



POETICAL ASYLUM,

FOR THE WESTERN SUN.

EPITHALAMIUM.

YE virgins fair my joys regard,
Regard in extasy;
A Husband is the grand reward
Of maidens purity.

The morning opens to the rose,
All wet with nightly dew,
The flower unfolds, nor does it close
Till night returns anew.

Blest is the state of happy wives
With husbands they have chose,
Their joys expand throughout their lives,
Nor change as does the rose.

January, 1809.

MISCELLANY.

FROM THE ARGUS OF WESTERN
AMERICA.

PAST OCCURRENCES.

A FRAGMENT,
Extracted from an original man-
uscript.

"A solemn pleasure flows from former
[pains.]"

(Continued.)

Thus for five days longer we be-
guiled the progress of famine, for
we were able to procure nothing
to eat but a few scattering nuts and
berries, which only excited, with-
out allaying the ravages of hunger.

The sixth, which was the eighth
since we had been deprived of food
was a day I had foreboded with ag-
onizing expectation. Zerelda had
so long born the fatigue and dread-
ful accommodation of the desert,
that independent of hunger, she
was able to travel but slowly, and
at intervals; her vigor was almost
wasted by such continuance & un-
accustomed exertion; but when
eight days hunger was superadded,
her delicate frame & constitution,
which were never designed for tra-
versing wildernesses, yielded to the
mighty pressure of her calamities.
She became faint and sickly, and
was able to travel but a small part
of the day, and then only with the
utmost assistance I could afford her.

At evening, she was unable to
stand, and all hope of continuing
our journey was at an end.

She took my hand and intreated
me to leave her and fly alone to
Virginia, and let her die alone.

"My God, (cried I) can you im-
agine me capable of such a deed?
No; I would rather feed you with
my own flesh." "Prudence and
humanity (said she) to yourself and

your country demand it. If you
remain here, we both inevitably
perish, but you have sufficiency of
strength to reach the frontiers of
Pennsylvania, and in the name of
God, I conjure you to fly and save
your life."

"And what would be my life
when thus preserved, but a scene
of horror—could I ever think of
this moment without distraction—
could I tell it to the world that I
had left Zerelda Engleton in the
wilderness to die of hunger; no,
the veriest monster in being would
curse me. But independent of
these considerations, nature has re-
vived my destiny to yours—I have
but to die in you. Death with all
his legion of frowning furies, can't
frighten or force me away. Heav-
ens and earth! To fly and leave
you! May the blazing bolt of
thunder blast me the moment I
harbor such a thought."

"Be calm (said she) and consid-
er your situation—you will render
my death infinitely more fearful."

"Cease Zerelda, cease; you could
as soon hurl the sun from his orbit
as to force me from your presence."

She had so far exhausted herself
with speaking that she fainted in
my arms. I placed her on the grass
and when she revived, she fell into
a troubled slumber.

The moon rode over the night,
in a wide field of deep blue ether.
I left Zerelda in her slumber, and
ran through the woods in quest of
some of the wild bounties of na-
ture. But I wandered long to no
purpose. Every forest was waste
and barren as the tomb of famine.
The Wolves swelled their noctur-
nal revels, with tremendous yell-
ings—I felt the fears and danger of
Zerelda, and hastened to find the
place where I had left her: but I
had been too indifferent to the di-
rection of my rambles, and was
unable to retain my footsteps thro'
the grass and bushes. Distracted
at finding myself bewildered (I
knew not at what distance from the
dear object of all my care, I called
with my loudest voice—the sound
ran through the woods in vain—
echo awoke the hills and murmur-
ed in reply—the Owl screamed his
piercing omen over my head—the
Wolves renewed their howlings
with redoubled clangor. A heavy
cloud rushed along the East and
shut up the Moon in darkness.—
Spirits of horror! What tortures
did you then hurl in a whirlwind
upon my soul? I called till the
woods could no longer hear the
hoarse clamor of my voice. I ran
in every direction, through the
hills till my blood was on fire, and
bursting from every vein.

Thus throughout the night I
rambled in frantic agony. It was
a night from which memory re-
coils in terror, it was an age to
which all my former life appeared
but an instant. It seemed as if the
wheels of time were stopped—

"—And nature made a pause;
An awful pause! prophetic of her end."

But when the long, long desired
light entered the vestibule of mor-
ning, it was as hopeful as the eter-
nity of midnight; for horrible an-
ticipation had already imagined
Zerelda gasping the last requiem of

life from her lips for the want of
my attention; or torn into carnage
to feed the prowling monsters of
the night. What a wretched mis-
creant am I, to desert her at such a
moment. What were the accu-
mulated pangs of her expiring
thoughts, to find herself deserted
by her last and only friend, and one
who had sworn never to leave her!

