

[It is rare that a modern novel of the circulating library of Lane contains sense, or exhibits nature. In the "Mystic Cotager of Chamouny," amid a mass of absurdities, we are surprised to find the following poetical gem. It is worthy to be preserved; and the readers of the Gazette will allow, that we have picked up a diamond from a compelt heap.]

THE MULETEER.

WHEN o'er the moon a mystic veil, Obscures her pallid sylvan light, When howling winds burst o'er the dale, And no bright eve star lends its light; Then o'er the cliffs impending brow Our lowly muleteer must go. His twinkling lamp he cautiously bears, To guide him from the chasms deep; And oft the rushing cataract hears, When every eye is seal'd in sleep, Full drows the hour, through hail or snow Alas the muleteer must go. Joyous he views the rising dawn Break from the thick robd shades of night; With fluid gold the blushing morn Sheds the soft, ambient beam of light; O'er craggy steep, ascending slow Our blithsome muleteer must go. The early song-fires sweet reclines Upon her mates soft plumag'd breast, And warbling midst the waving pines, She courts the traveller to rest; For, oft as her sweet numbers flow, The muleteer forgets to go. Yet though severe the toil he braves, At midnight, shelter'd in some cot, He heeds not how the tempest raves, And all his hardships are forgot; When mountain raves, and mountain cheer, Refresh the weary muleteer. Then, traveller, his care repay, And let him turn his ragged mule, Back to his hovel bend his way, From fervid heats to cascades cool; For thus your bounty through the year, Supports the humble muleteer.

[The Connecticut wits are singularly successful in their parodies of the metre of STERNHOLD and HOPKINS & TATE and BRADY. The following from a New-England paper is early and humorous. It will moreover, apply to a neighbouring Democratic Editor, who is reported to be one of the drunkards of Ephraim.]

From the Messenger:

THE VANITY OF DRINKING.

"Claude j'm, pueri, rivoi." TEACH me the measure of the gin, Thou dealer of the dram, I would convey the glass, within, And learn how drunk I am. A girl is all that we can boast, A dram or two in time? Man is a drunken dog at most, In all his flower and grace, See the vain race of drunkards reel, Like Indians, o'er the plain; They rage, they fight, they cheat and deal, But all their noise is vain. Some walk the crack, to make a shew, Some roll upon the floor, Some pay the bill—they know not how, And straight they see no more. What should I with or wait for then From brandy, gin or rum? They make our expectations vain, And plague the folks at home. Now I forbid my foolish hope, My love of grog recal; I give my drunken frolics up, And make my home—MY ALL!

From the Wilmington Monitor.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRA.

Something new under the Moon!

Strange and interesting! very interesting indeed!—Hear with attention all ye antiquated desponding virgins, frequently though maliciously and falsely denominated old maids—all ye poor, forlorn, wandering, weather beaten old bachelors, who have neglected the golden opportunity, and passed your grand climacteric. All ye little girls, and big ditto—silly women, maids, maidens and maidenettes—prudes, coquettes, and coquettees, of all ages, shapes and sizes—all fops, foplings, foplingetts, and foplingees—tippees, and tippee bebs—all simpletons, ninnycomps, ninny hammers, and idiottes, with but little sense, and incorrigible blockheads with no sense at all—repair without delay to Mother Mad Cap, at the sign of the half moon, in the neighbourhood of all fools, where, for a trifling pit tance, you will be told all that she knows, and a great deal more, of past, present, or future events.

N. B. Young ladies, who are bankrupts in good sense, will find their advantage in applying as above. The vacuum of their pericraniums will be stored with subject-matter for conversation, for a week at a time, provided their silly heads can contain as much, at the most reasonable rates. A great discount will be allowed those who are under the necessity of calling every evening, and still greater to those who come every hour.

Stated hours of attendance, from 9 to 12 every evening.

NEW CALENDAR.

A Correspondent, in a merry mood, has amused himself with giving us a new set of names to the months, a la Françoise.—They run thus, beginning with April:

Spring: Showery, Flower, Bowery Summer: Moppy, Cloddy, Pop-py Autumn: Wheezy, Sneazy, Freezy Winter: Slippy, Drifpy, Nip-py.

