

Miscellaneous

To Rosa —

If I possess'd the radiant bow That circles round the azure sky, I'd wreath it, Rosa, round thy brow, For but one glance of thy bright eye.

If I possess'd the morning's smile, As o'er the east it rises meek, I'd give it all to gaze awhile Upon the beauty of thy cheek.

If I possess'd the red, red rose, As in the morning dew it weeps, I'd give it thee to taste the glows That mantles o'er thy rosy lips.

But I possess a heart as warm As ever throbb'd by cowslip vale, And, Rosa, thou hast every charm— The rest I feel, but dare not tell.

MATRIMONY:

O! treacherous—devilish state! I love to kiss the pretty maids, And often with them tarry; But when they're old their beauty fades, So hang me if I marry.

Some girls are handsome, some are not, Some are proud and some are merry; And some are good, (tis few I wot,) But hang me if I marry.

Some girls are as the lily white, With lips as red as cherry; And eyes that beam with pleasure bright, Yet hang me if I marry.

Some girls are full of coquetry, But old as the Old Harry; Such girls will never do for me— So hang me if I marry.

Some girls for money marry fools! And high their heads they carry; They make their husbands silly tools, So hang me if I marry.

Some girls with whom you're deep in love, Will always be contrary; They say you're serpents, they are doves, So hang me if I marry.

If once they get you in their toil, (Let you e'er be so wary,) They will your resolution foil— That you will never marry.

Then let me caution you beware, And don't be in a hurry; But while you have your senses, swear That you will never marry.

For when your children round you get, With 'Pa, I must be carried,' You must leave your work and fret, 'I wish I'd ne'er been married!'

From the Pittsburg Mercury. The Bachelor at a Party.

I was sitting the other evening in my arm chair, with my feet resting on the fire place engaged in drawing figures in the ashes with the poker, when I heard a loud rapping at my door. To be disturbed when I wish to be alone is at all times unpleasant to me; but it was peculiarly so at that particular moment; for, comfortably fixed in the attitude I have described, my fancy was busily engaged in conjuring up evils which might possibly happen to me, or to some of my friends, and in allotting to all a full share of the numerous ills that flesh is heir to: In short, I was in a fair way of getting the blues, and was beginning to think that in a few minutes more I might claim the privilege of venting my ill humor on every thing that presented itself. It was, therefore, with a feeling of nervous irritability, that I walked to the door and hastily opened it, when who of all men should enter, but Dick Volatile! I could have slammed the door in his face—to be galled and pestered with a popinjay at such a moment was intolerable. However, I invited him in, and pointing to a chair coldly asked him to sit down, whilst I fixed myself in my old position, and resumed my old employment.

Monstrous polite to be sure, Mr. Oldstyle. You have been studying Chesterfield lately I perceive, and really you progress charmingly. Pray do you think the essence of good breeding consists in telling a gentleman who visits you, that there is a chair, and that he may sit down in it if he chooses? 'Pshaw' said I.

There it is now—more politeness. Why in a little time you will be at the head of the bon ton. But let me see your face. Bless me what a lack a daisical look you have! If I had such a phiz, I would be a candidate to blow the bellows of a church organ—and would hope in a little time to be made a vestryman.

Ah, you have a fine flow of spirits, Richard, and well you might; you have nothing to depress you. Six and thirty years have—

'Six and thirty fiddlesticks!' said Dick. 'Cheer up, Ned; what's the matter, man! Why an't you dressed for the party?'

'Dressed for the party!' I turned my eyes slowly towards him, and discovered for the first time, that he was in full dress. A blue coat, with shining gilt buttons, seemed as it were hung upon his shoulders; his shirt collar, of dazzling whiteness and well starched, towered high above his cravat on each side, and seemed emulous of meeting at the crown of his head; a profusion of ruffles graced his bosom; and when the eye rested on his silk stockings and shining pumps, it was impossible to deny that Dick, for that evening at least, was an exquisite of the first water.

'Why what in the name of all that's wonderful is the matter? where are you going?' said I, as roused from my stupor by the singularity of his appearance a smile of contempt, I fear playing upon my countenance.

'Going! why with you to Mrs. K—s party.'

Wrapped in my meditations, I had forgotten that the charming Mrs. K. had sent me a letter in a crow-quill kind of a hand importing 'that she would be very happy to have the pleasure of Mr. Oldstyle's company to tea this evening;' and it was not without a feeling of alarm, I recollected that the evening was far advanced, & that I had neither despatched an apology nor made arrangements for complying with the invitation. I was on the point of relapsing into the horrors, when my friend Dick obliged me to make an effort and save my credit with the ladies; in a short time I was ready and we sat off together.

