

Miscellaneous.



FOR THE FREE PRESS.

SONG.

Tune—Boblin Jones.

When me little boy
Den me come from Guinny,
Buckra man steal me
Bring me to Virginy.
Dare me very much work,
Great big fence rails toty,
British man he come,
Give me fine red coty.
Hi te rol de da, &c.

Captain money give,
Very much I tank he,
But he soger man
Call me dam black yankee;
Admiral clever, good,
Give me pork and beny,
I go long wid him,
For to take New-Orleany.
Hi te rol de da, &c.

When we come ashore,
Great big gun we shooty,
For make yankee run,
Den we get de booty;
But dese backwood yankee
He no much good nature,
He swear he one half horse
An' half an alligator.
Hi te rol de da, &c.

General now much swear,
Made de mortar tunder,
Old Hickory man for scare,
Den we get de plunder;
Den wid de pritty gals,
We have plenty funny,
But old Hickory man
De debble a step he runny.
Hi te rol de da, &c.

General now get mad,
Call yankee son a bitchy,
Yankee he no care,
He dig one great big ditchy;
And when de British man
He go up for stormy,
How de yankee shoot he—
O Lor, have massy on me.
Hi te rol de da, &c.

General all get kill,
Yankee man he shoot he,
He give rifle pill,
Dis no very good booty;
Den de Colonel stamp,
Swear like de nation,
Dis de debble a way,
Make one demonstration.
Hi te rol de da, &c.

Black man all come off,
Much white man lay behindy,
Some git good deal hurt,
Some dey no could findy;
Cuffee dey bring here,
Make sugar in Jamaica,
Me wish me was at home,
Eating nice hoe-caka.
Hi te rol de da, &c.

What part of speech is a Kiss?

Said Anna's young suitor, "a kiss is a noun,
But tell me if *common* or *proper*," he cried;
With a cheek full of blushes, and eye-lids
cast down,
"Tis both *common* and *proper*," fair Anna
replied.

New-York is the empire of fashion. It gives ton to the Continent in the cut of coats and the pleasures of the table, as gay and chivalric France does to the kingdoms of Europe. From Sandy Hook to Niagara, we are constantly in a commotion of delight. Every day of the week, and every week of the year, the bubbles of fashion rise in glory, shine a few moments in splendor, and then bursting, give place for other and newer bubbles. We have more heat, cold, rain, music, dancing and soda water, than any other State in the Union. From the south, from the north, from the east, the weary pilgrim turns his horse's head to his native mountains. Fresh from her rice plantations, the Georgian beauty skips like a sylph through the cotillions of Saratoga and Ballston, and

makes the eyes of the Vermonter sparkle with delight and amusement. The Carolinian fills our steamers with the most graceful indolence, and the Virginians climb our mountains in extacy. From the *ultima thule* of the British provinces, the holy bishops, and pious priests of the royal church pilgrimage it to our great water drinking state. The ninety-ninth removes from royal blood cannot withstand the fascinations of our mountains, our lakes, our rivers, our cities and our steamers. The Catskill mountains astonish—the Pine Orchard enraptures—Saratoga fills them with water and wonder—and Niagara kills them outright. It is but a step to Liverpool. Who should wonder if the very fashionable of London itself should turn their longing eyes to the novelties of the new world! Perhaps a few years will fill our rivers, cover our mountains, and delight our Saratoga with the exquisites of Bondstreet, or loungers of Pall-Mall. There is no place like New-York on the face of this globe, and that's the plain truth.—*Noah*.

Opium.—Dr. Reese, a respectable physician of New-York, in a work recently published states a fact well known to the faculty, that hundreds of females in our large cities are in the daily use of taking opium. "This is neither more nor less than a fashionable way of getting drunk, and ought to be frowned upon by every husband and father."

Cure for the Ague and Fever. Take half an ounce of cloves, half ounce of cream tartar, and one ounce of Peruvian bark, well pulverized; put them into a bottle of best port wine, and take the decoction or tincture on the well days, as fast as the stomach will receive it.—*N. Y. Ev. Post*.

Courting.—A country Doctor, of homely breeding, courted a brisk girl, the daughter of a farmer in Connecticut, who was persuaded by her father to marry him, he having a pretty good estate. Accordingly, the day was appointed. But shortly after, spying a mare on which the old man used to ride, and which for her easy gait was much esteemed, he, the Doctor, desired to have her given in to complete his matrimonial bargain; but being refused, he flung away in a huff, and told the father he might keep his daughter. The girl was delighted with this rupture; but soon after, the Doctor repented of his folly, and came again to see her, when she was at home alone. She pretended to have no knowledge of him. "Why it is strange," said he, "that you should so soon forget me—I am your old admirer, the Doctor." "I cry you mercy, sir," replied she, "I do remember me of such a person; you are the gentleman who came wooing my father's gray mare. Your mistress is grazing in the orchard, and you may make your addresses to her if you please." It is scarcely necessary to add, that this repartee so dashed him, that he never had the face to speak to her afterwards.

