



POETICAL ASYLUM,

ON TIME.

By Seluck Osborne.

Mov'd by a strange mysterious pow'r,
Who haltes along the rapid hour,
I touch the deep ton'd string;
Ev'n now I see his wither'd face,
Beneath the tower's mouldering base,
Where mossy vestments cling.

Dark roll'd his cheerless eye around,
Severe his grizzly visage frown'd,
No locks his head array'd;
He grasp'd a hero's antique bust,
The marble crumbled into dust,
And sunk amidst the shade!

Malignant triumph fill'd his eyes;
"See hapless mortals, see he cries,
How vain your idle schemes:
Beneath my grasp the fairest form,
Dissolves, and mingles with the worm;
Thus vanished mortals dream."

"The work of God and man I spoil;
The noblest proofs of human toil,
Treat as childish toy.
Crush the noble and the brave;
Beauty I mar; and in the grave
I bury human joys."

Hold! ruthless phantom—Hold I cry'd,
If thou canst mock the dreams of pride,
And meager hopes devour;
Virtue, beyond thy reach, shall bloom,
When other charms sink to the tomb,
She scorns thy envious power,

On frosty wings the demon fled,
Howling, as o'er the walls he sped,
"Another year has gone!"
The ruin'd spire—the crumbling tower,
Nodding, obey'd his awful power,
As Time flew swiftly on.

Since beauty then, to Time must bow,
And age deform the fairest brow,
Let brighter charms be yours;
The female mind, embalm'd in truth,
Shall bloom in everlasting youth,
While Time, himself endures.

ANECDOTE.

A certain person in Scotland, not long since, who followed the business of pilfering of his neighbors, made it a constant rule after stealing, to pray for forgiveness: a gentleman passing by one day, seeing him come out of a house, judged he had been stealing, and determined to follow him; he went some distance, and made a stop at the side of a stone wall, kneeled down and said, "O Lord! I pray if I have done any thing amiss in stealing those goods, that thou wouldst command this wall to fall down and crush me to death." The gentleman being at the same time behind the wall, and hearing the fellow's prayer, threw the wall over and broke out of his arms; the poor fellow lifted up his eyes, and said, "Dear Lord, I cannot speak a word in jest but thou takest it in earnest."

MISCELLANY.

From the (Poughkeepsie) Political Barometer.

The following was communicated

to us from respectable authority, and we have no doubt of its being literally correct.

THE HERMITESS, of North Salem.

When the train of human events appears to deviate from its wonted course, and becomes productive of characters altogether new and unexampled, it has a claim on the world to be perpetuated.

An instance of this kind, where nature has appeared surprisingly to wander from its wonted operations, is displayed in the character, and manner of life, exhibited by a certain female in the vicinity of this town. We often hear of men from various motives preferring a life of solitude in some gloomy cavern of the earth; but to find one of the fair sex immured in a cave, wholly secluded from human society, is a rare phenomenon.

Acquainted with all their delicacy of body, their natural timidity of mind, their loquacity of temper, and their inordinate love of seeing and of being seen, to find them forsaking all human society for the dreary haunts of savage beasts, appears, when related, too romantic to gain belief. Yet, the reader may rely on the sequel, as a simple narrative of facts.

SARAH BISHOP (for this is the name of this Hermitess) is a person of about fifty years of age. About thirty years ago she was a young lady of considerable beauty, a competent share of mental endowments, and education; she was possessed of a handsome fortune, but she was of a tender and delicate constitution, and enjoyed but a low degree of health; she could be hardly comfortable without a constant recourse to medicine, and careful attendance; and added to this, she always discovered an unusual antipathy to men; and was often heard to say, that she had no dread of any animal on earth but men. Disgusted with them, and consequently with the world, about twenty-three years ago, she withdrew herself from all human society, and in the bloom of life resorted to the mountains, which divided Salem from North-Salem; there she has spent her days to the present time, in a cave, or rather in a cleft of the rock, withdrawn from the society of every living creature. Yesterday, in company with the two capt. Smiths of this town I went into the mountain to visit this surprising Hermitage, a just portrait of which, is contained in the following lines.

As you pass the southern and most elevated ridge of the mountain, and begin to descend the southern slope, you meet with a perpendicular descent of a rock of about ten feet, in the front of which is the cave. At the foot of this rock is a gentle descent of rich and fertile ground, extending about ten rods, when it instantly forms a frightful precipice, descending about half a mile to the pond, known by the name of the Long Pond. On the right and left of this fertile ground, the mountain rises in cliffs, and almost encloses it, being a square of about one half acre. In the front of the rock on the north, where the cave is, and level with the ground, there appears to be a large frustum of the rock, of a cubic fathom in size, thrown out of the rock by some unknown convulsion of nature, and lies in front of the cavity from whence it was rent, partly enclosing the mouth, and forming a room of the same dimensions with the frustum it

self, the rock is left, entire above, and forms the roof of this humble mansion.

