

PRINTED EVERY THURSDAY BY JOHN G. LILES AND EDITED BY EDM. B. FREEMAN.

The Celebrated Horse



MARION

W... and the ensuing season at my stable two miles from the town of Halifax and will render service at thirty dollars the season payable at its expiration which may be discharged by twenty five cash. Forty five dollars to ensure, payable when the fact is ascertained or the property changed. One dollar to the Groom.—The season will commence the 1st of February and end 10th July

Good pasturage gratis, and mares grain fed at 25 cents per day when required, every attention shall be given to prevent accidents or escapes but no responsibility for either.

MARION

Beautiful dark bay, black mane and legs, full five feet two and three-quarters inches high, now ten years old, in good order, &c. He was got by old Sir Archie, his dam by Citizen, his grandam by Alderman, his great grandam by Roebuck, his g. g. g. dam by Horod, his g. g. g. g. dam by Partner, &c. MARION was run at Lawrenceville against Sir Henry, and won the Jockey Club with ease; he travelled to New-Market, and there won the Jockey Club, beating Betsey Richards and others.

BENJAMIN S. LONG. January 23th, 1830. 47—11.

The Richmond Enquirer, Raleigh Star and Mifflon Gazette, will insert the above three times and forward their account to this office for payment.

\$20 REWARD.

RANAWAY from the subscriber about the 16th July last a negro woman named CREECY about 26 years old, about 5 feet

high, round shouldered, and has a down look and weak voice.—she is supposed to be lurking in the neighborhood of Maj. Jas. C. Fawcett's and is no doubt, frequently at the plantation of E. H. Eure Esq. on the river, above Halifax, as she has a husband belonging to Mr. Eure.—It is supposed she has a child with her about two months old.—I will give the above reward of twenty dollars and pay all reasonable expenses to any one who will deliver her to me, or have her secured in any jail so that I get her again.

WILL B. MOORE. January 20, 1830.

\$50 REWARD.

RANAWAY from the subscriber a year past, negro man

HARRY He is a bright black; about five

et 10 inches high, thirty years old; wears whiskers; has an impediment in his speech, and a down look when spoken to. He is by profession a fiddler, a ditcher and sawyer. I purchased him in Halifax, at sheriff's sale, several years past, sold as the property of Wilson Carter. He has lately been seen in Bertie county, employed both as a ditcher and sawyer. He there passed as a free man. I will give the above reward of Fifty dollars, to any person who will deliver him to the jailor in Halifax, by the 15th October, or fifty dollars, if delivered to him any time thereafter.

B. C. EATON. Sept. 1, 1829. —30ft

BLANKS Neatly executed at this office.

COACH AND GIG Making business.

THE subscriber, respectfully informs the public that his Coach making business &c. is still continued at his former stand, near the church. He makes this notice, under the impression, that some of his friends and many patrons, may have been induced, from report, to believe that he is about to remove his establishment elsewhere.

He, herewith, announces his intention of continuing his business in this place, and, respectfully, asks a continuance of the patronage now extended to him. He will always be found at his post, and prompt in the discharge of his mechanical duty.

THOMAS MARSHALL. Halifax, Jan. 17th. 4—46.

Trent's Mush Island Plantation FOR LEASE.

THE subscriber is disposed to lease the above farm for one or more years on fair and reasonable terms—application to be made to me in Richmond Virginia, or to Thomas Burges Esq. of Halifax N. C.

JOSEPH TRENT. Jan. 25, 1830. 47—31.

POETRY.

'Tis the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves to breathe the round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning.

FOR THE HALIFAX MINERVA. Lines To Miss M****

Girl of my soul! one moment yet. One moment give to me! This little town where first we met Our parting place must be.

Oh! gaze on yonder star my love, Which beams on lake and tree! And say that when afar I rove, 'Thou'lt fondly think of me.

The wreath you twined of fairy flowers May wither and decay, But oh! the joys of happier hours. Can never pass away—

Yes! yes they flee, but memory flings, Her halo o'er the past!

And to her vivid fancy brings Joys that forever last.

And when on distant shores I roam, Mid gayer scenes to rove, My heart will fondly turn to home, And to its early love.

Then let no other dearest, win Thy gentle heart from me For while life warmly throbs in mine Each pulse shall beat for thee. SELIM.

TO A WHITE ROSE.

Go to my fair thou lovely rose, Present to her my duty; And as you on her breast repose, Which rivals thee in beauty, Tell her I found thee in the shade, A lone, retiring blossom; And that thy stem I've thornless made, To guard so pure a bosom.

Tell her that though the wilderness Contained thee blooming lonely, Thy beauty's power was none the less,

And that it is not only Within the rude world's ardent gaze, Beauty is worth admiring, But that it rather shuns its praise! And loveliest looks retiring.

(From the London Keepsake)

THE FALSE RHYME.

