

MR. GEER.

As you published my dear husband's piece concerning me last week I presume you will have the politeness to publish my reply this week.

When the Jesuit passed through our happy country, a few years ago, he made the following sarcastic observation: "Every line of separation is so entirely obliterated, that wherever there are men, you may be sure to meet women in this country; and for my own part I have no doubt that the women in the end will ride uppermost." The matrons of your own country, Mr. Jesuit, have got the start of us. I am rightly informed, they have already abandoned the needle, the wheel, and all domestic concerns, to vie with men in all the horrors of revolution and blood.

Do we not already see the blessed consequences of the introduction of this inimitable system of tuition? Who is he, the beardless sage, that sets that old grey head to right in a doubtful passage of Homer? He is Guido—he acquired Greek in 36 lessons. Who is that man who wrote this comment on Cicero, in French? He is Julius—he became a classical and French scholar in 5 months. Who is he that delights us with the mellifluous harmony of his language, whose letters seem to us a continual rose-chain of blooming delight? It is Richard—who, but three weeks ago, could not spell the word "tuition," and has now been taught the English language perfectly.

"For contemplation he, and valour, formed; For softness she, and sweet attractive grace."

But my dear Simon was so hard upon me last week, that I am induced, in justice to myself and my sex, to make a reply. First, he accuses me of purchasing a quantity of useless and fantastic trumpery. To this charge I must say, in candour, that the articles were not exactly what I took them to be, but I must insist upon it that they look very pretty.

MARIA AIMWELL.

For the Maryland Gazette.

The immense space of science, that has been cultivated since the first dawn of human knowledge; the continual accessions made to it every day by the fruitful geniuses of the ancient and new world; have long since shewn to the eye of unprejudiced experience, that the heretofore practised method of education, is insufficient to the present demands of knowledge, and to the ever improving talents of the age.

True, some enlightened men have sprung up, and with a degree of boldness, which is always the associate of extraordinary merit, dared to oppose the servile prejudices of our fathers; dared to unveil the ignorance of those pretenders to the character of teachers, who for ages past have fettered the juvenile mind to the servile acquirement of the drudgery of rules, through the detestable medium of grave attention, and painful research; by presenting to the glaring light of day their own unrivalled powers, which, despising those tardy pursuits, destroy the impertinent imposition hitherto practised upon the human family, and raise upon it a structure, noble, great, gigantic, created in a moment by an effort of their will.

The immortal teacher, who instils any language in the time of 46 lessons, stands as a conspicuous instance at the head of those gentlemen, who may be justly considered as the brightest luminaries of the present enlightened age. But this is not all; our happy country, ever the darling resort of science, is crowded with the ablest men, who pretensions and meek, despising the pomp & vanities of the world, wander from village to village, from town to town, from the Hudson's steep and lee-bound banks, down to where the majestic Mississippi mingles its boisterous torrents, under a

vertical sun, with the ocean's waves, from the proud Athens of Yale, to Louisiana; teaching every thing in—no time.

Let it not be urged by you, blind followers of inherited prejudice, who stick to the weakness of venerating the wisdom of former ages, that it is your opinion, that the retentive power of pupils is different; and that different capacities of students would probably require a different duration of time for the acquisition of the same science!

I triumph in your objection! You are wrong, glaringly wrong! Go to the wise man, who has first established this unrivalled system of education! go to him, the Socrates amongst the wise of the day, he will prove your mistakes—his glorious academy has shewn to experience that no distinction of talent exists; that it is only the imaginary production of the ignorance of former ages; and we hope that no one will doubt it, when we adduce the example of an infinite number of scholars, educated at his excellent academy, every one of whom has made precisely the same progress.

Impelled by no views but those of promoting the welfare of my fellow citizens; actuated by no motives, but those of never-resting philanthropy; for I can assure gentlemen that it is only since I have commenced teaching, that I have felt the depressing hand of need, in the rueful shape of a tattered garment, or of an empty stomach; sacrificing every regard for personal welfare by a noble resignation of the healthy food of my employers table, whilst I officiated in the dignified station of Toll-keepers clerk, on the Boston road; throwing from me, in imitation of Marius and Washington, the brightest prospects of public honour and emolument; for my name was famous amongst the neighbours, and I grew popular by political harangues, delivered over the comfortable mug of cyder, whilst the social cigar pured forth its thickest fumes, so that my destiny, as a future member to Congress or the Assembly, seemed certain; I now offer my services to you gentlemen! worthy talent-encouraging citizens of Annapolis, at the moderate terms of \$9 for a course of six lessons; not to be paid except complete progress be made, which I myself will impartially estimate, being a teacher of the sciences, certainly most qualified to ascertain them in others.

