together. The Sachem magnificently dressed, according to the Indian custom; his head adorned with scarlet and white plumes; jewels of silver hanging from his nose and ears; ten strings of wampum round his neck; the broad belt of peace and brotherly love in his hand; an ornamented vest and other decorations suitable to the character.

XXIX.

The Manufacturing Society, with the spinning and carding machines, looms, &c. Mr. Gallaudet bearing a flag, the device of which was a beehive, with bees issuing from it, standing in the beams of a rising sun; the field of the flag blue, and the motto—"In its rays we shall feel new vigour," written in golden characters.

The carriage of the manufactures is in length thirty feet, in breadth thirteen feet, and the same height, neatly covered with white cotton of their manufacture, and drawn by ten large bay horses; on this carriage was placed the carding machine worked by two persons, and carding cotton at the rate of fifty pounds weight per day; next a spinning machine of eighty spindles, worked by a woman (a native of and instructed in this city) drawing cotton suitable for fine jeans or federal rib; on the right of the stage was next placed a lace loom, a workman weaving a rich scarlet and white livery lace; on the left a man weaving jean on a large loom, with a fly shuttle; behind the looms was fixed the apparatus of Mr. Hewson, printing mullins of an elegant chintz pattern, and Mr. Lang designing and cutting prints for shawls; on the right was seated Mrs. Hewson and her four daughters, pencilling a piece of very neat striped chintz of Mr. Hewson's printing, all dressed in cottons of their own manufacture; on the back part of the carriage, on a lofty staff, was displayed the calico printer's flag, in the centre thirteen stays in a blue field, and thirteen red stripes in a white field; round the edges of the flag were printed thirty-seven different prints of various colours, one of them a very elegant bed furniture chintz of six colours, as specimens of printing done at Philadelphia.—Motto—

"May the Union Government protect the manufactures of America."

XXVII.

THE SHIP FEDERAL UNION,



Mounting 20 guns, commanded by J. Green, Esq. Capt. S. Smith; W. Belchor, and Mr. Mercer, Lieutenants; four young boys in uniform as Midshipmen; the crew, including officers, consisting of 25 men. The ship Union, is 23 feet in length, her width and depth in due proportion. Her bottom is the barge of the ship Alliance, and the same barge which formerly belonged to the Serapis, and was taken in the memorable engagement of Capt. Paul Jones, of the Bon Homme Richard, with the Serapis.—The Union is a masterpiece of elegant workmanship, perfectly proportioned and complete throughout; decorated with emblematical carving, and finished even to a stroke of the painter's brush. And what is truly astonishing, she was begun and completed in less than four days, viz. began at 11 o'clock on Monday morning the 30th of June, and on the field of rendezvous, on Thursday evening following, fully prepared to join in the Grand Procession. The workmanship and appearance of this beautiful object commanded universal admiration and applause, and did high honour to the artists of Philadelphia who were concerned in her construction.—She was mounted on a carriage made for the purpose, and drawn by ten horses.—A sheet of canvas was tacked all around along the water-

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CASTALIAN FOUNT. ORIGINAL POETRY.

Mr. RUSSELL,

THE following version is done from Mr. John William's Prose Translation of a late discovered Welsh Poem, preserved in the collection of Arthur Price, Esq.—It is supposed to have been written by Taisifa Ben Bairidd, A. D. 534: And for beautiful simplicity, and exquisite pathos, is without a parallel. The subject is truly poetical—the incident delicately interesting. Llwen the daughter of Yrganwy, is in search of her captured lover, Gyneth, confined by Banworth in the Castle of Llabryth. She sets out upon her journey in the night, advances towards the tower, and by the light of the moon discovers a form, which she takes to be that of her lover, but finds it is his departed spirit. Llwen's heroism, constancy and affection are pathetically described. Gyneth's appearance and converse strike the mind with a pleasing horror. In a word, the whole is a picturesque description of those early times, when the warrior plunged into danger, and met death undaunted, to obtain the good opinion of his mistresses; for he knew that the turf-built tomb would be adorned by her hands; and his ghost in the hall of spirits, soothed to repose by her constancy. Few of our modern ladies will follow the example of Llwen, but I flatter myself that all will bestow a tear of sympathy on the two last verses, and wish to plant a rose on the tomb of the lovers.] July 15.

LLWHEN'S Soliloquy as advancing to the castle.

WHY art thou griev'd—ah! why, my troubled soul? Dark are the mists that skirt yon airy height; Loud hollow beating waves hoarse murmuring roll; And Llabryth's tow'rs gleam dreadful on the sight.

There sleeps my love—of me he thinks—he dreams—The moon fly entering through, the broken wall May touch his cheek—oh ev'ry! happy beams! Gyneth awake! Youth of the spear! I call.

Strong breaker of the crimson shield! arise! Yrganwy's daughter from the couch of leaves Wandering to find thee—solitary sighs, Tears wet her face—and the full bosom heaves.

