



POETICAL ASYLUM.

Whether sensibility conduces to Happiness?

THE heart can ne'er a transport know,
That never felt a pain,
The point thus settled long ago,
The present question's vain.

Who'd wish to travel life's dull round,
Unmov'd by pain or pleasure?
'Tis reason's task to set the bound,
And keep them both in measure.

The Stoic, who with false pretence,
Each soft emotion stifles;
Thinks want of feeling proves his sense,
Yet frets and fums at trifles.

And he who vainly boasts the heart,
Touched by each tale of woe,
Forbears to act the friendly part,
That tender heart to show.

Th' unfeeling heart can never know,
By cold indiff'rence guarded,
The joy, the transport that will flow,
From Love and Truth rewarded.

True Sensibility, we find,
Share's in another's grief,
And Pity yields the generous mind,
From Sympathy, relief.

Yet there are ills the feeling heart
Can never, never bear—
Unable to support the smart,
'Tis driven to despair.

The point discussed, we find this rule,
A rule both true and sad—
Who feels TOO LITTLE, is a fool;
Who feels TOO MUCH, runs mad.

FROM THE DESK OF POOR ROBERT THE
SCRIBE.

A gill a day—the thing is clear—
Twenty-three gallons make a year:
Why, this would buy a cow & keep her—
A suit of cloths—a score of sheep, or
Twenty good things than brandy cheaper.

OLD ROBERT.

There is a pleasant little village which stands on the borders of a small lake in the western parts of Connecticut. A tavern, the only one in the town, kept at the sign of the Grey Goose, entertained the passing stranger, and in the winter evenings was the place where we held our dances—for old Robert used to dance in his younger days. I remember well the merry evenings I have enjoyed there, and methinks I still could "tire down" the puny striplings of the present day.

Among the companions of our recreation were 2, whose vivacity and wit I could not but admire, and whose good nature and virtue I could not but love, Abfalom Active was

the eldest of my friends; his father was poor, but he gave Abfalom a good common education, and then bound him apprentice, a respectable waggon maker of the town. When I saw Abfalom last, before my late visit to Appleberry, it was his birth, and wedding night—just 23 years old. He had married black-eyed Susan, as we called her; and she might as well have been called red-lip'd Susan, for I never saw cherries redder. He had taken a shop for himself, and having got a journeyman from New York, had added the making of chaises to the old business.

Abfalom was industrious—Abfalom was frugal—above all, Abfalom was temperate: 'Grog and I (he used to say) are sworn enemies.' Not but now and then he would take a glass of wine or a mug of flip with a friend; but he drank sparingly. They do say though, that one 4th of July his eyes sparkled a little, and he could not say Shibolet for the soul of him. But that's neither here nor there: he was a sober man.

And what do you think was the consequence? Why when I went to Appleberry last October, who should I hear 'em talk of, but good squire Active—and deacon Active. Why he has money to lend—he owns two of the best farms on the south side of the lake, the poor all bless him. He now rides in his coach, on which is painted a Bee, an Ant, & a Glass turned upside down, with this motto:—'Industry, Frugality, Temperance—by these I ride.'

Edward Easy, my other friend and companion, received from his father a fortune of five thousand pounds. At the age of 19, he took his degrees at Yale, with singular honor. The profession of the law best suited his capacity and inclination he studied that science under the most approved masters, & at twenty-two he appeared at the bar. I never shall forget the day he made his first plea. All Appleberry went down to hear him, for Edward was a favorite of the people: and well he might be, for there wasn't a single one in all the village but could tell of some good and kind thing he had done.

The cause he plead was for a poor widow woman—You remember her. It was old Mrs. Rodgers, who sold ginger bread & beer, just above

the stocks and whipping post, north of the meeting house. He had an only daughter, a sweet little rose but just 17, who was the solace & delight of her life. An unfeeling landlord demanded the sacrifice of Mary, or threatened her ruin.

Well, the court was opened the witnesses examined; and it came to Edward's turn to speak. He rose—Oh! he was a handsome man—but now his cheek looked pale—his lips trembled, and his white hand shook. My heart trembled for fear he would not go on—by & by his voice rose—his cheeks resumed their color—he raised his hand most gracefully—and his eye sparkled!

You might have heard a pin fall—he one moment stirred up the feelings so against the hard-hearted landlord that every one was in a rage. And then he painted the sufferings of the widow and orphan—in spite of me, I cried like a child. I never loved him half as well in my life. Our parson I remember said that 'the oil of eloquence was on his tongue, and the honey of persuasion distilled from his lips.'

I left him just on the eve of being married to Eunice Hearifree. She was worthy of him, she danced delightfully—sung sweetly—could spin 50 knots a day, and the parson's wife was heard to say, that 'she made the best pudding of any one in the village, except herself.'

Now until the 4th day of last October, I had not been to Appleberry for 18 years. Just as the old town clock struck 4, I entered the village. My heart fluttered—I looked anxiously around in hopes to meet the welcome of my friend. A gloom and solemn stillness seemed to pervade the village. Presently the bell tolled—a funeral procession approached. I alighted at the inn and immediately inquired who was dead. "Alas the day?" exclaimed the old tavern keeper (who did not know me) "there goes the remains of a man who 18 years ago was the most promising youth in all the country. Fortune—education—genius, all united to render him every thing. But the morning bitters—the noon-tide dram and the evening fling, have withered the finest flower in nature's garden—poor Easy! God rest him."

Edward had been intem-

perate. Intemperance begat idleness and neglect of business—poverty, and wretchedness followed—and he who might have reflected honor on his country, poisoned by Grog, died a beggar. But 'men of genius tread lightly on his ashes, for he was your kinsman,' and if you would avoid his fate, declare with my friend Active, that 'you and Grog are sworn enemies.'

The Gleaner.

Some time ago, a son of Hibernia, an itinerant dealer in drapery goods, put up at the sign of the Dolphin, in Newcastle, under Lyme.—Going out in the afternoon, and conceiving the business might detain him rather later than usual, he requested the landlord to wait for him until eleven o'clock. This was promised, but Pat forgot the hour, and did not return till twelve, when finding the door fastened, and the family all in bed, he immediately crossed the road, and seizing the knocker of an opposite door, began to knock most furiously.—The noise soon awoke the gentleman of the house, who in great surprise opened the window & inquired the reason of the disturbance; Pat replied, 'it is only I, your honor, I don't mean to disturb you; I lodge at the sign of the big fish, but the landlord being in bed, and the door made fast, I have only borrowed the loan of your knocker to wake him, that's all!'

A gentleman, not much versed in literary affairs, once asked an Hibernian friend, what was the meaning of posthumous works. 'Zound! (exclaimed Terence) don't you know that? Why they are books which a man writes after he is dead, to be sure!'

A gentleman of grenadier growth having travelled in the mail all night, observed to his fellow passengers in the morning, 'that he would just get us to stretch his legs,' when his opposite friend, an Irishman who had been greatly annoyed by them during the night, observed, 'that there was no occasion to trouble himself, as by Jafus they were quite long enough already.'

FROM THE PRESS OF
E. STOUT.
PRINTER TO THE TERRITORY AND OF
THE LAWS OF THE UNITED STATES.