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MISCELLANEOUS.

FROM THE ALBANY GAZETTE AND DAILY ADVERTISER.

AMERICAN GENIUS.

On Tuesday last was exhibited before the Society of Arts in this city, a specimen of the genius of a self-taught astronomer. It is a machine whose power of revolution is a time-keeper. It consists of a 13 inch terrestrial globe, moon, sun, &c. The time-keeper puts in motion an appendage of 15 wheels, 12 of which revolve round a stationary wheel denominated the arctic pole, which describes the unequal orbit of the globe in its semi-annual revolution, viz. from the vernal to the autumnal equinox.

These revolving auxiliary wheels, belonging to the appendage, are attached to a revolutionary plate, which revolves round an emblematic pole called the arctic, in one year, which mechanically depicts a solar and sidereal year at one view, by transposing the eye from the solar to the sidereal index. The machine is so constructed on an incontestible systematic principle of calculation, as to coincide with astronomical calculations made and fitted to any designated meridian. It will coincide with the heavenly bodies with as great precision and accuracy as can be applied by mechanical powers. For instance, the machine may be set to the meridian of Greenwich, the representative of commencing revolution in the first degree or point of Aries, one year after six centuries—the Armillary, Elliptical axis, Declination, 0: days and nights uniform—viz. Meridian of Greenwich, Aries, Armillary, Elliptical pole, and the rational horizon coincide on the 21st June—the arctic pole of the globe elevated to 13 deg. 25 min.—vice versa in the winter solstice; declination north 23 deg. 28 min. sun in cancer. 23d Sept. sun in libra; on the 21st Dec. sun in capricorn; on the 20th March, sun in 44 70 hundredths of a deg. in aries; therefore the vernal equinox will commence about 6 o'clock P. M.—the moon's mean diurnal motion 13 deg. 10 min.—her inclination on the axis to the plane of her ecliptic 5 deg. 25 min.—her period 27 days, 7 hours, 43 min.—synodical revolution 29 days, 12 hours, 44 min.—the extreme points of her northing 28 deg. 43 min.—her diurnal northing and southing 3 deg. 14 min.—her periodical northing and southing about 9 deg. 43 min.

FROM THE NEW YORK DAILY ADVERTISER.

THE NEOLOGIST.

O Woman! in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy and hard to please!

In the sixth century before Christ, there dwelt a school master at Athens, who was troubled with a sulky wife. Although he was neither the first nor last of his profession, who have been in that predicament one source of his anxiety was rather singular, and distinguishes him from all pedagogues, who have been tormented with evil spirits in the shape of their better halves, from Socrates down to the last hen-pecked husband on record.—The adventures of this birchen-seeped monarch, are not to be found in the works of any Greek historian, philosopher, or poet; it is not preserved by Athenæus, or gleaned from any of the scholiasts; but the narrative may be relied on as faithfully as may the exploits of Hercules.

This poor little fellow, whose name was Hippecons, was bandy-legged and wry-faced. His subsistence he derived from instructing a dozen little ragged lousians to read; by which he picked up a tolerable livelihood. He meddled in nobody's matters but his own; took no concern in the affairs of state, and left mobs, elections, and juries to his neighbors. Patriotism was a very fine thing: Codrus had a long knife run through his ribs for patriotism; but what was that to him who was only a poor bandy-legged and wry-faced schoolmaster. He cared not whether a king or archer ruled the people, provided he could maintain his authority over twelve ragamuffins.

Conforming to these principles, he found his circumstances gradually improving, and his comforts multiplying apace; when fate, in an evil hour, caused him to bring home a smart little Athenian wench to manage his household. He gave all his pupils a holiday, and was for three days completely happy in his novel situation—Cyria, (this was his wife's name) leapt into the chariot with much grace, and held the reins lightly over his head.

But it was an age of experiment, revolutions and turmoil, as Hippecons soon found to his cost. When the festivities and congratulations were over, and he had returned to his daily avocations, he soon began to realize that he was no longer master in his own house. He had been so long used to the idiocracy and selfish ways of old bachelorship, that he did not slip his neck with much facility into the silken noose of Hymen. The principal source of his irritation and fear, was the prodigality and gadding disposition of his wife, which he soon,

but too late, discovered. When he had dismissed his school, and came home expecting tranquility and pleasure, his ears were saluted with a gabbling noise, louder and shriller than the hum of the stubborn and vociferous gang whom he had been all day controlling. He found uniformly a collection of idle gossips, talking all manner of strange things, about everybody in the town; and withal consuming his substance with no manner of compassion.

