

Miscellaneous.



FOR THE FREE PRESS.

To W—H—

Must I thy fetters always wear,
And wilt thou not deign to save?
Must I this burthen always bear,
And wilt thou no compassion have?
O, snatch from death my sinking heart,
And let me in thy arms repose;
Thou canst to me fresh life impart,
And I'll to thee new charms disclose.
Have pity on a tender maid,
Who can no other man endure;
Before she in the grave is laid,
When thou canst see her face no more.
Haste, haste, on love's swift pinions fly,
And snatch her from the jaws of death;
Else soon she'll draw the last deep sigh—
For thee, breathe out her last short breath.
Perhaps some other eye has caught
The glance, that I was wont to claim;
Th' embrace that I have often sought,
And doth thy god-like form sustain:
If so—farewell to joy and peace!
Them I disclaim—they seek no more;
I'll find in death a sweet release,
From all my woes and troubles sore.
But then, a perjurd wretch thou art,
For thou didst swear to own me thine;
Yes—thou didst pledge to me thy heart,
Then left me here in wo to pine.
But though thou hast thus fickle prov'd,
To sacred vows I yet am true;
I have no other mortal lov'd—
Yet thou dost now my soul undo.
Farewell! my peace, my life, my joy,
I die—but I forgive thee all;
May'st thou some other maid enjoy,
And may thy beauty never pall.
Roanoke, 1827. SUSANNAH.

THE HEART.

Go count the sand, and you will find
An endless task to fix your mind;
And just as endless 'tis to trace,
Perfection in the human race.
For ev'ry heart is prone to sin,
And often lets Old Harry in;
Who bustles rapidly about,
And tries to turn all goodness out.
For then a doubtless strife begins,
He either loses or he wins;
For oft in firm, and wild array
Virtue triumphant holds her sway,
And plants such innocence about.
His rev'rence has to hurry out.

SLANDER

Believe not each aspersing tongue,
As most weak persons do;
But still believe that story wrong,
Which ought not to be true.

Advice to young Ladies.—A young lady, at eighteen, often needs a warning voice to point out the quicksands over which she is speeding her thoughtless career. If you are beautiful and have many admirers, I am sorry for it. A young woman, whose conduct is marked with strict honor and principles, cannot have many admirers. There is nothing that more certainly marks a bad heart and depraved moral principles, or worse, a thorough destitution of it, than this *cruel* and *guilty* encouragement of *honorable* love.

A young man is never long attached to a young lady without her being aware of it—commonly indeed before he is himself aware of the nature and extent of his feelings. The knowledge is almost intuitive. From that moment, if she be persuaded she cannot reciprocate his sentiment, her course is plain before her—it is cool understanding, unhesitating repulse—on every occasion, place and manner. *Love will die* without hope. To crush love in the bud is easy; but trifle and tamper with it till it has taken root in the heart, and its destruction is attended with the extinction of the heart's noblest feelings.

Never forget this prime maxim in these matters, *not to discourage is always to encourage*. A mean and culpable species of coquetry, is the practice of not giving a decided encouragement or repulse, with a view of keeping your slave till you have learned, to use the cant phrase, you cannot do better. I know not an expression that betrays more despicable meanness, and she who uses it, shows a willingness to sell her hand, to traffic her person for value received, that is revolting in the highest degree.

No one, not even a parent, can tell what character will render a lady happy, but herself. On herself alone then, must and ought to rest the responsibility of her choice. I have seen so many marriages commenced with all the glitter of wealth and pomp, terminate in misery and broken hearts; and so many that were begun with no very promising auspices, which has proved as happy as human life admits, that I am convinced that the parent who officially interposes, stands answerable to God, his child, and his conscience, in a degree of responsibility most fearful & tremendous.

Ladies too often attempt to gain husbands as anglers catch fish—by drawing the bait as he approaches it, till he is impelled to grasp at every hazard; but she who angles for a husband may find too late that she has gained the man at the expense of the husband's confidence in her principles and her heart.—*Album*.

Choice of a Wife.—Reflect well ere thou choicest—open not thy bosom to the trifler; repose not thy head on the breast which nurseth envy and folly and vanity. Hope not for obedience where the passions are untamed; and expect not honor from her who honoreth not the God who made her.

A wife! what a sacred name, what a responsible office! she must be the unspotted sanctuary to which wearied man may flee from the crimes of the world, and feel that no sin dare enter there. A wife! she must be as pure as spirits around the Everlasting Throne, that man may kneel to her, even in adoration, and feel no abasement. A wife! she must be the guardian angel of his footsteps on earth, and guide them to heaven; so firm in virtue that should he for a moment waver, she can yield him support, and replace him upon its firm foundation; so happy in conscious innocence, that when from the perplexities of the world he turns to his home, he may never find a frown where he sought a smile.

Mrs. Hemans, the celebrated British Poetess, has declined the offer of \$1500 per annum, to come to this country and edit the Philadelphia Album.

