



POETICAL ASYLUM,

FOR THE WESTERN SUN.

EPITHALAMIUM.

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

The morning opens to the rose,
All wet with nightly dew,
The flow'r 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.

M.

January, 1809.

MISCELLANY.

FROM THE ARGUS OF WESTERN AMERICA.

PAST OCCURRENCES.

A FRAGMENT,

Extracted from an original manuscript.

"A solemn pleasure flows from former [pains.]

(Continued.)

Thus for five days longer we beguiled the progress of famine, for we were able to procure nothing to eat but a few scattering nuts and berries, which only excited, without 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 agonizing expectation. Zerelda had so long born the fatigue and dreadful accommodation of the desert, that independant of hunger, she was able to travel but slowly, and at intervals; her vigor was almost wasted by such continuance & unaccustomed exertion; but when eight days hunger was superadded, her delicate frame & constitution, which were never designed for traversing wilderness, 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 imagine 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 revivified 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. Heavens 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 consider 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 nature. But I wandered long to no purpose. Every forest was waste and barren as the tomb of famine. The Wolves swelled their nocturnal revels, with tremendous yellings—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 direction 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 found ran through the woods in vain—echo awoke the hills and murmured 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 recoils 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 stopt—

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

But when the long, long desired light entered the veilule of morning, it was as hopeless as the eternity of midnight; for horrible anticipation 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 miscreant am I, to desert her at such a moment. What were the accumulated 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 lighted 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 discovered the place where I had left her—I flew to the spot with the prefaces of a forlorn hope—she was not there—all the images of frenzied desperation rushed with wanton fury upon my imagination—I beheld her seized by monsters fiercely wrangling for her blood, she was unable to call for assistance—in an instant she was torn into a thousand pieces by the instigated 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 herself 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. Suddenly as the lightning of transition I was transported from the extremes of desperation to a frenzy of rapture—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 blessing from a dying faint, but she was unable to articulate a word, and with difficulty made me understand that she was in want of water. 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 reveling in wantonness and luxury, while Zerelda expires with famine.....Is the bounty of Heaven exhausted.....Is there no repast around the Eternal throne, to descend 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 caueled by their flight that I caught two of them before they could escape.

Oh God, what thanks transported my heart—but perish the thought of expressing them.

I tore off the best of the flesh, and pressed it in small pieces between her teeth...she recovered sensation, and was enabled to swallow a sufficiency of the raw flesh to stop the further progress of hunger, until I reared a fire, and prepared a plentiful repast, which refreshed 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 travellers 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 diversified 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 completely adapted to the execution of his various occupations, but by a continual train of interest he is subjected to innumerable cares & inquietudes; which, instead of prey upon the serioius tone of his spirits, would render him more rose and hypochondriac, had not nature provided an invincible preventative in woman.

Gay, sprightly and vivacious, and susceptible of all the fine feelings of the exhilarating sentiments of the soul; and possessed of a countenance decorated with all the graces, & tender attractions of beauty, which give to the mind a more and more enchanting access to the heart of man; she is in every respect, calculated to disperse from the mind the settling gloom of continual reflection, and enliven him by feelings from the languor of his avocations.

Yes, it is woman loves a trifling capricious woman, that fascinates the mind with a never failing variety, cheers it with the smiles of bewitching vivacity, animates its faculties by the allurements of her fond blandishments; while the cause, the storms and tempests of life a changeful delighting scenes.

Snarl as you please your stony frowns, whose hard texture know no trembling key whose smile of woman can light & swell the tones of rapture; me the animating society dearing woman and I am trably shielded from your

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