



POETICAL ASYLUM,

The following admired POEM, "which from its subject, as well as from its intrinsic excellence, can not be too frequently studied, too widely circulated," is from the celebrated pen of the late Bishop HORNE.

THE LEAF.

WE ALL DO FADE AS A LEAF.

Isaiah lxiv. 6.

SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and wither'd on the ground;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound:

Sons of Adam, once in Eden,
Blighted when like us he fell,
Hear the lecture we are reading,
'Tis, alas! the truth to tell.

Virgins, much, too much, presuming
On your boasted white and red,
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Number'd now among the dead.

Griping misers, nightly waking,
See the end of all your care;
Fled on wings of our making,
We have left our owners bare.

Sons of honor fed on praises,
Flutt'ring high on fancied worth,
Lo! the fickle air, that raises,
Brings us down to parent earth.

Learned sophs, in systems jaded,
Who for new ones daily call,
Cease, at length, by us persuaded,
Ev'ry leaf must have its fall!

Youths, tho' yet no losses grieve you,
Gay in health and manly grace,
Let not cloudless skies deceive you,
Summer gives to Autumn place.

Venerable sires, grown hoary,
Hither turn th' unwilling eye,
Think, amidst your failing glory,
Autumn tells a Winter nigh.

Yearly in our course returning
Messengers of shortest stay,
Thus we preach this truth concerning,
"Heaven and Earth shall pass away."

On the Tree of Life eternal,
Man, let all thy hope be laid,
Which alone, for ever vernal
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

ANECDOTES.

One of the daily papers mentions the falling down of an empty house, & gravely states that none of its inhabitants were killed.

(Continued from first page.)

to impoverish the councils or offices of the state by their absence.—Nothing will be lost by leaving them out.

The intended remedy against their inroads upon society, addresses itself to the very principles on which they profess to build their practice—a sense of honor.—Close up the avenues to public confidence; let it be heard, and seen, and felt, that duelling and duellists are infamous—and their plea is gone. If, after this, any of our citizens should persist in the practice they will convict themselves in the face of Heaven and earth, of fighting from the impulse of ferocious malignity and thirst of blood.

The political power of the people will be arranged on the side of individual virtue, of domestic happiness and public morals.

Many an unhappy man who would otherwise be hurried away by notions of false honor, and the dread of open scorn, will be preferred to himself, his family and his country.

The stream of public opinion thus efficaciously turned against a crime of frequent occurrence and of the blackest dye, will obliterate the reproach of our name, and prevent the accumulation of both guilt and suffering.

As no retrospect is designed—what is past, being considered as past—an opportunity will be given to such as may have been unwillingly drawn into duels, to declare themselves in the cause of their conviction and of truth.

Such, fellow citizens, are the sentiments which have given rise to the *Anti-Duelling Association of New-York*. You are earnestly entreated to join in a general and solemn resolution never to confide the interests of your families and your country to the hands of men who, by the future commission of the crime of duelling, shall prove that they neither fear God, nor regard man. Such a resolution will refute the flander that your opinions are really favourable to their folly and their violence. It will put away from you, as individuals, if faithfully kept, the guilt of blood. It will be as beneficial to the community, as it will be consolatory to yourselves. It will speak to offenders in a tone which

they will not dare to despise—and if this magnanimous conduct shall not furnish an example, no example is ever to be furnished in the course of human things, that "the voice of the People, is the voice of God!"

By order of this meeting,
John Broome, Chairman.
Lebbeus Lormis, sec.

IDLENESS

Is the Hotbed of Temptation, the Cradle of Disease, and the Cankerworm of Felicity. In a little time, to the Man who has no employment, Life will have no Novelty; and when Novelty is laid in the Grave, the Funeral of Comfort will enter the Churchyard. From that moment it is the Shade, and not the Man, who creeps along the path of Mortality.

On the contrary, what solid satisfaction does the Man of Diligence possess! What Health in his Countenance! What Strength in his Limbs! What Vigor in his Understanding! With what Zest, does he relish the Refreshments of the day! With what Pleasure does he seek the Bed of Repose, at night! It is not the accidental Hardness of a Pillow, that can make him unhappy, or rob him of Sleep.—He Earns his Maintenance, and he Enjoys it—He has faithfully Labored in the Day, and his Slumbers of the Night are a sweet Retribution to him.—To the Diligent Man, every Day is a little of Life, and every Night is a little of Heaven. The Toil has been honest, & the Reward is sure.

WANTED,
A BOY between 14 & 16 years of age
as an apprentice to the printing busi-
ness at this office.

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE,
THE
REAL PRINCIPLES
OF
ROMAN CATHOLICS.
By a FRENCH CLERGYMAN.
Carefully revised & Elucidated with Notes

PRINTING.

*Handbills, Circular Letters,
AND ALL KINDS OF
BLANKS,
NEATLY AND ACCURATELY PRINTED
AT THIS OFFICE.*

For sale at the Office of the Western Sun.
THE PERPETUAL ALMANAC,
Price 12 1/2 Cents.