

## MISCELLANEOUS.

From the *New-England Farmer*.

### PARAMOUNT PUNNING:

Or, setting up, and sitting down.

A chap once told St. Patrick's dean,

While rising from his seat, "I mean

To set up for a wit." [True,

"Ah!" quoth the dean, "If that be

The very best thing you can do

Is down again to sit."

Too many, like that would-be wit,

Set up for what they are not fit,

And always lose their aim;

Set up for wisdom, wealth, renown,

But end the farce by sitting down,

With poverty and shame.

A middling farmer thinks he can

Set up to be a gentleman

And then sit down content;

But after many a turn and twist

Is set down on the pauper list,

A fool, not worth a cent!

When farmers' wives and daughters

Set up with silks and Leghorns rare

To look most wondrous winning,

They set upon a slippery standing,

Till indigence, with iron hand,

Upsets their under pinning.

Some city ladies too, whose gear,

Has made them to their husbands

Dear,

Set up to lead the ton;

Tho' they sit high on fashion's seat,

Age, death or poverty, albeit

Will set them down, anon.

Some tools set up to live by law,

And tho' they are "all over jaw,"

Soon fail for lack of brains;

But had the boobies only just

Known where they ought to sit at

first,

They'd sav'd a world of pains.

A quack sets up the doctor's trade,

But could he use the sexton's spade

No better than his pills,

The men might toil from morn to

night

And find his match with all his might:

To bury half he kills.

You may set up for what you choose

As easily as wear old shoes,

If e'er so low at present;

But when you have set up in vain,

And find you must sit down again,

'Tis terribly unpleasant.

From the *London Literary Gazette*.

### VALEDICTORY STANZAS.

Oh, not that look to me, my love,

Oh, not that look to me;

Cold looks I may from others bear,

But never one from thee!

I cannot bear that alter'd brow,

That wandering smile of thine,

To see it fix on others' eyes,

On any but on mine.

I meet thee in the glittering crowd,

We meet as strangers do;

The pang that rives my inmost soul

Is all unmark'd by you.

Last night we met as now we meet,

A gorgeous throng were nigh,—

I heard you scoff at constant love,

Then sternly pass me by.

It is enough!—I do resign

My claim on love and thee:

I will forsake the hope that long

Had fed on memory.

Then look not so, I will forget

What once those fond eyes said:

The dead will soon forget—and I

Shall soon be with the dead!

## THE WORLD.

There is something so pleas-

ing in the descriptions of the

happiness which poets and even

philosophers have often assured

us are to be found in obscurity

and seclusion, that we can hardly

and happy, we see a fine contrast to the smoky haunts of the city, its discordant uproar, where is heard the mingled voice of labor, poverty, vice and pleasure, its streets eternally crowded with a human throng, mixed but not united, and jostling each other in the eager career of wealth, amusement or fame.

The first impression of a city is always unfavorable: one feels even on riding towards it, as if leaving both health and innocence behind him; if as the atmosphere which hangs over it like a canopy, and marks its place from afar, could scarcely be breathed without contamination. But is this a true picture? Is retirement always followed by philosophy, the encroachments of languor and low indulgence never invited by the stillness of seclusion? Does the mind gain strength by being left to prey upon itself, the character acquire firmness by avoiding confusion? If not, the eulogiums on solitude must be set down as fictions of the poet, to whom natural beauty and human innocence appear to walk hand in hand together, the self-deception of the moralist, who, seeing the world to be vicious, imagines retirement the abode of virtue. In short, we are made for society, and for society only. It is the home of our joys and our sorrows, our passions, our interests and our virtues.

We were born, not to turn our backs on society, and pass our lives in vain meditations on its iniquities, but to mingle in its strifes and trials, to be stayed and supported by those around us, and to do our part in staying and supporting others, to give a tone to the circle in which we move, its taste, its morals, and its religion. It is in vain in us to affect an independence on the community and its exactions, an ability to steer our course unaided by the beacons of the virtuous and the wicked, or the precepts which daily experience and hourly observation inculcate. We possess no such independence or ability. The monk may retreat to his cloister, and the solitary to his cell; but the walls which shut out the joys, virtues, and sympathies of life, have never been found to shield them from its misery and temptations. Or if they lead pure lives and vegetate their span without any striking lapse from virtue, where is their merit and who is made better by their example?