'Come tell me where the maid is found, Whose heart can love without deceit, And I will range the world around To sigh one moment at her feet On a fine July day, the fair Margaret, Queen of Navarre,

then on a visit to her royal brother, had arranged a rural feat for the morning following, which Francis declined attending. He was melancholy; and the cause was said to be some lover's quarrel with a favorite dame. The morrow came, and dark rain and murky clouds destroyed at once the scheme of the courtly throng. Margaret was angry, and she grew weary; her only hope for amusement was in Francis, & he had shut himself up—an excellent reason why she should the more desire to see him. She entered his apartment; he was standing at the casement, against which the noisy shower beat, writing with a diamond on the glass. Two beautiful dogs were his sole companions. As Queen Margaret entered, he hastily let down the silken curtain before the window, and looked a little confused.

'What treason is this: my liege,' said the Queen, 'which crimson's your cheek? I must see the same.'

'It is treason,' replied the king, 'and therefore, sweet sister, thou may'st not see it.'

This the more excited Margaret's curiosity, and a playful contest ensued. Francis at last yielded; he threw himself on a huge high-backed settee; and as the lady drew back the curtain with an arch smile, he grew grave and sentimental as he reflected on the cause which had inspired this libel against all woman kind.

'What have we here?' said Margaret, 'Nay, this is lesse majeste—'

'Souvent femme varie Bieu fou quis'y fie!'

Very little change would greatly amend your complement:—would it not run better thus—

'Souvent homme varie Bien folle quis'y fie?'

I could tell you a thousand stories of man's inconstancy. I will be content with one true tale of woman's fidelity, said Francis drily; 'but do not provoke me. I would fain be at peace with the soft Mutabilities, for thy dear sake.'

'I defy your grace,' replied Margaret rashly, 'to instance the falsehood of one noble and well reputed dame.'

'Not even Emilié de Lagny,' said the King.

This was a sore subject for the Queen. Emilié had been brought up in her own household, the most beautiful and the most virtuous of her maids of honor—She had long loved the Sire de Lagny, and their nuptials were celebrated with rejoicings but little ominous of the result. De Lagny was accused but a year after of traitorously yielding to the Emperor a fortress under his command, and he was condemned to perpetual imprisonment. For some time Emilié was inconsolable, often visiting the miserable dungeon of her husband, and suffering on her return from witnessing his wretchedness, such paroxysms of grief as threatened her life. Suddenly, in the midst of her sorrow, she disappeared; and inquiry only divulged the disgraceful fact, that she had escaped from France, bearing her jewels with her, and accompanied by her page, Robinet Lergoux.—It was whispered that during her journey the lady and the stripping often occupied one chamber; and Margaret, enraged at these discoveries, commanded that no further quest should be made for her lost favorite.

Taunted now by her brother, she defended Emilié, declaring that she believed her to be guiltless, even going so far as to boast that within a month she would bring proof of her innocence.

'Robinet was a pretty boy,' said Francis laughing.

'Let us make a bet,' cried Margaret. 'If I lose, I bear this vile rhyme of thine as a motto to my shame to my grave; if I win—'

'I will break my window, and grant thee whatever boon thou askest.'

The result of this bet was long sung by troubadour and minstrel. The queen employed a hundred emissaries—published rewards for any intelligence of Emilié—all in vain. The month was expiring, and Margaret would have given many bright jewels to redeem her word. On the eve of the fatal day, the jailor of the prison in which the Sire de Lagny was confined, sought an audience of the queen; he brought her a message from the knight to say, that if the lady Margaret would ask his pardon as her boon, and obtain from her royal brother that he might be brought before him, her bet was won. Fair Margaret was very joyful, and readily made the desired promise. Francis was unwilling to see his false servant, but he was in high good humor, for a cavalier had the morning brought intelligence of a victory over the Imperialists. The messenger himself was lauded in the despatches as the most fearless and bravest knight in France. The King loaded him with presents, only regretting that a vow prevented the soldier from raising his visor or declaring his name.

That same evening, as the setting sun shone on the lattice on which the ungallant rhyme was traced, Francis reposed on the same settee, and the beautiful queen of Navarre, with triumph in her bright eyes, sat beside him. Attended by guards, the prisoner was brought in; his frame was attenuated by privation, and he walked with tottering steps. He knelt at the feet of Francis, and uncovered his head; a quantity of rich golden hair then escaping, fell over the sunken cheeks and pallid brow of the suppliant. 'I have treason here!' cried the King:—'Sir, jailor, where is your prisoner?'

