

## POETICAL ASYLUM

From the New-York American.  
I spoke to her—she answer'd not,  
I told her—now I scarce know what,  
only do remember  
My feelings, when in words express'd  
Though warm as August in my breast,  
Seem'd colder than December.  
But how can words the thoughts express  
Of love so deep so measureless  
As that which I have cherished?  
Oh God! if my sead heart had given  
The same devotedness to Heaven,  
It would not thus have perished.  
I faltered out “you must have known  
I long have loved—loved you alone,  
But cannot know how dearly.”  
I told her, “if my hopes were crost  
My ev'ry aim in life was lost”—  
She knew I spoke sincerely.  
She answered, as I, breathless, dwelt  
Upon her words, and would have knelt,  
“Nay, move not this the least, sir—  
You have—you long have had”—“say you,  
Sweet girl—thy heart?”—“your foot upon  
The flource of my Bartiste sir.”

### Reflections on the rapid disappearance of the Aborigines of this country (Concluded)

I said that the Indian had passed from the face of the earth—Of most of them this is true, and soon will be of all. Occasionally we see in a single individual the sole relict of some mighty tribe. Yonder you may behold one of these aged chieftains—The snows of many winters are on his head, and in his face the share of time has ploughed deep furrows.—But his firm step and eagle-eye, show a body still vigorous and a mind unimpaired. He is standing upon one of those ancient mounds the work of his forefathers in other days—he looks around him with mournful gaze and on all sides, beholds the smoke curling from the habitations of the white man.—One of their noisy villages occupies the place, where once stood the wigwams of his tribe and the stream in which he was wont to bathe his youthful limbs, is converted into a stagnant pool. The field of the husbandman, and the work shops of the artisan cover the green mound on which he sported in the joyous season of boyhood—the groves in which he loved, in the days of youth and the war path along which in maturer years he led his brother warriors to battle.

With mingled grief & indignation, he turns towards the setting sun; in which direction tradition tells him are the regions of bliss, and thus in wild notes, pours forth the feelings of his soul:

To the distant land of the far-off west,  
To the land of spirits, the place of the blest;  
Where spring ever shines on those sunny isles,  
Where flowers ever bloom—where all nature smiles.  
Year,

Where the souls of the brave, thro' the lone long

Pursue the strong moos, or hunt the wild deer—

Or fish from the banks of some swift flowing

stream.

Or that whose crystal waters the golden sands

Where the young warrior chiefs, in the pine-tree

groves,

To the dark haired maidens whisper tales of love.

My fathers have gone, & I hear their stern call;

And shall join them soon in their council hall.

The last of my tribe and my nation am I,

Though once you might number the stars in the

sky.

Behold half the warriors whose hatchet and

Made our cause so bloody—our war which so fell

But now from the fate of the earth we have past,

Like scar leaves of autumn, before the chill blasts.

Our wigwams have vanish'd, & even the graves

Where our fathers sleep are polluted by slaves

The forests through which, for full many a day,

The swift hunter might follow his lonely way,

No we aught, save the wood & the clear blue sky,

Nor hear living sound, save the catamount's cry.

As madd'd with rage and the calls of her young;

With a terrible yell to her banquet she spring—

Have vanish'd—a prey to the axe and the flame;

Like the red men they fell, when the white man

came.

A curse on the white man, a curse on his race!

May the midews of Heaven turn still pale his

face.

May his mighty canvass, whose broad wings

Like monstrous sea-dragons, the face of the deep,

Go down, down with their crews in the salt sea

wave,

And the fierce shark's maw prove the mariner's

And may the great spirit who rides on the blast,

At the sound of whose voice nature trembles a

ghast;

Who breaths, and the heavens in agony weep—

From whose lips fiery serpents like rattlesnakes

leap;

Look down on the wrongs of his children in

And scatter the white man like dust from his path.

Once children and friends—aye, & country were

mine—

I was tall and stately, like a youthful pine—

Not a warrior in all the battle field,

Could bend my good bow, or my tomahawk

And among all my tribe, it was my delight,

To be first in the onset, but last in the flight.

