



POETICAL ASYLUM,

POOR POLLY—*The Mad Girl.*

Poor Polly was mad & she sighed all alone,
Her bed the damp turf & her pillow a stone,
A poor tattered blanket enveloped her form
But her bosom was bared to the pitiless storm:

For alas! in that breast reigned love's ardent desire,
And she thought the bleak winds might perhaps cool the fire.

Her hair was dishevelled, and straw bound her head,

And lovely her face, though its roses were fled;

Her notes tho' untutored by musical art,
Were plaintively wild, and sunk deep in the heart:

And the strains that unceasingly flowed from her breast,

Were, "the vulture has plundered the nightingale's nest."

Quits frantic I saw her, and pitied her fate;

I wept, and my bosom was swelling with hate,

My curses, perfidious despoiler! were thine,

My sorrow, was offered at sympathy's shrine:

For remorseless thou fled'st her, and scoffed at the pain,

Thou alone art the vulture that preyest on the brain,

ANECDOTES.

An Irish lawyer of the Temple, having occasion to go to dinner, left the directions in the key hole. Gone to the Elephant and Castle, where you will find me; and if you cannot read this, carry it to the Stationer, and he will read it for you.

An officer in battle, happening to bow, a cannon ball passed over his head, and took off the head of the soldier, who stood behind him. "You see," said he, "a man never loosed by his politeness."

SOLITUDE.

Crowded towns and busy societies, may delight the unthinking and the gay—but solitude is the best nurse of wisdom.

In solitude the mind gains strength, and learns to lean upon herself—in the world it seeks or accepts of a few treacherous supports—the feigned compassion of one—the flattery of a second—the civilities of a third—the friendship of a fourth—they all deceive, and bring the mind back to retirement, reflection, and books.

MISCELLANT.

From the Hudson Bee.

ON BORROWING NEWS-PAPERS.

A news paper, the mirror of the times which are passing while the reader is perusing its columns, is worth but little to-morrow, and a week hence fit only for rapping paper.

The value of a news paper consisting, therefore, in its instant and early use, whoever obtains that obtains the value of the paper, as a vehicle of news, from the lender. Yet how common it is to step into a tavern or grocery, and ask the perusal of the paper of the day! We find many, little reflecting on the meanness of such conduct, depending on their neighbors for newspapers the whole year round. For my part, when I see one of these very frugal characters with a neighbor's paper in his hand, I cannot avoid thinking him like a person in the market, too poor or parsimonious to pay for the fruit he wants, taking an apple from the basket of every vendor, by way of talling, till he has cloyed his appetite at their expense.

It is in this way, however, that whole villages are sometimes furnished with newspapers at the expense of a few individuals, or of the Printer, who carries on his business with such inadequate support—But this evil would be checked, if the Patrons of newspapers were more attentive to their interests as well as the interest of their Printers.

Every subscriber, to a newspaper ought to consider that whenever he lends it to others, he encourages the practice of borrowing, and perhaps deprives the printer of more or less customers, who would subscribe themselves if they were not furnished gratuitously.

Thus, it is no kindness to a Printer to circulate his paper by lending. And every citizen ought to ask another, as well able to pay for a newspaper as himself, when he asks the loan of one, why he does not get them of the Printer, and who is to support the paper if all read, as he does, by borrowing? For a good natured man, without reflecting on the tendency of his liberality, by supplying five or six of his neighbors with the news, deprives, perhaps, the Printer of so many subscribers.

But it is surprising that those who are advocates for the promotion of literature, and the establishment of printing presses, cannot perceive the selfishness in withholding their portion of support. They would not dream of procuring the preparing the provision, manufactures of wares, of the baker, the butcher,

the shoemaker, tailor or blacksmith, without cost—why then of the printer? Or what particular part of the community are under the special obligation to maintain the press for the use and advantage of the whole? Or why, if printers are to be maintained in this way, are not other mechanics on the same footing, and the public accommodated with their services at the expense of few?

Preventative for the Rheumatism.
Though the following expedient is simple, we have reason to believe it effectual. It was related to us by a venerable matron, whose experience convinced her of its efficacy. It is merely carrying in the pocket a piece of roll brimstone. The person alluded to was subject to, and had suffered much by, sciatica and rheumatism, until she adopted this remedy; and she has been exempted from them both ever since employed it.

JUSTICE.

Every obstruction of the course of justice, if a door opened to betrayal, society, bereave us of those blessings which it has in view. To stand up for the privileges of such places, is to invite men to live with a bribe of impunity. It is a strange way of doing honor to God, to screen actions which are a disgrace to humanity.

DEATH-BED REPENTANCE.

When the edge of appetite is worn down, and the spirits of youthful days are cooled, which hurried us on in a circle of pleasure and intemperance, then reason and reflection will have the weight which they deserve; affliction, or the bell of sickness, will supply the place of conscience; and if they should fail, old age will overtake us at last, and show us the past pursuit of life, and forces us to look upon them in their true point of view. If there is any thing more to cast a cloud upon so melancholy a prospect as this shows us; it is surely the difficulty and hazard of having all the works of the day to perform in the last hour, of making an atonement to God when we have no sacrifice to offer him, but the dregs and infirmities of those days, when we could have no pleasure in them. Whatever stress we may lay upon it, a death-bed repentance is but a weak and slender plank to trust our fall upon.

STERNE.

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