



POETICAL ASYLUM.

THE FOP.

A song by Doctor Caustick.

Lord, only look ! there goes a Fop !
As neat a thing as e'er did hop,
And dangle round a lady !
A dainty dapper bit of man,
As fine as spangles on a fan,
Or pinks upon a May-day.

See how it flaunts about and flares,
And how it glances, winks, and stares,
With painted cheeks so rosy !
All essence'd up with bergamot,
Powder'd, pomatum'd, and what not,
O, what a pretty posy !

See, round, and round, and round it skips,
To twenty lovely ladyships,
And chatters, like a pie, sir ;
It talks as much as though the brains
Its little squishy head contains,
Would fill mosquito's eye, sir.

Now see it balance up to Sue,
And now it tramps away to Prue,
And now sets out to stalk a
Minuet—the fiddle squeals :
Grand as a Turkey-cock it feels,
With Miss Keturah Gawkey !

And now with deary down it squats,
And chats and grins, and grins and chats,
Like some baboon's relation ;
And blets us, look, what loving works !
One simpers, and the other smirks,
All flummery and flirtation.

"But," quoth Tom Tawdry, "mark how
well,
"Sir Fopling suits each dashing belle—
"Your railing I'm afraid, is
"The effect of disappointed spleen,
"Because the beau is foremost seen
"In favor of the ladies."

He please the ladies ! very good ;
Why then I wouldnt if I could :
So notable my spunk is :
I'd let them sooner seek gallants,
On Afric's shore, or that of France,
Brisk sans-culottes—or monkies.

ANECDOTES.

A poor unfortunate gentleman, who was so often stopped by the sleeve by the bailiffs, that he was in continual apprehension of them going along the street, his coat sleeve, as he was moving it along in a hurry, happened to hitch upon a railing. Turning about hastily, he immediately asked, "At whose suit sir, at whose suit ?"

MISCELLANY.

A Chapter of Inconsistencies.

1. It is out of character for a merchant to complain that business is dead—that trade is dead—that money is scarce, and that he cannot pay neither debts nor taxes, who keeps a chariot and stud, and who gives an entertainment once a week, and a card party twice,—who keeps half a dozen servants when one is enough—who indulges his family in every kind of idleness and dissipation, and whose wife and daughter surpass in the popperty and expense of their poppy habiliments, all the belles of Jerusalem in the days of Isaiah, in all the bravery of their tinkling ornaments, and their round tires like the moon, their chains and their bracelets, and their mufflers, their bonnets, and their ornaments of the legs, & their head bands, their tablets, and earrings, their rings & nose jewels, their changeable suits of apparel, and their mantles, and their wimples, and their crimping pins, their glasses and their fine linen, their goods and their veils.

2. It is out of character for a tradesman who once prided himself in the appellation of a speckled shirtman, to complain that he cannot, money being so scarce, pay his rent, or his taxes, when he wears nothing but the finest web of the loom, ruffles, filken vest, and a whole train of extravagant et ceteras, working perhaps but two days in a week, and receiving for that work double the wages he earnt, and those his non earning spending for dress and punch, loosing it at little loo, or indulging the depravity of his appetite, with roast turkey or a delicious dessert.

3. It is out of character for the farmer to complain that he cannot pay his rates nor debts, nor any thing else, whose three daughters are at a town boarding school, under the discipline of a dancing master when they should be at the spinning wheel—and who, while they should be dressed in decent homespun, as were their frugal grandmother, now carry half their father's crops on their backs.

4. It is out of character for the gentlemen of the robe to complain when they receive eight times the fees which the laws of their coun-

try gives them—and when the spirit of bickering so universally prevails.

5. It is out of character for the faculty to complain, when it is so fashionable to be indisposed, and equally fashionable for them to charge for each attendance for each such indisposition, what an honest labourer would be a whole month in accumulating.

6. It is out of character for the society of the frail sisterhood to complain, as they of all other professions, are most liberally encouraged.

SELAH.

"One kind kiss before we part."

A young lady having purchased an assortment of music at a ware house, situated in the western part of Philadelphia, on returning to the chariage, recollect'd a piece which she had neglected to buy. "Sir," says she on re-entering the shop, "there is yet one thing which I have forgotten, and which I now request you to give." "And what is it?" "It is sir" replied she, hesitating and running over the titles of the music she held in her hand) it is "One kind kiss before we part." The gay youth vaulting instantaneously over the table, saluted the fair stranger ! It is scarcely necessary to inform the reader (who will recollect the song, "one kind kiss before we part") that it was an air of a less touching nature, than the one given by our hero, which the lady expected to receive.

The Revenge.—Two Irish rustics finding a large cask that was cast ashore from the wreck of a ship, & naturally thinking it contained the dear usquebaugh, but which in reality contained gun powder, were greatly puzzled how to get at the enviable treasure. At length it was resolved to use a red hot piece of iron for that purpose.—As might be expected, the one who bored the cask was thrown aloft into the air by the explosion of the powder. The other seeing his companion flying in the air as he thought with a cask of whiskey, exclaimed with great sang froid—"By St. Patrick if you do not come down and give me a share, I shall inform the exciseman."

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