This cavity is the habitation of this Hermitess, in which she has spent twenty-three of her best years, self-excluded from all human society. She keeps no domesticated animal, not even a fowl, a cat, or a dog. Her little plantation, consisting of one half-acre, is cleared of its wood and reduced to grass, but she makes but little use of it, excepting that she has raised a few peach-trees on it, and the plants yearly a few hills of beans, cucumbers and potatoes. The whole plot is surrounded with a luxuriant growth of grape-vines, which over spread all the surrounding wood, and produce grapes in great abundance. On the opposite side of this little tenement, or cave, is a fine fountain of excellent water, which issues from the side of the mountain, and looses itself in this little plot.

At this fountain we found this wonderful woman, whose appearance it is a little difficult to describe: indeed, like nature in its first estate, she was without form, that is, she appeared in no form or position I had ever seen before: her dress appeared little else but one confused and shapeless mass of rags, patched together without any order, which obscured every human shape, excepting her head, which was clothed with a luxuriance of lank grey hair, depending on every side, just as nature and time had formed it, wholly devoid of any artificial covering or ornament.

When she discovered our approach she exhibited the appearance of any other wild and timid animal. She started, looked wild, and hastened with the utmost precipitation to her cave, which she entered, and barricaded the entrance with old shells, which she had pulled from the decayed trees. To this humble mansion we approached, and after some conversation with her, we obtained liberty to remove the palisades and look in; for we were not able to enter, the room being only sufficient to accommodate a single person. We conversed with her for some considerable time, found her to be of a sound mind, a religious turn of thought, and to be entirely happy and contented with her situation; of this she has given to others repeated demonstration, who have, in vain, solicited her to quit this dreary abode. We saw no utensil, either for labour or cookery, excepting an old pewter basin and a gourd-shell; no bed but the solid rock, unless it were a few old rags, scattered here and there upon it; no bed-cloths of any kind; not the least appearance of any sort of food, and no fire.

She had indeed a place in one corner of her cell, where she kindles a fire at times, but it did not appear that any fire had been kindled there this spring. To confirm this opinion, a certain man says that he passed her cell five or six days after the great fall of snow in the beginning of March last, that she had no fire then, and had not been out of her cave since the snow had fallen. How she subsists during the severe seasons, is yet a mystery. She says she eats but little flesh of any kind, and it is difficult to imagine how she is supported thro' the winter season. In the summer she subsists on the berries, nuts, and roots, which the mountains afford. It may be that she secretes her winter store in some other fissure of the rock, more convenient for the purpose than the cell she inhabits.

She keeps a bible with her, and says she takes much satisfaction, and spends much time a reading it, and meditating thereon. It may be this woman is a sincere worshipper of God; if so, she is yet more rich, wife, and happy, than thousands in affluence and honor, who behold her with astonishment and scorn. At any rate, from this humble, yet astonishing page of human nature—we read a most interesting lecture on the human heart. It was the peculiar state of this woman's heart which drove her to forsake the society of man, and led her to this solitary mansion. The peculiar relish of the human heart will embrace solitude, dishonor, deformity, and death itself for happiness, whilst its antipathies can embitter a paradise of joy. Reason has no power against its influence; it is not the energy of science, but a heart formed to a wife, decent and useful life, that must regenerate the world.

NOTICE.

ONE of us intends to set out for Philadelphia, on the 15th of next month, and with all persons indebted to them, or the late firm of Bullitt and Smith, to pay there respective balances before that time.

Chas. Smith, & Co.
Jan. 24th, 1809. 9-3w.

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the subscriber by bond, note, or book account, are requested to make payment to Joseph O'Neale of Vincennes, on or before the 20th day of February next; those who neglect this notice will be dealt with according to law.

Taussaint Dubois.
Jan. 26th, 1809. 9-1w.

VINCENNES LIBRARY.

THE share holders of the Vincennes Library are requested to attend at the house of John D. Hay's Esqr. in Vincennes, on Monday the sixth day of February next, in order to make choice of a president, directors, and librarian, for the term of one year from that day, agreeably to a law in that case made and provided.

Peter Jones, Librarian.
Jan. 21st, 1809.

BY PARMENAS BECKES,

Sheriff of the county of Knox in the Indiana Territory.

A PROCLAMATION.

By virtue of the United States writ of venire facias signed by the Honorable Henry Vanderburgh, and Benjamin Parke Esquires, two of the judges in and over said Territory, and to me directed, for holding on the second Monday in February, 1809, at the court house in Vincennes, at ten of the clock in the forenoon of the same day, a special court, court of Oyer and Terminer, General Jail Delivery, and court of Nisi Prius, all justices of the peace, clerks, coroners, prothonotaries, with their rolls, records, inquisitions, recognizances, and all recognizers, and recognizers, suitors and prosecutors, are hereby notified to give their attendance, and make returns of their several remembrances at the time and place aforesaid, that the United States judges may proceed thereon; and generally all civil officers within the said Territory, who have taken recognizance whereby they have let any person to bail, will also make return thereof, that our said judges may proceed thereon as of right, and according to law ought to be done.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand, and affixed my seal at Vincennes, in the county of Knox, the twenty-sixth day of January, 1809.

[LS.] PARMENAS BECKES, Sheriff.
K. C. I. T.

FROM THE PRESS OF
E. STOUT.

PRINTER TO THE TERRITORY AND OF
THE LAWS OF THE UNITED STATES.