Tread Wheel.—An Irishman, who, sometime ago was committed to Knotsford house of correction for misdemeanor, and sentenced to work on the tread wheel for the space of a month, observed, at the expiration of his task: "What a grate dale of fatigue and potheration it would have saved us poor craters if they had but invented it to go by stame like all other water mills; for d—I burn me, if I have not been after going up stairs this four weeks, but but never could reach the chamber door at all."

An old culprit was lately carried before a Justice. The constable previously informed his worship that he had in his custody John Long, alias Jones, alias Smith. "Very well," said the magistrate, "I'll try the two women first; so bring in Alice Jones."

Curious anomaly in Nature.—About a fortnight ago, a hen who was laying, and a bitch with three pups, occupied the two corners of a cupboard, at the house of Mr. Hill, Sherwood street. The hen took a fancy to the puppies, and made several attempts to drive the mother away from her offspring. When the puppies were about a week old, the bitch died; and the hen immediately forsook her eggs, and took the young progeny under her protection, attending them with the same care that she would a brood of chickens, gathering them under her wings, clucking about them, and guarding them from harm. We saw the groupe yesterday, and it certainly presented a curious spectacle; the little whelps played round the old bird, who seemed mightily pleased with their tricks, and, after lapping some milk, they quietly got under the feathers and went to sleep, and so completely does the hen cover them, that neither of them was to be seen.

London Paper.

Judiciary System in Algiers.—Whenever the Judges are embarrassed by contradictory depositions, a speedy termination is put to the trial, by a general *bastinado* administered on the spot to the plaintiff, the defendant, the counsel, and the witnesses.

Thoughts.—The editor of the Middlesex Gazette, alluding to the style of some brother editor, remarks, "His thoughts are like a bag of feathers in a whirlwind, no two moving in the same direction."

Figure of Speech.—At a training in one of the northern counties of New-York, several years since, the professional merits of two drummers, a certain Ben Morse, drum major, and a very uncertain Ton Burnam, a candidate for the same office, were discussed very freely by the soldiers, over a pint tumbler of *blue ruin*, at a cake and beer shantee, just without the centry. Some maintained that Burnam was the best musician; others again that Morse had not his superior "in the six counties;" when a long, lantern-jaw'd, freckled-faced chap, standing some six feet four inches, without either shoes or stockings,

elbowed his way into the ring, with an old rusty Queen Anne's firelock in one hand, and a card of rye ginger-bread in the other, and after picking his teeth with his bayonet, and wiping his face on something that served as an apology for a coat sleeve, addressed one of the company thus: "I tell you what it is, Corporal Cowan, I grant that Morse can beat Burnam in drumming on training tunes, but when you come to the *real sentimental*, I tell you, Corporal, (and he spoke the words with great emphasis) Tom Burnam can drum Ben Morse's *shirt tail off*."

Appointment.—A Miss Margaret Walters has been appointed post-mistress at Lewistown, Pennsylvania, in place of Jacob Walters, dec'd. It is not long since we announced the appointment of a young lady as constable. We expect soon to see some buxom Miss appointed Justice of the Peace.

\$10 Reward.



RAN AWAY on the evening of the 13th inst. a negro woman, named

TABITHA,

And her child Albert—Tabitha is about 5 feet 2 or 3 inches high, dark yellow complexion, stout made, common head of hair, and about 20 years of age. Her child is black, 9 or 10 months of age and very likely. Tabitha had on when she eloped, a white cambric dress, her other clothes not recollected. I purchased her of John Crowell, of Halifax, N. C. six miles south of Halifax town. The above reward of Ten Dollars, and all necessary expences, will be paid by the Subscriber for the delivery of said negroes, or if secured in any jail so that I get them again. All persons are hereby forbid harboring, carrying off, or employing said negroes, under the penalty of the law.

HIRAM B. DOLLERHIDE.

Person County, N. C. } 6-4
Sept. 15, 1828. }

Notice.

WAS committed to the Jail of Halifax county, on the 12th inst. a runaway negro girl, small size, dark complexion, aged about 18 or 20 years, named

LYDIA,

who says she belongs to Wm. Prince, of Southampton county, Va. and that she was stolen from said Prince by his brother Littleton Prince, from whom she made her escape. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take said negro away, or she will be dealt with as the law directs.

J. H. SIMMONS, Jailer.

Halifax, 24th July, 1828. 50

Notice.



STRAYED from the Subscriber, at Greenville, Pitt county, on Friday, 5th inst.

A spare made Bay Horse,

Blaze face, one of his hind feet white and when travelling drags his hind feet considerably. Said horse broke his bridle and went off with the saddle on him—he was brought from Tennessee last fall, and it is supposed he will make his way in that direction. Any person taking up said horse and notifying the Subscriber thereof, or delivering the horse to him in Pitt county, eleven miles east of Greenville, shall be suitably rewarded.

JAMES M. DANIEL.

Sept. 9, 1828. 4-3

Blank Bills of Sale for Slaves,
Sold under Execution, for Sale,
AT THIS OFFICE.