

Miscellaneous.



FOR THE FREE PRESS.

To a Child at play.

How like the fresh but fading flow'r,
Are all thy joys of tender years;
You have no thought there comes the hour,
That ends thy joys in gloomy cares.

And swiftly comes the hour shall spread,
O'er all thy noon her raven night;
And hope and fear unmingl'd shed,
A darkling ray where all was bright.

Thou hast no wants and hast no fears,
Thy heart dilates with ev'ry bliss;
If thou art sad, a mother cheers,
And ev'ry tear meets mother's kiss.

But soon thy wants unheeded go,
And earth may claim her kindred clay;
No mother then to soothe thy wo,
And kiss each scalding tear away.

For thy mother, for her alone,
Thy heart has love that's pure as heav'n;
For thine thou ever hast her own,
And it is return'd, pure as giv'n.

But soon thy soul, tho' all is love,
In vain shall breathe her tender sighs;
Disdain be all thy love can move,
For thee no mother's heart replies.

Then, dear child, tho' the world may smile,
And promis'd joy each smile attend;
Let this sad truth, no dream beguile,
Thy mother is thy only friend. A. B. C.

FOR THE FREE PRESS.

Written by moonlight at Major D—'s,
about 1 o'clock, A. M. 13th Nov. 1826.

Where is that beauteous flower gone,
That once inspir'd my muse;
Which I delighted gazed upon,
Refresh'd with morning dews?

'Tis wither'd! but the verdant vine,
With other flowers may bloom;
When he who all thy charms resign,
Shall dwell within the tomb!

But yet there is a time to come,
When nought that's bright must fade;
'Tis when yon glorious shining moon,
Shall sink in endless shade.

'Then in a more refulgent sphere,
Will Virtue's flowers bloom;
And though they all have perish'd here,
They'll glow beyond the tomb.

MARMION.

For the Free Press.

A SERIOUS THOUGHT.

Nay, do not ask; I cannot,—no,
I ne'er will quit thy side;
Where'er thou goest, I will go,
Where thou abidest, I'll abide.

In life, in death, my soul to thine,
Shall cleave, as first it fondly clave;
Thy home, thy people, shall be mine,
Thy God, my God—thy grave, my grave.

MARMION.

Sunday, 22d Oct. 1826.

FOR THE FREE PRESS.

To Benevolent.

The amorous Marmion seems to rouse thy
muse,
Then why not, Benevolent, lash him more
profuse?

He deserves it much, and all who reads him
must
At once agree, that what thou sayest is just.
That Marmion has talents no one will deny,
Yet, hackney'd subjects will become too dry;
And such is the fate of Marmion's darling
theme,

That e'en the Belles all wish for something
new I deem.
Then say to Marmion, thou Benevolent so
mild,

Too old thou art, to be so romantic wild;
Loved are thy talents, and that by not a few,
Then do forsake the old, and sing us some-
thing new.

The Bard at the Corner.

FOR THE FREE PRESS.

Ode to Friendship.

Come, Friendship! heaven-born compeer,
For ever make thy dwelling here,
Since thou celestial, wast design'd to bless;
Come, gentle, far withdrawn from strife;
Come sweeten all the toils of life,
And calm each rising tumult in my breast.

Expel all pride, a foe to good,
Who on the mountain top has stood,

Where man is e'er exposed—thence doom'd
to fall:

And let me in the vale below,
With all the lowly safely go,
In harmony and concord with them all—
No envy in my heart be found,
Nor baleful malice hover round,
"No black suspicions haunt my hour of rest."

Let prejudice forgotten lie,
Contention's biting rabble die;
Be thy sweet joys by thy kind looks express'd.
Let me in absence not defame,
Nor lightly use my neighbor's name,

To say what I would not that he should hear;
His virtues praise with temperate zeal;
His smallest fault with care conceal;
And thus his love secure, and shun his fear.

When provocation's torrent pour,
And anger's darken'd tempest roar,
May thy soft magic influence be display'd;
Smooth thou the torrent to a rill,
The tempest's raging fury still,

And bid me smile again, the storm is laid.
We'll note no names that gender strife,
In civil or religious life;
But make our mortal course in mutual love;

With men, we'll each on each depend;
And know no man but as a friend,
And when our toil is done find rest above.

PHILANTHROPIST.

For the Free Press.

Man! unhappy creature, frail and vain,
Must die, must surely die—
Every one must follow in his train,
A king and you, a lord and I.

He must bid farewell to earthly joys,
For here he cannot stay;
Death his visionary hopes destroys,
And bids him come away.

He's born to-day, and dies to-morrow,
His life is but a span;
His days are nought but pain and sorrow,
Such alas! is creature Man! SOLON.

FOR THE FREE PRESS.

LOVE.

