

POETICAL ASYLUM.

ODE TO WOMAN,

Occasioned by reading a wretched Epigram, designed to satirize the sex.

OH, Woman! on thy faithful breast
The weary wanderer seeks repose;
And in thy fond affection blest,
Soon finds a cure for all his woes,
The wakeful son of worldly care,
Sleeps softly in thy tender arms;
To Mammon he prefers his prayer,
But owns thy far superior charms.

Oh, woman! if life's prospect low'r,
Thou bid'st the clouds fly far away!
And e'en in sorrow's darkest hour,
Thy bright eye leads a cheering ray:
'Tis thine to balm the wounded soul,
That with the world long time has war'd
The storm of passion to control,
And melt the spirit frozen hard.

But, Woman! wert thou heav'nly fair,
If all thy charms external shine,
If thou no mental beauty share,
Ah! what avails these charms of thine?
Unstable still is beauty's power,
Whose base is built on outward form;
And lo! the rapture gleaming hour,
That oft precedes domestic storm.

Oh! if the glowing gem of mind
Illume the lovely female face;
If bright intelligence we find
With feeling in the form of grace;
'Tis then that beauty's beams impart
Her charms to intellectual eyes;
Then, if affection fix her heart,
Can man appreciate the prize?

ALONZO.

From the Connecticut Courant.
Short Chapters of Hints and
Advisements on the subject of
Hard Times.

By One of the People.

CHAP. VIII.

Full Relief not attainable at once.

The people are mightily in debt to the government, and government always are rigorous creditors. It will hardly do to say to them, Go, and come again; they won't be put off. With them there is no compounding; you must pay the "utmost farthings."

Again, the people are sorely in debt to the bank; and banks, too, are rigorous creditors: they won't wait a single week without interest, which eats upon you day and night.

Moreover, the people, in manifold ways, are in debt to one another—a frightful mess of debt in the whole, and at the same time but little "oil in the cruise," but little money stirring.

Now suppose the best; suppose all agree to "turn over a new leaf;" suppose the country should be as distinguished for frugality and all the attributes of thrift, as of late it has been for wild and thoughtless extravagance and dissipation: yet, even then, relief could only come little by little. Ere we get out of debt and in a thrifty way, there must be "a long pull," as well as "a pull all together." For it is much easier to pull ourselves down, than to pull ourselves up again; especially if, while we are down and lie sprawling in the mire, a heavy load is fastened upon our backs.

There is Hope, which in no wise should be given up; it is the main-spring of action. But we need be careful not to expect too much, is certainly we do if we ex-

pect by any means whatever, to get through with our difficulties forth with, or in a short space of time. No doubt, the people, if they will but "work it right," may yet be disembarassed, and get themselves into snug circumstances. But it must be a work of time, and of long time. It will take many years of close industry and saving frugality,—many such years will it take to effect a complete restoration.

Away then with despair, on the one hand, and with airy notions, on the other. We must ponder well our case, and the means of mending it. We must not suffer the sprecess, Imagination, to bewilder us with her lo here & her lo there. We must come at once to the true point, and stick to it to the last.—We must bestir ourselves in good earnest, with unshaken fortitude, with long suffering patience, and with unwearied and unflinching perseverance.

From the Catskill Recorder.
'The grass withereth, the flower fadeth.'

How altered is the appearance of nature! But a short time since we wandered the sunny fields to behold with joyous emotions the first shootings of the tender blade and to pluck the diminutive flowers round the skirts of the forest, coyly blooming forth from the long sleep of hibernal desolation. Then the plains and groves became clothed in their verdant attire, vernal breezes wafted the flowers' perfume, the songsters of the air awoke their melody on every spray, & the stream which had been lately locked in the cold embraces of winter, had burst its icy bands, and purled meandering. 'Tis the youthful season of joy and hope. The gaudy robes of Spring yielded in turn to the more manly beauties of Summer; to which succeeded the full maturity of Autumn now withering and gravely passing off again to yield our clime to the sway of Winter. The verdure of the forest and arbour is decayed: they are stripped, by the chilling gale, of their lingering leaves. The current, choked & sluggish, moves more slowly on. The vernal minstrels have in full chorus chanted their farewell in the yellow boughs. Now is creation solemn, and the universal scene inspires the reflecting mind with luxurious melancholy and instructive meditation.

"All flesh," saith the prophet, "is grass; and all the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field." properly may man be compared to the inanimate creation. Like that, the smiler and graver seasons of his life follow each other in rapid succession.—Like that, he is frail—he "cometh forth, and is cut down like the flower." The appearance of nature now reminds us of our weakness, and that we, as well as that, are hastening to our winter—the winter of death.—Our past life, what is it? It's like a dream when we awake. And what is the end of all our hopes and cares and toils? To be stripped of all our dear possessions, & lie down in death; for even

"The paths of glory lead but to the tomb."

