

POETICAL ASYLUM

On midsummer's eve (22d June,) which is also the vigil of St. John the Baptist, according to a custom common over Germany, every young girl plucks a twig of St. John's wort, and sticks it into the wall of her chamber. Should it, owing to the dampness of the wall, retain its freshness and verdure, she may reckon upon gaining a suitor in the course of the year; but should it droop, the popular belief is, that she is destined to pine and wither away. The following version of some lines, from a German Almanac, descriptive of this superstition, is beautiful.

The young maid stole from the cottage door,
And blushed, as she saw the plant of power;
"Thou silver glow worm, oh! lend me thy light!
I must gather the mystic St. John's wort to-night,
The wonderful herb, whose leaf will decide
If the coming year shall make me a bride."

And the glow worm* came
With its silvery flame,
And sparkled and shone
Through the night of St. John;
And soon as the maiden her love-knot tied,
With noiseless tread
To her chamber she sped,
Where the spectral moon her white beams
shed.

Bloom here, bloom here, thou plant of power,
To deck the young bride in her bridal hour,
But it drooped its head, that plant of power,
And died the death of the voiceless flower—
And a withered leaf on the ground it lay,
More meet for a burial than a bridal day;
And when a full year had flitted away,
All pale on her bier the young maid lay—
And the glow worm came
With its silvery flame
Through the night of St. John—
And they closed the cold grave o'er the maid's
cold clay.

*The glowworm is denominated in German *Johannis Wurmgen*—*St. John's Worm*.

Storming of Constantinople.

The battle began about the dawn of day, on the 22d of May, A. D. 1453, the festival of St. Theodosia, and, this time, without the signal usually given with the great cannon.—In order to weary out the Greeks, Mahomet had sent, at break of day, only the recruits and invalids of his army to the assault, reserving his choicest troops to a later hour in the morning. The first encounter was fiercely contested on both sides, but with most loss upon that of the Turks. As day advanced, the whole city appeared to view, surrounded in a cordon by the hostile hosts, that seemed to threaten to smother it in its cuirs. The terrific din of horos, trumpets, and kettle drums, mingled with battle cries, resounded on all sides. All the batteries of the besiegers opened upon the city, and then followed the general assault, both by water & by land. During two hours it raged without intermission, and without the enemy gaining a single foot. The Sultan himself, wielding his iron club, was seen now encouraging and now threatening his troops. Immense stones, hurled from the towers, crushed the assailants as they advanced; Greek fire bombs streamed from the bulwarks of the fort into the sea; and ladders were shattered as they were raised; balls flew upon balls; while a black cloud of dust enveloped at once the city & the sun. Theophilus Paleologus & Demetrius of Cantacuzel drove the besiegers back; the Emperor sat on his horse seen every where encouraging his soldiers by word and by deed. At this time, Guisteniani was wounded in the arm or the thigh, or both; he entreated the Emperor to wait his arrival, while he went on board ship to have his wound dressed. But the Emperor encouraged him to remain, as the wound seemed only slight; Guisteniani, however, could not be prevailed on to keep his post.—"Where," cried the emperor, "where hasten you?"—"Thither," replied Guisteniani, "whence God himself opens a path for the Mussulman;" and he made his escape to Galata, equally unmindful of his past renown & of his future infamy. His retreat had the effect of disheartening the troops; and Saganos Pasha becoming aware of the confusion in their ranks now excited his janissaries to renewed efforts. One of these a man of gigantic frame, named Hassan, from Utabad, stretching his shield over him with his left hand, with his