In a course of six lessons Ladies or Gentlemen shall receive complete knowledge

I. Of the English Grammar, which I teach by a new invented system of my own, like navigation, by the compass and stars. A system so indubitable and accurate, as to enable the scholar to determine any part of speech, even in the night, provided it be not a cloudy one. I have composed this system with great pain and attention, during my nightly walks from the tavern, when in the silence of nature I had leisure to contemplate the celestial bodies, &c. to apply those heavenly luminaries to more noble purposes, and a great deal nearer home. As an instance of my power of observation, which does not even forsake me during the most illboding moments, and which I hope will gain me the favour of judges; I take the liberty to declare, that one night as I was going home, after a very animated debate upon the whiskey-rebellion, the stars and moon appeared double, yea, multiplied, to my vision; which immediately led me to the idea of applying it to the plural numbers; an experiment for which the industrious scholar will have to pay an extra fee of sixpence as it is attended with some necessary expense.

Practical Arithmetic, is taught by applying the abstract ideas of numbers to the tangible ones of sugar-plumbs, chequits, cakes, &c. A method which never fails of success; and by which, as I can prove by the most satisfactory certificates, a child has been taught the whole multiplication table in 2 minutes.

III. Any foreign language, ancient or modern. As the literature of every language seems to be one of the principal objects, in the pursuit of it, I have, in order to raise a laudable desire towards the acquisition of it, brought the grammars of those languages into verse; the harmony and beauty of which, will certainly prove an enticement to success to all my scholars.

IV.—The complete art of Leger-demain and Hocus Pocus, or to make money without talent, application or labour. A science, which tho' it be the climax of all others, shall be found both easy, and learnt in a short time, but is reserved only to those who have passed through a whole course of the foregoing branches, and qualified themselves for teachers thereof.

I again recommend myself to the generous public, and remain, with great obedience, their's, Marcusilius Pancake.

Painful Intelligence.

We stop the press (says the Mill-ledgeville, Georgia, Journal, of Oct. 26.) to announce the death of His Excellency Governor RABUN. He died at his residence, in Hancock county, on Saturday night last, with the fever.

DIED. At his residence in Selin's Grove, Union county, at three o'clock in the morning of Tuesday the 9th inst. of Typhus Fever, SYMON SNYDER, Esq. late Governor of the State of Pennsylvania, aged sixty years and four days.

Northampton, (Mass.) Nov. 9. "That sun has set, "O! rise some other such."

DIED, at his house, in Northampton, suddenly, on the evening of the 7th inst. the Honourable GALEB STRONG, late Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, aged 75 years.

During the Sabbath preceding the evening of his death, he attended public worship, apparently in his usual health; but, returning home at the close of the afternoon service, felt a slight spasmodic pain in his shoulder and breast. He thought little of that however, and took tea with his family as usual. About 6 o'clock, feeling a recurrence of the pain, he retired to his bed, and desired that a physician might be called. Presently, however, the pain again abated, and he conversed with his children, who were present, with his accustomed cheerfulness, remarking, among other things, upon the infirmities of body to which men of his advanced age were subject.

About seven o'clock, he again became somewhat distressed, and the physician, who was then present, having given him a few drops of laudanum, he arose from his bed with the intention of preparing to retire for the night; walked without assistance, which he declined, to the fire side, spoke of a feeling of coldness, and almost instantly, without the perceptible motion of a muscle, expired.

Thus the public have to lament the death of another Patriot of the Revolution, another truly great and good man, who had few superiors in the age of great men in which he lived, and who has left few, if any, behind him.

Frederick-town, Oct. 30. DIED.

