

Miscellaneous.



FOR THE FREE PRESS.

To Miss C. H. D. of N—h.

I dream'd an angel hover'd near,
To tell me of celestial things;
Methought her harp, so soft, so clear,
Was hither brought by heavenly wings.

Methought the ardor that I felt,
Was only from th' angelic choir;
Sure none beside my heart could melt,
With glow of such extatic fire.

Vain dreamer, hush! that heavenly sound,
Which thou believest so divine,
Will ever more fond youth be found,
In the sweet tones of Caroline.

MARMION.

Nash, 14th Oct. 1826.

THE GAMESTER'S SONG.

Good Sir, do not start, I'll teach you an art,
By which you will ne'er miss your aim,
Be not squeamish or nice to cut cards or cog
dice,

All the world plays the best of the game.

See how each profession and trades through
the nation,

Will dupe all the world without shame;
Then why should not we in our turn be as
free?

All the world plays the best of the game.

The lawyers of note, who squabble & quote,
Are expecting both riches and fame;
And all is but trick, the poor client to nick,
For the law plays the best of the game.

To gain his base ends, each lover pretends
To talk of his darts and his flame;
By which he draws in the poor maiden to sin
Who is left with the worst of the game.

And so the coy maid, with modesty's aid,
To foolish fond man does the same;
When the fool's in the net, the prude turns
coquette,

And her spouse has the worst of the game.

Then since the great plan is cheat who
cheat can,

Pray think not my notions to blame:
Join lawyers and proctors, maids, lovers and
doctors,

All the world plays the best of the game.

PARODY.

"There's nothing true but heaven."—Moore.

The girls are all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
Their smiles of joy, their tears of wo,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow;
'There's not one true in seven.

And false the flash of beauty's eye,
As fading hues of even;
And love and laughter—all a lie—
And hopes awaken'd but to die—
'There's not one true in seven.

Poor mushrooms of a summer day!
Yet bloom, and be forgiven,
For life's at best a show.—A way,
Dull drowsy thought!—I'll join the gay,
And romp with all the seven.

TAXES.

A merry fellow, whose hard lot
It was in old Vermont to gather taxes,
Stopp'd 'neath a shed, where carts, ploughs,
saws and axes,

Shew'd the proprietor some cash had got.
Then to the house he hied,
And on the door his leathern knuckles tried;
'Sir, (entering) Sir, your taxes, if you please!
'What!' quoth the owner, very ill at ease,
'Taxes again!—why twas but t'other day
I paid a most monstrous sum away
For taxes—tis t'arnal hard, I vow,
A man can scarce afford to keep a cow—
I ra'ally believe you'll tax my very eyes!
'Sir,' quoth the man of law in gray surprise,
'You really are unreasonable;
Sure the main comforts of your house & table
Are never taxed—for instance, Sir, your wife,
We ask no tax on her.' 'You don't! od's life!
I guess you don't,' rejoin'd the grumbling elf,
'Good reason why! she's tax enough herself!'

Second Sight and Charms.—A correspondent of the National Intelligencer, writes thus from Hampshire County, Va.

"In this county, on North River, there are two remarkable instances of men possessing the gift of second sight, together with a faculty of charming. The one is a white man by the name of George Sharff, the other a negro called Phil. Payton, both remarkably stupid and ignorant.—Sharff, who acts as a laquey or servant to a Sheriff who lives

on the opposite side of the river to him, can readily inform his master of what is passing in the county, and where goods are hid on which he has levied—and, what is more strange, give a tolerable account of conversations which pass at a distance, merely by the motions of the speakers' lips.

He is well rewarded for the services he renders Mr. H. the sheriff, and this has made him of late careless about accommodating others. Phil. Payton, the Negro, possesses the same faculty, in a similar degree, and is more accommodating, (he is the most intelligent of the two) frequently gratifying strangers with specimens of his occult skill, which Sharff will seldom now do, unless ordered by Mr. H. who takes care of him, (for he is too much of an idiot to take care of himself.)

There is a wonderful faculty possessed by both these men as it respects charms. Sharff can remove warts, and other excrescences, merely by moving his hand with a circular motion round them—& I have known Phil to cure the most obstinate ophthalmia, merely by blowing his breath in the patient's eye. This is strange, but true, and nothing more wonderful than the fascination of serpents, or the submersion of swallows.

