



POETICAL ASYLUM,

DELINQUENTS

Fonder well on what follows.

FROM THE PATRIOT.

THE POST RIDER'S PETITION, A PARODY.

PITY the cravings of a needy man,
Whom debts and duns have driven to
seek your door,
Whose purse is dwindled to the shortest
span,
Oh! give him cash—and pray to Heaven
for more.

This thread bare coat my poverty betrays,
And bills unpaid aloud my wants proclaim;
And many a tell tale gossip idly strays
About the town, to tell the world my
shame.

Yon house erected on the rising ground,
With tempting aspect tur'd me from my
way;
For there a RICH SUBSCRIBER might be
found,
Who, much I hop'd, would be inclin'd
to pay.

Hard is the case of a postrider poor!
There, as I stopp'd to ask my legal due,
A lurking sheriff chas'd me from the door,
To seek wherewith to pay my debts,
from you.

Oh! pay me quick, and take me to your
ALE!
The sheriff's looks well nigh my heart
hath flun'd!

Short is my passage to the loathsome jail,
For I am poor and miserably dun'd.

Should I reveal the half of what I owe,
If lack of money ere your pockets curs'd
Unsatisfied you would not let me go,
Nor ask me 'yet a little while to trust.'

Neglect has caus'd my want—for this I
pine;
Brought to the state you see, by YOUR
neglect:
And your condition may be soon like mine
To need that money, which you can't
collect.

A pacing nag was my paternal lot,
On which I brought you news each pas-
sing morn;
But ah! no food poor pony now has got—
Not e'en a a mess of oats, or blighted
corn.

My shoes, too, once the comfort of my
feet,
Worn out by age, and torturing me with
pain,
I lately cast, abandon'd, in the street,
And doom'd in scanty mud hole to re-
main.

My saddle-bags sweet footers of my way!
Struck with sad anguish that I lost my
bliss,
Tell, lingering tell, beneath their load to
day,
And left me comfortless, and spill'd my
news.

Pity the cravings of a needy man,

Whom debts and duns have driven to
seek your door,
Whose purse is dwindled to the shortest
span,
Oh! give him cash—that he may dun
no more.

MISCELLAN.

AMELIA:

OR THE SENTIMENTAL FAIR.

Alas! said the lovely Amelia, throwing herself on a couch, after having figured at an assembly; alas! repeated the fair sentimentalist; is this what the generality of mankind call happiness? Mistaken mortals! Two years have I bowed before dissipation's shrine, and two years has not this foolish heart lain still. Peace, peace thou throbbing heart, soon will I give thee ease: yes—to-morrow will I quit this noisy and tumultuous city, & bid adieu to frolic—a long adieu: in some lone vale, far from the haunts of gaiety, will I seek that content which is a stranger to my bosom. Amelia rose with the lark, ordered her carriage—Adieu, she cried, New York adieu;—Thou phantom, no more will I trust myself within thy alluring doors—balls, concerts and assemblies, I bid you all a last farewell. Thus saying, she stepped into her chariot, and drove to Elmira's, a female friend, who had oft solicited Amelia's company in her retreat. The meeting was tender; Elmira was happy, so was Amelia.

In this sweet spot, which nature assisted by art, had combined to render another Eden, resided the amiable Henry—all the powers of elegant, of soft persuasion were his, he saw Amelia—he loved her—but was with-held by bashful modesty, from telling her the tender tale. At length the opportunity offered; Henry was taking a pen-five walk—not far off, he beheld the mistress of his heart.

*In her hand the lute of voice melodious,
Thro' the trees low murmuring wav'd;
And on her lips the graces dropp'd ambrosia*

Her lute, her voice, tuned his gentle soul to harmony; he approached her—Henry sighed; Amelia gave the mild response—ambrosial gales received the breath of love, and wafted it to congenial bosoms, from whence sighs escap'd no more, except a sudden burst momentous of another's woe.—Henry told her his artless story.—She heard with blushing cheeks, and the lilly hand—her heart he already had. He was extacy itself for the invaluable blessing; and after a short time received it again with the fanctioned benedictions of the alter.

*Thrice happy!
May Syrens never charm your hallow'd steps
From nature's open court to stray.*

Henry, with his Amelia, retired to a romantic part of the country, and not a sigh does the fair partner of domestic joy, heave after the town and its dull pleasures. She preludes the bliss of paradise; this is heaven begun on earth.

Perhaps the following elegant lines may convey some idea of their happiness, and the raptures of con-nubial felicity.