He expostulated, at last, with his spouse, on the dangerous tendency of her conduct, and declared she was bringing him to poverty and ruin. She told him "to mind his school;" and was so sour and sulky for a week afterwards, that the miserable Hippecons had to make his peace with the most abject entreaties and fawning fondness. Proud of her triumph, Cyria grew worse and worse. He saw his little property dwindling away; and his scholars got flogged the harder for his ill humor. But in the midst of his growling and discontent, a new storm broke over his head, and vented its fury in a shower of fisticuffs.

Biacrates and Hiscurotatos rushed into his school one morning, and began to abuse him in none of the mildest language. They said his wife had spread a most scandalous report about their sister, and he should suffer for it; with this they made no more ado, but eudged him until he sprawled roaring and writhing at their feet, to the no small delocation of his giggling disciples.

Stung with shame, and foaming with revenge, he repaired to the author of all his troubles, who when had finished, told him he was a cowardly sneak, and deserved to be drubbed by every man he met, if he could take no better care of himself. Her caustic reproaches made the enoher rise so vehemently in his gorge, that he could no longer refrain. He resolved to show his valor, and fell stupidly upon her. The smart of his bruises made him deaf to compassion, and in truth he labored her in a most uniathen-like manner.

But as cooler reflection came, he began to repeat his precipitancy, and even made some advances to the sullen Cyria. But she repulsed them all with such profound contempt, that he left his house in despair, and wandered about the streets like a crazy person; till hunger and fatigue drove him back again, singing the following melancholy song:

LAMENT OF HIPPECONS.

I was wry mouthed, and bandy-legged,
But no man's charity I begged,
I did not care for N. body,
Nobody did not care for me,
Non— I injur'd none I pray'd,
None cried Zen So—, when I sneez'd.

I fell into a vagary
And took a woman five feet high;
For three days and nights, me at
N one was so best as I;
She was kind and I was pleas'd,
She cried Zen So—, when I sneez'd.

But motley yarn is spun by Fate,
And thus I found I need no late;
I us'd to whip, but now I'm whipt,
And my halter can't be slept,
Unless a hempen cord I tie,
Zen So—, stug, and swing, and die!

When the unhappy pedagogue arrived at his house again, he found the eternal gossips in full divan, who immediately opened the floodgates of their indignation upon him, calling him all the vile names they could think of, and prepared to resent, tooth and nail, the violated majesty of gynecocracy. Like a bated bull, driven to despair, he turned upon them, foaming with irritation, and drove them all out of doors; and then returned to enjoy for the evening the company of his amiable partner.

The gossips took their revenge. They circulated his story with such rapidity, that he met a universal griff on the visages of those whom he encountered next day; and if the sweet humor with which he went to his school, had found objects on which to vent itself, there is no conjecturing the extent of the consequences. But his disciples were not there, and they came no more. Their fathers did not choose to have their children beaten by such a cowardly fellow; and if he could not make his own wife keep her tongue, he was not fit, they said, to govern the future soldiers of the state.

In this dilemma, the poor Hippecons came to a sudden resolution. Without saying a word to his wife, he made a package of his most valuable goods; put in his pocket all the money he could muster, and departed at dusk, from Athens; leaving as a legacy, his matriculations on the whole town in general, and on his wife in particular: he determined to make a pilgrimage to Delphos, to consult the oracle on the proper mode of managing a concubacious wife.

On this wise expedition he set out, with much secret satisfaction at the brilliancy of the idea he had started. His poverty was his protection on the journey; and the casual gratuities of travelling merchants, enabled him to reach the country of the Crisseans. This people were then pursuing that nefarious system of depredation, when afterwards carried them to the commission of sacrifice, and to plunder with undistinguishing rapine; and which drew them, in the end, the vengeance of the Amphictyons, and with it, the total extermination of their race. When our traveller arrived at the city of Crissea, he was seized at the gate of the town; and hurried immediately to the custom-house, where the officers exacted duties from every pilgrim to the temple of Apollo, and fleeced all the merchants who went there in the way of traffic.

