



POETICAL ASYLUM,

DELINQUENTS

Ponder 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 has 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 pro-
claim;
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 lur'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 post rider 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
bath flunn'd!
Short is my passage to the loathsome jail,
For I am poor and miserably dunn'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 poney now has got—
Not e'en a morsel of oats, or blighted
corn.

My shoes, too, once the comfort of my
feet,
Worn out by age, and tort'ring 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 soothers of my way!
Struck with sad anguish that I lost my
shoes,
Till, lingering till, 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 dunn
no more.

MISCELLANEOUS

AMELIA;

OR THE SENTIMENTAL FAIR.

Alas! said the lovely Amelia,
throwing herself on a couch, after
having figured at an assembly; a-
las! repeated the fair sentimental-
ist; is this what the generality of
mankind call happiness? Mistaken
mortals! Two years have I bow-
ed before dissipation's shrine, and
two years has not this foolish heart
lain still. Peace, peace thou throbb-
ing 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 my-
self within thy alluring doors—
balls, concerts and assemblies, I
bid you all a last farewell. Thus
saying, she stepped into her chari-
ot, and drove to Elmira's, a female
friend, who had oft solicited Ame-
lia'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 withheld by bashful mod-
esty, from telling her the tender
tale. At length the opportunity
offered; Henry was taking a pen-
sive 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 ap-
proached her—Henry sighed; A-
melia gave the mild response—
ambrosial gales received the breath
of love, and wafted it to congenial
bosoms, from whence sighs escap-
ed no more, except a sudden burst
momentous of another's woe.—
Henry told her his artless story.—
She heard with blushing cheeks,
and the lily hand—her heart he
already had. He was extacy itself
for the invaluable blessing; and
after a short time received it again
with the sanctioned benedictions
of the altar.

*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-
jugal felicity.

Around the smiling swain, are

ranged a happy family; his wife
fair as the rose when first the blush-
ing spring sprinkles the balmy leaf
with moistening dew, sat near him
decked in the rural robe of native
elegance; she scorned the wonted
dresses of luxury, high pampered;
her simple garb improved what
modest nature lent, and heightened
graceful charms; smiling on her
knee, and infant played and laugh-
ed at the gay warblers singing on
the aerial boughs; pleased, he join-
ed 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 su-
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 Keev-
enstreet, 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
croud, 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 rever-
ence 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. Freffenden, the author of
'Terrible Tractation,' has late-
ly amused himself with quizzing
the pedantry of some solemn block-
head whose character he has suc-
cessfully 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
goddeffs, as Don Quixotte with
Dulcinea; but his imagination
presented her as a being that was
quite the tip end of perfectibility.

"After many cogitations rela-
tive 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 solar orb all gorgeous had
just emerged from the Cærulean
abyss of the wide spreading ocean.
The mild radiance of his beams
resplendent gambolled eccentric
on the verge of the gay crimfon-
tinged horizon, suffusing a supreme
ferenity through the love lorn bo-
som of the ardent admirer of the
most adorable Amanda. The dim-
pled curling superficialities of a ca-
pacious reservoir of aquatic particles,

gently agitated by spice breathing
zephyrs, presented to the admiring
lubaqueous landscape, agreeably
to the laws of reflection and re-
fraction. What raptures ecstasie
thrilled the glowing identity of
your amorous Alfander, when thro
the attenuated, demi-illuminated,
intervening foilage the celestial im-
age of the lovely Amanda arrested
attention. Your genuine goddeff-
ship, in the most enchanting atti-
tude of demi-declination sat seclu-
ded beneath the frondiferous opa-
city, where the pliant woodbine,
romantically variagated by a mul-
tifarious diversity of oblique cur-
vilineal implications, most delecta-
bly mantled the vivid circumfer-
ence of a beautiful alcove."

An Irish surgeon, who had cou-
ched a cataract, and restored the
sight of a poor woman in Dublin,
observed in her case, what he deem-
ed a phenomenon in optics, on
which he called together his profes-
sional brethren, declaring himself
unequal to the solution. He stat-
ed to them, that the sight of his pa-
tient was so perfectly restored, that
she could see to thread the smallest
needle, or to perform any other o-
peration 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 ve-
ry singular case excited the ingenu-
ity 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 va-
luable medicine, but to recom-
mend its usefulness, particularly
amongst children afflicted with
bowel complaints: a feeling mo-
ther 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. CHIPPS

Will practice

Physic, Surgery, &c. &c.

IN KASKASKIA, (ILLINOIS T^y.)

THOSE that make choice of repose
their confidence in them, will be at-
tended 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.