



POETICAL ASYLUM.

Considered Pro and Con.

Before I'm bound in Hymn's fetter,
Tight to a wife, "for worse for better,"
I'll sit me down to count the cost,
And see if more be gain'd than lost :
For who, that's wed, would e'er go thro' it,
And brook the clang of scandal's bruit,
Trench upon an evil for a curse,
And make a bad condition worse ?

A single man meets many a trouble,
And oft in vain seeks Pleasure's bubble ;
No home but the wide world to flee to,
No b. friend he may be free to,
No heirs his fortune to inherit,
Or charm his age with rising merit :
These are the plagues, and great ones too,
That each unmarried blade pursue.

Next let us turn the canvass over,
And see what scenes we there discover,
If smoother flows the tide of life,
Beneath the influence of a wife—

Now matrimonial blisses arise,
And Love, all lighted, Hymen flies ;
Now certain lectures teach or dun one,
And female bubble threats to flun one ;
If you remonstrate, tears or fits,
Shall draw or drive you from your wits :
And yield you must, or life before ye,
Is but an earthly purgatory.

Your children bawling, deaf your ears,
Or chafe your mind with anxious fears ;
One proves a fool, and one ungrateful,
One turns a thief, and one deceitful :
Your hopes are gone, your choice repented
Your life unwell, die unlamented.

Thus either state has care and woe too,
But one or other all must go through,
And th' only choice, where none is level
Is which uneven road to travel.

This choice I now had thought to make,
One road pursue, and one forsake ;
But find determination tough,
Where both, God knows, are bad enough.

The path of life is full of thorns. We are the beings of a year, and like the heedless insect of a summer's day, who in fleeing from the footsteps of the incautious traveller, lights on the surface of a meandering stream and is borne away to destruction, or spent with fatigue, reaches an unknown beach and prolongs a wretched existence till the cold breath of the evening shall grant him a happy quietus.—Such, and so feeble is man. He is estimated by the wealth which surrounds him ; if deprived of that, his virtue is vice, and his magnanimity meanness of soul. He is abandoned to float unassisted down the stream of life, till the clad of the valley shall cover his head, and the whispering of the breeze that murmurs through the branch of the willow that overshadow his tomb, shall be the only herald to proclaim his misfor-

tnes and his virtues to the world.

May you my friends estimate men by their innate worth and not by the splendour or poverty which surrounds them. He paused—"May you distinguish between the unaffected and real friendship of the virtuous and the false flattery of those who are your friends as long only as you can be of service to them."—such were the words of Mr. Rowe having finished which he learned his head gently back on his pillow from which it was never more to rise till raised by the arms of surveying friends and borne to its long and silent home. He had long been declining now was he insensible of his situation. The period had now arrived which was to close his misfortunes and his life. He viewed every one present with a look of affection ; his eyes closed ; his breath grew short and he expired without a groan !

Morgan.

A FRAGMENT.

I planted it with my own hand, laid my little sister holding up a flower that was dead. I covered it from the sun—I watered it night and morning and after all wiping her eyes with a corner of her handkerchief,—after all is dead.

Alas ! how many are the occurrences in life, thought I which resemble Mary's flower too easily believing what we wish, we adopt some pretty trifle, and lay it, as it were in our bosom, love it as a daughter. Fancy paints it in gay colours ; increasing in beauty we see its little leaves expand and trace its progress with anxious solicitude, from the swelling bud to its full blow ; and then, oft when we fondly expect to enjoy it reality tells us—after all is dead.

How often the only son engrosses all the care of his parents and wind himself round every fibre of their hearts—To cherish the idol, is every wish on the stretch to indulge it, all the rarities of art and nature are producee. Sleepless nights and anxious days are their lot, and lo ! when they hope to see an end to their labors struck by the hand of disease or debated by the contaminating hand of vice, the agonizing parents find—after all it is dead.

