

MARYLAND GAZETTE

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1804.

Miscellany.

FROM THE (N. Y.) MORNING CHRONICLE.

"Vir Bonafest quis?"
The good man is a quiz.

MICROCOSM.

AM an old fellow, whom my neighbours in the country call an ill-natured Hunk, and many other names, because I sometimes inveigh against modern fashions and modern manners, and scold the young bucks for their fopperies and the girls for their deceits; but above all because I am a bachelor. And I am good natured in the main—last summer I gave up a piece of land to one of my neighbours rather than go to law with him; and I even sometimes bear folding a beggar when he asks me for money. Notwithstanding all this, sir, my neighbours think me a cross-grained fellow, with no more of the milk of human kindness than a vinegar barrel.—The damns hold down their heads when I meet them, and the young fellows will go round about half a mile, rather than come in my way—and all this because I am an old bachelor.—Zounds, sir! if I was not the old natured fellow in the whole world, I would not be so patient. Hath not a bachelor eyes, ears, organs and dimensions, and feelings like other men? And is he to be set up as a scarecrow, because he has thought proper not to make a fool of himself.

Let me tell you, Mr. Editor, these things ought not to be; especially where a man has been misled, deceived and bamboozled, as I have been. My object therefore in sending you this is, that if I can induce some of my neighbours to see it in your paper, they may see that I became an old bachelor not from choice but necessity; and for this purpose I will lay before them, a short history of my "hair breadth escapes" and woful disappointments.

When I was about six and twenty, I fell in love, and that fondly too, with Miss Lydia Woodcock; as she was a first love, and I had read novels, I considered myself as in for it for life, and made up my mind to either die, and to I might if she had not got the better of me, and died first. This was my first disappointment in love, and I solaced myself by thinking that I might be all for the best. I also wrote an Epitaph two hundred lines, in each of which I celebrated some of the first magnitude.

My second mistress was a young lady from town, whose name I have forgotten. She murdered French music, rattled the keys of a Forte Piano like thunder, and worked Marmontel's Shepherds of the Alps, Stern's Maria in fatin, and they looked quite as good as the figures of a China jar, or an old fashioned set of curtains. In short, sir, she was possessed of the sum total of fine lady accomplishments.—

What a phenomenon for our village! I mounted my practical cart-horse, and run down a sonnet in half an hour. This furnished me an introduction, which I took every opportunity to improve. My visits went on swimmingly, and might soon have led to a conclusion, had not my adorable sent me a note in which twelve words were barbarously misspelt. This incident shook the castle of my affections pretty rudely, and it soon tumbled down to the bottom of the sea, with a mighty crash, and on one night by accident I discovered that she had dressed a fashion (which I find recently revived) without petticoats! Now you must know I was attached to the honest old Dutch mode of ten petticoats, with the addition of a large pocket on each side. I threw my sonnet into the fire, "whiff! whiff! bullero," sat down and read Juvenal's sixth satire, and in three hours after was as well as could be expected.

This affair sickened me of town ladies, and their accomplishments. I determined to seek in some sequestered shade, where art and fashionable manners were strangers, a woman whose heart was uncorrupted by fashion, and open to the original impressions of nature; and a woman who wore pockets and petticoats.

This treasure I fancied I at last found, and hope to smile on my expanded brow. Simplicity of manners, quoth I, when joined to good sense, consists in the charms of a woman. This I have found; and I am happy. At the end of this fine soliloquy I pulled up my leather breeches, cast my eurap-eyes towards the dwelling of this rare jewel and beheld her romping with a sturdy ploughman, who anon dwelt on her rosy lips. Now the duce be it, quoth I, and mounting my horse I rode home; not without however halting some-where for the purpose of consigning simplicity to "the Tartarus and black night."

In this ominous period, I was within a hair's breadth of commencing my bachelorship, but "con-son like an angel came" and whispered me "The mouse that has but one poor hole, can never be a mouse of any soul."