scimitar in his right, ascends the walls, followed by thirty others.—The besieged, with arrows & stones, defend themselves manfully; eight teen of the janissaries are laid prostrate, & others, encouraged by Hassan's example, share the same fate. Struck by a stone, he, too, falls; yet he is seen to rise again, and as he kneels, extends his shield once more towards the walls, until it becomes buried along with him under a shower of stones. Whilst the gate of the Holy Romanos, against which the chief attack was directed, was thus nobly defended, the Turks had already the city at another point. The besieged suddenly found themselves attacked in the rear by about fifty Turks. It was now that the report of the city being taken, was every where spread abroad, until it reached the gate of the Holy Romanos, and soon spread new dismay into the confused ranks of the Emperor. Yet heroic feats were still performed by Theophilus Paleologus, by the Spaniard Don Francisco Toledo, and Johannes the Dalmatian; though the Emperor saw that all opposition was become vain against the overpowering torrent of the enemy. "For me," he cried, "I prefer to die rather than to live," at the same time dashing among the besiegers; and beholding himself deserted by all his followers, he uttered the memorable complaint: "What! is there no Christian left to take my head?" which he had no sooner spoken before he fell under the swords of two Turks, one of whom attacked him in front the other from behind. Thus perished Constantine Dragofer, the seventh of the Paleologi, and last of the Greek emperors, in defence of those city walls erected by the first Constantine—the foundations of the capital of the Byzantine empire, which had endured a thousand years. The Turks now rushed in by the land side, as well as by the harbor, through the gate called Caligaria, over heaps of the slain, which filled up the trenches and the breaches in the walls. They put to the sword all the soldiers whom they met flying from the walls, in the belief that the garrison consisted of at least fifty thousand men.—Two thousand thus perished, until the real weakness of the Greeks being discovered, a stop was put to the slaughter! This would not have happened had the Turks believed that the garrison did not exceed seven or eight thousand strong; such was their desire to obtain male and female slaves, to gratify either their avarice or their lust. The inhabitants, meanwhile, had flown to the port, not yet in the hands of the enemy: for about fifteen Turks who had sought to enter through the subterraneous passage of the Reisthor, had been driven back; and most part of the fugitives succeeded in gaining the open gate of the port, and embarking in Greek or Genoese vessels. But when the gate-watch observed the throng of the fugitives, he closed the doors and threw the keys over the walls, in the superstitious belief, that, according to an old prophecy, the Turks would penetrate as far as the middle of the city, to the Forum Tauri, (now Taukbafari,) and that from thence they would be repulsed and driven out by the inhabitants.

ODD VOYAGES. The account given by Captain Coffin of his voyage from South America to Gibraltar by the way of the South Pole; and of another from Norfolk to Gibraltar, by way of the North Pole, reminds us of a mistake perpetrated by an Irish Sea Captain. He sailed from a port in the state of Maine, for Barbadoes, in the cold season, and after being out a suitable time, made the isle of Shoals. The intense, but Barbadoes w-

mate, and of course the Captain was ready to die with heat; and, having exchanged his flannel mittens and peajacket for summer clothes and a straw hat, he went ashore. The snow and ice rather stumped his credulity on landing; but, after surveying awhile the frosty scene, he exclaimed nothing daunted, "by the powers, if I didn't know I was in Barbadoes, I should think I was in Kennebeck!" *N. Y. Advocate.*

CLERICAL PUN. A minister was once invited to preach in a house recently built, where the congregation were noted for their somniferous propensities. He commenced the services in the usual manner, and proceeded to deliver his sermon. According to custom the good people reposed themselves to rest, and in a short time the preacher was saluted with a variety of discordant sounds issuing from the olfactorys of drowsy sinners. He stopped suddenly, and began a survey of the scene before him. The audience aroused themselves from their unseemly attitudes, and staring at the venerable man. "I have," said he, "been admiring the fair portions of your new house, and have but one fault to find" "And what is that?" exclaimed a man whose pride of the new fabric would acknowledge no blemish. "Why," replied the preacher, in a tone of irony "I perceive you retain the old sleepers."

Code of instruction for husbands.
[Wives need not shew this to their husbands, but if it fall in their way—very well.]

1 Let every husband be persuaded that, in the government of his family his authority is paramount to every other, and that his responsibility is therefore weightier than that of his wife. Let him recollect that one word from him will go further than stripes inflicted by her—& that whilst she sinks into gentleness and good nature he must support government

2 Be careful to act with such discretion and good temper, towards your wives, as to allow them no occasion to contradict you. When we play the lion, it is not wonderful that they should act the tiger.