These men cannot be imposters; for they are too ignorant to carry on a deception. The neighbors for miles around can attest to their ignorance, as well as their skill in the hidden mystery of conjuration.

When Mr. H. loses or cannot find a horse immediately he applies to Sharff, who immediately puts his right hand before his eyes—pauses a few moments, then describes the identical place where the beast is, at that time. It is something curious that he cannot see by applying the left hand to the eyes. From the right hand he has lost the thumb—when this took place, it greatly improved his occult vision.

It would be too tedious to go into full details of the wonderful gifts of these two men, though I as fully believe they possess the second sight as I believe Paris is in France or London in England. Enough is here written to excite the speculation of the

CURIOS.

Clerical movements.—The Rev. Mr. Hogan, we believe is well known in Philadelphia, if not in this city, and has been distinguished as the cause of considerable commotion in the former place. He has recently paid a visit to New-Jersey and in some dispute the Rev. Gentleman sent his antagonist a challenge to fight a duel. Instead of meeting Mr. Hogan in the usual way, not with "Bell Book and candle," but with hair triggers, "lint, probestick and plaister," he very fairly handed him over to the Grand Jury, and he was indicted for challenging "against the statute in such cases made and provided;" but the Rev. Gentleman not recognising any court, except the ecclesiastical court, refused to obey the mandates of law, and actually drew a pair of pistols on the officers—put them at defiance, and came off to New York. Here he was arrested as a fugitive from justice, and lodged in Bridewell. An attempt was made without effect, to liberate him by habeas corpus, and his friends interfered. They obtained and paid for his passage to Liverpool, on board the William Byrnes, and Mr. Hogan was escorted on board, bag and baggage, and set sail with a fair wind; When in sight of the light house the Rev. Gentleman turned to the Captain, told him he was forced on board his vessel against his will, and if he did not put him on board the pilot boat then under the lee, he would, on his arrival at Liverpool arrest him for false imprisonment. Capt. Hackstaff, thus addressed by one of his passengers, and not relishing legal process at the end of the voyage, sent Mr. Hogan on board the pilot boat, from which he was transferred at his own desire to the President, bound to Charleston; she under full sail, clearing the light house, and in a few days the Rev. Mr. Hogan may reach the capital of South Carolina, and "further the deponent saith not."

Mr. Hogan is a man of talent, and taking his whole career into consideration it strikes us that he should have pursued

the career of arms rather than the mild profession of the church.—*Enquirer.*

Charleston, Oct. 4.—FELLOW-CITIZENS!—It is now a subject of notoriety that I had been arrested in New-York some time back, on the complaint of one Edward Harriss, of New-Jersey. It is unnecessary to state the cause of our difference; suffice it to say that I found myself under the necessity of posting him. I had not recourse to this measure until after having received the most ruffian-like abuse—it was the only alternative left me, and one which in my soul I abhor, but what else could be done, could I submit passively to the insolence of a purse-proud coxcomb, or could I kiss the rod that scourged me; could I pat the cur that snarled at me—surely no American citizen could. If by thus posting this coward in this instance, I have acted wrong, if I have done any thing unbecoming me as a gentleman, if by pursuing this course I have rendered myself unworthy the protection of a country which has admitted me one of her children, and to one of her most respectable professions; if I have deviated from that path which others whose talents will carry their names to ages yet unborn, and whose sense of honor is a check to suppress insolence and pedantic rudeness, have pursued, I am willing to make the most respectful apology to the country of my adoption; but I trust I have not; others with whom I will not, because I dare not, compare myself, have used similar means of defence. Witness Decatur, once the glory of our navy; witness Barron, long the victim of national neglect; witness Clay, the boast of Kentucky; witness Randolph, that singular compound of patriotism, genius, honor and eccentricities; witness Wilson, the former Governor of South Carolina, than whom a more generous or honorable soul seldom throbs in the human bosom. If it is true that Harriss, poltroon as he is, had me imprisoned; it is also true that I took passage for Liverpool for the purpose of getting out of the power of this coward and his Uncle Lang, of the N. Y. Gazette; but in doing so I have done no more than any other gentleman in similar circumstances would do.

I shall conclude this hurried statement of facts by appealing to the honor of my Fellow-Citizens, for that protection which the stranger and the persecuted have ever experienced from them. As to Harriss and his Uncle Lang, they need not fear that I shall ever deign to notice them.

