

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

**WOMAN.**

Oh! the woes that women bring!  
Source of sorrow, grief, and pain!  
All our evils have their spring  
In the first of female train.

Eve by eating led poor Adam,  
Out of Eden an estray;  
Look for sorrow, still, where madam  
Pert and proud directs the way.

Courtship is a slavish pleasure:  
Soothing a coquettish train;  
Wedded, what the mighty treasure,  
Doom'd to drag a golden chain.

Noisy clack and constant bawling,  
Discord and domestic strife;  
Empty cupboard, children bawling,  
Scolding woman made a wife.

Gaudy dress, and haughty carriage,  
Love's fond dalliance fled and gone;  
These the bitter fruits of marriage,  
He that's wise should live alone!

**CONTRA.**

Oh what joys from women spring,  
Source of bliss and purest peace,  
Eden could not comfort bring,  
Till fair woman showed her face.

When she came, good honest Adam  
Grasp'd the gift with open arms,  
He left Eden for his madam,  
So our parent priz'd her charms.

Courtship thrills the soul with pleasure;  
Virtue's blush on beauty's cheek;  
Happy prelude to a treasure,  
Kings have left their crowns to seek!

Lovely looks and constant courting,  
Sweetening all the toils of life;  
Cheerful children, harmless sport-  
ing,  
Lovely woman made a wife!

Modest dress and gentle carriage,  
Love triumphant on his throne;  
These the blissful fruits of marriage,  
None but fools would live alone.

*Jonathan's visit to a Wedding.*

Did you ever go to a wedding?  
What a darn'd sight of bussing it  
takes; [ding,  
Then your mouth is as hot as a pud-  
They put so much spice in their  
cakes.

Sich playing and running—I never!  
The gals all as neat as new pins,  
I'd fairly wear out my old leather  
To catch 'em and buss 'em, by  
jings!

I wonder, by goll, what's the mat-  
ter; [tried  
I can't get a sweetheart—I've  
But, I sniggers, I never could flatter,  
But the gals would all tell me I lied.

So rot 'em I always am cheated,  
By gush! I will twig 'em, I vum!  
If I can't be more han' somer treated  
I won't go a courtin, by gum!

Then I guess they will come to  
their reason,  
If what granny says be all true,  
If you'll let 'em alone with your  
teasin,  
The gals will come flockin to you.

**THE GRAVE.**

Oh, the grave! the grave!  
It buries every error; covers  
every defect; extinguishes every  
resentment. From its peace-  
ful bosom spring none but fond  
regret and tender recollections;  
who can look upon the grave even  
of an enemy, and not feel a  
compunctious throb that ever  
he should have warred with the  
poor handful of earth that lies  
mouldering before him! But  
the grave of those he loved—  
what a place for meditation!  
Then it is we call up in long re-  
view the whole history of virtue  
and gentleness, and the thousand  
endearments lavishing upon as  
almost unheeded in the daily in-  
tercourse of intimacy—then it  
is we dwell upon the tenderness,  
the solemn and awful tender-  
ness of the parting scene; the  
bed of death, with all the stifled  
grief; its noiseless a tendance,  
its mute watchful assiduities;  
the last testimonies of love; the  
feeble, fluttering, thrilling—oh!  
how thrilling is the pressure of  
the hand; the last fond look of  
the glazed eye, turning upon us  
even from the threshold of ex-

istence; the faint, faltering ac-  
cents struggling in death to give  
one more assurance of affection!  
Aye, go to the grave of buried  
love and meditate! There settle  
the account with thy conscience  
for every past endearment un-  
regarded of that departed being  
who never—never—never can  
return to be soothed by contri-  
tion! If thou art a child, and  
hast ever added a sorrow to the  
soul, or a furrow to the silver'd  
brow of an affectionate parent—  
if thou art a husband, and hast  
ever caused the fond bosom that  
ventured its whole happiness in  
thy arms, to doubt one moment  
of thy kindness or thy truth—if  
thou art a friend, and hast ever  
wronged in thought, or word, or  
deed, the spirit that generously  
confided in thee—if thou art a  
lover, and hast ever given one  
unmerited pang to the true  
heart that now lies cold and still  
beneath thy feet—then be sure  
that every ungracious word, e-  
very ungentle action will come  
thronging back upon thy memo-  
ry, and knocking dolefully at  
thy soul—then be sure thou wilt  
be down sorrowing and repent-  
ant on the grave and utter the  
unheard groan, and pour the un-  
availing tear, more deep, more  
bitter, because unheard and un-  
availing.