3 Be careful to bestow upon the standing and capacity of your wives that respect and affection which may seem to be implied in their admission to a participation in your plans and transactions. By thus consulting them, you will relieve them from the necessity of giving their advice unsolicited.

4 Exhibit that unexceptionable morality with no censor, much less an affectionate wife, could condemn it. It is the duty of husbands to be an example of patience, goodness and sobriety, to their families.

5 Remember that the condition of a wife, with every possible alleviation, is one of incessant care, of nameless inquietudes, and of peculiar suffering.

6 Remember also, that whilst the wife is compelled to use the most consummate and self-denying address, to perpetuate the affection of her husband, he secures and perpetuates her's at a very small expense of pains and attention.

7 Exact no more from your wives than you will be willing to accord, under similar circumstances.

8 Submit to the code, and your wives will either conform to the foregoing, or else are incurable Xantippe's and consequently are not to be conciliated by any concession.

The good Wife.—The good wife is one, who, ever mindful of the solemn contract she has entered into, is strictly and conscientiously virtuous, constant, and faithful to her husband—wise, pure and unblemished in

every thought, word, and deed—she is humble and modest, from reason and conviction—submissive from choice, and obedient from inclination. What she acquires by love and tenderness, she preserves by prudence and discretion. She makes it her business to serve, and her pleasure to oblige her husband; is conscious that every thing which promotes his happiness, must in the end contribute to her own. Her tenderness relieves his cares, her affection softens his distress, her good humor and complacency lessens and subdues his afflictions. She openeth her mouth, as Solomon says, with wisdom, and on her tongue is the law of kindness; she looketh well to the ways of her husband, and eateth not the bread of idleness; her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her.

Lastly, as a good and pious christian, she looks up with an eye of gratitude, to the great dispenser and disposer of all things, to the husband of the widow, and father of the fatherless, entreating his divine favor and assistance, in this, and every other moral and religious duty; well satisfied that if she duly and punctually discharge her several offices and relations in this life, she shall be blessed and rewarded in another.

Mr. Editor.—In your paper the other day, I saw the following "New Conundrum"—Why are the ladies like stage drivers? Because their first object is to secure the *mails*. A bachelor at my elbow suggests an improvement by having it.—Because it is their first object to secure the *mails*, and after that the *reins*.

When I see a young man, the nature of whose business imperiously demands all his attention, loitering about public houses, spending his time and money, and what is of much, if not more consequence, his respectable standing in society, then I say to myself, if he does not "tack ship, he will be on a lee shore, and consequently among the breakers."

When I see young married people launching out into great extravagances, beyond what their pecuniary affairs will admit then I say to myself, you had better "haul aft, and run closer to the wind, or you will soon have to make a losing stretch to get to the windward again."

M. Schultz, a German professor, has been examining the libraries of Constantinople, & expresses his gratitude for the attention he received in his visits to them. He informs us, that it is quite absurd to believe the population of Constantinople as intolerant and fanatical, as they are described in various European Journals. He has already visited thirty libraries—but many more, almost unknown, yet as rich in valuable works as the most celebrated exist in the vast circumference of Constantinople. **M. Schultz** made extracts from 4 historians whose names even had not reached Europe.

NOTICE.

ALL those indebted to the late John Lawson, deceased, either by note, or book account, are requested to attend at Mrs. Lawson's in Palmyra township, Knox county, Ia., on Thursday, the fourth of September next, at 10 o'clock, A. M. for the purpose of making immediate payment—and those having demands against said deceased, will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

JOSEPH CHAMBERS, Adm'r.
of JOHN LAWSON, deceased.

August 11, 1828 28-31

Taken up by Levi Elliott, living in Washington township, Knox county, Ia., one BAY HORSE, left on his premises on the 25th day of July last, he is 15 hands high the near feet white, has a star and snip, some collar marks, had a small rope round his neck, no brands perceptible, about seven years old, appraised to \$65, before me.

JOS. McClure, J.P. 28-31

August 12, 1828 28-31