The immaculacy of good Queen Bess has long been the burthen of prose and rhyme in these days; but who shall equal her favorite Raleigh in description? In one of his letters he observes, "he was wont to behold her riding like Alexander, bunting like Diana, walking like Venus, the gentle wind blowing her fair hair about her pure cheeks, like a nymph; sometimes sitting in the shade like a Goddess, sometimes singing like an Angel, and sometimes playing like Orpheus. Such a model of perfection in these times would, indeed, be a wench of wax!"

Expeditions Weaving.

A young man employed by Mess. John and Samuel Horrocks, of Preston, E. and took for a wager of five guineas, to weave a warp of muslin of 100 yards in length, and 6-4ths wide, 74 picks in an inch, in 1 week; but completed it to the satisfaction of the parties, as perfect manufacture, in five days and one hour.

A whimsical circumstance took place at one of our Theatres, during the representation of Pizarro, which considerably retarded the performance. An honest Tar in the boxes, who seemed by his dress to be a Lieutenant in the service, conceived such an antipathy to the character of Pizarro, that when the latter was expressing his design of revenge to Alonzo, the gallant son of Neptune could not refrain his feelings, but called, "Oh! you damn'd rascal," repeatedly, with great violence. The furriers attempted to keep him quiet, with the usual threat of turn him out. The Tar, however, despised their menaces, continuing to abuse the Spanish commander, and answering his opponents with "he is a damn'd rascal—I will I had him here," &c. &c. till poor Pizarro quitted the stage. Whenever Pizarro appeared the honest Tar grumbled forth his indignation, till his feelings were fully gratified in the fall of the tyrant.

EPITAPH,

Intended for John and Mary Hgg, (man and wife.)

[Written at the request of her husband.] Old John and Mary Hogg here lie, By butcher Death o'ertaken; Have mercy on the swinish pair, O Lord! and save their bacon.

PARISIAN MANNERS.

FROM A FRENCH PAPER.

Obscene books, the titles and prints of which are alike offensive to modesty and good taste, are the only sort exposed for sale. These monstrosities are exhibited every where, along the bridges, at the doors of the Theatres, on the Boulevards.—The poison is not dear, ten fous the volume.—Their productions of libertinism rise one above another in licentiousness, and have attacked public decency without restraint or fear. The vendors of these pamphlets may be called the privileged Merchants of corruption. Every title, that is not infamous, seems to be excluded from their catalogue. There youth, without impediment or scruple, may learn the elements of every vice.—This horrible manufacture of licentious books is carried on by a species of literary pirates, who will destroy learning and men of letters.

Its basis is that unlimited liberty of the press which the most infamous, wicked, or at all events, the blindest men are constantly crying out for. The institution of divorce, that sacrament of adultery, is one support of this disorder. It powerfully encourages the propensity to libertinism, maintained by luxury, by the custom of constantly visiting spectacles, balls, and the frivolous modes of dissipation in which Paris abounds above any city on earth. The multitude of theatres naturalises idleness, destroys the arts and artisans, paralyzes the arm, and effeminates the mind. Holidays must cease to exist, when the people are every day solicited to throw away half of the produce of their labour in supporting, or rather just enabling a phalanx of buffoons to live.

The Parisians think only of trifling, and laughing at the evils that await luxury. There is not a corner of a gate, or a wall, that is not covered threefold with bills, announcing remedies for diseases which attend the criminal indulgence of the passions. A thousand advertisements, of pretended cures, are put into the hands of old men, women, and girls, as they walk the streets; none are allowed to give or receive the paper.

Each district has its house of health. Here are the nervous eakes, chocolate plumbs, pastils, &c.—Next to these rank your Charlatans, who act the farce on horseback, or in their cabriolets, from which the Pierrrot distributes his infallible medicines to the found of cymbals, clarionets, and French horns. Such are the people of France, whom eight years have entirely changed; who drink, laugh, sing, dance, and murmur under a peaceable and vigilant government; accuse it in the morning of royalism; at night, of terrorism; caluminate it, menace it every instant, at least in words, after having endured in silence, nay often with an appearance of approbation, the reign of Robespierre."

POLITICAL

From the (Boston) Columbian Centinel.

THE JEFFERSONIAD,

NO. VI.