**THE TARIFF BILL.**

Mr. Tod, the author of the  
Tariff Bill, says he considers  
himself in the situation of the  
man in the front of the Alma-  
nac—attacked on all sides.

As Mr. T. has appropriated  
to himself this honorable posi-  
tion, we would confirm his title  
to it, by a reference to the vari-  
ous parts of the picture.

Mr. Tod will be found to  
have a ram over his head,  
threatening him for his hostility  
to the golden fleece of the coun-  
try; under his feet are the fishes,  
showing his enmity to com-  
merce; on his right shoulder are  
the twins, commerce and agri-  
culture, deprecating his success;  
the crab is in the direction of  
his heart, advising him to re-  
cede; the lion on the other side,  
daring him to advance; justice  
with her scales, showing that  
he has been weighed, and found  
wanting; the virgin with uplifted  
arms, protesting against the  
vices of manufacturers; the ar-  
cher pointing at him the arrow  
of TELL; the scorpion essaying  
his remorseful stings; the water-  
man looking with distrest at his  
war on commerce; and John  
Bull laughing in his sleeve at  
the naked manufacturer, to  
whom the goat appears in the  
attitude of obeisance.

As Mr. Tod has so happily  
hit himself off, we cannot but  
circulate the portrait.

*Charleston Courier.*

**New Inventions.**—By infor-  
mation obtained at the Patent  
Office, it appears that nearly a  
thousand dollars have been re-  
ceived for patents granted with-  
in this month; and Mr. Gilbert  
Brewster, who spent six weeks  
lately examining the various  
models, declared, that he was as-  
tonished at the ingenuity there  
exhibited. Mr. Brewster also  
declared, that the aid he receiv-  
ed at that office, by examining  
attentively the machinery, has  
enabled him to perfect so much  
the art of spinning wool, that he  
has reduced the price of spin-  
ning it, to one cent per pound.  
It has never been less than eight  
cents before, and during the war  
it was twenty-five cents per  
pound.

**New Solar Theory.**—Dr.  
Hoyer, of Minden, has publish-  
ed a detailed account of his hy-

pothesis, that the nucleus of the  
Sun consists of molten gold.  
We shall next hear of a detailed  
account of an hypothesis that  
the moon is made of green  
cheese; which will be a lunar  
theory quite as philosophical as  
that of Dr. Hoyer, having the  
advantage of being somewhat  
the elder of the two.

**New species of Gambling.**

At a public house in Brunswick  
county, Va. lately, there were  
several country bumpkins play-  
ing *Push Pins*, for money.  
After playing some time, one of  
the company proposed to play a  
game in which he said there  
could be no cheating. They all  
consented to play his game, if  
they knew how. He said it  
was called *Fly Loo*, and was  
played in the following manner:  
he called for a sugar dish, and  
gave each man a lump of sugar.  
The man on whose lump a fly  
first alighted would sweep the  
stakes. After playing for some  
time, the mover of the game  
asked the company to excuse  
him a few minutes, and took his  
lump out with him. After be-  
ing out two or three minutes, he  
returned, having dipped his  
lump in *fish brine*, and won  
every stake. His lump attract-  
ing the flies by its odoriferous  
smell.

**The Trocadero.**

—Messrs. Ouizille and Petit Jean, two ce-  
lebrated goldsmiths and jewel-  
ers of Paris, have constructed  
for the King of France a magni-  
ficent new year's gift. It is a  
fortress in massy silver, with  
gates of massy gold. On an es-  
planade in front of the draw-  
bridge is planted a golden can-  
non, the discharges of which  
shake down from the inside a  
multitude of sugar plums, which  
fill the ditches and spread round  
the walls. This ingenious pre-  
sent, which bears the name of  
the Trocadero, was intended for  
the Duc de Bordeaux, to whom  
his majesty immediately sent it.

