

## Miscellaneous.



FOR THE FREE PRESS.

Written at Major D—'s in N—h, a-  
bout sunrise, Oct. 18, 1826.

TUNE—"MINSTREL BOY."

I saw a lovely little flower,  
That near my window grew;  
Just putting forth its feeble power,  
Refresh'd with morning dew.

Its damask petals shining bright,  
Were pointed towards Heav'n;  
As if yon radiant orb of light,  
Its rosy tints had given.

And thus I thought—thou fragrant flower,  
What hapless fate is thine;  
Thou livest but one little hour,  
To see that bright orb shine!

But HE who its bright course directs,  
Created also thee;  
And though thou diest before it sets,  
I'll fondly think of thee.

MARMION.

FOR THE FREE PRESS.

Written on hearing Miss C. H. D. sing  
the beautiful song—"Those evening  
Bells"—adapted to the same tune.

Oh! let me be that Bard to tell,  
In softest tones another Belle;  
Whose thrilling sounds, harmonious cheer,  
And soothe my pensive, list'ning ear.

Oh! how it sooth'd my aching heart,  
Such fond illusions to impart;  
How sweet the tones, how kind they were,  
To soothe my spirit, lingering there.

For oft I've listened unto thee,  
And thought my soul, from sorrow free;  
And seem'd the while some magic spell,  
Encircl'd that melodious Belle.

But let no Bard e'er more again,  
To music's sound thy dulcet strain;  
Unless he breathes the soul of love,  
Guided by Seraph's wings above.

But if thou wilt, then let me say,  
May angels guard his heavenly way;  
And happier Bards, shall walk these dells,  
To sing the praise of other Belles.

MARMION.

For the Free Press.

TO MARMION.

Hail! Marmion, Bard of modern times,  
Enchant the muses with thy songs;  
Symphonies ring these lower climes,  
With music which to thee belongs.  
Let ev'ry soul with gen'rous zeal,  
Give that applause which merit claims;  
Suppress what envy they may feel,  
Thus raise sweet odours from their names.  
Come, poet and philosopher,

Join while I strike to Marmion's praise—  
Rest, Marmion, rest, we are sincere,  
For truth and candor form our lays.

We love thy talents and thy skill,  
Thy efforts too, to please mankind;  
Praise-worthy office here to fill—  
Too poor the subjects yet we find,  
Now reaching the sublimest top,  
Of fame's proud temple, full in view,  
I'd lend my aid to guide thee up,  
For friendship claims so much for you.

Then if you wish to gain its height,  
And hear fame's trumpet loudly sound;  
The girls, and all such trifles, slight,  
And choose those subjects more profound.

But if you think this all perverse,  
Still choose to push the girls along;  
May each amour perplex you worse,  
And wo betide the sweetheart's song.

BENEVOLENT.

FOR THE FREE PRESS.

To Miss F. F. D. who recently moved  
to the Western country.

Farewell! unsullied as thou art,  
One smile and then adieu;  
Stern fortune bids the hope depart,  
I've cherished long for you.

When midnight slumber gently lulls,  
The mind from sorrow free;  
Ah! then my soul I will indulge,  
In joyful dreams on thee.

While through the crowd I lonely pass,  
And hear thy praise of purity;  
I'll mourn that fortune with rude blast,  
Destroy'd my hope of peace and thee.

When thro' yon forest thy footsteps stray,  
And Western wilds o'ershade thee;  
With sorrow I'll meet each coming day,  
And sigh but ne'er forget thee.

WASHINGTON.

*Curious Sermon.*—In a late excursion I made through the southern states, I was kindly entertained at the dwelling house of my friend Colonel—; in the town of—, in the county of—, in the state of Virginia. The morning after my arrival at his house, happening to be Sunday, the Colonel proposed to me to accompany him with the family to church, assuring me at the same time that their parson was a very entertaining preacher, and that both his subjects and his sermons were different from the hackneyed texts and discourses, which we generally hear in public worship. I readily consented to my friend's proposal, and I had no reason to repent it; the parson was a neat little man, his manner was graceful and pleasing—His text and sermon were both of a piece, and full of original matter. I devoured every word of it, and upon my return to Colonel—'s in the evening, I sat down and committed the substance of it to writing nearly I believe in his own words, as follows; which I think you will be pleased with, and if you choose to publish it, you are at liberty. From your most obedient servant,  
D. C.

"And Rachel said unto Jacob, give me children, or else I die; and Jacob's anger was kindled against Rachel." Genesis the 30th chapter, and part of the 1st and 2d verses.

From these words, my brethren, I shall beg leave to make a few observations, which may tend to unfold some new ideas of the female character.

The first remark that occurs, is the unreasonableness and folly of Rachel's request to her husband. She asks for children as the condition of her life. 'Give me children, says she, or else I die.'—Ah! weak and inconsiderate woman!—Little didst thou know the dreadful connexion that was established in the book of fate, between thy death and the birth of children. But Heaven often curses human folly by answering its prayer. [Rachel's desires for an increase of her family are gratified, but alas! Rachel knows only a short lived joy from this event.—She dies in childbed with her second son.

Her lovely child drops from her breast—his smiling infancy, and prattling childhood afford her no pleasure, for Rachel's remains have descended into the grave, and mixed with the clods of the valley.