"Virtue is always existent, but dishonest Ambition accommodates its principles to its Interest"

MR. RUSSELL,

WHEN Mr. Jefferson, acted as his own executioner, by publishing his book he certainly did not possess a spirit of prophecy;—and, although he undertook to predict, that "immediately after the war we should go down hill, and that our rulers would become corrupt," yet I cannot believe that he was so much of a prophet as to foresee, at that time, that he should outlive his own reputation, that he should be obliged by a violent ambition, not simply to retract but to oppose his former opinions. Had he possessed that spirit of divination, this unfortunate work would have been suppressed, the world would have lost this specimen of American talents, and his political opponents would have been deprived of much "matter of derision and censure, at a future day."

In selecting some strong and decided passages of Mr. Jefferson's Notes on Virginia, I propose to effect three distinct and perfectly consistent objects:

1. To vindicate the conduct of the Federal government in their most obnoxious measures, by the unbiassed opinion of this now Jacobin philosopher, expressed at a moment when he was "less corrupt" according to his own declaration, and had less interest to disguise or conceal.

2. To put down the Jacobin faction, by an appeal to their patron and head, thereby proving that their clamours against the government, have been directed at the wisest measures, and such as Mr. Jefferson, "when he wrote the declaration of Independence" highly approved.

3. To humble, and disgrace the great statesman, by showing not only that he supports and leads a party, who directly oppose the principles which he has avowed in print; not only that he is a man of wavering and uncertain politics, but that, against the light and conviction of his own understanding, he now fosters and encourages sentiments opposed to his own, and hostile to the true interests, and real dignity of the people of the United States.

No one subject has excited Jacobinic fury more than the system of public taxation and expenditure.—It has given a soft melancholy to "many a pretty speech" in Congress. It has afforded "many a diletful ditty" to the pages of the Aurora and the Chronicle; and it has furnished to leaden-headed democrats, ample subjects of clamour and complaint. The whisky tax has excited one rebellion, which cost the United States, more than the whole produce of that article in Pennsylvania, since it was first established;—and the land tax, if you include the rebellion, the suppression of liberty poles, the conviction of Brown, and the double trial conviction and pardon of the innocent Pries, Gettman, and others, has been nearly absorbed by the very means of enforcing its collection. Now hear Mr. Jefferson, the present head of these opponents: In page 286 of his Notes, he says, "We could raise, [that is Virginia alone] and we ought to raise from one million to a million and an half of dollars annually, and this in specie. Again in page 293, "The value of our lands and slaves doubles in about twenty years." "The amount of what may be raised will of course rise in the same proportion." This book was written twenty years ago, and of course Virginia in the opinion of Mr. Jefferson, could now by direct tax, three millions of dollars annually; and the United States in the same ratio, could raise without distress twenty millions in dollars.—Now whatever may be our opinion of the correctness of Mr. Jefferson's calculation, what becomes of the Jacobin complaints?

The whole United States, call for only two millions, and so Mr. Jefferson's party gird on their swords to resist its collection, and millions of dull pens are wielded to create opposition to it. In what manner did Mr. Jefferson propose to expend this public money when raised? "In supporting the federal army, paying the federal debt—in building a navy, opening roads, clearing rivers, forming safe ports, and other useful works." page 289. In what manner have Congress expended the public money, for which they have been so bitterly and feverishly censured by Mr. Jefferson and his adherents? In supporting a small federal army not sufficient to garrison our frontier posts.—In repelling Indian and French aggressions and hostilities; in paying the interest of the national and the French debt; in suppressing two insurrections raised by Gallatin and Mr. Jefferson's oil adherents; in building fortifications; establishing post roads; erecting light houses and other works of public utility.

Next in magnitude to the Land Tax and Standing Army, the Naval Establishment of the United States has been the most prolific source of Jacobin complaint. The eloquence of the bick woodsmen of Pennsylvania and Virginia in the Congress of the United States, in opposition to a navy, have already cost the United States, the price of a ship of the line, and if you could arrive at any accurate estimate of the time and liquor wasted in grog-shop discussions upon this interesting topic, I am persuaded, that it would equip a navy more formidable to our enemies, than the gasconade of our vapouring faction.

