

A LIBEL ON WOMEN.

Extract from the "HONEY-MOON," lately published in New-York.

COUNT and ROLANDO, meeting.
Rolando.—* * * I met three women—
* * * three loud talking women!
They were discussing of the newest fashions,
and their tongues went like I have since been
thinking

that most that active member of a woman
of mortal things resembles—

Count.—Have you found it?

Rolando.—Ump! not exactly—something
like a smoke jack;

For it goes ever without winding up;

But that wears out in time—there fails the simile,

Next I bethought me of water-mill:

but that stands still on Sundays: woman's tongue
Needs no reviving Sabbath. And, besides,

A mill, to give it motion, waits for grist;

Now, whether she has ought to say or no!

A woman's tongue will go for exercise.

In short, I came to this conclusion:

Most earthly things have their similitudes,

But woman's tongue is yet incomparable!!

SLIP-SLIP.

Emilius-Paulus Faminus Quintus Julius Cæsar Muzlemump, is a man of fine natural parts, a great admirer of the liberal sciences, and was educated in the learned profession of a soap-boiler. When he had gone through a regular process of his professional studies, it happened that the beautiful and accomplished Miss Margaretta-Maria Sophia Angelicana Grizzlegig, became deeply enamoured with this same Emilius-Paulus Elaminus Quintus Julius Cæsar Muzlemump, and was married to him, contrary to the consent of both her papa and mama, who kept a respectable pawnbroker's repository in the polite neighbourhood of Drury-Lane.

A reconciliation, however, was gradually brought about; and, in the course of three years, the father and mother both departed this transitory life, leaving Emilius-Paulus and Margaretta-Maria in possession of a genteel fortune.

Emilius-Paulus now gave up his business, whereby he became enabled to enjoy at large those more accomplished pursuits for which nature had so manifestly designed him.

It is about five years since Emilius-Paulus quitted business; in which time, as he himself says he has made no small progress in the circle of polite literature: but, unfortunately, Emilius and Margaretta-Maria are strangers to that inviolable maxim, upon which sub ist all the felicities of wedlock; for, in general, whatever the one admires, the other has a particular aversion to. In short, they scarcely ever agree two days together; and the subjects upon which they quarrel, are frequently education and family.

It is not many days since I had the honor to attend the above lady and gentleman in a hackney coach to that agreeable situation called Mount Pleasant. "I do insist upon your going," says Emilius-Paulus; "for I'll shew you one of the sweetest and most rural places you ever seed." But we had not ridden half a mile from Smithfield, when Emilius-Paulus, putting his head out at one of the windows, ordered the coachman to drive more faster; upon which Margaretta-Maria, putting her head out at the other, ordered him to drive more slower. "Drive more suster, I say coachman," cries Emilius-Paulus.—"I say drive more slower, coachman," replies Margaretta-Maria.—Emilius-Paulus submitted, and the horses kept only a gentle trot.

When we were arrived at Mount Pleasant, and had ordered tea and coffee, Emilius-Paulus taking me by the arm, assured me, he would now shew a most captivating prospect. "We'll just," says lie, "walk up to the sur-
-sus of the Mount, and then we have all before us. Here! here! here's beauty, already!—Now here! now mind! only obseve!

—There's Shooter's Hill!—and there!—Don't you see that there white house there? Don't you see a thing like a cubola?—Skin your eye a little more this way, and then you'll have it.—O ravishing landscap!—and there's St. Paul's church just before us!—and there's the Monerment!—and there's St. Bride's church, where my wife and I was married!—"Ay, hang the church," cries Mrs. Muzlemump, "I've hated the sight of it ever since."—"And so have I too," replies Emilius-Paulus.—"And there you see the river Tems, and the hills in Surrey!—Now isn't this the most rural and most sweetest place you ever seed!—This is the place for philosophers!"

Mrs. Muzlemump, with a kind of contemptuous smile, observed, "that she had been taught to understand, that philosophers always choose solitary places to live in;" but Emilius-Paulus insisted that she knew nothing about the matter.

When we had sufficiently viewed each attractive object, and retired to the coffee-room, Emilius, looking very importantly at me, asked me whether or no I had ever read Pope's works? "That there Pope," added he, "was a man of fine talons, and a true son of Parmassicus!" Mrs. Muzlemump, turning her head gracefully towards me, most politely apologized for the insipidity of her husband's company. Upon which, Emilius-Paulus, looking dreadfully angry at her, called her "a poor illiter'd wretch!"