The recluse who contemplates the world "through the loopholes of retreat," may derive some pleasure and satisfaction from the spectacle; but it is the pleasure of an idle spectator only, a cypher in the moral world, by whom not a single human being is made either wiser or better. If happiness is to be found in the exercise of social duties and virtues, let us not believe the world merely a scene of selfish bustle and noisy strife, though gross vice be sometimes precluded the insanity of seclusion; though passions never reared, and virtues never called into action, may render a character apparently more unsullied than are those which have withstood trials and temptations, and made some positive advances. Pastoral innocence and simplicity exist but in song, while the brutality of the savage and the stupidity of the rustic, the mingled intolerance and sensuality of the cloistered monk, and the morbid wretchedness of the voluntary recluse, are matters both of history and observation.

R. I. Amer.

## HINTS TO THE LADIES.

A late London paper, in an article on the dress of the Ladies, makes the following remarks:

We have of ourselves a still greater fault to find with the revival of the "system of high pressure," as an engineer would call it; we mean the odious screwing in of the waist, now springing up. If women fancy it graceful they are woefully deceived, and if they do not find it prejudicial to their health, why, we are deceived, and not they.

We believe it is entirely owing to the ease and freedom of female dress for the last few years, that our young girls are all so healthy, so well formed, and so forward in their growth. All this will be checked by this most unnatural screwing in and torturing the body.

To talk about health to a girl, in opposition to fashion, we fancy is useless; and therefore we will take the screwing system upon its effect, which is to make fat elderly ladies look like oil jars, and young ones like hour glasses. Four or five years since, we had fools among our young men, so supremely fools, as to squeeze in their waists, and this during the time the ladies had abandoned the torture, as if they were wearing out the corsets of their female relations, and to strengthen this supposition, as soon as these persons have abandoned the folly, our fair countrywomen adopt it; a folly which has not the merit of either being pleasant or becoming.

Simplicity in dress is its greatest beauty; artificially it becomes distortion, and we seriously recommend an immediate abandonment of the vice in question; assuring our fair readers that ladies, unlike ships, are much best "when slack in stays."

## MATRIMONIAL COMFORTS.

*Female Retaliation.*—At Kennebunk Port, (Maine) there lives a man by name of G\*\*\*\*, who for a long time has paid particular honors to Bacchus; in his fits of devotion he has often assumed the ancient privilege of flogging his wife, turning her out of doors, &c. Last week, we understand, there went three women to his house in the evening immediately after he had been at his honorable business; one knocked at the door, when our gentleman came with a light and opened it, one of the heroines slipped in, extinguished the light, seized him by the ears and pushed him out of the door, when by the help of the other two, they laid him face downward in the snow, one setting on his head and the other on his feet, while the third paid him back with interest, the full amount of flagellation which he had bestowed on his wife.

It was a piteous sight to ken—  
Yet all the people said—Amen.

## ROSE VIVIER.

This young lady was brought before the Criminal Court at Paris, charged with having attempted to kill her lover. On trial, it appears they had been attached to each other for eight years; but, instead of exchanging the customary presents usual on such occasions, Rose had loaded her lover with divers gifts, among which she enumerated a chest of drawers, a watch chain, ring, &c. Hearing, however, that he was on the eve of matrimony with another, she demanded her presents, which her faithless swain refused, but offered to sell, (oh, shame!) the

ring, that type of their future alliance. Rose took fire at this monstrous insult, and boldly declared that she would finish him if he married without her consent. In spite of her threats he was married the next day. Rose was nearly as good as her word, for she aimed a blow with a knife, at his faithless heart, which was fortunately parried without much injury; and the next moment, repenting her violence, she threw herself into his arms. During the trial she wept continually, and kept her eye fixed on her former lover. It is little to the credit of French gallantry to add, that poor Rose was condemned to hard labor for life, and to be branded as a malefactor.

## JEWISH SABBATH.

*Warsaw, Dec. 6.*—The Jewish Rabbis and Elders have met in a general assembly at Platskowitz, and have decided that the celebration of the Sabbath shall be changed to the Sunday.