After the chief Telones or tax gatherer, had

examined a great many other strangers from different parts of the Peloponnesus, Hippecons was carried before him. The myrmidons of office stripped him to the skin; but all the reward of their labors and contents of his pockets, were a few small coins, some old skins, a style, and sundry other equally valuable articles; while his wallet held only a few figs, and a change of ragged apparel. The Farmer of this iniquitous branch of the Crissean revenue, then demanded of the traveller, "who he was, where he was going, and what he wanted?" to which Hippecons made answer, that he was an Athenian, and that he was going to Delphos, to learn how to manage his wife. "Indeed," said Syllagos, (which was the publican's name) "if that betwixt case, I must have some farther conversation with you." So saying, he commanded all the poor man's goods and chattels to be restored to him, and leaving his business with deputies, he bade the schoolmaster follow him. He led him to his own palace, one of the most sumptuous of that day; and after having heard his story, thus addressed him:—

"Honest Hippecons," said Syllagos, "thy lot and mine are cast in different moulds: but the bulk of our respective misfortunes is nearly equal; if any difference there be, the advantage is in thy favor. You are as poor as any ghost that pays Charon a penny for a passage to hell; bandy-legged, wry-mouthed, and bald as Therites; and to crown all, you are a schoolmaster, which I take to be as vile a combination of moral and physical evil, as the fates can weave in their many colored loom. Without offence, I hope I may add, that you have none of the stoutest hearts, and none of the clearest heads.

"I am immensely rich, and can buy and sell half of the people in the place; to tell you the truth, I have not much bowels, and it is not to the tenderness of my conscience, but the singularity of your story, that you are indebted for the restitution of your miserable pittance. For this quality of mine, worshipped as a virtue by my countrymen, they have erected my statue in the market-place; and though the sculptor has not flattered me, it is a very respectable statue.

"But there is one thing yet unmentioned which sets my case in a different light. My wife makes ray riches only the sources of my torment, and I am indeed an incarnate Tantalus. My wife has borne me several children, and is perfectly faithful, alas! to my bed; I have no pretext to divorce her or put her out of my house. As your wife was young and pretty, mine is as old as Negtor and ugly as Cerberus. As your's was prodigal, mine is stingy; and as your's was sullen, mine is loquacious. I married her for sure, as you married yours for love. Your wife's self-interest of your pecuniary concerns has ruined you; while my spouse's parsimonious disposition prevents me from enjoying my wealth. She was the daughter of my predecessor; and as I got a good fortune by her, and dare not offend her relations, she contrives, in spite of her wrinkles, to maintain her authority over me; debarring me from all domestic enjoyment; and affecting, by her meanness, the whole appearance of my establishment, keeping all strangers of distinction, as well as my own citizens from my porch. Now I will tell you what I mean to do; as you are certainly going on an expedition which makes you appear very ridiculous, I will disguise myself, and go to Delphos with you; and you shall consult the oracle for us both."

Hippecons was highly delighted with this renouveau. He reflected, that although he should obtain no satisfactory response to his query, he could not fail to find his journey profitable, from the friendship of such a man as Syllagos.

The temple of Apollo, and the surrounding scenery, have been faithfully described by other authors; and as the pair met with no uncommon adventure, we shall not give a particular account of their progress. But when the priests received the question.—"A schoolmaster wants to know how to govern his wife?"—they returned him for answer, "that he must find out what part of speech his wife was, and manage her according to the signs of concord and government." When Hippecons made a similar demand for the rich Crissean, he received for advice, "that he must make the tour of Greece, and observe the conduct of husbands in the different states."

With these oracular replies, the travellers, like all others, departed greatly dissatisfied and in worse perplexity than ever. However, as none better could be obtained, and they heard that the seven wise men were holding a meeting at Olympia, they bent their footsteps thither. They came before the sages who were sitting in full divan, in the open air—Hippecons, making three scrapes, and clearing his throat, then began to address them in the following manner:

"Hew-hollo! my masters! being a poor pedagogue, I have been to consult the oracle about my wife, who is the stubbornest jade in all Athens; and am directed to find out what part of speech she is. Now all your wise sayings and speeches will not help me out a whit on this matter. You, Solon say—know thyself—I know myself to be the arrantest ass that ever brayed; and a bigger fool than any of the companions of Ulysses, who got into the cave of the Cyclops; but I have not his wisdom to know how to help myself out. You, Chilo, wish—to see the end of a long life—and that, God knows, I shall never see, if my wife means to enjoy the prospect in my company. You, Pittacus, have advised us—to know our opportunity—or, what I take to be pretty

much the same thing, to know when we are well off; but, as it is all over me, your council is of no use. You, Bias, have told us—that the wicked are more numerous than the good—and that, of course, in both sexes; which is a very just remark; but, as I said before, is no great consolation to me at present. You, Periander, have assured us—that industry can perform any thing.—alone, I grant you, but when I pull one way, and my wife the other, it fares with my substance, as it did with the carcasses, which the robber, when Hercules destroyed, tied between the bent limbs of a tree; it is all torn in pieces, to make sport for the winds and the vultures. You, Cleobulus, tell us—that the middle way is best—in matrimonial affairs, I take it, that reasoning is the middle way betwixt coaxing and coaxing; but my wife is ignorant of the first principles of logic. She has been her all agog; violence makes her angry; and to argument she is utterly deaf. You, Thales, have warned me—'but— I beg to aster to others, they would be damaged.—I risked my happiness on the discretion of my wife, and have got a beating in consequence; the bruises of which I still carry, and expect to wear in my grave. Not being able to gather any instruction as to the present case, from all your wise speeches, I pray, my masters, that you will tell me what part of speech a wife is, for which I shall be everlastingly obliged to you."

"Why, said Thales, are you a schoolmaster, and do not know that she is a noun substantive, and must be governed by an active verb." "But, said Hippecons, my wife is utterly indeclinable, and has no indexes whatever, being always the same stubborn, inflexible and provoking Pterocelle." "You are the personal pronoun, said Periander, and she is part of your accidence; being the property of your help mate to you, in subjection under you, and a companion with you—vocative wanting; because there ought to be no fluctuation in the case." "Ah! rejoined Hippecons, you tell me what she ought to be—but I repeat that she is the curse of my life; a Gergon to my sight; a dead weight on my shoulders; carrying me with her, until she will bring my red wig in sorrow to the grave—and as for the vocative, we were both in it, on the same day; when I got flogged on her account, and struck the balance on her carcass." "She is, said Pittacus, only an adjective; or adjunct to you, who are the substantive. She signifies nothing by herself, but, in connexion with you, qualifies your happiness; and she ought to agree with you, according to Syntax." "Not in Center, of course, said the Pedagogue; as to Number, God help me, she is a noun of multitude. For I beg, with reverence I speak it, I believe she is equal to you all; and if I should be long gone on my travels, I have no doubt, I should find a house full on my return. As to Case, she won't agree with me in any case whatever, being, as I told you, indeclinable." "A wife, said Solon is an impersonal verb, in all moods and times agreeing with nothing but herself, and governing by an oblique way of her own. The Destinies manage the construction of the sentence; and it behoves the members, to submit quietly to what they cannot controul or avoid." "Ah! cried Hippecons, I know you have composed a long poem about the Destinies; I won't trouble you to repeat it all now, I thank you; but if I had thought of it before I started from Athens, I might have been saved this long journey." "Come along, Hippecons, said Syllagos; we are likely to get no good here. I will arrange my affairs, and if my wife pleases, we will set out upon our tour." The remainder of this fragment is unfortunately lost.

Parther.—On Tuesday morning last, as some fishermen were proceeding to examine their set nets in the Hudson River, a little way below the town of Mount Pleasant, about thirty miles from New-York, they discovered the body of a large Panther floating near the net poles, having every appearance of being recently drowned in attempting to swim across the river, which is three about three miles wide. It was brought to this city the same day and presented to Mr. Scudder, the proprietor of the museum, who upon skinning the carcass, and opening the stomach, found in it some lamb's flesh still undigested, with a considerable piece of the skin, and fine wool adhering to it. The extreme fatness of the beast proved that he had enjoyed an excellent appetite, and it is probable that for a considerable time past he had been in the practice of making his supper on the best mutton the country afforded. His object in crossing the river must remain a secret: he probably got satiated with the Rockland mutton, and was determined to vary his repast with the pigs and poultry of West Chester; he found the river however much wider than his calculation, and his strength failing him, he was overwhelmed with the waves before any friend, if any such he had, could come to his assistance.

N. Y. Ev. Post.

Important Sale.—It is stated in the Mercantile Advertiser, on the authority of a gentleman from New Orleans, that Mr. Edward Livingstone has sold to the Corporation of that city his right to the celebrated Bature for the sum of 350,000 dollars.

DRAWING PAPER FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.