Listen to the sentiments of a Solomon of Jacobinism, and confuse them ye democrats if ye dare!—The Sea is the field on which we should meet an European

enemy—on that element we should possess some power. Page 291. Again, "A small naval force then is sufficient for us, and a small one is necessary.—Here our Jacobins, unacquainted with their patron, might be disposed to triumph, and to adduce this passage as a proof of the economy and moderation of Mr. Jefferson's policy: But let us hear the patriot himself: "suppose the million of patriots which Virginia could annually spare to be applied to creating a navy; one year's contribution might equip, man and send to sea, a force which should carry 300 guns. In like manner one years contribution of the United States would set up a navy of 1800 guns." page 292. Again, "1800 guns, says he would form a fleet of 30 ships, 18 of which might be of the line, and twelve frigates." "Their annual expence would be about 2,304,000 dollars." Here then we discover what Mr. Jefferson would call a small naval force. What have his party, and Mr. Jefferson himself censured as an useless waste of the public money? Congress have built 15 frigates, and about twenty smaller vessels calculated to destroy the plundering corsairs of our late allies, and Mr. Jefferson's staunch friends, the French—they have been as successful as could have been expected:—Our property has been transplanted with vastly great security, and our old friends, convinced of our spirit, have been induced to court a new friendship with us.—Satisfied that they could not bully or plunder us into submission they are determined to try their happy knack of coaxing and wheedling.—At that sport, I am afraid they will prove an overmatch for the descendants of John Bull.

But what has so changed Mr. Jefferson's sentiments on the subject of a Navy since the year 1781? If the United States then consisting of three millions of inhabitants and with half their present wealth, could support 18 ships of the line and 12 frigates, why can they not now maintain 15 frigates and 2 sloops of war? Is it because this navy was advocated by his political opponents? John Adams recommended the measure? Or is it, that our commerce passed the ocean unimperturbed? Were there no pirates, no plundering picarons to molest and invade "the free charter of trade"? Could Mr. Jefferson stoop to consult his popularity on a subject so interesting to his country? Did he know the weak side of his fellow-citizens, that they value their money more and their honor less, than their true interest requires, and does he mean to flatter this weakness? Is he like the Syllas, the Cæsars, the Cromwells, the Bonapartes of other countries, and does he intend like them to mount the people upon their hobby-horse, come upon their blind side, and ride them to their own destruction? Or lastly, is it that this naval force was fitted out to repel the aggressions of his dear friends the French? That glorious people, for whom he formed to ardent an affection during four years of congeniality;—that people whose infidelity is so congenial with his own;—that generous people, ever busied in contriving the happiness of their old friends, the Americans:—That wise people who alone understood the true principles of liberty:—That magnanimous nation, who render disinterested services, and never demand even gratitude in return— who liberate nations from slavery, without putting them to the mortification of soliciting their assistance, and who demand no other requital, than the monuments of the fine arts, the delicious charms of their females, and their circulating medium:—That sympathetic people who alive to Mr. Jefferson's merits, did such ample justice to them, in the same address to Munroe, in which they execrate and denounce the American Government—and that honest and trusty race of men, to whom Mr. Jefferson confided his hatred of Washington, his enmity to the constitution, and his determination to overthrow it—[See the letter to Mazzei, a Frenchman, who like Stephen T. Mason, published it against Mr. Jefferson's wishes.] To all these causes my fellow citizens, but especially to the last, may we attribute Mr. Jefferson's opposition to the present navy and his barefaced desertion of his own principles exhibited in his aforesaid book; and for all these reasons and for various others which I shall hereafter assign, I think Mr. Jefferson ought not to be elevated to the Presidency unless we are prepared to jafs under the yoke of F ance.

DECIUS.

Positively the Last Night.

Messrs. HODGKINSON and BARRETT,

Respectfully request the Ladies and Gentlemen of Philadelphia, that the

Old Theatre, Southwark,

will be opened for

THIS EVENING ONLY,

August 4th,

With a species of entertainment, Moral, Instructive, and Amusing, consisting of Recitation, Music, Song, &c. and properly denominated

Feat of Reason

The Flow of Soul.

Part 1st.

Will commence with an OCCASIONAL ADDRESS, after 5 year's absence, by Mr. Hodgkinson,

To be followed by Mr. Barrett, who will deliver, the most selected parts of the celebrated George Alexander Stevens's

LECTURE ON HEADS.

Being a comic, satyric, whimsical, humorous, moral, illustrative Dissertation and Display of Heads, Hearts, Passions, Humours, Whims, Oddities & Characters.

In three parts.