The above cannot be true. Considering the Sabbath as a political as well as religious institution, intended not only as a day of rest for man, but humanely for servants and animals, it may not be of much consequence what day is selected. It is an affirmative precept, however, "Six days shalt thou labor, and the seventh day thou shalt rest;" and there is no diversity of opinion throughout the world, that *Saturday* was the Sabbath of the Lord—the day on which he rested—the day which is always sanctified by the chosen people. The celebrations of the new moons; the observance of many of the ceremonials, and the computations of time depend upon *Saturday* being, as it has ever been considered, the Sabbath day. The Council of Nice, in balloting for a religion, and changing the Sabbath, gave no reason for the measure excepting expediency. The religion in itself has been productive of much good, in enforcing the obligations of morality, and encouraging acts of charity and good will; but there never appeared to us any reason for altering the Sabbath; and a class of Christians, called seventh-day baptists, still keep *Saturday* instead of *Sunday*; particularly in Connecticut.—These reports must be always received with caution and doubt. That which has existed 5582 years, will not be abandoned at this day.—[*Nat. Adv.*]

*Independence.*—Who is he that is truly independent? He that has ships on the ocean, lands in the country, houses in the city, slaves at his back, and money in the funds? No. He alone is truly independent, who can proclaim himself to the world as the gentleman of the empty purse. What is the election of a Governor or President to him? What cares he whether *Mina* is faithful to the cause of liberty, or *Abisbal* is a traitor to it—whether *Alexander* is the tool of an unprincipled nobility, or the friend of the human race: What cares he for the failure of *Goldschmidt*, or the success of *Rothschild*, the price of *Cotton*, or of *Bank Stock*? He smiles amid the ruin of fortune, and the fall of empires—laughs at the pick-pocket and the highway robber; defies the constable and the sheriff, and holds the even tenor of his way,

"Unhurt amid the war of elements,  
The wreck of matter and the  
crush of worlds."

## EAGLE HOTEL.

THE Subscriber having taken the large and commodious house in the town of Halifax, known by the name of the **EAGLE HOTEL**, formerly occupied by Henry Garrett, and lately by John Gary, tenders his services to the Public generally, and hopes, from the experience of himself and assistants, to share a portion of public patronage; as nothing shall be wanting on his part to render every thing comfortable.

The Bar will be furnished with the best of Liquors, and the table with as good as the market affords.

THOMAS GARY.

March 26.

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## NOTICE.

AT Halifax February Session, 1824, the Subscriber qualified as Administrator on the estate of the late Col. HENRY DAWSON. All those who have any claim or demand against the said Henry Dawson, are hereby notified to present them (duly authenticated) for payment, within the time prescribed by law; otherwise this notice will be plead in barr of their recovery. Those indebted to said estate will please make payment, as indulgence cannot be given.

GEORGE W. ALSTON,  
March 15, 1824.—2 Admr.

## PROPOSALS.

For publishing, in the town of Halifax, a weekly newspaper,

CALLED THE

## FREE PRESS.

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EXPERIENCE has so fully tested the utility of Newspaper publications, that the Subscriber deems it unnecessary here to dwell on the advantages resulting to a community from such an establishment. For the satisfaction, however, of those persons who may feel an interest in the success of the proposed undertaking, and also to afford a landmark for future guidance, he will endeavor to state, as near as possible, the course he intends to pursue.

The following subjects will chiefly engage attention:

A summary of the proceedings of our National and State Legislatures, with occasional extracts from the Speeches of our most distinguished Orators and Statesmen.

A particular account of all foreign and domestic events which may be thought generally interesting.

A correct Price-Current of the principal articles of export and import.

Also, to encourage Agriculture and Domestic Manufactures; to promote Internal Improvement; and to develop the resources of the country.

To disseminate useful information, whether of a Literary, Scientific, Moral, or Religious nature.

And to promote that free spirit of inquiry, respecting public men and measures, which is deemed the safeguard and conservative principle of Republican institutions.

Communications on any of the above subjects will meet with immediate attention.

GEO. HOWARD.

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## CONDITIONS.

"The Free Press" will be published every Friday, at THREE DOLLARS per year, consisting of 52 numbers, and in the same proportion for a shorter period. Subscribers at liberty to discontinue at any time, on paying arrearages.

Advertisements inserted at fifty cents per square, or less, for the first insertion, and twenty-five cents each continuance.

Lists of Letters published at the terms prescribed by law.

Letters addressed to the Editor must be post paid.

For the convenience of correspondents, a box is placed at the office door, to receive their favors.