On Tuesday morning, the 26th ult. at Rose Hill, the seat of John Grahame, Esq. near the close of his 87th year, the Venerable sage and illustrious revolutionary patriot, THOMAS JOHNSON, Esq. a native of Calvert county, in this state, and for the last forty years of his life a resident of this county. Mr. Johnson was among the first in the Union to assert the just claims of his country against the tyranny and oppression of Great Britain, and was early in life honoured with the most important and arduous trusts which his countrymen could confer. He was the first governor of this state after the declaration of independence, and successively enjoyed, without abdication, every honour which his native state could bestow,

until the executive council of the Union selected him to the office of the supreme judiciary of the nation, a station which he occupied until he resigned in 1801. Since that period he retired himself entirely into the bosom of his family, and the society of his nearest connections. His deeds are inscribed in the imperishable archives of his country; his wisdom, impartiality and integrity in the records of justice; his worth & virtues are preserved in the hearts of his countrymen; his kindness, affection and friendship in the memory of his family, relatives and friends; his trust for immortality rested in his Saviour and God.

Washington was his Friend—Eulogium can do no more. His body attended by his family, his numerous relatives, the court & bar of the county, the orphans court, the mayor, aldermen and common council of the city; the clergy, physicians, and a very numerous assemblage of citizens from all parts of the county, was interred on the day following in the family vault, in the Episcopal burial ground of this city. [Herald.]

On Tuesday morning, the 9th inst. at Needwood, in Frederick county, THOMAS SIM LEE, Esq. in the 75th year of his age. Mr. Lee bore a conspicuous part in the arduous struggle for independence—was second governor of Maryland, and immediate successor to the late governor Johnson.

ELEGANT EXTRACT From a Sermon by the Rev. Archibald Allison, LL.D. of Edinburgh—Preached from the text of Isaac meditating at even tide.

"There is an even-tide in the day and hour when the sun retires, and the shadows fall, and when nature assumes the appearance of soberness and silence. It is an hour from which every where the thoughtless fly, has peopled only in their imagination, with images of gloom; it is the hour on the other hand, which in every age, the wise have loved, as bringing with it sentiments and affections more valuable than all the splendours of the day.

"Its first impression is to still the turbulence of thought or passion, which the day may have bro't forth. We follow, with our eye the descending sun—we listen to the decaying sounds of labour and toil, and when all the fields are silent around us, we feel a kindred stillness to breathe upon our souls, and to calm them from the agitations of society.— From this first impression, there is a second, which naturally follows it—in the day we are living with men—in the even-tide we begin to live with nature; we see the world withdrawn from us—the shades of night darken on the habitations of men, and we feel ourselves alone. It is an hour, fitted as it would seem by HIM who made us, to still, but with gentle hand, the throb of every unruly passion, and the ardour of every impure desire; and while it veils for a time the world that misleads us, to awaken in our hearts those legitimate inscriptions which the heat of the day may have dissolved, there is yet a farther scene it presents to us; while the world withdraws from us, and while the shades of evening darken upon our dwellings, the splendour of the firmament comes forward to our view. In the moments when earth is over shadowed, Heaven opens to our eyes the radiance of a sublimer being, our hearts follow the successive splendours of the scenes; and while we forget, for a time, the obscurity of earthly concerns, we feel that there are "yet greater things than these."

"There is, in the second place, an "even-tide" in the year—a season, as we now witness, when the sun withdraws his propitious light—when the winds arise, and the leaves fall, and nature around us seems to sink into decay. It is said in general, to be the season of melancholy; and if by this word be meant, that it is the time of solemn and serious thought, it is undoubtedly the season of melancholy; yet it is a melancholy to soothing, so gentle in its approach, and so prophetic in its influence, that they who have known it, feel, as instinctively, that it is the doing of God, and that the heart of man is not thus finely touched, but to fine issues.

"When we go out into the fields in the evening of the year, a different voice approaches us. We regard, even in spite of ourselves, the still, but steady advances of time. A few days ago, and the summer of

of the diabetes expectant of St. Martin's by the late...

the 20th September, in the Island of St. Martin's, it instantaneously became...

at 12 o'clock at night, a fresh breeze from the north-west, which continued increasing...

at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, it blew from the NW; at 12 o'clock, it blew from the S, which continued until...

at 5 o'clock, the weather began to abate, and at 5 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon...

in the morning it blew with such a violence that nothing could be done, and its force, men, women & children, were forced to seek refuge...

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