To be patiate on the propriety of an Entertainment, where the Follies of Life are

exposed in laughable & striking colours, & the moral inferences drawn from such display, it is presumed, would be needless. It is well known that the ancients held this mode of instructive amusement in the highest degree of estimation; nor has it been less esteemed by the most polished nations among the moderns. "Catch the living manners as they rise," has ever been held not only allowable but meritorious; and the opinion given by one of the most enlightened of the sons of men, of the original compiler, of the Lecture now offered to the public, "That his merit, genius, and satirical observations, marked him as a Public Censor; and that his judicious display of Folly and Vice, entitle him not only to public encouragement, but public thanks." As the highly flattered attempts of the then living author must be considered as the highest eulogium to his manes; so it is hoped the same will to please and entertain in the present case, will be viewed at least with candour.

PART 1st.

- 1. Quack Doctor. 2. Coat of Arms. 3. Misfortune. 4. Simple Block. 5. Dissertation on Law, with a Cafe in Point. 6. Petty Fellow. 7. Nobody's Head. 8. Dissertation on Nothing. 9. Nobody's, Somebody's, or any Body's Coat of Arms. 10. Dissertation on Architecture, Painting, Poetry, Astronomy and Music. 11. Illustration of Law, Bullum versus Boatum.

PART 2d.

- 1. Riding Ho-d. 2. Lady of Fashion. 3. Fishwoman. 4. Contrast. 5. Crying Philosophers. 6. Laughing do. 7. Cleopatra. 8. Dissertation how Ladies will or may possess the beauties of Venus. 9. French Night Cap. 10. Old Maid. 11. Old Batchelor. 12. Brewze Head. 13. Flattery. 14. Honesty.

PART 3d.

- 1. A London Buck. 2. Lady of Ton. 3. American Sailor. 4. Connoisseur. 5. Turtle-eating Alderman. 6. Swindler. 7. Funeral of ditto. 8. Monument of ditto. 9. The Treatment of a Soldier in the year 45—Story of the Year 45. 10. Yorick by Shakespeare, and Trifram Shandy. 11. Methodist Preacher. 12. Conclusion.

Between the different heads, Mr. Hodgkinson will sing some of Dibdin's New and most Popular SONGS, never yet heard in America, with Recitation, &c. to be arranged in the following order.

PART 4.

After the dissertation on law with a cafe in point, the Song of TRUE GLORY, With various opinions, and an illustration of what True Glory is. After the illustration of BULLUM VERSUS BOATUM;—Part 1st, will finish with the Song of the

Country Club;

OR THE

SHIZZICAL SOCIETY.

PART 2d.

After the LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER, Mr. Hodgkinson will sing a much celebrated LAUGHING SONG.

End of the Head of the Old Batchelor, the new popular Song of

NEGRO PHILOSOPHY,

OR

Cudjo and Quashee.

Part the Second will finish with an

ODE TO LIBERTY.

PART 3d.

After the Head of an American Sailor, Mr. Hodgkinson will sing the

SAILOR'S JOURNAL.

After the Turtle eating Alderman, the much admired Song of

MOUNSER NONG TONG PAW,

OR

John Bull's Trip to France.

End of the Monument of the Swindler, a New Song, called

THE PROFESSIONAL GRINDERS.

Lawyers—Doctors—Gamesters—Taylors—Bakers—Millers—Barbers—Church-wardens—Coblers—Old Nick—Columbia's Grinders—the finish,

The Evening's Entertainment to finish with

A Monody,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

GENERAL WASHINGTON,

And concluding Song & Chorus.

Messrs. BARRETT & HODGKINSON, beg leave to assure the public, that every care has been taken to select an entertainment worthy their patronage and to make the Theatre commodious and cool as possible.

Places for the Boxes, to be had at Mr. North's.

Tickets to be had at Thomas & William Bradford's Book-Store, No. 8, South Front-street.

Box 1 Dollar—Pit 75 cents—Gallery 50 cents.

Doors to be open at 7 o'clock, and the performance to begin precisely at 8 o'clock.

For Halifax, Nova-Scotia, The Schooner

SUCCESS,

George Cook, Master;

now lying at the first wharf above Market-street—She has excellent accommodations for passengers.

For freight or passage apply to the Captain on board, or to

WILLIAM WRAY,

No. 5, Market-street.

July 30