

Miscellaneous.



FOR THE FREE PRESS.

Salutation to the Ladies of Nash.

TUNE—"MINSTREL BOY."

The Minstrel's come to his friends in Nash,
With the fair ones you will find him;
A beam of joy, in his eyes now flash,
Though others have resign'd him!

Land of Friendship, said the bard,
Should all the world reject thee;
One faithful pen, thy fame will guard,
One honest heart protect thee.

The Minstrel's come—but woman's chain,
Has'nt bound his calm soul under;
Tho' the smiles he loves ne'er bloom again,
You may rend that chain asunder.

And say no heart e'er met with thee,
Dear souls of mirth and revelry,
As he whose kindness feels for thee,
And sings thy praise most cheerily.

MARMION.

For the Free Press.

TO MY FRIEND,

Who said she would take the Free Press
to read Marmion's poetry.

There is a tie to sordid souls unknown,
The tie that sacred Friendship calls its own;
We breathe & live, still more & more allied,
Tho' miles uncounted may the space divide.
Thus the fair Sun in his refulgent sphere,
Beholds his image painted bright and clear;
Where'er he holds his proud majestic reign,
In the calm surface of the blue domain.
He travels on in his imperial height,
The faithful shadow still pursues his flight;
At length he sinks supreme in all his rays,
The blaze of ocean, still encountring blaze:
Until his last predestin'd course is run,
When those bright orbs unite & meet in one.
Friend of my heart, may that bright Sun ex-
press,

The warm and constant Friendship we pro-
fess;

Still may we travel like those faithful lights,
And shine on, constant, till the grave unites;
But if on earth to part, our lot is given,
Oh! may we happy meet again in Heaven.

MARMION.

FOR THE FREE PRESS.

To my Breast-pin.

How smiling thy gems, how sweetly array'd,
How bright thy beauties, how modestly con-
vey'd!

Emblem of delight, no sorrows can cloud,
Thy sparkling face in the gloom of the
shroud.

And surely the breast you gaily adorn,
In unison smiles, in unison shines;
As the sweet birds, in the calm summer
morn,

Sing to the music of nature's sweet chimes.

But ah! I have seen when flow'rs were
brightest,

Sweetest their odour, a worm in the bud;
And fond hopes, like the tree that is highest,
First blasted, first fallen, first borne by the
flood.

And I have seen when the midsummer ray,
In glory had rob'd the mountain's high head;
The valley below, secluded from day,
By the dark mantle which the storm had
spread.

And gay is the shrub that deck's Etna's soil,
When burning within, her angriest fires;
As oft I smile when my bosom doth boil,
With grief that is keen as passion's fierce
eyes.

Tho' bright thy beauties, the time was ere-
while,

The joys of my heart were yet brighter still;
Happy were my hopes, sincere was my smile,
Till mis'ry gave point to ev'ry sweet thrill.

Deceitful as thou art, my sweet breast-pin,
And false as the smile that brightens my face;
Ye still shall conceal forever within,
The tempest that's made my bosom a waste.

C. A. B.

FOR THE FREE PRESS.

Brandy's Farewell Address.

My merry muse soar high on wing,
And teach thou me thy lays to sing,
For purest pleasure thou dost bring,
When verses number;
But what to me is verse's string,
My soul does slumber.

I nerveless am and soon must die,
Or rather like the dormant fly,

Or like the serpent dull and sly,
Must sleep a season;
Next summer's genial sun and sky,
Will wake my reason.

I will nerve my frame, my spirits raise,
When from the womb again I blaze,
Receive me, friends, with honest praise,
I'll make you frisky;
Till then adieu! in Burns's phrase,
Drink good auld whiskey.

FOR THE FREE PRESS.

Description of my Cat, Tom Jones.

He's what a cat ought to be,
He loves a rat and hates a flea;
And he's very apt to nab a mouse,
Any where about the house.
Big or little, he or she,
If no bigger than a pea;
Let her show just one whisker,
And I'll be bound Tom will twist her.
Twist her, ha! yes, no ways slow,
He mighty often serves 'em so.
Yes, he's what a cat ought to be,
Therefore Tom's the cat for me.
He's independent as a lord,
Licks himself and walks abroad;
Returns again with tail erect,
High his head and stiff his neck;
Goes to water and takes a lap,
Lies down and sleeps a nap.
Ho, ho, I'll tell you what,
Tom's a worser, is he not?
If he ain't, I'll be ding,
Particular so, a saucy thing,
When he thinks I've got some meat,
He stands upon his two hind feet;
And like a Trojan thus he stands,
And mews and pokes his hairy hands,
Over half way to my waist,
With a view to get a taste;
And when I let the serpent have it,
So very eager does he grab it,
He lets it slip wholesale down,
And never lets it touch the ground.
To eat it like a modest cat,
He serves it like he serves a rat;
Swalles it whole, skin and bones—
I tell you what, that same Tom Jones,
Is a real worser, I'll be dast,
If he dont rise prodigious fast.
He asks no odds of no cat kind,
No sort o' varmont, nor canine;
On all the cats he keeps an eye,
And when by chance one passes by,
He nabs him, and he claws him so,
He makes the fur fly no ways slow.
That makes me say what I do,
Tom's a worser and rasher too;
And I'll write this 'bout him out o' spite,
Because the serpent loves to fight,
All the cats, male and sow,
And makes 'em squall, and mew, and meow,
So dar'd eternal loud by gum,
I think sometime's the devil's come.
A cut-eat'd, whisker'd, ringtail pup,
Some o' these morns I'll tic him up,
And whip him plump till twelve o'clock
And then confine him in the stocks
One whole day—or so.

The Tobacco Seller—again.

CONUNDRUM.