'Now comes the tug of war,' said Dick as he deposited his hat under a table in the hall. 'Keep an eye on your hat, Oldstyle, yours is a pretty good one, and as the first rates are always dealt out first, you will lose your's if you should be late leaving the ladies. Come on; we must act boldly; bow to our fair hostess; chat with the ladies; drink a cup of coffee, and then hey for the fiddle and dance.'

In a moment we were in the midst of an assembly of all the wealth and beauty and fashion of the city. Dick bowed with a negligee air to the ladies, advanced to Mrs. K. paid her a compliment, and paired off with a young lady to a snug corner of the room. But I was confounded; a sort of giddiness oppressed me, and dazzled my eyes; I could recognize no one, though I had many acquaintances near me; I bowed involuntarily, however, to all around me, and trembling with

agitation, approached Mrs. K. smiling with satisfaction at the apparent pleasures of every one, she kindly welcomed me, and introducing me to two beauties who sat next to her, she glided out of the room. Behold me, reader, in a pitiable situation! I had not a word to say; all my powers of conversation had deserted me in my utmost need, and for the soul of me I did not know what to do. To retreat would be disgraceful, to remain without saying a word would be ridiculous. In short I would have given the world to have been in the entry where my hat was, but how to get off honorably was impossible. I determined to say something. Bowing to one of the ladies—

'Pythagoras,' said I, holds that—

'Sir!'

I was saying—Humph, I was saying, miss, that—a—that, that this is a very pleasant party.'

'Very pleasant, sir.'

'Every body seems to be gratified.'

'Yes, sir.'

Anxious to continue the conversation, I blundered on. 'The company too is very agreeable.' To this there was no answer, and determined not to hazard another remark, I bowed to miss Angelica Serephina Cherubina Short, and left her. But where to go next, what to do with myself, was the next question. Ah, Edward Oldstyle thought I, if you were once cleverly out of this scrape, all the ladies in the world would not get you into such another. However, why should you care for the forward little chits, whispered Pride; dash in amongst them; Hem—there was danger in that; I recollected the foolish situation I had been placed in a moment before & a cold shivering came over me, as I thought of the possibility of being placed in such a situation again. So I sneaked into a corner, and sat down till the dancing would commence. Then I hoped the music would enliven me; and I could muster sufficient resolution to get along creditably.

At last the dancing did commence, and every body seemed pleased; but so was not I—I set still; and it was impossible for me to doubt that every smile was intended for a sneer at my awkwardness and want of gallantry; and for some minutes I suffered a sort of martyrdom; I was like Falstaff and they were like the fairies dancing around me. Every glance was torment; every word was despair! Ah, how often did I sigh for that comfortable position and amusing employment in which Dick had surprised me. Instead of sitting in my study, with the poker in my hand, sketching figures in the ashes, I was at a large party, sitting like a ninny in the corner, and twisting my pocket handkerchief into every form and shape.

The first dance was finished; and a new set was forming. With a sort of dogged resolution I rushed into the middle of the room. My eye chanced to fall upon a young lady to whom I had once bowed in the street. With a faltering voice, I ventured to ask if I might have the pleasure of dancing with her.

'Certainly.'

This was encouraging. 'Which is your favorite figure, miss.'

'Speed the plough.'

'Speed the plough,' thought I; she is quizzing my awkwardness too; she thinks I am fresh from the plough, and she wishes me to speed my way out of her sight. I was a little nettled,

and I did not speak again for nearly a minute. At length I thought it necessary to say something; but what could I say? (A long pause.)

'Pray, miss, have you read Scott's last novel?'

'Yes, sir.'

(Another long pause) I determined to assume impudence, if I had it not. I thrust my hands into my pantaloons' pocket, and patted with my foot on the floor. 'Confound the fiddler, when will he begin,' I exclaimed mentally. A smile from my partner, and a general titter through the room attracted my attention. I involuntarily cast down my eyes towards my hands, when I discovered that, in thrusting my hands into my pocket * * * * a treacherous button * * * * This was too much. I bowed to my partner, & without handing her to her seat, rushed out of the house.

I have never been at a party since. My timidity seems to be unconquerable, & I fear that I am doomed to drag out the remainder of a cheerless existence unblest by the smiles of those whose favor I would give the world to gain. E.