**Police-Office, New-York.**

The proverb of "train up a child  
in the way he should go, and  
when he is old he will not de-  
part from it," is very impres-  
sive and correct. While re-  
cording so many acts of juvenile  
depravity, which from the ne-  
glect of parents too frequently  
occur in a populous city, we feel  
pleasure in recording an instance  
of just sensibility and principle.  
A person came to the Police-  
Office to complain that his coat  
was stolen, and by a lad. His  
description led one of the mar-  
shals to believe that he knew  
the young thief. He went out,  
and in a few minutes returned  
with a chubby, fine looking boy,  
of about eleven years old. The  
little fellow sprang up on the  
examining bench, and desired  
to know what he had done.

The owner of the coat said that  
he was not the thief. "You  
may go," said the Clerk. The  
lad broke out in expressions of  
indignation mingled with tears  
at the suspicion. "Well, well,  
you may go," said the Clerk;  
"let it end here." "No, no; it  
must not end here," said the  
spirited boy; "what will be said  
of me; a thief! see, see how they  
are looking at me through the  
window?" He stamped and  
wept bitterly at the disgrace and  
exposure to which he had been  
undeservedly reduced, and left  
the office bent on having satis-  
faction.

A boy of such an age, and  
with a sense of honor so high,  
and a spirit so commanding, will  
make a fine man. Teach boys  
to be ashamed of doing wrong,  
and they will act in a similar

manner when wrongfully accu-  
sed... *Nat. Adv.*

**Police-Office, London.**

—On Saturday, William Congrave, a  
working goldsmith and jewel-  
er, was charged with pawning  
a gold ring, a broach, and seal,  
the property of a gentleman who  
gave them him to repair.

Some gentlemen of the trade  
stated that the prisoner was the  
best workman in London, and  
perhaps in the world, and might  
be an opulent man had he but  
attended to his business, and  
could easily earn from seven to  
ten pounds a day, and never  
want work; instead of which he  
was idle and would not work,  
but spent his time smoking and  
drinking in public houses with  
persons of the very lowest de-  
scription, and whenever any  
work was entrusted to him, he  
was sure of pawning it. As one  
instance of the prisoner's sur-  
prising abilities, it was stated,  
that some years ago he made a  
coach, with four wheels of gold  
and ivory, not bigger than a pea,  
with a complete set of gold har-  
ness for two fleas, which drew  
the carriage; each flea had a gold  
chain round its neck, consisting  
of one hundred and sixty links;  
fastened on by a small gold pad-  
lock, and which they drew along  
on a table; and being examined  
by a microscope, appeared in  
every respect perfect in all parts,  
and when he unfastened them  
from the coach, he let them feed  
on his wrist, or on the back of  
his hand, and then put them in-  
to a small box, in which there  
was a bit of cotton. The coach  
he kept in a separate box, each  
not bigger than a nut; and that  
this extraordinary curiosity was  
shown at the time to their late  
majesties and the principal no-  
bility in the kingdom, as many  
living witnesses could attest.  
A gentleman present expressed  
his doubt that two fleas could be  
able to draw a coach and harness  
of that size and weight. The  
gentleman in rejoinder remark-  
ed, that a flea was the strongest  
living thing in nature: that it  
could carry a thousand times its  
own weight, and leap upwards of  
two thousand times its own  
length; and had but an elephant  
the strength and activity of a  
flea in proportion to its bulk, it  
could carry the monument on  
its back, or leap from Hyde  
Park to Greenwich. This cu-  
riosity the prisoner lost when in  
a state of intoxication at a pub-  
lic house.

The prisoner not being able  
to produce the property, was or-  
dered to be locked up until eight  
o'clock in the evening, at which  
time he was brought up again,  
when his daughter, a respecta-  
ble, genteel young girl, produ-  
ced the property. The prisoner  
was severely admonished and  
discharged.