"Were I to scourge each fool I meet,
I ne'er could peep into the street."

I have the honor to remain, Fellow-Citizens, your humble servant,
WM. HOGAN.

Traits of life.—"There are people," continued the corporal, "who can't even breathe, without slandering a neighbor." "You judge too severely," replied my aunt Prudy—"very few are slandered who do not deserve it."—"That may be, retorted the corporal, 'but I have heard very slight things said of you.'—The face of my aunt kindled with anger. "Me!" exclaimed she, "Me! slight things of Me! what can any body say of Me?"—"They say," answered the corporal gravely, and drawing his words to keep her in suspense, "that; that you are no better than you should be." Fury flashed from the eyes of my aunt.—"Who are the wretches?"—"I hope they slander no one that does not deserve it," remarked the corporal jeeringly, as he left the room.

The feelings of my aunt may well be conceived—She was sensibly injured. True, she was peevish and fretful—but she was rigidly moral and virtuous. The purest ice was not more chaste. The pope himself could not boast more piety. Conscious of the correctness of her conduct, she was wounded at the remark of the corporal. Why should the neighbors slander her; She could not conjecture.

Let my aunt be consoled. She falls under the common lot of nature, A person who can live in this world, without suffering must be too stupid or insignificant to claim attention.

Courtship.—It has been said that courtship is the happiest portion of our lives. This opinion is founded upon two suppositions—the first, that hope and patience never desert us until our wishes are consummated—The second that we always anticipate more pleasures in the married life than it will afford us. These may often occur, but the exceptions to them are so frequent, that we do not think the position can be allowed the epithet of "a general rule." It sometimes happens that courtship is a happier season than marriage afterwards affords; but it sometimes happens also, that after a courtship full of doubts, anxieties, and fears, marriage crowns our felicity even more perfect than we had anticipated.

Walking.—There are few general directions given by physicians which are so commonly misunderstood, and imperfectly followed, as the injunction to take free exercise—to walk out daily and to allow no state of the weather to interrupt the regularity of this exercise. It is not the mere circumstance of walking which can give any vigour to the frame or strength to the digestive functions. Walking is the means of effecting a certain object, and this last it is that promises the general benefit of exercise. It is by this means we wish to quicken and invigorate circulation, and give action to the functions of the skin,—to give a start to the blood and produce a general perspiration. These two purposes effected, the digestion is improved the bowels kept in order, the equilibrium of the circulation preserved, the mind invigorated, and all the powers of the system strengthened;—general health therefore is the consequence, and without those effects of walking, the general health will decline.—*Medical Int.*

An obedient Soldier.—A general officer commanding at Plymouth, some few years since, once gave strict orders to the sentry at the citadel that none except the General's cow should pass over the grass. While this order was in force, lady D. called to visit the General's lady, and on entering the citadel was, as usual, about to take the short cut across the grass, when, to her great surprise, she was ordered off by the sentry, who said, "You can't pass there." "Not pass here!" said her Ladyship, "perhaps you don't know who I am." "I neither know nor care who you are," said the soldier, "but I know you are not the General's cow, and no one else can pass here."

Every Man to his Trade.—The rage for distinction and notoriety is mischievous in society. It makes men discontented with proper spheres of life, in which by nature and education, they are fitted to move with propriety and puts them upon aspiring after stations far above themselves, duties of which their abilities are not at all equal to fulfil. Hence the community lose a good member in one instance, and have a bad one forced upon them in the other.

American Giantess.—Nine blacks were lately brought up before the Lord Mayor of London, for having paraded the streets with white turbans on their heads, and placards on their backs. Mr. Brown the marshal, said the placards set forth the merits and charms of a young American Giantess, who was seven feet high, though but 18 years of age. They stated that she was exhibited under the patronage of his Lordship. A crowd of persons was collected round the nine blacks, and the officers conceived that, although the Lord Mayor might have sanctioned the exhibition, he never would countenance such a mode of advertising it.

A hint to the Ladies.—The Chief Justice of Upper Canada has lately decided, that "however ungallant such conduct might be considered, yet a man has a right to chastise his wife moderately."

Lock Jaw.—A physician in the west has cured a patient of this dreadful malady, by causing his legs to be immersed to the knees in fresh warm ley.