

## Miscellaneous.



FOR THE FREE PRESS.

"There's a language that's silent," there's  
a silence that speaks,  
There are thoughts that the tongue can't  
unfold;  
This language can only be read on the cheek,  
And in no other way can be told.

Though dumb it remains, it speaks out the  
mind,  
Tis conscious and quick to impart;  
Tis so very expressive, so timid, so kind,  
It touches in a moment the heart.

More prompt it appears, though the wish  
of control,  
May attempt but in vain to suppress;  
This admirable silence, this converse of soul,  
Is more apt the fond truth to express.

There are many delights on the features  
that shine,  
Such raptures the bosom doth melt;  
"When blest with each other this language  
divine,  
"Is mutually spoken and felt." ARGUS.

### ON A BAD WIFE.

Not all the charms of Paradise,  
Could please old father Adam,  
Till the Creator, ever wise,  
Had blest him with a Madam!  
But I, though one of Adam's race,  
(Ye fair, look not unpleasant,)  
Can pleasure find in any place  
But where my wife is present.

### AUTUMN.

Leaves are growing pale,—  
Sad proofs of summer's fleetness;  
Flowers begin to fall  
And lose their blooming sweetness;  
Chilling vapors breathe  
Their plaintive sighs before us,  
And beauty fades from all beneath  
The sky that darkens o'er us.

Oh! that aught so fair  
Should for a season perish!  
But they leave no share  
With hopes that mortals cherish;  
Nay—the flowers shall bloom,  
With spring renew their gladness,  
And above their transient tomb  
Shall leave no trace of sadness.

**Died,** at Raleigh, on Sunday morning, 13th ult. in the 73d year of his age, *John Haywood*, Esq. Public Treasurer of this State, which office he has filled for the long term of 41 years, with unwearied devotion and a faithful discharge of its important duties, for which a parallel can scarce be found. Our peculiar situation, at this period, and our limited time for publication, prevent us from doing justice to the character of this most excellent man. We trust some abler pen will, at an early day, furnish us an obituary notice, worthy to be recorded as a lasting memorial of his illustrious character. We cannot, however, let the present short opportunity pass without a brief, but imperfect tribute to his worth, as we have known and felt its influence. "*Our good old Treasurer*," (a term for a few years most affectionately applied to him by those who knew him and as a consequence loved him) was distinguished alike by his active and passive virtues. His charitable hand was ever extended to the indigent and distressed—his benevolent heart ever open to commiserate the afflicted, sympathize with the sufferer, and rejoice with those who had cause for rejoicing. His tenderness to his family and his urbanity to all with whom he had intercourse, was proverbial. His forbearance and forgiveness of injuries were in him distin-

guished virtues—yet few men had so little to forgive on that score, so universally was he beloved. "Goodness and he fill up one monument," and long will that life be, "who sees his like again."

Raleigh Reg.

[The remains of Mr. Haywood were consigned to the tomb on the subsequent Tuesday, attended by the members of both Houses of the Legislature, and a large concourse of citizens. The usual tokens of respect were adopted in both Houses—in the Senate, Mr. Speight, of Greene, introduced resolutions to that effect, accompanied by the following remarks:]

"He rose for the purpose of announcing to the Senate an event which ere this time must have reached individually the ear of every member of this House. It is the death of that venerable public servant John Haywood, Esq. who for the last forty years has stood at the head of the Treasury Department of this State. This is no time nor place to eulogise the merits of the dead. That faithful public servant, an honest man, "the noblest work of God," is gone to that "undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveller returns." He has shared the fate which soon or late awaits us all. Let us then, Mr. Speaker, pay a due tribute of respect to his memory—Let the Legislature of North-Carolina express those sentiments which every honest man in the State will feel on this mournful occasion. He held in his hand a series of resolutions which he asked leave to present to the consideration of the Senate as a small tribute of respect to his memory."

[In the House of Commons, Mr. Fisher introduced similar resolutions, and in his remarks said:]

"John Haywood, the deceased, spent his life in the service of his native State; more than 50 years has he lived in her service; and for the past 41 years, he has been the faithful steward of the Public Treasury. I challenge history, ancient and modern, to point out, in the long annals of fame, another example of an individual, who for half a century filled the most important offices of the State—and lived without reproach, and died without an enemy. If there be such an one, like John Haywood, his name is not only an honor to his country, but to the whole human family."