And how sanguine are the expectations of those relatives and friends, who possess a lovely girl, endowed with all the charms of beauty & goodness—how do they exult in her very idea—she is the focal point of their calamities, and the staff of dependence for

their declining years. Friendship rises in her defence like a wall and affection nourishes her as the wild dews of spring. Ah ! to how little purpose.—The canker worm of love preys upon the root of this sweet sensitive ; and the scorching winds of disappointment drink up its moisture—it fades—the hands of friendship and affection are united to support it in vain for

The deep drawn oft repeated sigh,
Hath caused health's blushes to decay ;
The tear that moistened beauty's eye,
Hath worn its lustre quite away.

It languishes & dies—and regret, bitterly weeping raves round the lovely fallen and exclaims—after all it is dead.

A Prudent Hint to young Ladies.

Philip Thicknes is one of his publications, tells the following anecdote with much pleasantry, and very politely conveys a modest hint to young Ladies :

When I was a young man says he, I often visited a distant relation whom I much loved and to whom I and my family had been much obliged. This gentleman had nine agreeable, nay beautiful daughter, who had often entertained me with the slipshod conversation of a rich, but low, underbred woman, their neighbour whose husband being appointed high sheriff, occasioned her to talk much to these ladies about the grand sheriff dinner she was to give. "I am determined said she to have no custards ; for if I have custards I must have cheese-cakes ; and if I have cheese-cakes, I must have some jellies or jellies fruits." &c.

As I usually spent my Christmas at the country seat of this friend, with his lovely family there sometimes arose a kind of merriment, called Christmas gambols, questions and command, &c. Now these innocent sports led the gentleman sometimes to salute the young ladies all around ; a pleasure which I alone, who perhaps loved them best, always declined partaking. In his thyness in me seemed so unaccountable to them, that they one and all seized an occasion to rally me for possessing a mauvais hont, so contrary to the etiquette at that time of the year. I confessed force of the charge, and fully acknowledged my guilt ; adding that the only excuse that I could offer was—that if I had custards, I must have cheese-cakes ; if cheese-cakes, jellies ; if jellies, fruits ; and if—in short before I had half done with my ifs, they all ran away, and left me in the field of battle, and never rallied to make an attack on me again.

DANCING.

"I am an old fellow," Says

Cowper, in one of his letters to Hurdiss, "but I had once my dancing days as you have now, yet I could never find that I could learn half so much of a woman's real character by dancing with her, as conversing with her at home when I could observe her behaviour at the table, at the fire side, and in all trying scenes of domestick life. We are all good, when we are pleasant ; but she is the good woman, who wants not the fiddle to sweeten her."

Misers, says the Editor of the Annual Necrology, are generally bachelors.—The circumstance undoubtedly originates in a peculiar species of economy ; for possessing the faculty of retention in an eminent degree they seem averse to the idea of even squandering away their affection.

The American sailor, in every instance, has been conspicuous for coolness & courage in the moment of battle. The following little anecdote shows his true character :

A sailor who was with Macdonough in the engagement with the British fleet on Lake Champlain, & who had been hard at work from the commencement until the conclusion of the fight seeing the British flag lowered, with a smile on his countenance he addressed a companion, "Well Jack this is all the fun I've had this war," at the same time very lie surely wiping the sweat from his face. "Then by Jove," replied the other, "I am still more fortunate for this is the second frolic* I have had."

HEREDITARY MONARCHY FROM GIBBON.

"Of the various forms of government which have prevailed in the world, an hereditary monarchy seems to present the farest scope for ridicule. Is it possible," says this celebrated historian of "the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," "to relate without an indignant smile, that on the father's decease, the property of a nation, like that of a drove of oxen descends to his infant son, as yet unknown to mankind and to himself ; and that the bravest warriors, & the wisest statesmen, relinquishing their natural right to empire, approach the royal cradle with bended knees, and protestations of inviolable fidelity."

SINGULARITY.

An alligator, measuring 3 feet 6 inches, was shot in a swamp, about three quarters of a mile from Bushwick ferry, (L. I.) on Saturday afternoon last, by John T. Bronwre.—While in the act of leveling his piece at a flock of snipes, he discovered the alligator within a few yards of the spot where he stood, making towards him ; when he instantly lodged the contents of the piece in the throat of the monster, who now adds the catalogue of natural curiosities exhibited in Snedder's American Museum in this city.

[N. Y. Pap.]

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