

MISCELLANEOUS.

For the Free Press.

TO —

Oh! what is it can e'er efface,
The memory of my heart's first love;
Or, from its page that name erase,
Shall wait the hand of death's remove?

Her's was the form, so perfect in
each part,
The eye that beam'd with love for
me;
And her's the kind and gentle heart,
With social spirit—ever free.

And fancy brings a living view
Of past delights, forever dear,
Where infant love it's strugglings
knew,
Or broke in murmurs on her ear.

If delusion would a form assume,
To cheat us of our hearts awhile,
Oh! let her in fair Anna's bloom,
And wear her own, her winning
smile!

FOOR TOM.

HOPE.

There is a charm for those who
mourn,
And waste their nights in sorrow;
It is a star of glory born,
That gilds the dawn of morrow.

It lights the lonely pilgrim's way;
It cheers the gloomy prison;
And on misfortune's darkest day,
This friendly star has risen.

It cheers the watchman mariner,
On midnight ocean's wave;
And sheds a peace diviner far,
Upon the good man's grave.

Sweet Hope! the lonely pilgrim's
star,
Shines with no meteor blaze;
But with a light divinely fair,
Illumes life dreary maze.

This is the lamp, whose heavenly
ray,
Dispels the prison's gloom;
And on the night of sorrow's day,
Sheds joy's sweet smiling noon.

This is the star which once arisen,
Shall never cease to shine,
Till the Arch-angel's final trump,
Shall sound the knell of time.

It is a pledge of glorious rest,
To weary mortals given;
A flower we cultivate on earth,
To reap the fruit in heaven.

From the New-York American.

MATRIMONY.

Whoever makes trial of matrimony, and experiences in a wife as I have, the value of plain good sense, warm affections, and a practical knowledge of business, will agree with me in advising young men to keep clear of flirting unripe girls of sixteen. However their beauty, vivacity and youth may charm the senses, it is all a delusion, and the end is always miserable enough. The rose of the cheek soon fades away, and is gone like the early dew; gay and lively spirits, with the enchanting graces of figure and movement, sink under the touch of disease, and are lost entirely in a few fleeting years. Mark this, my fair countrywomen, and be studious to lay in such a stock of useful knowledge, such refinements of the mind, and such stores of good nature, as will bind the hearts of your husbands to you, as "with hooks of steel," when those attractions have flown, which at first may have influenced them too much.

Ah, me! these women, so like unto angels, so full of allurements, so—but

"Who hath not felt how feebly words essay,
To fix one spark of beauty's heavenly ray!"

What I was going to say is, women are very dangerous creatures; and I advise all young men, since it is natural and proper to love, and consequently, natural and proper to marry, to be very careful whom and what they are enamoured with. The time will come—I am not going to say, since the hey-day in my

blood is over, that matrimony is the sepulchre of love, for I know quite the contrary; but the time will come in every man's life, when the heart, "and the understanding also," will call for more substantial enjoyment than can be found in faded beauty, and the stale, and worn out arts of fashionable pleasing. I can find no objection to the just admiration of the beauties of "the human face divine;" and indeed, I should avoid the man, as a dangerous companion, who can look upon beauty without emotion, especially when the qualities of the heart and mind, are also worthy of admiration. But a beautiful face, and a weak head; a brilliant appearance, and a depraved heart, those may love who can: my taste lies another way.

Very few young ladies trouble themselves with reflection; and a still smaller number make any use of opportunity for improving their minds substantially, before they number eighteen or twenty years. Juvenile employments and pleasures, cards, dress, and dancing, together with making love, "and all that sort of thing," consume one third of this short life, before sober sense has time to rouse herself, and urge her momentous claims: and consequently, it is very rare that a girl is marriageable before she is twenty-two or twenty-three years old. That preparation for the active duties of life; the forming of such habits and tastes as will render a mother respectable, and happy, do not enter into the thoughts of gay and trifling girls. It is, therefore, utter nonsense for them to marry while the mind is yet in its infancy, ignorant even of what is necessary to personal health, and still more a stranger to the trials and hazards of the nursery, and which must be met with the patience, the tenderness, and the skill of mature years.