"Illiter'd!" replies Mrs. M. with fine spirit—"What do you mean, Sir, by illiter'd?"—My family was never none of them illiter'd!—My uncle Hogwash, of Cripplegate Ward (that's now dead and gone) was famous for his learning, and gave me the best of educations; and I was always look'd upon as a lady of genius and sentiment, till I had

the misfortune to take leave of my senses, & throw'd myself headlong away upon a paltry soap-boiler! I might have—"

"Soap-boiler, Madam!" replies Emilius-Paulus, with great dignity of resentment—"a soap-boiler! surely as good as the daughter of a scurvy pawn-broker!"

"Intolerable imperance!" cries poor dear Mrs. Muzlemump, with tears in her eyes—"What do you mean you villain, by your scandal on the memory of my papa?—I wish he was alive to beat you."

Emilius-Paulus would have continued the quarrel, had not I interfered: Mrs. Muzlemump, however, renewed it on our return home; and supremely happy I therefore thought myself, when the welcome moment arrived for my taking leave of this blessed couple.

Two of the greatest evils, surely, which deform the human mind, are pride and ignorance united.

The above amiable lady has an only daughter, to whom nature has indulgently given many personal attractions: but it were better perhaps for the daughter, if she was less pretty; for the lessons which she receives daily from her accomplished mama, may render her in spite of all her beauty, one of the ugliest objects breathing.

Persons of mean extraction, of confined education, and mistaken ideas, are often the most unfortunate, when fortune apparently smiles most on them; for what is elevation in life without cultivation of manners?

[London paper.]

ACCOUNT

ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS AND THE DEATH OF PLINY THE ELDER, who perished on the occasion.

From Pliny's Epistles.

PLINY TO TACITUS.

You desire that I should write you an account of my uncle's death, that you may be enabled to transmit a more exact relation of it to posterity. I return you thanks. For I foresee, that if this accident should be celebrated by your pen, the glory of it will be rendered for ever illustrious. And notwithstanding he perished by a misfortune, which, as it involved at the same time a most beautiful country in ruins, and destroyed so many populous cities, seems to promise him an everlasting remembrance; notwithstanding he has himself composed many and lasting works; yet I am persuaded, the mentioning of him in your immortal writings will greatly contribute to eternalize his name. Happy I esteem those to be, whom providence has distinguished with the abilities either of doing such actions as are worthy of being related, or of relating them in a manner worthy of being read; but doubly happy are they who are blessed with both these uncommon talents; in the number of which my uncle, as his own writings, and your history will evidently prove, may justly be ranked. It is with extreme willingness, therefore, I execute your commands; and should indeed have claimed the task, if you had not enjoined it.

He was at that time with the fleet under his command at Misenum. On the 24th of August, about one in the afternoon, my mother desired him to observe a cloud, which appeared of a very unusual size and shape. He had just returned from taking the benefit of the sun, and after bathing himself in cold water, and taking a slight repast, was retired to his study; he immediately arose, and went out upon an eminence from whence he could more distinctly view this very uncommon appearance. It was not at that distance discernible from what mountain this cloud issued, but it was found afterwards to ascend from Mount Vesuvius. I cannot give you a more exact description of its figure, than by resembling it to that of a pine-tree, for it shot up to great height in the form of a trunk, which extended itself at the top into a sort of branches; occasioned, I imagine, either by a sudden gust of air that impelled it, the force of which decreased as it advanced upwards, or the cloud itself being pressed back again by its own weight, expanded in this manner. It appeared sometimes bright, and sometimes dark and spotted, as it was either more or less impregnated with earth and cinders.

This extraordinary phenomenon excited my uncle's philosophical curiosity to take a nearer view of it. He ordered a light vessel to be got ready, and gave me liberty, if I thought proper, to attend him. I rather chose to continue my studies; for, as it happened, he had given me an employment of that kind. As he was coming out of the house, he received a note from Rectina, the wife of Bassus, who was in the utmost alarm at the imminent danger which threatened her; for her villa being situated at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, there was no way to escape but by sea; she earnestly entreated him therefore to come to her assistance. He accordingly changed his first design, and what he began with a philosophical he pursued with an heroic turn of mind. He ordered the galley to be put to sea, and went himself on board with an intention of assisting not only Rectina, but several others; for the villas stand extremely thick upon that beautiful coast.