Bleak is the blast that howls amid the wood. Haste to thy Llwen—the hunter's dog is still. Away—the black-brow'd Banworth pants for blood, Storm of the South—he sweeps from Monia's hill.

Oh spare! the blue cy'd damsel bathes thy feet. The bard with snowy beard shall bless thy name. The horn far sounding from Arfael's seat, And Llwen shall Banworth's mercy wide proclaim.

GYNETH'S form appears at a grated window of the castle. He lives—lives in my sight—Gyneth—I see, Down from thy prison—the tow'r descends. Quick scented foes are near—this moment flee: Speak! I am chill'd—'I faint—speak! I speak! my friend.

This fluttering heart holds not its wonted place. How dim is Gyneth's eagle piercing eye! Where are the blooming honours of thy face? And where the ringlets of the raven's dye?

GYNETH'S GHOST replies.

I live no more—Cold as the dead man's hand Is this pale corse.—The mighty bird of prey Has eat my flesh.—Haste—rouse the warlike band— Bid Rodric speed—nor Owain's foot delay.

Come Owain! and revenge thy brother's fall, With morrow's sun rush dreadful to the field. Rodric! obey—hear—from the airy hall— Put on the helm—the corset bind—and lift the shield.

Yrganwy's daughter! graceful! blue cy'd fair! We soon shall meet.—Collect my scattered bones— Raise the turf tomb—to Teivi's stream repair, And the green grass adorn with rude mark'd stones.

'Till the bold huntsman has beheld my grave, Or shepherd's boy brush'd off the envious thorn; My spirit roves with the unburied brave, Who wander restless—wretched—and forlorn.

LLWHEN answers the spirit of her lover.

Stern lion of the field! Llwen weeps thy death, Rodric and Owain rest—my fire is old: The harp of victory sounds not on the heath, Nor shall they hear the tale, thy ghost has told.

Thoufunds have peris'd—and return'd no more— Why then should grief my days and nights consume? Yes—it shall he—to Teivi's surge wash'd shore, I'll haste—collect thy bones—and build the tomb.

There shall the summer-lasting snow'r abide— Oft will I view it at the dawn of day; And when the western main the sun shall hide— When I am gone—'twill flourish on the clay.

Travel'er! pluck not the rose on Gyneth's grave, Yrganwy's daughter, faithful to her trust, Tarry not long—soon—shall she join the brave— With—fall—die—and mingle dust with dust.

* Banworth is supposed to have been the lord of the bright castle.

† Arfael, the seat of Yrganwy, Llwen's father. ‡ Rodric and Owain were Gyneth's brothers. § At the waters of Teivi, the hero fell.

MISCELLANY.

A NECDOTE.

AT a sale by a southern auctioneer, who was ignorant of all languages but English, in

which he was no adept—coming to a lot of French books that consisted of several volumes, "This lot, gentlemen," said he, "is composed of Rolin's works, here is tomee (tome) i. tomee ii. tomee iii." and to went on until he had enumerated all the volumes in this truly classical manner. The sale was interrupted for near an hour by a continued roar of horse-laughing, which the unfortunate pulpiteer could not suppress, though he increased the noise with his hammer as loud as possible, calling silence all the time. He was at length so irritated, that he quitted the rostrum in a rage, and knocked down a gentleman instead of a lot, for interrupting his passage.

THE WEEKLY MONITOR. No. 211

Whatever violates nature cannot afford true pleasure.

ADDRESSED TO YOUTH.

CONSULT your whole nature. Consider yourselves not only as sensitive, but as rational beings not only as rational, but social; not only as social, but immortal. Whatever violates your nature in any of these respects cannot afford true pleasure; any more than that which undermines an essential part of the vital system can promote health. For the truth of this conclusion, we appeal, not merely to the authority of religion, nor to the testimony of the aged, but to yourselves, and your own experience. We ask whether you have not found, that in a course of criminal excess, your pleasure was more than compensated by succeeding pain? Whether, if not in every particular instance, yet from every habit of unlawful gratification, there did not spring some thorn to wound you—whether there did not arise some consequence to make you repent of it in the issue? How long then will you repeat the same round of pernicious folly, and tamely expose yourselves to be caught in the same snare? If you have any consideration, or any firmness left, avoid temptations, for which you have found yourselves unequal, with as much care as you would shun pestilential infection. Break off all connection with such as are loose and profligate.

David Bradlee

INFORMS his customers, in town and country, that he has REMOVED from the Store he lately improved in Dock-Square, to the Cellars under the State-House, and Old-Brick-Meeting, where he has for sale, London Particular, warranted pure, and

- Old Sherry, Malaga, Port, Fyal, Lisbon, Muscat, Tencriffe, Frontinac, and Tent, WINES.

