



POETICAL ASYLUM,

FOR THE WESTERN SUN.

THE REGENERATED SINNER.

A Parody of
Suppho's Sublime Ode.

AS holy Angels blest is he,
The sinful man who comes to thee,
And hears and sees thee, from above
Speak sweetly of redeeming love.

'Twas this restor'd my soul to rest,
And rais'd such tumults in my breast;
For while I read and heard thy voice,
My heart was fill'd with holy joys.

My bosom glow'd; the sacred flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame;
From my dim eyes the darkness fell,
And I escap'd from sin and hell.

With faith and hope my mind was fill'd;
With charity my heart was thrill'd;
My pulse of life did quickly play,
Touch'd by the beams of heav'nly day.

M.

August 1809.

MISCELLANT.

FROM THE ARGUS OF WESTERN
AMERICA.

PAST OCCURRENCES.

A FRAGMENT,
Extracted from an original man-
uscript.

"A solemn pleasure flows from former
[pains.]

(Continued.)

The wolves irritated by hunger, advanced in a few paces of where we sat. I had thrown away my rifle, when I swam with Zerelda over the Muskingum, and had but my pistols for our defence; I discharged one of them among the foremost; it stunned their voices for a few minutes, but they again burst forth with reinvigorated yelling, and rushed forward with the most daring violence. I fired my other pistol, one of them was wounded and fled with a fearful howl; the others followed, and we were relieved from a dreadful apprehension.

Morning hung her smiling ensign over the tops of the eastern hills. We renewed our solitary tract, & entered a level waste, parched into fecidity, by the beams of a burning sun, without the welcome draught of a refreshing stream.

We were almost exhausted by thirst at noon, but were compelled weary and famishing to wander on over unshaded plains, which appeared as if they had never drank the weeping fragrance of a dew.—Every rising ground we ascended,

hope anxiously anticipated the desirable cordial at the bottom of the descent; but we were disappointed—we hoped again and again—but again disappointment came.

Night arrived, with a fable vapor of scorching fevers on his wings. It was impossible for us to pause, under the torrid influence of a thirst, that fancy imagined never could be allayed—and with Mars, who shot his fiery arrows from the east, for our guide, we rambled, in research of water until morning.

The sun arose, and his beams appeared to fry in the air, as they darted along a wide level of prairie. Zerelda became too weak to make our accustomed progress toward the still expected stream.

The risen sun poured a baleful shower of heated radiance around us. We endeavoured to console each other with prospects which neither of us believed; we avoided wounding each others sensibility with unavailing complaints, but each felt the suffering of the other.

In the evening, nature wearied out in Zerelda—we were ascending a hill, on the top of which the prairie was terminated by a margin of woods. She was scarcely able to move forwards. I held one of her hands in mine, and pressed my other arm around her waist, & then assisted her in a slow progress towards a distant hope.

Oh! how I bled for her sufferings, my own pangs were indistinguishable—my blood run like streams of burning sulphur, my heart throbbed with a fever of fiery billows; the air I breathed was a crackling flame to my vitals—but the agonies of Zerelda, added a tenfold poignancy to my tortures. Her hand burnt in mine—her face was inflamed into crimson, but not a drop of sweat moistened its heated surface—she could bear up but little longer.

We had nearly reached the summit but she was exhausted. The last struggle of famishing nature nature was expiring—she pressed my hand, looked up in my eyes—and fainted.

Heavens of mercy! what was to be done—I seated her on the grass, and leaned over her in a state of stupified distraction—to have saved her, I would have torn open my own bosom, and she should have drank the blood of my heart.

"Continue here and the never opens the eye of light again."—This dreadful certainty rendered me frantic—I caught her in my arms, and ran at least a mile over the hill—she had not revived, but I had reached the long sought blessing. The water was stagnant and impure, but I poured a plentiful draught in her lips, and threw it in showers over her face and person. Her pulse leaped from oblivion—law the 'beam of her eye.' She revived in a transport of smiles, but attempted not to give her joy or gratitude in words—she pressed my hand, and gave me a look that led me into her soul.

During that evening we became so far refreshed and invigorated, that we continued our journey in the morning with our accustomed progress.

For several days we encountered no difficulties but those which were inevitable in a desert, and what arose from our anxiety to avoid the Indians, who were swarming through the country on their return from the American frontiers; and it was with a miracle that we escaped their observation, which was occasioned by their having no suspicion that any American would venture so far in their territories.