Every lady in this land
Has ten fingers on each hand
Five and twenty on hands and feet—
This is the truth without deceit. M.

Intemperance.—A Society for the suppression of Intemperance has been formed within the bounds of the Presbytery of Orange, numbering among its members, several eminent divines, and some of the most respectable gentlemen in the State. The following is the 5th article of the Constitution:

"Any person becoming a member of this society shall thereby engage to abstain entirely from the use of ardent spirits, unless when needful for health. This shall be the indispensable condition of membership."

At a subsequent meeting of the Board of Managers, the following resolutions were adopted:

"Resolved, That the Corresponding Secretary address a circular letter to the different Courts and Grand Juries within the bounds of the Society, respectfully suggesting the necessity of being strict and sparing of their licenses for the retailing of ardent spirits; and also of more rigidly enforcing the laws against drunkenness.

"Resolved, That a circular letter be addressed to the different denominations of christians, and to influential individuals, throughout the country, earnestly soliciting their co-operation in promoting the great objects of this society.

"Resolved, That a premium of \$50 be, and it hereby is, offered for the best Tract on Intemperance, suited to the condition of our southern country. The

tract not to exceed 24 octavo pages, and to be submitted to the committee of inspection, on or before the first day of February next.

"Resolved, That the Rev. Jos. Caldwell, D. D. and the Rev. Professor Mitchell, of Chapel Hill, and the Hon. Fred. Nash, of Hillsborough, be the committee to judge of the tracts presented, and to award the premium."

Philadelphia.—The editor of the Philadelphia Gazette in speaking of his own city, says:—

"We know no city that combines so many advantages as Philadelphia—which has so many excellencies to recommend it as a place of residence; and yet there is enough vice and misery in the city and suburbs, to sink all the seventy-fours in the British Navy; and we doubt if the lowest kind of life in London, can be much lower than the lowest life in Philadelphia."

Western Towns.—A correspondent of the Christian Register, says, Indianapolis, the capital of Indiana, contains 800 inhabitants. The village is new, the forest being cleared away from only six acres. Bowling Green, the shire town of Clay county, consists of three log cabins, and three acres of cleared land. Martinsville, the shire town of Morgan county, contains 40 inhabitants, and the shire towns of several other new counties contain from 50 to 100 inhabitants. In the village of Miriam, on the Wabash, containing 15 or 20 families, there was one or more cases of fever in every family in July last.

Double headed Turtle.—Mr. Louis Scorke, has placed in Mr. Peale's Museum, New-York, a beautiful turtle of the terrapin species, with two distinct heads. Each head appears to have its own intelligence. Sometimes the one head will descend in the water, whilst the other will remain on the surface, &c. It will look with the one set of eyes in one direction, whilst the other's attention is directed another way. It was caught at Staten Island, and is a great natural curiosity.

Emigration.—The emigration of the people to the westward, is great. Perhaps more have gone on than were ever known to pass at so early a period of the season. The road to Missouri farther west we are told, is thronged. The march of adventurers is to the west, and from the increasing press and bustle that way, it will not be long before the settlement will extend to the Pacific Ocean.

Begging.—A woman, supposed to be named Abigail Carter, died in Rahway, N. J. suddenly on Monday 2d inst.—She went about the country asking alms. According to the petition she presented, she was of a fair character. Said she came from Hopewell township, Hunterdon county, N. J. In her possession was found \$3225. She was decently interred in the Presbyterian burying ground in Rahway.

Disinterested Benevolence.—A methodist minister has offered his services to go out to the American

colony on the African coast, if the Colonization Society will only give him a free passage in one of their vessels. He says he has property enough to maintain him there a year or two, and can trust the colonists, or his own family, who are wealthy for further maintenance. He has a good library, which he means to carry out with him, and which he says "will be a legacy for the colony," after his decease. He has a good constitution and can bear fatigue. He desires not to be paid or governed by any Mission society, but spend his time and talents in the way in which he, being on the field of labor, shall judge most beneficial to the welfare of the colonists.

Portsmouth Journal.

Fox hunting by Steam.—A gentleman at a tavern dinner, who had lately got the steam engine mania, was discoursing with considerable latitude upon the cheapness and economy of steam power. He went on to state, "that he had not the least doubt but that in five or six years at farthest, steam would supercede the use of any other power throughout the country." A farmer, rather of the quizzical order, setting by, after listening with considerable amusement at the expense of the speaker, giving at the same time a nod of approbation, observed, "that he had not the least doubt of it, for neighbour Wildgoose, who is a great fox hunter and a wonderful knowing man in these things, told him the other day that he expected to sell his famous horse Spunkey, and fox hunt it hereafter astraddle of a Teakettle."

Good Living.—A certain physician, when he visited his rich and luxurious patients, always went into their kitchens, and shook hands with their cooks. "My good friends," said he, "I owe you much for you confer great favors upon me. Your skill, your ingenious and palatable art of poisoning, enables medical men to ride in our carriages; without your assistance, we would all go on foot, and be starved."

Eggs.—To give Coffee a rich appearance, and improve the flavor, beat up the yolk of an egg, and put into the milk—eggs never come amiss; the yolk of an egg when you rise—an egg at breakfast—fried bacon and eggs, or a pudding with eggs for dinner—boiled eggs at tea are good, and there would hardly be a Christmas without egg pop in the morning.

The Rich and the Poor.—The rich have the most meat; the poor have the best appetite. The rich lay the softest; the poor sleep the soundest. The poor have health; the rich have delicacies. The rich hang themselves through fear of poverty; the poor (such as have always been poor) laugh and sing, and love their wives too well to put their necks into the noose.

Cure for Rheumatism.—Let the parts affected be rubbed with a flesh brush dipped in Palm Oil, before a fire night and morning—low living and gentle cathartics are recommended as serviceable also.