Ask the cowardly pale face, who stole on his sleep,

the last hours of darkness—aye, well may he weep:  
For many a warrior, his bravest and best,  
After that bloody night, wake no more from his rest.  
But now I wander like some old lonely oak,  
Whose gnar'd trunk has been sear'd by the thunder stroke—  
Which extends its bleak arms to the desolate [storm,  
Without one green leaf its cold bosom to warm. Z.

### Reptiles of the Mississippi Valley.

Mr. Flint, in the Western Monthly Review for February, describes the various species of reptiles that infest the Western and South Western States. Among the venomous serpents are the rattle snake, king snake, water asp, copper head, moccassin snake, hissing snake, and horn snake. One variety of rattle snake is yellow, and is said to inhabit the same burrows with the prairie dog. The copper head is a terrible serpent, and is deemed to inflict a more dangerous bite than the rattle snake. The hissing snake hisses like a goose. “We confined one,” says Mr. F. with a stick across his back, and it instantly bit itself, and soon became swollen & died.” The horn snake has a horn in its tail resembling that of a dung-hill cock.

Wherever the population becomes dense, the swine prey upon those terrible reptiles and they quickly disappear. Their resorts are near the bases of rocky hills, and near vast swamps. People are often bitten by them, and the person that is badly bitten swells and soon becomes blind. The bite is seldom fatal. Mr. F. says he has seen great numbers that have been bitten, but has never seen a fatal case.—He describes, however, a most tragical occurrence, more horrible in the relation than the ancient fiction of Læccon.

An emigrant family inadvertently fixed their cabin on the shelving declivity of a ledge that proved a den of rattle snakes. Warmed by the first fire on the hearth of the cabin, the terrible reptiles issued in numbers, & of course in rage, by night into the room, where the whole family slept. As happens in those cases, some sleep on the floor, and some in beds. The reptiles spread in every part of the room, and mounted on every bed.—Children were stung in the arms of their parents, & in each other's arms. Imagination dares not dwell on the horrors of such a scene. Most of the family were bitten to death; and those who escaped, finding the whole cabin occupied by these horrid tenants, hissing and shaking their rattles, fled from the house by beating off the covering of the roof, and escaping in that direction.

### THE CAMELION.

There are varieties of small Camellions. They are apparently harmless animals; though when we have caught them, they show every disposition to bite. They will change in half an hour to all the colors of the prism. Green seems to be their favorite color, and when on a green tree that is their general hue. While in this color, the under part of their neck becomes a beautiful scarlet.

Their throat swells, and they emit a sharp note, like that of one of the larger kinds of grasshoppers, when singing. We have placed them on a handkerchief, and they have gradually assumed all its colors. Placed on a black surface, they become brown; but they evidently suffer, while under this color as is manifested by uneasy movements, and by strong and quick palpitations, visible to the eye. They are three or four inches in length.

### ALLIGATOR.

The Alligator is the most terrible animal of this class. Vast numbers are seen in the slow streams and the shallow lakes of Florida & Alabama; but they abound most on Red river, the Mississippi lakes and the bayous west of that river. On these sleeping waters, the cry of a sucking pig on the

bank will draw a shoal of them from their muddy retreats at the bottom. The largest alligator that we ever saw killed in these regions, measured something more than sixteen feet from its snout to the extremity of its tail. They have at times, especially before stormy weather, a singular roar, or bellow. When moving about on their customary vocations in the water, they seem like old logs in motion. In fine weather, they dose in listlessness on the sand bars.

Such is their recklessness that they allow the people on the passing steam boats to come within a few paces of them. The ascent of a steamboat on an alligator stream, at the proper season for them, is a continual discharge of rifles at them. A rifle ball will glance from their bodies, unless they are hit in a particular direction and place. We witnessed the shots of a man, who killed them nine times in ten. They have large, ivory teeth, which contain a cavity sufficiently large to hold a musket charge of powder, for which purpose they are commonly used by sportsmen. The animal, when slain, emits an intolerable smell of musk; and it is asserted that its head contains a quantity of that drug. They will sometimes chase children, and would overtake them, were it not for their inability to make lateral movements. Having few joints in their body, & very short legs, they cannot readily turn from a straight forward direction. Consequently, they who understand their movements, avoid them without difficulty, by turning off at right angles, and leaving the animal to move forward, under its impulse in that direction. They are chiefly formidable to pigs, calves, and domestic animals

of that size. The skin of the alligator is valuable for the tanner.