Mr. Editor:—I have frequently heard people say that they were in love—that a certain gentleman was in love with a certain lady, &c. and have often asked the question, what is love? but have never received a satisfactory answer. Indeed, it appears that they are incapable of conveying the least idea of the operations of that passion on themselves. I have heard some assert that the passion of love is involuntary; and others, on the contrary, say that it is entirely dependent on the will. And the advocates, of these two very opposite opinions, plead experience in support of their doctrine. Now, Mr. Editor, when opinions, so exactly opposite are advanced, and the arguments brought forward by both parties in support of them, ultimately result in what they term experience, how are we, who are inexperienced to decide as to the validity of either? The one finds himself involved in a peculiar situation, which he is unable to describe, occasioned either by the sight of a beautiful female, by her superior qualities of mind, or by her fascinating manners: which, he says, he is incapable of voluntarily resisting. Such being the case, he is forced to yield to that impulse, which throws him completely in the power of his flame. The other, although smiled at by the most lovely and beautiful of her sex; although he may receive the side-long-glances of the most brilliant and penetrating eyes, whose looks carry with them force and energy; although his ears may be saluted with the delightful tone of her voice, accompanied with the sounding keys of her piano—declares that he can voluntarily resist all the powers and fascinations, of which Cupid is master—that he can love whenever and whomsoever he pleases. The absurdity of this doctrine is clearly shewn:

for, no civilized man, who has received the benefits of an education, and whose manners have been only slightly touched with the polishing brush of female society, can, with truth, affirm, that he is capable of voluntarily resisting all the charms of female beauty and accomplishments.

It is true, we do not receive the same impressions from every lady we behold, or with whom we are acquainted—we do not love all alike—God forbid!—This may probably be urged by the advocates of voluntary love in support of their doctrine; but we beg leave to state to them, that different causes produce different effects; that the laws of human nature are different in different individuals; that we do not bear the same relation to each other with regard to our stations in life, &c.; therefore a man who walks in the first circle of society will not deign to look upon a female of low order; nor will a lady of high rank suffer herself to be wooed by a harlequin.

From what has been said, Mr. Editor, you will have anticipated my opinion in respect to the subject of voluntary love: I will, however, briefly observe that I do not subscribe to either doctrine exclusively.

I must confess I am not much experienced in the affairs of love, but think I am sufficiently experienced to be entitled to the privilege of venturing an opinion on the subject. I am of opinion, Sir, that the first impression, and consequent re-action of the passion of love are altogether irresistible, & of course involuntary. But if the person loving, from a desire to please his parents, or from some other motive, wishes to love some other lady, he can voluntarily absent himself from the first, and, by his will, become attached to the second with equal ardour.

I will remark, by the way, that there are various causes which act in first exciting the passions of love: among these, riches are considered, in this our day, as the prima causa of the first movement. This, then is voluntary, but in my opinion, it cannot produce that pure genuine affection which is properly denominated LOVE, without the co-operation of other causes not of a pecuniary nature.

NARCISSUS.

Colonel Tarleton.—The haughty Tarleton, vaunting his feats of gallantry to the great disparagement of officers of the Continental cavalry, said to a lady at Wilmington, (N. C.) "I have a very earnest desire to see your far famed hero, Colonel Washington." "Your wish, Colonel, might have been fully gratified," she promptly replied, "had you ventured to look behind you, after the battle of the Cowpens." It was in that battle that Washington had wounded Tarleton, which gave rise to a still more pointed retort. Conversing with Mrs. Wiley Jones, at Halifax, (N. C.) Col. Tarleton observed, "You appear to think very highly of Col. Washington, and yet I have been told that he is so ignorant a fellow, that he can hardly write his own name." "It may be the case," she replied, "but no man better than yourself, Colonel,

can testify that he knows how to make his mark."

Female Education.—A correspondent of the New-York American complains that his daughter has been to a "fashionable boarding school" three years, and is solving problems in algebra, and yet she cannot solve a sum in the rule of three—he says she knows something about ancient history, but has not "got to modern history yet"—she can neither speak nor write English, but then she is studying French and Italian—and she cannot go to school in the afternoon in the same dress she wore in the morning.

Horrible discovery.—A discovery of the most painful and revolting description was made on Monday last, on board the ship Latona, which had just been freighted, and was about to sail from Liverpool to Leith. When the vessel was on the point of leaving the former port, a most disagreeable effluvia was perceived by the persons on board, but without the cause being immediately known. The smell, however, became more and more offensive, and, on endeavouring to trace whence it proceeded some of the crew suspected it to issue from three casks which were on board, and had been shipped for Leith. A hole was immediately bored into one of them, and no doubt then existed as to the cause; but such was the nature of the stench it emitted, that it excited the most painful suspicions. The casks were instantly opened, when the horrible discovery was made, that they contained several human bodies, some of them perfect, others mutilated, and all in the most shocking state of decomposition. No time was lost in enquiring from whence the casks had come, and upon that circumstance being learned, information was instantly given to the Police, who despatched several Officers to the premises. On their arrival they made strict search, and after breaking open the doors of an underground cellar, a place well calculated for concealment, they succeeded in finding 11 other casks of a similar description to those on board the Latona, all of which on being broken open, were found to contain human bodies in a state too painful to describe; some were perfect, others dissected, and some we shudder at the recital, were put into pickle! On extending their search several sacks were discovered, containing also the violated remains of the dead. The whole number of bodies that were found to have been taken from the silent tomb is no less than 35. The distressing sensation which this most extraordinary affair has occasioned to the inhabitants of Liverpool cannot be described. The agitation of those who have lately lost either a relative or friend is extreme, from the dreadful apprehension that the corpse they had so recently consigned to the grave might be among the number of those which have been so sacrilegiously torn from it. We are not yet aware of what proceedings are to follow this most strange event, but certainly a very rigid investigation will be immediately commenced. English paper.