

## Miscellaneous.



FOR THE FREE PRESS.

To Miss C. H. D. who kindly requested my Son, to remain at her Father's during Court week.

Oh! what is so beautiful half to behold,  
As the smile which pure Friendship bestows?  
It is sweeter than incense, and brighter than gold,  
And soft, as the breath of a rose.

Oh! it sheds round the heart, in it's happiest hour,  
A halo of rapture and love;  
And divinely it glows, 'neath the magical power,  
As a gem 'neath the light from above.

If so enchanting her smile, what would be her tear?  
But ne'er may it flow but in JOY;  
'Tis the prayer of a Father to Heaven for her,  
Who was kind to his motherless boy.

But both are most exquisite! blest is the smile,  
Which beams in the season of gladness;  
And bless'd is the tear, which can sorrow beguile,  
Or soften one moment of sadness.

MARMION.

FOR THE FREE PRESS.

### Home.

Yes! home is home, where'er it be—  
'Tis there we feel our liberty,  
'Tis there we taste the sweets of life,  
'Tis there we strangle foolish strife;  
There like the monarch on his throne,  
We 'bey no mandate but our own;  
And, though no royalty have we,  
Our heart's as proud, our soul's as free!—  
Then where I go, where'er I roam,  
I'll proudly say, that home is home. W.

FOR THE FREE PRESS.

The unfortunate Man, and sympathizing Friends.

What sympathies are often felt,  
And how men's hearts appear to melt—  
What mutual feelings they express,  
For ev'ry brother in distress!  
But modern times afford a story,  
Which strips them of their boasted glory,  
And shows their sorrow oft a sound,  
Where scarce one spark of feeling's found!

A certain man, no matter who,  
Had suffer'd loss, and sorely too;  
His friends, around him all collected,  
With faces long, and looks dejected,  
Breathed forth their sighs in such a host,  
'Twas hard to tell which sigh'd the most.

Says one, I'm sorry, Sir, to hear,  
That you sustain such loss this year!  
Another says, I'm sorry, too!  
I feel right sorry, that I do!

A third, who seems, in earnest, sad,  
Declares such luck is mighty bad!  
A fourth observes, in strains high-flown,  
He's sorry fortune seems to frown!  
Thus round and round their sorrow went,  
'Till sorrow all in breath was spent.

An honest swain was standing by,  
Regarding with attentive eye,  
The man reduced to want, and grieved,  
Which all condoled—but none relieved.  
This honest swain with cheerful look,  
Five dollars from his pocket took,  
And thus accosts the pining crew:  
So much I sorry—how much you?  
Then reach'd it to the man in want,  
'Twas all the sorrow he could vaunt.

BENEVOLENT.

Selected for the Free Press.

### CONUNDRUM.

I am a word of letters five,  
In sparkling wine I always thrive;  
In serpent's eye and woman's smile,  
And Maccoboy I dwell awhile.  
My two first letters then remove,  
A good appendage I shall prove  
To a man's body—then transpose  
My second, third and fifth, and to the nose  
Of Jew or Turk I give offence,  
And nauseate their every sense.  
Instead of that transpose my whole,  
And by militia captains bold  
You'll hear me often bawl'd aloud,  
'To all the lazy listening crowd.  
My three last letters well arranged,  
Into a sheep will then be changed;  
My four first letters treated civil,  
Will be what Milton calls the Devil.  
Now gentles all, if you can tell  
Who I can be—then you can spell. Q.

Who lives to nature, rarely can be poor;  
Who lives to fancy never can be rich.

**Reclaimed Land.**—Mr. David Justice, Jr. of this county, made the present season, seventeen barrels of Corn, two wagon loads of Pumpkins and a large quantity of Peas, from one acre and ten poles of ground, and he has now the prospect of a fine crop of Turnips from the same soil. This land was marshy and usually covered with water, but having been drained and cleared, was cultivated for the first time, this season.

We hope yet to see the passage of a law by our Legislature, directing the draining of the immense body of Swamp land in the eastern section of our State, which being now constantly covered with water, is the fruitful source of disease in that quarter, but which if reclaimed, would give the State thousands of acres of the most fertile land, and would greatly increase the funds of the State.

Raleigh, Reg.

Danville, Va. Nov. 18.

**Roanoke Company.**—The annual meeting of the Stockholders of the Roanoke Navigation Company, took place in the town of Clarksville, during the present week. We understand the Stockholders were well pleased with the reports made of the state of the Company. The works have progressed to the anticipations of the most sanguine friends.

From the report it appears that the cash in hand amounts to \$15,000, and that \$16,000 are due, which is amply sufficient we presume for the further improvements necessary to be made at this time; but in addition to this, there is the further sum of 4 per cent. upon each share which the President and Directors may require, at any time,—leaving out of view, the handsome sum of \$56,000 which the State of North Carolina has, at any moment a right to subscribe, which right she has hitherto refused to yield, which bears us out in a belief that she will at some future day take up the stock.—Tel.

**Puffing.**—There was much excitement at Boston and its neighborhood because Mr. Cushing, a candidate for a seat in Congress, was supposed, (as it appears erroneously,) guilty of sending to one of the newspapers an article puffing himself. There is no rarity (says Mr. Niles) in such things with us and to the south! Persons get upon stumps, carts, &c. and praise themselves in the face of the people, without the least ceremony—boasting of what they have done, and saying what they will do, as though all power were vested in their precious selves to promote the welfare of the state.