Around the smiling swain, are

ranged a happy family; his wife fair as the rose when first the blushing spring sprinkles the balmy leaf with moistening dew, sat near him decked in the rural robe of native elegance; she scorned the wonton dres of luxury, high pampered; her simple garb improved what modest nature lent, and hightened graceful charms; smiling on her knee, and infant played and laughed at the gay warblers singing on the aerial boughs; pleased, he joined the strain responsive, and in his little notes salutes the feathered songsters; both parents grasp the prattler to their breasts by turns, they melt away in raptures of fu-pernal bliss, and elder branches of the tree parental sport around their fire, or quaff maternal smiles.

Dean Swift's Eclipse.

One day Swift observed a great rabble assembled in a large space before the deanery door in Keweenstreet, and upon enquiring the cause of this, was told it was to see the Eclipse. He immediately sent for the beadle, and gave him his lesson of what he should do. Away ran Davy for his bell, and after ringing it sometime among the crowd, bawled out—O yes, O yes all manner of persons concerned, are desired to take notice, that it is the Deao of St. Patrick's will and pleasure, that the eclipse be put off until this hour to-morrow. So God save the King, and his reverence the Dean. The mob upon this notice immediately dispersed; only some more cunning than the rest, swore they would not loose another afternoon, for that the Dean who was a very comical man might take it into his head to put off the eclipse again, and so make fools of them a second time.

Mr. Fressenden, the author of 'Terrible Tractation,' has lately amused himself with quizzing the pedantry of some solemn block-head whose character he has facetiously described in one of the New-England papers. Mr. F. describes him at length, under the influence of Cupid.

"About forty years since, the learned doctor was taken violently in love. He had however as little personal acquaintance with his goddefs, as Don Quixote with Dulcinea; but his imagination presented her as a being that was quite the tip end of perfectibility.

"After many cogitations relative to the mode of disclosing the ardency of his affection, he at length adopted an epistolary mode of communicating his exquisite sensations. A short extract will serve as a specimen of his style as an amatory writer:

"*My Dearest Miss Ineffable,*

"The polar orb all gorgeous had just emerged from the Cœrulean abyss of the wide spreading ocean. The mild radiance of his beams resplendent gambolled eccentric on the verge of the gay crimson-tinted horizon, suffusing a supreme serenity through the love-lorn bosom of the ardent admirer of the most adorable Amanda. The dimpled curling superficies of a capacious reservoir of aquatic particles,

gently agitated by spice breathing zephyrs, presented to the admiring ubaqueous landscape, agreeably to the laws of reflection and refraction. What raptures ecstatic thrilled the glowing identity of our amorous Allander, when thro' the attenuated, demi-illuminated, intervening foliage the celestial image of the lovely Amanda arrested attention. Your genuine goddefship, in the most enchanting attitude of demi-declination sat secluded beneath the frondiferous opacity, where the pliant woodbine, romantically variegated by a multifarious diversity of oblique curvilinear implications, most delectably mantled the vivid circumference of a beautiful alcove."

An Irish surgeon, who had couched a cataract, and restored the sight of a poor woman in Dublin, observed in her case, what he deemed a phenomenon in optics, on which he called together his professional brethren, declaring himself unequal to the solution. He stated to them, that the sight of his patient was so perfectly restored, that she could see to thread the smallest needle, or to perform any other operation which required particular accuracy of vision; but that when he presented her with a book, she was not capable of distinguishing one letter from another. This very singular case excited the ingenuity of all the gentlemen present, & various solutions were offered, but none could command the general assent. Doubt crowded on doubt, and the problem grew darker from every explanation; when at length by a question put by a servant who attended, it was discovered that—the woman never had learned to read!!

BLACKBERRY SIRUP.

The present not only being a seasonable time to prepare this valuable medicine, but to recommend its usefulness, particularly amongst children afflicted with bowel complaints: a feeling mother offers the following receipt for public benefit.

Take the fruit before very ripe, extract the juice, & to each quart add one pound of white sugar, skim and boil it about half an hour—when cool enough to bottle, add a small tea cup full of brandy.—From one to four table spoons full may be taken frequently, as age & circumstances require.

Doctors M. REYNOLDS & A. CHIPP'S
Will practice

Physic, Surgery, &c. &c.
IN KASKASKIA, (ILLINOIS TERR.)
THOSE that make choice of reposing
their confidence in them, will be attended
with the utmost of their abilities—
they will be found in their shop contiguous
to the Roman church.

They have on hand a large assortment of
MEDICINE
which will be sold wholesale on moderate
terms.

June 1809.

FROM THE PRESS OF
E. STOUT.
PRINTER TO THE TERRITORY AND OF
THE LAWS OF THE UNITED STATES.