**An extraordinary Shot.**

—A Philadelphia paper states, as a  
fact, that a Sportsman of Sussex  
county, N. J. by a single dis-  
charge of his gun, killed a par-  
tridge, shot a man, a hog, and a  
hogsty, broke 14 panes of glass,  
and knocked down 6 ginger-  
bread kings and queens, that  
were standing on the mantle-  
piece opposite the window.

At the court of the king's  
bench, just ended, the number  
of new cases entered was 388, of  
which 250 were decided, the  
remainder, together with what  
stood over at other terms unde-  
cided, amount to about 2000.—  
*Montreal paper.*

On the arrival of the 93d  
Highlanders at Demarara, a good  
joke is told of *Blackee*—that

"King George de fourt was in  
such rage and so great hurry to  
punish dem for deir rebellious  
conduct, dat he send his sogers  
off widout de breeches."

**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 Gar-  
rett, and lately by John Gary, ten-  
ders his services to the Public ge-  
nerally, and hopes, from the expe-  
rience of himself and assistants, to  
share a portion of public patron-  
age; as nothing shall be wanting on  
his part to render every thing com-  
fortable.

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

THOMAS GARY.

March 26. 1-tf



**NEW HOPE  
SPRING RACES**

WILL commence on THURS-  
DAY, 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—en-  
trance \$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 en-  
trance—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. 2-St

**LIST OF LETTERS.**

Remaining in the Post-Office, in  
Halifax, the 1st day of April,  
which, if not taken out by the 1st  
of July next, will be sent to the  
general Post-Office as dead letters.

- |                    |                   |
|--------------------|-------------------|
| B                  | Lockhart Wm B     |
| Brinkley Robert    | Lolake Benj       |
| Baker John         | Long Lemuel       |
| Bradley Jesse      | Lamer Jefferson I |
| Boon James, 2      | M                 |
| Brownlow Sar'h C   | Merritt Francis   |
| Bagby Nancy        | Muir Thacker      |
| Britton Oscar      | Marrast Idlin     |
| C                  | Medlin Martha     |
| Clark Jesse        | Martin Thomas     |
| Carter John        | Myrick Edmund     |
| Crutchelo John     | N                 |
| Crawley Benj.      | Nicholson Sar'h A |
| Corlew Sarah       | Newell Curtis     |
| Collins B & O      | Nevill Martha B   |
| Cotton James       | O                 |
| Crawley David      | Osborn John B     |
| D                  | P                 |
| Dicken Patsey      | Pettway Mark H    |
| Dicken M.          | Powell William K  |
| E                  | Price Cammillo    |
| Edmunds Susan      | Powell Solomon, 2 |
| Elms Dixy, 2       | Powell William    |
| Edward Susan       | Pitman James      |
| Euer Elisha H      | Pettit Mr.        |
| F                  | Pierce Nathaniel  |
| Fort Hilliard      | Proudfit Wm.      |
| Flower Lamrock     | R                 |
| G                  | Russell Susan P   |
| Grinsteau Thos Y   | Reynolds Benj. F  |
| H                  | Ricks Isaac       |
| Hilliard Isaac, 3  | S                 |
| Hilliard Mary M    | Smith Henry 4     |
| Hardie Henrietta   | Skiles William    |
| Hawks Jno S        | Sprewell E        |
| Hunter Jno B       | T                 |
| Hosper-Howell      | Thorn Samuel      |
| Hobbs Edmund       | U                 |
| Hawkins Wiett      | Upton Joseph      |
| Howard William     | W                 |
| Hutchins Little'n  | Wilson R H        |
| Hamlin William     | Wilcox Littleby   |
| Harvey Samuel      | Wilkes Hy & Co 2  |
| J                  | Weaver Mary       |
| Jackson Edmund     | Wilkes John       |
| Jarison J          | Warren James      |
| Jones A B          | Wells Juda        |
| Judge J J          | Wilkes Henry      |
| Johnston Francis   | Watson Thomas     |
| Isbell Pendleton B | Wayche A A        |
| Jakes Etheldred    | Wiggins Moses L   |
| Jackson Hardy T    | Y                 |
| L                  | Yellowly Edward   |
| Leighton Jas 2     | April 9-98        |

JAMES SIMMONS, P. M.