When hastening to the place from whence others fled with the utmost terror, he steered his direct course to the point of danger, and with so much calmness and presence of mind, as to be able to make and dictate his observations upon the motion and figure of

that dreadful scene. He was now so nigh the mountain, that the cinders, which grew thicker and hotter the nearer he approached, fell into the ships, together with pumice stones, and black pieces of burning rock.

They were likewise in danger not only of being aground by the sudden retreat of the sea, but also from the vast fragments which rolled down from the mountain, and obstructed all the shore. Here he stopped to consider whether he should not return back again; to which the pilot advising him, "Fortune," said he, "favours the brave; carry me to Pomponianus." Pomponianus was then at Stabia, separated by a gulf, which the sea, after several insensible windings, forms upon the shore. He had already sent his baggage on board; for though he was not at that time in actual danger, yet being within view of it, and indeed extremely near, if it should in the least increase, he was determined to put to sea as soon as the wind should change.

It was favourable, however, for carrying my uncle to Pomponianus, whom he found in the greatest consternation. He embraced him with tenderness, encouraging and exhorting him to keep up his spirits; and the more to dissipate his fears, he ordered the baths to be got ready; when, after having bathed, he sat down to supper with great cheerfulness, or at least (what is equally heroic) with all the appearance of it.

In the mean time the eruption from Mount Vesuvius flamed out in several places with much violence, which the darkness of the night contributed to render still more visible and dreadful. But my uncle in order to soothe the apprehensions of his friend, assured him it was only the burning of the villages, which the country people had abandoned to the flames. After this he retired to rest, and it is most certain he was so little discomposed as to fall into a deep sleep; for being pretty fat, and breathing hard, those who attended without actually heard him snore. The court which led to his apartment being now almost filled with stones and ashes, if he had continued there any time longer, it would have been impossible for him to have made his way out; it was thought proper, therefore, to awaken him. He got up, and went to Pomponianus and the rest of his company, who were not unconcerned enough to think of going to bed. They consulted together whether it would be most prudent to trust to the houses, which now shook from side to side with violent concussions; or fly to the open fields, where the calcined stones and cinders, though light indeed, yet fell in large showers, and threatened destruction.

In this distress they resolved for the fields, as the less dangerous situation of the two; a resolution which, while the rest of the company were hurried into by their fear, my uncle embraced upon cool and deliberate consideration. They went out then, having pillows tied upon their heads with napkins; and this was their whole defence against the storm of stones that fell around them.

It was now day every where else, but there a deeper darkness prevailed than in the most obscure night; which however was, in some degree, dissipated by torches and various lights of other kinds. They thought proper to go down farther upon the shore, to observe if they might safely put out to sea; but they found the waves still run extremely high and boisterous. There my uncle having drank a draught or two of cold water, threw himself down upon a cloth which was spread for him when immediately the flames, and a strong smell of sulphur, which was the forerunner of them, dispersed the rest of the company, and obliged him to rise. He raised himself up with the assistance of two of his servants, and instantly fell down dead; suffocated, as I conjecture, by some gross and noxious vapour, having always had weak lungs, and being frequently subject to a difficulty of breathing. As soon as it was light again, which was not till the third day after this melancholy accident, his body was found entire, and without any marks of violence upon it, exactly in the same posture that he fell, and looking more like a man asleep than dead.

During all this time my mother and I, who were at Misenum—but as this has no connection with your history, so your enquiry went no farther than concerning my uncle's death; with that therefore, I will put an end to my letter. Suffer me only to add, that I have faithfully related to you what I was either an eye-witness of myself, or received immediately after the accident happened, and before there was time to vary the truth.

You will chuse out of this narrative such circumstances as shall be most suitable to your purpose: for there is a great difference between what is proper for a letter, and an history; between writing to a friend, and writing to the public. Farewell.

FROM THE WASHINGTON FEDERALIST.

AS a proof of the position laid down by Dr. Goldsmith, in his *Animated Nature*, "That the human mind, as well as body progresses more rapidly towards maturity, as we proceed to the south, until getting within the tropics," the following extract is made from a letter written by a boy of fifteen; having had barely a common English education—and living in Augusta, Georgia, to a friend on the Potomac.