Close Preaching...The following anecdote of a Scotch Preacher in England, (which we do not recollect to have seen in print before,) was lately handed us by an old friend:

Having one day lectured his audience severely for their drowsy habits at church, one of his congregation met him a day or two after, and complained of severity of his censures, reminding him that he ought first to look at home, for his own wife was observed to be sound asleep almost every Sunday. 'What!' said he, 'does my Jenny sleep in Sermon time? I will keep my eye upon her in future.' He did so indeed, and the next Sunday, soon after the introduction of his discourse, his wife was seen to continue nodding till she fell into a deep sleep. Stopping suddenly in the midst of his discourse, and turning his eyes directly upon his slumbering companion, he vociferated three times, in a louder and louder tone: 'Jenny! Jenny!! Jenny!!! She started from her drowse, while with a voice which must have awakened attention, he expostulated thus: 'My dear,' said he, 'I dinna marry ye for riches, for ye had none...I dinna marry ye for beauty, as a' the congregation may witness...an' if ye hae no grace, I made but a poor bargain on't!'

Selling a Wife...A most disgraceful occurrence took place lately at Arundel. A man took his wife a mile out of town, and then conducted her back with a halter round her neck, he having been told that he must put the halter on at that distance, or the sale would be illegal; he brought her into the market, both appeared on very good terms, and put her up at 3l. when a sailor bid 2l. and the bargain being soon struck, he paid the money and conducted her away. London pu.

Food and Physic...If you have a severe cold and are very hoarse, have some water gruel prepared in the ordinary way --- (if you are ignorant how to make it, ask any old woman)--- when nearly ready slice in two or three onions; simmer it again for twenty minutes; pour it out; put in a lump of butter, with pepper and salt, and eat it (with

bread if you are hungry); go to bed soon after; the next morning, if you are not quite well, you will be much improved, and willing to try a second dose, which will certainly effect a cure.---(Economist.)

Novel Superscription...The following superscription appeared on a letter which passed through the Post Office in Portland a few days since:--

Swift as the dove your course pursue, Let nought your speed restrain, Until you reach Miss Lucy Drew, In Newfield, State of Maine.

Be not inconsistent in your expectations; and having chosen your walk thro' life, pursue it with patience, industry, and contentment.

Cotton Machines.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the citizens of Halifax and the adjoining counties, that he has removed from Curliu's roads to the late residence of James Judge, jr. deceased; on the road leading from Enfield to Warrenton, 8 miles from Enfield, 1 from Farmwell Grove Academy, about 20 from Warrenton; 19 from Nash Court-house, and 25 from Moore's Ferry. Having on hand a stock of materials of the best kind, he is now prepared to make and repair

COTTON MACHINES

in the best manner and at the shortest notice. Reference can be had to several respectable persons in the vicinity, who have made trial of his machines, which have given general satisfaction.

A. B. Cullum.

Feb. 24, 1825. 49-3t

The celebrated Race Horse

BYRON,



A MOST beautiful Bay, with black legs, mane and tail, four years old this spring, five feet 5 inches high, will stand the present season, at the residence of Mr. Thomas Eaton, in the County of Halifax, on the road leading from Halifax to Mr. William Eaton's Ferry, about 4 miles above Mr. William W. Wilkins' Ferry, and 18 miles from the town of Halifax; he will stand at Mr. Eaton's on each Monday and Tuesday in every week, and at Mr. James Haile's on each Wednesday and Thursday, in every week, and will be let to mares at the very reduced price of TEN DOLLARS the Season, Five Dollars the Single leap, and TWENTY DOLLARS to ensure a mare to be in foal, with Fifty Cents to the groom in every instance.

Mares furnished with good pasturage gratis, and fed if required at the neighborhood price, but will not be responsible for accidents or escapes.

PERFORMANCES.

BYRON when two years old was entered on a stake to be run the fall after he was three years old, for Two Hundred Dollars entrance, two mile heats, five Subscribers, it being the only time he was trained; he won the race in great style, beating Mr. Johnston's colt by Timoleon and Col. Wynn's sorrel filly by Archie, at three heats; Mr. Harrison and Mr. Wyche paid forfeit.

PEDIGREE.

BYRON was gotten by the celebrated Sir Archie, his dam by the imported horse Bedford, his grandam by Federalist, which mare was half sister to the celebrated old Jolly Friar, his great grandam by Fearnought, which mare was the property of Archibald Hamilton, and at the sale of his blooded stock, was purchased by Mr. Benihan of Orange, and supposed to be the best mare in North Carolina of her day, his great great grandam by Janus, and his great great grandam by Jolly Roger, out of a Double Janus mare, so it is obvious to all those who read the pedigree of Byron, that he partakes of two of the best stocks in America: To wit: Sir Archie and Janus.

The Season will commence the 1st of March, and expire the 1st of July.

Tho's W. Jenkins.

Woodlawn, Feb. 24. 59-4t