So I determined to try my fortune again. But, reason- ed I, as I am a very young fellow yet—I was but five and thirty—there is no occasion to be in such a hurry; I will examine, and compare, and peradventure, I may discover a woman not absolutely simple, yet who wears petticoats. In this idea, I mixed much in society, came often to town, and commenced a most absolute beau. I purchased pleasure where it was to be sold, and in a space of five years, was three times on the eve of declaring myself to as many different ladies; but as my evil star would have it, just as I arrived at the awful crisis of popping the question, some left scrupulous or more ardent lover would step in and bear away the lady before my eyes.

By this time I had insensibly sidden down into the valley of the shadow of departed youth, my grey hairs, and the opening furrows of my cheeks warned me, it was time to think of other pursuits than that of a wife. I took the hint like a wife man, quitted for ever the gay world, and commenced country gentleman. In this retreat I might live happily were it not for the cursed name of old bachelor, which rings its larum in my ears whenever I come within hearing of the youthful and gay. This never fails of tripping up the heels of philosophy, and when the young ones observe this, they giggle with redoubled violence.

If I offer to say a civil thing to a woman, who is not as old and as ugly as the witch of Endor, the young fellows absolutely shout with laughter, and I am obliged to retreat with precipitation.

And now, sir, if you can find room, for my sad case in your paper, my neighbours, who all read it, will learn to respect my disappointments, and I shall escape the ordeal of laughter for being an old bachelor, which I cannot deny. I am, &c. WALTER WITHERS.

FROM THE BOSTON REPERTORY.

THE INVISIBLE LADY.

WITHIN a few days there has been exhibited in this town an apparatus of a very curious and astonishing construction. It is an occult application of philosophic principles which has perplexed the savants of both the old and new world. We do not learn that the mystery of the invisible has been comprehended by any but the original inventor, and the very few who have become proprietors, though the philosophers of Europe and America have inspected the apparatus with the most inquisitive attention.

On entering a considerable spacious chamber we see an octagonal frame in the middle of the room, of about five feet diameter; in the centre of which a small temple is suspended, and in it, a gilt box of about eight inches square and ten deep. This temple is supported from iron rods fixed to the upper part of the frame by small cords, flexible and evidently composed of threads. It is demonstrated that there is no communication whatever, between the box, and any adjacent apartments by tube. The temple is in contact with no visible substance but the cords. In the four sides of the box are inserted four trumpet mouth- ed tubes. From the mouths of these tubes proceed the answers to questions proposed in a distinct voice, resembling that of a young girl.

So complete is the deception, that many persons have left the room under strong conviction that there was in fact, a dwarf within the box, and it is true, the senses lead to no other conclusion. For, the conver- sation on the part of the lady, proceeds in opposite directions from the box in the centre, thro' the tubes.

On holding any thing near a globular reflector over the box, her ladyship gives a particular description of it.

She can be heard to breathe through the tube and throws her breath sensibly upon the hand, when ap- plied to the mouths of any or all of the trumpets.

The Abbe Sicard has asserted that her breath was sometimes impregnated with the odour of liquors; but since her residence in this country, she has so far ad- opted our steady habits as to give occasion to no such scandalous remarks.

But without pretending to understand the construc- tion of the apparatus, which produces these extraor- dinary phenomena, it is undoubtedly a very ingenious application of the doctrine of acousticks, and the voice we hear is a reverberation of sound from *we know not where*. It is not the effect of ventriloquism, for the proprietor is said to leave the room at pleasure, during the process, and we observed that he frequen- tly spoke while the lady was engaged in conversation.

We examined the room. It is plain and close. There are closets, but they are well closed, and in whatever part of the room you stand, the voice is heard from the trumpets only. Were it ascertain- ed that some person from without gives the res- ponses, the manner in which they are communicated is no less a subject of surprise and perplexity to the philosopher. It is doubtless the most complete and amusing deception than has been exhibited.

While the mystery of the *invisible fair* has non- plussed the musing philosopher, it has afforded ample

scope for the *omnia tentans* imagination of the poet; and with the exquisitely beautiful lines of Moore, address- ed to this incomprehensible, we shall close our remarks.