**Capt. Morgan.**—This individual concerning whose abduction so much has been said and written, and who was supposed to have been murdered, or immured in some solitary and secret cell, is, it seems, quietly and comfortably performing the duties of tapster, in a grocery, at Fort George, Upper Canada. The Rensselaer Gazette states, that the persons who took him from goal, paid the debt for which he was confined, and that he is now snugly engaged in a comfortable employment. The

Post of last evening remarks, that a great clamor was raised "purely for electioneering purposes, against Gov. Clinton, for not showing more alacrity and zeal on the occasion, for not issuing his proclamation earlier and offering a larger reward for the discovery of the villains who carried off this unfortunate individual. This clamor had its effect. Mr. Clinton lost a great many votes by it; and now, after the election is over, we discovered the mysterious retreat to which the ill-starred Captain Morgan has been conveyed."—Times.

**Race against a Coach.**—A groom, of the name of Edwards, was matched to run, on Saturday morning, Nov. 8, eighteen miles in less time than the Bath Regulator coach. The coach performed the eighteen miles, changing twice, in two hours and 8 minutes. The pedestrian did his task with great ease, in 5 minutes less than two hours.—[An. of Sporting.

**Women.**—There has been a period when women were not only deemed an inferior race, but when doubts were entertained whether they belonged to the human species. Holcroft, in his travels thro' Holland, France, &c. introduces the following passages:—"St. Foix quotes Gregory of Tours to prove that at the council of Macon the questions whether women were or were not human beings, was hotly disputed, and after much division of sentiment, it was at last solemnly decreed in the council, that women did not constitute a part of the human race."

Mrs. Colvin.

**Bachelors.**—The witty editor of the Boston Lounger makes the following satirical remarks on the project for laying an additional tax upon bachelors:

"Bachelors must be taxed doubtless, but the deuce of it is, have the wretches got sufficient cash, credit or friends, to pay the exaction! The whole vagabond race of them are eternally whining about poverty, until people are worn to death with their querulousness. Would it not be better to have them publicly whipped and branded! Or, (as they continue to burn up widows in India,) suppose we have an annual bonfire of bachelors! This last project would be agreeable to ancient single ladies.

"Since the last 29th of February, the increase of bachelors in this city has been so considerable as to excite the most lively apprehensions in the bosoms of the fair. The number of those infatuated young men, in proportion to those actually married or mortgaged, was ascertained at the time of taking the census, to be something like a quantity of rotten lemons in a fresh box which is much more than enough to affect the comfort of society. If bachelors will be so intolerably wilful as to shrink from entering into the married state, mangre the goodness of the times and the encouragement of the fair, it is but reasonable they should be numbered and taxed like dogs. Mr. Slocum's plan of filling the public treasury by picking the pockets of the penniless, strikes us as peculiarly ingenious.—We

pray that it may be carried into immediate operation, before the crippled and meagre race of Benedict's shall have had time to crawl off to a more congenial climate."

**John Randolph.**—The following paragraphs are contained in the infamous speech, delivered in the U. S. Senate by Mr. RANDOLPH, which led to the altercation between him and Mr. CLAY. No man on earth, save JOHN RANDOLPH could embody so much real bitterness and sarcasm in the same space.—We record it as a curiosity, and as a specimen of the bitterness of JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.—Literary Cadet.

"This man—(mankind I crave your pardon)—this worm—(little animals forgive the insult)—was spit out of the womb of madness—was raised to higher life than he was born to—for he was raised to the society of blackguards.—Some fortune—kind to him—cruel to us—has tossed him into the Secretaryship of State.

"Contempt has the property of descending, but she stops far short of him.—She would die before she could reach him. He dwells below her fall.

"I would hate him if I did not despise him. It is not *what* he is, but *where* he is, that puts my thro's in action. That ALPHABET which writes the names of *Thersites*, of *Blackguard*, of *Squalidity*, refuses her letters for him.

"That mind which thinks on what it cannot express, can scarcely think of him. An *hyperbole* for *meanness* would be an *ellipsis* for *Clay*.

From the Albany Daily Advertiser.

**The legal value of an English wife.**—Our readers need not be informed that an Englishman according to the usage of his country, may sell his wife at public vendue to the highest bidder, and that instances frequently occur in England of that very ungallant practice. But we little expected that we should hear of such a practice in this country; and still less, that the value of a wife thus sold, should become the subject of discussion in a court of justice. Yet so it is, and it becomes our duty to record it. On the 21st of Nov., 1826, Robert Betham, an inhabitant of this city, but an Englishman by birth, sued John Butterfield, also an Englishman, before Squire Halladay, and declared "for breach of contract in not delivering his, Butterfield's wife to him, Betham, which wife he, Betham, had for the sum of six cents, bought of him, Butterfield, to Plaintiff's damage \$50." The defendant plead the general issue; and a trial by jury was had between the parties. Several witnesses were examined and the contract of sale was fully proved. The jury gravely found a verdict of six cents in favor of the plaintiff, and thus established the legal value of an Englishman's wife. This lady is not unknown to our courts of justice. Not long since, she was indicted for bigamy, in having married a second husband, the first being still alive. On the trial her Counsel proved that she had in fact married THREE husbands, all being still alive and the jury of course acquitted her.