Of what worth is the love of a little girl? Can a man of sense and reflection please himself with the thought that he is preferred and admired, no one knows why? Really the converse and the love of a plain sensible woman, independent of the advantages which mature years in a companion are likely to secure, is worth more in one moment, than "a whole eternity" of puerile fondness. I am not combatting the sentiment that early marriages best promote happiness, for I believe in it. The question to be settled is, at what period should men and women be esteemed old. Surely women are young at twenty, and men at twenty-two to twenty-five. I cannot answer for other parents, but the young man who persuades my daughter out of my arms before she is eighteen or twenty, must be a very pleasant, kind, good-hearted fellow. If there is anything pure and holy in human affections, it can be found in the love that warms the heart of a father and a daughter; and when it is broken up and placed upon other objects, let reason yield to the demand with due consideration, and nature hallow the event with her warmest, holiest tears.

LABAN.

COUNTENANCE.

There is, in the human countenance, a species of moral beauty, as superior to mere charm of surface as mind is to matter. It is, in fact, visible spirit, legible intellect, diffusing itself over the features, and enabling minds to commune with each other by some secret sympathy unconnected with the senses. The

heart has a silent echo in the face, which frequently carries to us a conviction diametrically opposite to the audible expressions of the mouth; and we see thro' the eyes, into the understanding of the man, long before it can communicate with us by utterance. This emanation of character is the light of a soul destined to the skies, shining thro' its tegument of clay, and irradiating the countenance, as the sun illuminates the face of nature before it rises above the earth to commence its heavenly career. Of this indefinable charm, all women are alike susceptible: it is to them what gunpowder is to warriors, it levels all distinctions, and gives to the plain and the pretty, to the timid and the brave, an equal chance of making conquests. It is, in fine, one among a thousand proofs of that system of compensation, both physical and moral, by which a Superior Power is perpetually evincing his benignity; affording to every human being a commensurate chance of happiness, and inculcating upon all, that when they turn their faces toward heaven, they should reflect the light from above, and be animated by one uniform expression of love, resignation and gratitude.

Optical Illusion.—A young lady who lately died in England, had been some time previous to her death attended by a gentleman of the medical profession. On the evening of her decease, as this gentleman was sitting in company with a friend of his, and in the act of taking a glass of punch, he imagined he saw the lady walking into the room where himself and his friend were sitting, and, having but a few hours before visited her, and found her in a dying state, the shock that his nerves experienced was so great that the glass which held the punch fell from his hands, and he himself dropped on the floor in a fainting fit. After he had perfectly recovered himself, and made inquiry about the lady, it was ascertained that a few minutes before the time the medical gentleman imagined he had seen her in his friend's apartment, she had departed this life.

Scientific.—A beautiful and singular experiment was lately shewn before a learned Society in Edinburgh. A small lump of platinum, which had been granulated by having been dissolved, precipitated, roasted, and triturated, was placed on the table; a bladder of hydrogen gas, to which was fixed a glass pipe, with a very minute aperture, something like a blow pipe, was produced. On applying the pipe in such a situation as, when the bladder should be pressed, a stream of gas would be directed on the platinum, a brilliant and instant flame arose, which continued as long as the stream of gas was supplied. This appears to us to be the most simple, the most beautiful, and most elegant (providing another receiver for the gas, in lieu of the bladder) mode of obtaining a sudden light hitherto invented. It may be so arranged, that, upon pulling a string, a light will instantly follow, which will be extinguished as soon as the string is relinquished. The advantages of such a light, for a chamber, at night, are obvious, and we cannot doubt but that something of this kind will be very soon adopted. The purpose to which such a means of obtaining instantaneous light may be applied, are innumerable. It is a

little remarkable, that the lightest and heaviest substances known, should be brought together in this experiment.

EASTERN PRODIGY.

From the Calcutta Journal.