Claret and French white Wines, per casks. Also, A Old Jamaica Spirits, West-India Rum, Coniac Brandy, Sweet Oil, Loaf Sugar, few dozen excellent bottled Claret and Frontinac—such as he can recommend.—All of which he will sell as cheap as any Store in town. Constant attendance given. Cash given for empty Bottles. June 28.

Just ARRIVED, and for SALE At STORE, No. 32, LONG-WHARF,

EXcellent SUGAR in hog-heads and barrels, high-proved West-India RUM, in ditto and teices. And A few bags COTTON-WOOL. Boston, July 12, 1788.

WANTED by September next, BETWEEN 3 and 400 yards of woollen CLOTH, suitably manufactured for Felting used in a Paper-Mill.—Any person, disposed to undertake either part or the whole, is desired to apply to STORE NO. 31, on LONG-WHARF. Boston, July 5, 1788.

THE Subscriber informs his friends, that he has again opened a SCHOOL for teaching Navigation, Gauging, Arithmetick, &c.—His terms are moderate. Globes, Quadrants, and all other necessary instruments are provided. The School-room is in Union-Street, near the Blue-Ball, next door to Mr. Bumstead's. WILLIAM CROWSELL. Boston, July 5, 1788.

To be LET, A TENEMENT in the west end of the Massachusetts Bank. July 2, 1788.

WANTED—about One Hundred and Fifty Pounds, on loan—for which good security will be given. Inquire of the Printer.

To be LET, A Convenient HOUSE, in Ann-Street, with a Shop in front. Inquire of the Printer. June 28, 1788.

Nathan Frazier & Son

BEG leave to acquaint their customers, and the publick, that they have received, by Capt. COFFIN, just arrived from Amsterdam, an assortment of goods, among which are

Wool and cotton Card-Wire, Ravens Duck, Russian Drillings, Osabrigs, Ticklenboro', a large assortment of Dowlasses, Platillas, Britanics, brown Hollands, Bed-Ticks, Bed-Bunts, Tapes, Dutch Laces, Lawns, Cambricks, (amongst the latter are a few pieces very fine) Hair Ribbons, Looking-Glasses, Slates, Pepper, Mace, Cloves, Cinnamon, a few pounds of Nutmegs, and many other articles—all cheap for cash.

FRESH LEMONS and RAISINS, just imported, and to be sold at JOHN CODMAN, junr's store, South side the Town-Dock. Also, Excellent Sherry and Malaga Wines, Sweet Oil, Bohea Tea, West-India Rum, Hides, &c. N. B. A few tons Nail-Rods, very cheap. Boston, July 12, 1788.

PORK.

BEST Connecticut PORK, RUM, BRANDY, SUGAR, &c. to be sold At E. SIGOURNEY'S Store, On SPEAR'S WHARF. July 12, 1788.

A VARIETY of elegant LOOKING-GLASSES, with a general assortment of HARD-WARE, ENGLISH, INDIA, and SCOTCH GOODS, for sale By John & Thomas Amory, At their STORE, NO. 41, MARLBORO'-STREET. Boston, July 12, 1788.

For LONDON, THE Ship Lucretia, JOHN CALLAHAN, Master, will sail with all convenient speed, having great part of her cargo ready to take on board. For freight or passage apply on board said ship, at Tilton's Wharf, or at JOSEPH GREENE'S Store, No. 12, on Greene's Wharf. July 3, 1788.

For HAVRE-DE-GRACE, THE Brig. LION, NICHOLAS LOWE, Master, will sail by the 15th of July inst. For freight or passage, apply to WILLIAM SHATTUCK. Boston, July 9, 1788. On TUESDAY, the 22d inst. At ELEVEN o'clock in the forenoon, Will be SOLD by PUBLICK VENDUE, At Col. BREWSTER'S Tavern,

THE one half of the Brig BETSY, with her appurtenances, lately arrived from France: Now lying at Judge Langdon's Wharf.—She is a fine, well-built and almost new vessel, of about 178 tons burthen, well found, and wanting very little expense to put her to sea; and may be viewed any time before the sale. Her inventory may be seen by applying to the Master Capt. ELIJAH HALL. Conditions of sale will be made known at the time and place, or on application to the subscriber before. The half of said Brig, is part of the estate of John Sparhawk, Esq. deceased. JOHN PARKER, Auctionier. Portsmouth, [New-Hampshire] July 8, 1788.

To be LET, A Large Brick HOUSE, in Bennett-Street, either in whole or as two tenements, may be entered immediately—and is in good repair. Inquire of EDWARD DAVIS, State-Street. Boston, June 28, 1788.

To be SOLD, or LET, A Brick STORE, in good repair, two doors northward of the Golden Ball. Inquire of the Printer. July 2, 1788.

Table with columns: July, Hi. Wa., Or. & i., Remarks. Rows: 19 Sat. 12 20 4 38 8; 20 Sun. 1 5 4 39 8; 21 Mon. 1 50 4 40 8; 22 Tues. 2 35 4 41 8

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