Nature seems dead, the ravages of Winter approach: But faith, grounded on experience, points to another spring, & proclaims that creation shall revive.

Then exult, O man! for thus doth a Spring await thee—a never ending Spring. Like seed long buried in the frozen earth, shall thou awake to newness of life. The pen of inspiration hath declared it; and faith, grounded on the immutable promise of the Most High, hails in exulting anticipation the momentous era. Are there immortal beings who are yet dead to so glorious a hope? Are there rational creatures to whom so immense a blessing must prove an infinite curse?—Let us not be so infatuated as to hug the chains of darkness and death, or look around on decaying nature with desponding hopes; for the Lord hath promised—and altho' "the grass withereth and the flower fadeth, yet the word of our God shall stand forever."

Brief Scripture Remark.

Singular Villany.

One day last month, the following extraordinary act of atrocity was committed in the neighborhood of Freehold, Greene co. in this state:—A woman in a decent garb, travelling on foot with a child in her arms, stopped at a house on the road, (probably selected for the purpose) the mistress of which was busied in clearing off her dinner table, from which the males of the family had just gone to their labour in the field while her child lay sleeping in its cradle. The wanderer complained of great fatigue, and begged permission to stop with her burden and rest a while.—The good woman kindly consented, bid her put her child in the cradle with her own, offered her some food and proceeded on her work. The stranger kept the children quiet until she said she was well refreshed and ready to depart, when she took one of them and carefully wrapped it in its blanket, thanked her hostess very civilly for her entertainment and left the house. Half an hour after, the infant remaining in the cradle waked and the mother went to the cradle to nurse it, when, upon opening its covering she was struck with horror at finding a black child instead of her own! The neighbors were alarmed and the magistrates were applied to, and a search immediately commenced for the artful wretch who had perpetrated the nefarious act, but without success, a fortnight after the event, when our informant was at the place. N. Y. Merc. Adv.

In Paris, the gallery of the theatre is called Paradise. The Dutchess of Orleans took a fancy to go to the play one night, with only a fille de chambre and to sit there. A young officer sat next her, who was very free in his addresses, and when the play was over, concluded by offering her a supper, which she seemed to accept. He accompanied her down stairs, but was confounded when he saw her attendants and equipage and heard her name. Recovering, however, his presence of mind he hand-

ed her into her carriage, bowed in silence, and was returning when she called out, where is the supper you promised? He bowed and replied, "in Paradise madam, we are all equals; but I am not insensible of the respect I owe you on earth." The prompt and proper reply obtained for him a place in the Dutchess' carriage, and at her table.

A point of law of a singular and interesting nature was lately determined by the court of session, at Edinburgh. The question, taken generally, was whether a man, after having signified his intention not to live any longer with his wife, could insist on her leaving his house, and to betake herself to another which he had provided for her? In the particular case before the court, the lady had resisted this mandate, upon the ground that the husband had no power to dissolve the marriage society, without previously verifying the cause. Memorials had been ordered in the case, which were taken into consideration, when their lordships, after severally delivering their opinions, found [by a majority of seven to four] that they could give the lady no relief, thereby confirming the right of a husband to assign the place of residence of his wife without his society.

A medical gentleman, in an advertisement, informed the public, that he had removed from his old station to a place near the church yard, for the accommodation of his patients.

We cannot tell the precise moment when friendship is formed! as in filling a vessel, drop by drop there is a last drop which makes it run over; so in a series of kindnesses there is a last one which makes the heart run over. This delicious drop, the sweetest in the cup of life, happy is he who has experienced! This moment worth whole years of common life, fortunate is he who has enjoyed!

The stage from Whitehall was robbed of 8 trunks on Tuesday, near Salem. The alarm was given, and the inhabitants turned out with alacrity to apprehend the villains and recover the property. Fortunately the trunks were all recovered, 6 of them unopened, and 2 rifled of their contents, one of which, belonged to Mr. Jones, of Quebec, contained a number of letters and papers of value, which he was taking with him to England.—*Alb. Argus.*

"I am astonished," said an intelligent Turk, "that the Americans should send a fleet to compel the surrender of slaves in our possession, when in their own country, they keep thousands of Africans in bondage; they had better clean their hands before they lift them towards Heaven."

WARE-HOUSE.

THE subscriber has a good Ware House well calculated for Storage.

Tousaint Dubois.

May, 17, 1816.

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The Constitution of Indiana,