TO THE INVISIBLE GIRL.

THEY try to persuade me, my dear little sprite,
That you are not a daughter of Ether and Light,
Nor have any concern with those fanciful forms,
Who dance upon rain-bows, and ride upon storms;
That in short you're a *Woman*, your lips and your breast,
As mortal as ever were tasted or prest!
But I will not believe it—no, science to you,
I have long bid a last and a careless adieu:
Still flying from nature to study her laws,
And dulling delight by exploring its cause,
You forget how superior for mortals below,
Is the fiction they dream to the truth that they know,
Oh! who, that has ever had rapture complete,
Would ask how we feel it, or why it is sweet;
How rays are confin'd, or how particles fly
Thro' the medium refined of a glance or a sigh.
Is there one who but *once* would not rather have known it,
Than written with Hervy whole volumes upon it?
No, no—but for you, my invisible love,
I will swear you are one of those spirits that rove
By the bank, where at twilight the poet reclines,
When the star of the west on his solitude shines,
And the magical fingers of Fancy have hung
Every breeze with a sigh, every leaf with a tongue;
Oh! whisper him then 'tis retirement alone
Can hallow his harp, or enoble its tone;

Like you, with a veil of seclusion between,
His song to the world let him utter unseen,
And, like you, a legitimate child of the spheres,
Escape from the eye to enrapture the ears.
Sweet agent of mystery! how I would love
In the wearisome ways I am fated to rove,
For ever to have you invisibly nigh,
Inhaling for ever your song and your sigh.
'Mid the crowds of the world, and the murmurs of care,
I could sometimes converse with my nymph of the air,
And turn with delight from the clamorous crew,
To steal in the pauses one whisper from you!
O come and be near me; for ever be mine;
We shall hold in the air a communion divine;
As pure, as of old, was imagin'd to dwell
In the grotto of Numa, or Socrates' cell!
And oft at those lingering moments of night
When the heart is weigh'd down & the eyelids are light,
You shall come to my pillow and tell me of love,
Such as angel to angel might whisper above!
Oh spirit!—and then could you borrow the tone
Of that voice, to my ear so bewitchingly known,
The voice of the *ONE* upon earth, who has twin'd
With her essence for ever my heart and my mind;
Though lonely and far from the light of her smile,
An exile, and weary, and hopeless the while,
Could you shed for a moment her voice on my ear,
I will think at that moment my *Cara* is near,
That she comes with consoling enchantment to speak,
And kisses my eye-lid and sighs on my cheek;
And tells me the night shall go rapidly by,
For the dawn of our hope of our heaven is nigh!
Sweet spirit, if such be your magical power,
It will lighten the lapse of full many an hour;
And let Fortune's realities frown as they will,
Hope, Fancy and Care, may smile for me still.

From the *Wiltsbarre* (Pennsylvania) Paper of Sept. 1.

A Mammoth Story—Strange if true!

AN old gentleman of venerable appearance passed through this county a few days since, and gave to a number of our citizens the following information:

That he was from the neighbourhood of the Cayuga lake, and just as he started on his journey, he saw a man who informed him that two men were fishing on the lake, when they beheld at a little distance, a monster in the form of a snake, rise out of the lake, and stretch himself on the bosom of the water.—That his appearance was

—"Fiercé as ten furies—Terrible as hell!"

That the fishermen with more than ordinary cou- rage ventured near enough to reach him with a rifle ball, and both firing at once, fortunately dispatched him.

The people of the neighbourhood were immediately called together, and the *Aquatic Mammoth* drawn in triumph to the shore.

On an admeasurement it was found to be one hun- dred and three feet four and an half inches in length, and his size was proportionably great. From his head projected a horn of considerable length. The old gen- tleman added, that in going into Oswego he met three of the inhabitants going out to see the extraordinary creature, and the skin was to be saved for Mr. Peale's museum.

There is an Indian tradition that a monster of the kind described, long inhabited the lake, and they be- lieved it still continues there; they had an idea that it was an evil spirit, and as such they worshipped it.