"With regard to your opinions of my learning Latin, they are in a measure correct and just. *Nature* has, I confess, poured into my youthful bosom the spirit of ambition; but Fortune has buried my humble name beneath the waves of obscurity. But say, O you! who profess to be the council of my youth, is that any reason why I should ever remain so? No—Let me spring from the nether depth by my own exertion; let me

soar upon the wing of hope, rendered steady and stable by prudence and precaution, and who knows but I may at one day reach the Olympian height of glory—and the name of —at no very distant day, become dear to Columbia and Columbians! Forgive this strain of rhapsody—it is the wish of my heart, and my pen is always guided by its impulses.

—Ambition! thou grand producer of good and evil, as nature has implanted you in my breast, I will not oppose you by pretended philosophy—but cherish you by encouragement while I check your violence by virtue. Never will I establish my fame though, upon the ruins of that of others—Never will I rise upon the fall of another! The history of nations is spotted with human blood—Nay every page exhibits the crimson hue of homicide. The pathway to the temple of glory, in every age, appears to have been crossed by the stream of murder, and obstructed by the wounds of misery—and those who wished to go there, were, it seems, obliged to wade through and step over them. This for a moment makes me pause—and to think it better to die in obscurity than to climb the eminence of infamy merely to be seen. But my doubts are soon dissipated—They cease when I raise mine eyes to the noble form of Washington!—August, venerable hero! where shall we see such a man? Not in Greece, not in Rome, not in Carthage—or in short we shall see such a man no where. Rome boasts of the virtues of a Numa; Sparta, of the virtuous wisdom of Lycurgus; and England of that of her beloved Alfred: But who but Columbia can boast of the patriotic bravery! the surprising virtue! the public and private probity of a Washington? Yes, my Country, you are the mother of the greatest man that ever decked the earth.

"I will endeavour to follow his bravery, while I emulate his other patriotic virtues. I will joy to be the disciple of a Washington! remembering that virtue is the only true, sure, and firm basis of fame. Caesar is held up both for our admiration and our scorn—So is Hannibal of Garbage, Themistocles of Athens, William of England, & Euoneparts of France. But Washington must be held up for our admiration and veneration alone."

CHARLESTON, September 11.

The schooner Sally, L. Dickinson, master, has arrived at New-Haven, in 16 days from Antigua, where she had been sent in by the privateer Grand Turk—cargo condemned as French property, although most of it was owned in New-Haven—vessel cleared. After her capture the mate and two of the hands were taken out and put on board the privateer, which sank a few days after off the barbou of Antigua, and every soul on board perished, to the number of between 60 and 70. Men taken from the Sally, were Samuel P. Jones, of Milford, (Conn.) has left a wife and several children—Almon Beach, of Litchfield, about 17 years of age—James Livingston, New-Rochelle, N. Y. about 18 years of age.

SAVANNAH, AUG. 20.

A letter received by a gentleman in this city from his overseer on Skidaway Island, mentions that the Caterpillar have made their appearance very numerously in the cotton field of Major Charles Oddingsell. We do not know of their having appeared anywhere else, but we fear that notwithstanding they are six weeks later this season than they were last, they may yet do great damage to the cotton planters.

A letter from a respectable house in Liverpool, dated July 13, says the underwriters alarmed by the recent capture of the ship Mary, from New-York, for Liverpool, have raised the premium of insurance to 8 and 10 per cent.

New-York paper.

Extract of a letter to the editor of the Boston Repository, dated Hacanna, July 4, 1805.

SIR,

Advices have this moment been received here, that the government of New-Prvidence have passed a decree, granting liberty to their citizens to send in for adjudication all American & other vessels that shall go for their return cargoes to the Seaports in this island—unless proof can be exhibited, that such ports were ports of entry for American vessels in time of peace.

You will please to make public this circumstance for the information and government of our Commercial Friends, adventuring this way.

NEW-YORK, SEPT. 7.

The alarm of fever has already become pretty general; more so, we trust, than the real situation of the city would require. From that part which at present appears to be the principal seat of the disease, namely, between Pearl-street & the East river, from the Old slip to the Fly market, a considerable number of the citizens have removed and probably in the course of a few days it will be wholly evacuated. The measure, whether necessary or not, will be of beneficial tendency, as while those who remove will be free from danger, those who remain will in consequence be less exposed.

Two inward bound ships (says the New-York Mercantile Advertiser of the 28th ult.) were captured on Monday off the Hook by the two British vessels of war who are now blockading this port.

Two Dwelling Houses
TO RENT.

Apply to M. M. TOOMER,
Wilmington, Augt 20, 1805.