A second remark that is suggested by the words of the text, is, that upon certain occasions, anger is a necessary passion, and that it may be exercised with peculiar propriety, by husbands, when the folly of their wives require it; Jacob was a man of uncommon dignity of character—he was wise, prudent and religious, and yet Jacob was angry.—He was a fond indulgent husband; and yet he was angry with his wife. For we read that the anger of Jacob was kindled against Rachel. But let us examine a little further, and inquire in what manner Jacob discovers and gives vent to his anger; does he drag her across the floor by the hair of her head, and throw her into the fire, or does he throw her behind the back log? No—Does he pinch her, or kick her—

or beat her with his fist! No—for Jacob was a brave man, and never disgraced his character by striking a woman. He rebukes his wife by reasoning with her.—'Am I in God's stead who hath withheld children from thee.' Learn hence ye husbands from the example of Jacob, to treat your wives as reasonable creatures; in this way you will not only reform them, but secure their perpetual esteem and affection for you.

We have now beheld the end of Rachel, the wife of Jacob; but unhappily for mankind, her posterity did not all die with her. There are Rachels still alive in every part of the world.

While one cries out give me children or else I die—there are hundreds of her descendants who cry out, give me no more children, or else I die—Nor is this all;—how many wives do we find who urge their requests to their husbands, with the same powerful, & as they suppose, distressing argument. Give me says one, a new house or else I die—give me, says a second, another house wench or else I die—give me, says a third, a weekly rout, or else I die—give me, says a fourth, a trip to the Virginia Springs, or else I die—give me, says a fifth, a winter in New York, or Philadelphia, or else I die—give me, says a sixth, a service of plate, or else I die—give me, says a seventh, a set of china, or else I die—give me, says an eighth, a new silk gown, or else I die—give me, says a ninth, a new carpet, or else I die—give me, says a tenth, a set of chairs, or else I die—give me, says an eleventh, a new pair of tables, or else I die; give me, says a twelfth a new pair of brass andirons, or else I die; give me, says a thirteenth, a new large looking glass, or else I die; give me, says a fourteenth, a new mahogany bureau, or else I die, give me, says a fifteenth, a new chaise, or else I die; give me, says a sixteenth—-but I forbear, for a day would fail me, should I attempt to enumerate all the instances of female folly and extravagance which display themselves in conjugal and domestic life.

I shall conclude with one remark, which I hope will be profitable to the ladies, who compose a great part of this audience; and that is, that this kind of petulance never fails to cool the affections of husbands. Of this we have a striking proof in the conduct of Jacob; we read, that his wife died on her journey with him to Ephrath; but we read no mark of respect paid to her memory, by a splendid or even a decent funeral; we do not find that Jacob secludes himself even for a single day, from his ordinary pursuits in order to mourn over her; we only read that he placed a pillar of stone over her grave; probably to prevent her raising from the grave to tease him any more with her humour; and hence, probably, may be derived the origin of tomb stones.

From the Warren [R. I.] Star.

*Presidential Snuff.*—When President Adams passed through this town, on his way to N. York, an incident occurred which we think might be interesting to snuff-takers in the region round about

us. It so happened, (from what cause it is impossible for us to divine,) that the Rappee in his box run low about the time he honored our village with his presence; the replenishing it was a necessary consequence and followed of course; the President purchased a penny's worth of snuff, and the news flew like wild-fire; boxes of all sizes and descriptions poured in to be filled from the same jar; old and young flew to the spot to gaze upon the vessel that had contained powder fit to tickle the nose of John Quincy Adams, and before the sun went down, every particle of that odoriferous compound was in the heads of our patriotic citizens, who sneezed national salutes until the Revenue Cutter had borne him far away.

*Methodists....*By a statement published in the Christian Advocate, prepared from the Minutes of the British Conferences, and of the several American Conferences, it appears that the total number of members of the Wesleyan Methodist Societies throughout the world, is 647,319 exclusive of the regular travelling preachers who are steadily employed in the work of the Ministry.—Of this number 360,800 are under the care of the American Conferences; of the remaining 286,519, the members in Great Britain are 231,045; in Ireland 25,514; and in foreign stations, 32,960. In Great Britain there are 814 preachers, in Ireland 138; in foreign countries 152; and in the American Connexion, 1,406, making a total throughout the world of 2,511.

*Indictments in Philadelphia....*The Democratic Press says, "the Circuit Court of the U. States, present Judge Peters, met on Friday at 11 o'clock, A. M. to receive any bills of Indictments or Presentments which the Grand Jury might have to make. They presented Edward Thompson and 5 other persons for various frauds on the Revenue. It is said a million and a half dollars worth of property has been fraudulently taken from the Philadelphia Custom House, within a few years. A letter from Philadelphia to a gentleman in New-York states the number of persons indicted, to be seven instead of six, viz: Edward H. Nicholl, Francis H. Nicholl, Peter Mackie, Charles Mackie, Rodney Fisher, Floyd S. Bailey and Edward Thompson.

*Trial of Rioters....*The trial of the persons who destroyed the printing office of the Colonial Advocate, at York, Upper Canada, in June last, came on the 18th of October, at the York Assizes, before Chief Justice CAMPBELL, and a special jury. After a trial of considerable length, the jury gave a verdict for the plaintiff of £625 (\$2500) damages—sufficient, we should suppose, to replace the apparatus, and remunerate the proprietor for the loss of his time since the outrage.

One of the greatest constituents of virtue is, never do any thing, when alone, that we should be unwilling to do when in company.