### AN ANTAGONIST FOR BONAPARTE.

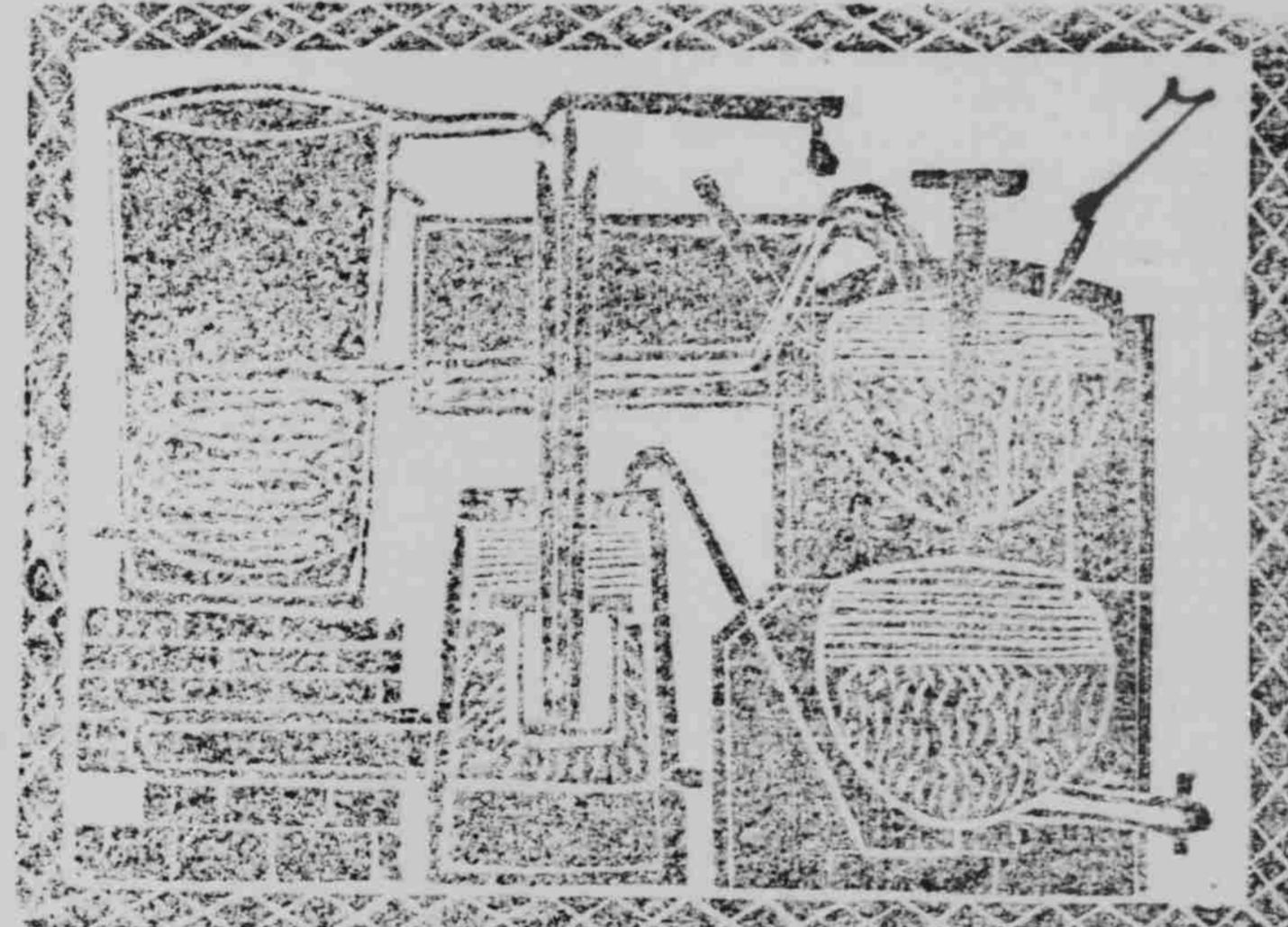
An honest Yorkshireman amusing himself in poaching, had his gun taken from him by a justice of the peace. Soon after he was unfortunate enough to be informed against for sedition, in saying he wished Bonaparte would land in Yorkshire. Being brought before the bench of magistrates, of which the aforesaid justice was chairman, he acknowledged the words; “but,” said he, “my reason for saying so was, that I thought your worship would take his guns from him.”