Female Masonry.—A little pamphlet has been published in this vicinity, (says the Bunker-Hill Aurora) entitled "Illustration of Female Masonry, as practised in Europe, by a Lady." We have not perused this edition of female *Morganism*, but suspect it contains matters quite curious and

interesting. We would however remark, that we have every reason to believe the work to be genuine, and a correct statement of the mysteries as practised in England, France and Germany. We may have lodges of Masonesses in this country shortly.

Surprising Feat.—On Saturday, 29th ult. a gentleman of this city, (says the New-York Ev. Post) being on a visit to Patterson Falls in New Jersey, in company with some ladies, was engaged in observing the ingenuity of a Mr. Crane who was occupied in throwing a bridge over the falls. After the bridge had been successfully placed in its proper position, the attention of the party was drawn to the opposite side of the falls by the sound of voices, and on looking they saw a man making towards the edge of the precipice, which is supposed to be from seventy-five to eighty feet in height. On arriving at the brink the man stood perfectly erect and in this posture threw himself from the rock into the water. On coming near the water he drew up his feet a little, and as he struck the surface, extended them suddenly and disappeared. After remaining under water three or four seconds, he rose again to the surface and swam to a log-roller that had fallen from the bridge and to which a rope was attached. He took the rope in his mouth and swam with it safely to the shore. The man whose name is Samuel Patch, said just before he threw himself from the rock, that Mr. Crane had done a great thing and he meant to do another.

Modern Authors.—Some useful hints may perhaps be gathered, by the would-be authors of the present day, from the following paragraph:

Every man has his own peculiarity in writing, and can only write under peculiar excitements and in a particular way. Pope, who ridiculed such a caprice, practised it himself; for he never wrote well but at midnight. Gibbon dictated to his amanuensis, while he walked up and down the room in a terrible passion. Stephen wrote on horseback in a full gallop. Montaigne and Chateaubriand in the field. Sheridan over a bottle of wine. Moliere with his knees in the fire. And Lord Bacon in a small room, which he said helped him to condense his thoughts.

A hairy Man.—The late London papers mention the existence at Ava, of a man covered from head to foot with hair, whose history is not less remarkable than that of the celebrated porcupine man, who excited so much curiosity in England and other parts of Europe near a century ago. The hair on the face of this singular being, the ears included, is shaggy and about eight inches long. On the breast and shoulders it is from four to five. It is singular, that the teeth of this individual are defective in number, the molars, or grinders, being entirely wanting. This person is a native of the Shan country, or Lao, and from the banks of the upper portion of the Saluen or Martaban

river; he was presented to the King of Ava, as a curiosity, by the king of that country. At Ava, he married a pretty Burmese woman, by whom he has two daughters. The eldest resembles her mother; the youngest is covered with hair, like her father, only that it is white or fair, whereas his is, now, brown or black, having however, been fair when a child, like that of the infant. With the exceptions mentioned, both the father and his child are perfectly well formed, and, indeed, for the Burman race, rather handsome. The whole family were sent by the king to the residence of the mission, where drawings and descriptions of them were taken.

Attempt of an Eagle to devour a boy.—A very singular occurrence recently happened in Canada, about nine miles from the city of Quebec. Two boys, the one seven and the other five years old, amused themselves in an adjoining field, trying to reap while their parents were at dinner. A large eagle soon came sailing over them, and with a swoop attempted to seize the eldest, but luckily missed him. The bird not at all dismayed, sat on the ground at a short distance, and in a few moments repeated the attempt. The bold little fellow defended himself against his fierce antagonist with the sickle he had very fortunately in his hand, and when the bird rushed upon him he struck at it. The sickle entered under the left wing, and the blow having been given strongly, went through the ribs, and passing thro' the liver, proved instantly fatal. It is the Ring-tailed or Russian Eagle—the wings expand upwards of six feet. The present is the first well authenticated instance of their attacking children on this continent which has come to our knowledge.

Artificial Human Eyes.—Mr. Scudder called on us yesterday, (says the New-York Commercial Advertiser) and exhibited one of the most beautiful and perfect specimens of art we ever saw. He informed us that so perfect could the adjustment of the enamel eye be made to the sightless ball, that it is almost impossible to discover the difference between the true and false pupil and retina. There is perhaps no blemish that the countenance has, more offensive to look upon than a sightless, closed eye; and from the reputation of Mr. Scudder, we are persuaded that this defect, so far as appearance goes, may be entirely remedied.

Begging.—A beggar man apparently very old, in great distress, with a child in his arms, recently came to a public house in Scotland, and begged alms with great earnestness. A young man in the house at the time, suspecting that he was an impostor, took hold of the child when immediately the head came off, and discovered it to be made of plaster of paris. After shaking the old man a little, an old red wig fell off, and discovered him to be a young man, about thirty. He was immediately turned out of the house.