I invited William Kingston, a man born without arms, to breakfast with me. He highly entertained us by putting his naked feet on the table as he sat, and carried his tea and toast between his great and second toe to his mouth with as much facility as if his foot had been a hand, and his toes fingers. I put half a sheet of paper upon the floor, with a pen and ink-horn in the toes of his left foot, and held the pen in those of the right. He then wrote lines, as well as most ordinary writers, and as swiftly. He writes all his own bills and other accounts. He then showed us how he shaved himself with his razor in his toes, and can curl his own hair. He can dress and undress himself, except buttoning his clothes. He feeds himself, and can bring both his meat and his broth to his mouth by holding the fork or spoon in his toes. He cleans his own shoes, and knives, light the fire, and do almost any other domestic business, as well as any other man. He is a farmer by occupation. He can milk his cows with his toes; cuts his own hay, binds it up in bundles, and carries it about the field for his cattle. He can do all the business of the hay-field, except mowing, as fast and as well with his toes as others can do with rakes and forks. He goes to the field and catches his horse; he saddles and bridles him with his teeth and toes. If he has a sheep among his flock that ails any thing, he can separate it from the rest and drive it into a corner, when nobody else can. He is so strong in his teeth, that he can lift ten pecks of beans with them. He can throw a great sledge hammer as far with his feet, as other men can do with their hands. In a word, he can nearly do as much without, as other men can do with their arms. He began the world with a hen and chickens: with the profits on them he purchased an ewe; the sale of these procured him a ragged colt (as he termed it) and a sheep; and he now occupies a small farm.

THE MUMMY.

From the Charleston City Gazette.

I have just come from visiting the greatest curiosity I ever beheld; it is a young lady only three thousand years old—a sombre complexioned lass from Egypt, the land of the Pharaohs, the Ptolemies, the Pyramids! She is arrayed in a cere-cloth framed on the banks of the Nile, and stands in a "narrow house," decorated with all the taste and science of the most learned people in existence, long before the invention of letters. "Dark and unlovely are her looks," though she does not actually "grin horribly a ghastly smile," her fair and well set teeth appearing full and undecayed as the everlasting brightness of the star under which she was embalmed.

Singular-fated girl! Little did she think, when on her dying couch, that she would be exposed in this "undiscovered country," some thirty centuries after her mortal existence, to the keen gaze of male curiosity, without a sense of shrinking modesty, and serving as a spectacle of curious wonder, and a mere "thing to make comparisons on," and show the belles of this new world, in the death-

less language of Shakspeare, a man of yesterday compared with her, that "though they paint an inch thick, to her complexion most they come at last." Alas, poor Cleopatra! did I view a symbol of thy matchless beauty in this thy ancestor of "th' olden time."

Three thousand years ago the lady I now look upon, was in Thebes, the city with its hundred gates—she is now in Charleston—what a traveller! Three thousand years hence, what will Charleston be! Awful comparison! What is Babylon, Nineveh, Balbec, Palmyra, Persepolis! Yes, what will our boasted four corners, the city-hall, court-house, arsenal, and St. Michael's church with its lofty spire, what will they be in thirty centuries! Buried in earth or ocean, from which they rose, and 'not a stone to tell where they lie.'

Three thousand years is a kind of eternity to the human mind. It brings us, at a moments glance, to the remote ages of antiquity. When the patriarch Joseph died, "they embalmed him, and he was put in a coffin in Egypt." Genesis i. 26. And so doubtless was Potiphar's wife, and this object now before my eyes might possibly be the remains of that very personage! *Ecce signum!* I must confess that of all the artificial or natural curiosities I ever beheld, nothing ever filled my mind with so many profound, striking, and extraordinary sensations.

Marriage—Is a venturesome thing. The frogs, in Æsop, would not leap into the well, because they could not leap out again.

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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NEW HOPE

SPRING RACES

WILL commence on THURSDAY, the 22d of April, and continue three days, viz.

First Day—A Sweepstakes for three year old Colts and Fillies—mile heats—\$200 entrance—half forfeit—three entered and closed.

Second Day—A Subscription Purse of \$150—two mile heats—entrance \$15—two or more to make a race—money hung up. Free for any thing.

Third Day—A Poststake for three and four years old—\$200 entrance—two mile heats—to close the evening preceding the Race.

The track is in good order. Good Stables and litter furnished Race horses gratis.

The Rules of the Course to govern in every instance.

JAMES JONES, Proprietor.
April 2.

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Printing neatly executed

AT THIS OFFICE.