But we were soon the destined pray of more alarming calamities.

I had kindled a fire on the bank of a creek, and was loading my pistols to shoot something for breakfast—I had charged one, and handed the powder to Zerelda, who was sitting at my side—I was at some difficulty to withdraw the rammer from the other which fixed her attention; she forgot the powder which lay loose on a paper and being entirely engrossed with what I was doing, the paper dropped from her hand into the water. I endeavored to recover the powder, but it was scattered from the paper, & washed down the stream.

Zerelda was frightened, and unable to speak—she raised her eyes to mine, the trembling soul of entreaty was in her looks, and seemed to say, forgive—I would not have been angry for the world. I returned her a smile with all the kindness of which my nature was susceptible, and pressed her hand in mine. It relieved her apprehensions, for she feared I would be angry, and a look or a word of displeasure, would have sunk her to the earth.

She censured herself with the severest acrimony for the fatal accident, which would probably occasion us both to perish in the wilderness, but I endeavored to inspire her with a hope, which I myself, could not harbor, that the powder might not be wanting, and that we might arrive at the borders of Pennsylvania, before we would be in want of provision; and as we were not in absolute need of our breakfast, we resumed our journey resolving to preserve our only charge of powder for a last emergency.

After travelling for two days without food, we arrived at a place which I recognized, and was convinced that we were much farther from the Allegany river than I had contemplated. I became melancholy upon the discovery, and my mind began to sink towards the verge of despair.

Zerelda now redoubled her efforts to give time the fleeting wings of airy transport. She was not born for sorrow, and amidst all our calamities, her lively romantic spirits remained unbroken. The exhilarating effusions of her vivacity were a refreshing cordial in the torrid zone of burning thirst, an invigorating spring of unexerted energy in the exhausted region of fatigue. She was generally in a sprightly mood, and surrounded by the dancing laughing graces; and displayed with a happy variety enlivening humor, and enchanting gaiety, that she bewitched the

threats of danger into smiles, and made the 'desert blossom.'

She now perceived that a heavy seriousness was gathering a gloom on my brow, and opened her inexhaustible treasure of wit and cheerfulness to disperse its disagreeable shades, and plant the bright halo of pleasure in its stead. I was ever the willing subject of her divine incantations—she could at pleasure take hold of my soul with a hand of irresistible magic, and mould and shape it as she pleased: Every faculty, every sense, and every tone, await but the flying touch of her enchanted finger to expand and pant, and thrill with the emotions she intended. Her glance of sorrow benumbed every pulse of vivacity, folded every wing of extacy, and burst every pathetic spring of the heart to flow with the tears of sensibility. But when the smiles of joy blossomed on her countenance, the folded leaves of delight blew open, the unstrung harp of rapture was attuned and vibrated, the ruffled wings of felicity feathered and expanded, and my soul wrapt in the bosom of a sweet fascination was caught up into heaven.

We were seated on the grass by a cool spring. She used a thousand little successful forceries to divert my reflections from our melancholy situation—my mind was obsequious to her bidding—Unless by the interposition of a miracle, there was a certainty of death before us in the meager emaciated garb of famine; but her fanciful vivacity, with the inspirative affluvia of sympathy stole all my horrors from the contemplation of the alarming prospect, folded them in the arms of pleasing hilarity; transported them with the fragrant embraces of delightful sensation, and dandled them with blisful animation on the lap of elysium. I forgot that death was at hand, and had he then arrived, the moment of my dissolution would have been an age of bliss; for I should have died with Zerelda.

She sang an air which had several times tuned the wilderness to harmony. The fine delicate touches of her voice symphonized with such indistinguishable sweetness and harmony, that my soul was entranced by the sound, into the bright regions of love where nothing but the light feet of imagination ever strayed. The world was contracted to the space that held Zerelda—an eternity of time hung on the present moment. I could have flown with her to the everlasting snows of Zembla, and lived possessed of every wish.

"Oh Zerelda, (said I, and took her hand as I said it) what an Eden of bliss has nature cheated for the happy man, who obtains this divinity of charms, which can smile a wilderness into paradise."

"This divinity, (said she with a smile) would soon lose its spell. In the midst of his vision he would awake and find himself in a wilderness."

(To be continued.)

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