As Sheridan was endeavoring to compliment (vulgo to gammon) a city tailor, out of a new suit of clothes, by promising him half a dozen similar orders every year. ‘You are an excellent cut, my dear friend,’ said Sheridan, ‘and you beat our snips of the west end hollow; w'ly don't you push your thimble amongst us? I'll recommend you every where; upon my honor, your work gives you infinite credit.’ ‘Yes,’ replied Twist, ‘I always take care that my work gives long credit; but the wearers, ready money.

Most Barbarous.—In the little village of Randolph, Ohio, which contains only about 1000 inhabitants, there are said to be twenty-three barbers.

To Lovers—Coke upon Littleton. The Rev. Mr. Coke, a dissenting minister, has sued the parish of Littleton, for 1400 damages.

BLANK DEEDS for sale at the W. Sun, office



### JAMES LUSK'S Improved Steam Distillery.

THAT Distillation has been much improved of late years, will hardly be denied. And that it is as well calculated to promote the Farming interest, (particularly on the Wabash river) as any other mode of transporting their surplus grain to market, appears to me to be equally true. Therefore the Inventor submits the above plan of a Distillery to the public, believing that they will do justice to its merits.

One of my IMPROVED STEAM DISTILLERY's is in successful operation in Knox county, Ia. the property of Thomas Edison, Esq.—Capt. Joseph Warner, of Daviess county, has one in successful operation also—and Mr. Alexander Massey, and Col. Robert Buntin, Jr. of Knox county, Ia. four miles north of Vincennes, have another in operation. These gentlemen will give any information that may be wanted by those who feel it their interest to adopt my plan. I might here present to the public a number of Certificates, from gentlemen of the highest respectability in Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Indiana, but deem it unnecessary, as an examination of those in operation, will afford the best evidence of their utility.—Persons wishing to adopt my mode of Distilling, in the counties of Knox, Sullivan, Vigo, and Parke, Indiana, will apply to NOAH ASHLEY, Esqr. of Knox county, who has purchased the exclusive right of my patent for the above four counties.

ALEXANDER MASSEY, Esqr. is also authorized as my AGENT, to make use of, and vend to others to be used, the exclusive right and liberty of my improvements, in the counties of Orange, Washington, Clark, Floyd, Harrison, Crawford, Perry, Spencer, Warrick, Vanderburgh, Posey, Gibson, Pike and Dubois, in the state of Indiana—also in the counties of Lawrence, Wabash, Edwards, Wayne, Hamilton, White, Gallatin, and Pope, in the state of Illinois, as granted to me by Letters Patent, dated the 22d day of December, 1827, and recorded in the office of the Secretary of State of the United States. Any person wishing to adopt my Improved Steam Distillery, can apply as above, or to me. Gentlemen wishing to purchase the right of one or more counties, or a state, will be attended to on accommodating terms, by the subscriber.

Vincennes, September 17, 1828.

Captain Joseph Warner, has purchased the right of the above Improvements, for Martin and Daviess counties, Indiana.

J. L.

### NOW notice is hereby given to all whom it may concern

THAT by virtue of the authority vested in me, I will sell, for HORSES, CATTLE, HOGS, or LAND, the right of the above improvement, either single, or for county or counties—and will also contract for the erection of Distilleries on said plan, on accommodating terms—On hand, and for sale, two sets of apparatus.

Knox county, September 19, 1828.—33-1f

ALEXANDER MASSEY.

### WANTED—in exchange for MERCHANTIZE,

CORN RYE and HOGS—apply to

MASSEY & R. BUNTIN, Jr.

Knox county, July 10, 1828.

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