'Sire, blame him not,' said the soft faltering voice of Emilié; 'wiser men than he have been deceived by women. My dear lord was guiltless of the crime for which he suffered. There was but one mode to save him: I assumed his chains—he escaped with poor Robinet Leroux in my attire; he joined your army; the young and gallant cavalier who delivered the despatches to your grace, whom you overwhelmed with honors and rewards; is my own Enguerrard de Lagny. I waited but for his arrival with testimonials of his innocence, to declare myself to my lady the Queen. Has she not won her bet? and the boon she asks—'

'Is de Lagny's pardon,' said Margaret, as she also knelt to the King. 'Spare your faithful vassal, Sire, and reward this lady's truth!'

Francis first broke the false speaking-window, then he raised the ladies from their supplicatory posture. In the tourney given to celebrate his Triumph of La-

dies, the Sire de Lagny bore off every prize; and surely there was more loveliness in Emilié's faded cheek—more grace in her emaciated form, type as they were of truest affection—than in the prouder bearing and fresher complexion of the most brilliant beauty in attendance on the courtly festival.

YOUNG NAPOLEON

The eyes of the enlightened people on the Continent are bent on Vienna, but not on Prussia Metternich.

So said the Constitutionnel a few months ago; and much more is contained in that assertion than the upholders of legitimacy, and the mad crew of Ultras, who do gag, at least, the German press, will allow Europe to learn. There is, nevertheless, a wild and glowing spirit in the young Duke of Reichstadt, which I greatly doubt either Austrian state lessons, or Metternich's state lessons, will do aught but increase and inflame. I much question—and my opinion is founded on very close and very recent personal observation, aided by the best information to be obtained—I much question but that youth will more trouble to those now trimming the balance of established powers, than ever they need fear from the mighty autocrat of all the Russias. Nicholas may have an overwhelming horde of barbarian troops, but he can have no hold on, nor can he look for any aid from, the liberals of the Continent—a body daily growing in strength and extent, and embracing, I may venture to say, the enlightened of every class. But who among them, in the event of that final struggle betwixt the two great warring opinions of the day, which the events of Europe are fast ripening to a crisis, would not receive with joy, and aid with united power, (merging as they already do all distinction of class or country in the one common continental cause) a man whose inherited name, if not inherited spirit, would be as a keystone to unite, and as a mighty talisman where with to direct and guide the elements of the storm. His name alone would be a host. The people know it.

There has been lately published a little poem, the reception of which in France is alone proof of what I have advanced, entitled, *Le Fils de l'Homme*, the notes of which contain much new information on the subject of this deeply interesting person; though I have been led to adopt a different view of his general disposition of character, which gives no sign of that sombre, melancholy turn of mind, which Mr. Barthelemy therein assigns him. It is impossible to watch the quick transition of marked expression which his countenance continually presents, without perceiving as plainly as though it were there written, that he was never formed in "nature's coarser mould." It is the one desire of his heart to be a soldier. On being remonstrated with on this perfectly impermissible desire, and taunted with want of spirit in wishing to be an inferior officer, and to command a dependent body of troops, he replied, 'Let me enter the army only as a common soldier—I ask no more.' He is kept a close state prisoner, as his prefector allowed to M. B. He is fond of field sports, in which he is occasionally interested. Once he was permitted to ac-

EAGLE HOTEL,



HALIFAX, N. CAROLINA

THE subscriber informs his friends and the public generally, that he has leased that large and commodious house, formerly known by the name of the

BIG TAVERN,

where he is in hopes, his strict attention to his business, and the following prices, will insure to him a portion of the public patronage.

Man and horse per day, \$1 50
Do. board by the year, 130 00
Do. do. per month, 12 50
Do. do. by the day for a man, 1 00
Dinner and horsefeed, 75
Supper, 37 1-2
Breakfast, 37 1-2
Lodging, 12 1-2

J. H. McLEMORE. August 20, 1829. 28—6in

State of North Carolina, HERTFORD SUPERIOR COURT OF LAW.

Fall Term, A. D. 1829 Daniel Williams, Matthias Williams in fact vs

Martha Flynn

Judicial Attachment—Col. Carr Darden summoned as Garnishee. It appearing to the Court, that the defendant in this case has removed beyond the limits of this State, or so absconds or conceals herself, that the ordinary process of Law cannot be served upon her: it is therefore ordered by the Court, that publication be made in the Halifax Minerva, for six weeks, giving the said Martha Flynn notice to appear at the next Term of this Court, to be holden for the County of Hertford, at the Court House in Winton, on the fourth Monday in March next, then and there to enter into a reply in bond and plead to issue; on her failing so to do, Judgment final will be taken against her, and the amount in the hands of the Garnishee held subject to the plaintiffs recovery.

Taste JAMES D. WYNNS Clerk.

FARMERS HOTEL

HALIFAX N. C.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the public, that he still keeps a House of Entertainment in this place and that he has reduced his rates of Board to \$1 50 cents per day for man and horse.

D. C. FENNER. Feb. 1st, 1830. 48—11.

WANTED

IMMEDIATELY, at this Office, two or three well dressed Buck-skins.