### Navigation of N. Carolina.

We have been favored with the perusal of a letter from Newbern, in which it is stated a meeting of the citizens of that town had been called for the purpose of memorializing the next Congress, on the subject of improving the navigation of the several Sounds and Rivers, which empty themselves into the ocean at Ocracock bar, and particularly the Swash, or great obstacle within a few miles of the bar, and which it is supposed may be removed by the constant use of dredging machines; this letter was addressed to several citizens of this town requesting them to obtain the aid of our corporation in promoting this laudable object, and we hope some

steps may be taken to forward the views of our friends of Newbern. While we would lend our cordial and hearty support to any scheme for improving our navigation, we would with all due deference, submit the propriety of making the first attempt on the contemplated outlet to the ocean at the foot of Albemarle Sound near Nags Head, which, once accomplished, would be permanent, and would give us a navigation but little inferior to any on the continent, and open to us all foreign commerce, on as favorable terms as our sister States now enjoy it.—*Edenton Gaz.*

**An Editor in Trouble.**—At the late Court of Sessions for Georgetown, (S. C.) Mr. T. C. Fay, editor of the Georgetown Gazette, was tried on three several indictments for libels on the Rev. Jas. C. Postell, Capt. Matthew Allen, and W. W. Godfrey, Postmaster. In each case, the jury returned a verdict of *guilty*. He was sentenced, in the first mentioned case, to pay a fine of five dollars and be imprisoned six months. In the second, to pay a fine of five dollars and be imprisoned one month; and in the third, to pay a fine of ten dollars. Judge Richardson, in sentencing the accused, took occasion to remark at some length and in strong terms, on the disastrous consequences to society likely to arise out of the injudicious management of the public press, that powerful engine of good or evil.

**Marriage.**—One of the most common events which follow the attainment of adult age, in both sexes, is marriage. Since this sacred compact is a state in perfect accordance with the instinctive nature of man, no disadvantage in reference to health can result from the event itself, if both parties have reached adult age before it occurs; altho' the artificial state of society, the cares and anxieties attendant upon a family, especially with narrow means only for its support, are circumstances unfavorable to the preservation of that equanimity of temper and gaiety of heart which are conducive to the maintenance of a healthy state of the body. But too often the female has not arrived at adult age; and her health and future comfort are inconsiderately sacrificed. The constitution, in few women, can be regarded as properly or firmly established even at twenty years of age; and, indeed, it would be advantageous for every woman to pass her twenty-fourth or twenty-fifth year before subjecting herself to the cares and fatigues which the duties of a married life necessarily impose.

**Persistence.**—An Irish gentleman lately paid his addresses to a rich widow, who conceived a horrible antipathy towards him, though in truth there was nothing very dismaying in his personal appearance. His suit was rejected, but he would not take "no" for an answer. To escape his persecutions the lady fled to England; but her lover discovered her at Bath, where he was as assiduous as ever. At Cheltenham she was equally persecuted, and at length sought

refuge at Brighton. She had been however but a few days residing at the Styne, when she observed her odious tormentor passing her window. He nodded to her with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance, and passed on. Resolved upon a desperate remedy, the lady sent her servant to request that he would favor her with an interview. He came; and on their being left alone, she rehearsed the various persecutions she had suffered from him, and stated that she had sent for him on that occasion to put an end to them forever. "Now, sir," said she, taking a bible which lay upon the table, and kneeling, while she raised it to her lips, with the utmost solemnity, "by the virtue of my oath, I will never marry you." This she, of course, deemed conclusive; but the gentleman, with amazing coolness, knelt beside her, and taking the book from her hand, kissed it also, at the same time exclaiming, "By the virtue of my oath, madam, I was never certain of you until this moment!"—Within six weeks afterwards they were married!

**Corset-boards.**—An Indiana paper states that a zealous clergyman in the midst of a sermon broke out thus—"My dear sisters, I have no doubt but that there are corset-boards enough in this congregation, if collected together, to shingle a hen-roost!"

**Nobody.**—There is not a more arrant knave in all christendom, than a certain noted personage who goes by the name of *Nobody*.

If your furniture be broken or defaced, and you make an inquiry of your kitchen folks, it precisely appears from their testimony, that it was done by *Nobody*.

If your farming tools be lost or spoiled, and you enquire who lost or spoiled them, you will find it was *Nobody*.

If a false and scandalous story be told against you, and be breezed over town and country before you know it, and you try hard to find out the original author, nine chances in ten, that it will turn out that *Nobody* made it.

**Shaking Hands.**—I love a hearty grasp; it speaks confidence and good will. When a man gives me his hand loosely, and it hangs in mine like a mere rag, I am apt to think that he is either unfriendly or incapable of friendship—cold-hearted, calculating and unfeeling.

**Heat.**—A professor, lecturing upon heat, observed that one of its most conspicuous properties was the power of expanding all bodies. A humorous student rose from his seat and asked, "Is that the reason why the days in warm weather are longer than those in cold?"

**The three Stages of Life.**—Youth is devoted to pleasure, middle age to ambition, and old age to avarice; and these are the three general principles to be found in mankind; sometimes ascending to honorable motives, and sometimes descending to dishonorable actions.—*Addison*.