I knew not even now, when or
where I should find her, but from
the hill where I stood I beheld the
rolling Allegany. This prospect
last evening would have been light-
ened by the day-spring of hope, but
it is now too late, the dreadful die
of fate is cast—Zerelda is no more
—but I will seek her, and die by
her side—the same wide desert
shall be our urn, the same dew
shall embalm our bodies, and the
same wild wind, reverberated our
requiems!

After two hours search I disco-
vered the place where I had left her
—I flew to the spot with the pre-
sages of a forlorn hope—she was not
there—all the images of frenzied
desperation rushed with wanton
fury upon my imagination—I be-
held her seized by monsters fierce-
ly wrangling for her blood, she was
unable to call for assistance—in an
instant she was torn into a thousand
pieces by the infuriated ravages—
at this prospect I was ready to let
go the thread of life, and exclaim
with Milton's Lucifer,

"—Hail horrors! Hail
Eternal worlds! And their profoundest
hue
Receive thy new possessor—"

—I discovered a trace which led
from the place, and followed it a
short distance, and in the thick
grass, beheld Zerelda laying on the
ground, apparently resigning her-
self to the hand that was covering
the portals of Eternity on their
hinges.

She had become tormented with
the fever of an intolerable thirst,
and having no hope of my return,
had crept away in search of water,
but was unable to obtain it. Sud-
den as the lightning of transition I
was transported from the extremes
of desperation to a frenzy of rap-
ture—I threw myself by her side,
caught her in my arms and kissed
her till I bedewed her lips with life
—the look she gave me was a blef-
sing from a dying faint, but she was
unable to articulate a word, and
with difficulty made me under-
stand that she was in want of wa-
ter. I satisfied her request, took
her in my arms, & without a pause
ran at least a mile over the hill to
the Allegany.

She revived, and spoke a few
feeble accents, and then sunk into
sensation's oblivion. "She will
never again," exclaimed I; and
my pulse was the throw of death
at the thought.—I will die with
her, yes, in the arms of Zerelda—
it will be a blessing to die—

Oh for a morsel of bread to raise
an Angel—Millions are revel-
ling in wantonness and luxury,
while Zerelda expires with famine
—Is the bounty of Heaven
exhausted—Is there no fe-
raph around the Eternal throne, to
defend with a crumb of mercy to
expiring innocence,

A flock of wild Turkeys flew
from the other side of the river,
and were so far enfeebled by their
flight that I caught two of them be-
fore they could escape.

Oh God, what thanks transport-
ed my heart—but perish the thou-
sand of expressing them.

I tore off the best of the flesh,
and pressed it in small pieces be-
tween her teeth—she recovered
sensation, and was enabled to swal-
low a sufficiency of the raw flesh
to stop the further progress of hun-
gar, until I reared a fire, and pre-
pared a plentiful repast, which re-
freshed her by slow degrees, until
she was able to sit up in my arms,
and satisfy the cravings of hunger.

(The manuscript was here torn
in such a manner as to preclude
the continuance of the tale; but
from some fragments I was able to
discover that those suffering travel-
lers arrived safely in Virginia, and
were united in those bonds of bliss
for which they appear to have been
eminently calculated.)

I.

WOMAN.

How ingeniously has nature di-
verified the economy of her works
in the organization of the sexes.

Man, whose duty requires the
exercise of severer powers both of
body and mind, has a constitution
& settled energy of reflection com-
pletely adapted to the execution of
his various occupations, but by a
continual train of interest he is
subjected to innumerable cares &
inquietudes; which, by constantly
preying upon the serene tone of
his spirits, would render him mor-
ose and hypochondriac, had not
nature provided an infallible pre-
ventative in woman.

Gay, sprightly and volatile, and
susceptible of all the fine feelings,
the exhilarating sentiments of the
soul; and possessed of a sensibility
decorated with all the softer de-
licies, & tender attractions of grace
and beauty, which give to the
faculties of her mind a more easy and
enchanting access to the mind of
man; she is in every respect, cal-
culated to disperse from his mind
the settling gloom of continued re-
flection, and enliven his feelings
from the languor of his necessary
avocations.

Yes, it is woman, lovely, capricious
woman, that fills the
mind with a never failing train of
variety, cheers it with the smiles
of bewitching vision, and
annates its faculties by the
allurements of her fond
ate blandishments; which, by
the cause, the storms and
nefs of life a changeful and
delighting scenes.

Snarl as you please you will find
stoics, whose hard texture of
know no trembling key with
smile of woman can lighten
& swell the tones of rapture, give
me the animating society, of
dearing woman and I am
trably shielded from your

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