

POETICAL ASYLUM

RASH VOWS.

On Jessy's lip there glowed such charms,
I could not for my soul resist her;
I caught her blushing in my arms,
And in her bloom of beauty kissed her.

Till panting, trembling, and afraid
To give her tender bosom pain,
I cried, forgive, forgive, sweet maid!
I vow I'll ne'er offend again.

I do forgive, she kindly cried,
And sweetly arched her smiling brows;
I do forgive, she softly sigh'd,
But, prithee, dear, make no rash vows.

The Disappointed Bride—At an age when the heart is open to every impression, and forms, with the same readiness, engagements and connections, which, in a man of riper years, would be the fruit of esteem and observation. St. A **** was travelling from his native province to explore the wonders of a metropolis which he had as yet beheld with the eyes only of hope. In the coach which was to convey him to Paris, he found a young man of prepossessing appearance; a conversation soon began that terminated in protestations of friendship, warmly reiterated on both sides. Mutual confidence soon flowed from their lips, and all the secrets of their hearts were revealed; it was then that St. A **** learned that his new friend was going to Paris to marry a young lady whom he had never seen, but whom his father & family had chosen for his bride with the consent of her relations. The journey finished without any accident, and they arrived in the morning at Paris, where they took lodgings in a public hotel. Scarcely had they taken possession of their apartments, when the young man was seized with a bilious cholera, which, in less than two hours, deprived him of his existence. Affected with the melancholly fate of his youthful acquaintance, St. A **** whose attentions had been unable to raise him, thought it his duty to inform the father of the future bride of the overthrow of his expectations, and taking within him the letters and the port folio of his friend, repaired to the house of the gentleman.

The servant who opened the door conscious that his master expected his son in law, announced St. A **** as such. The father, without giving him time to explain himself, embraced him with eagerness, and presented him to his daughter as her husband. St. A —, naturally gay and volatile, could not resist the temptation of deceiving the family a while longer, and played his part extremely well. He gave the letters, and being perfectly acquainted with the secrets and affairs of his friend, returned the most satisfactory answers to their questions. He succeeded, especially, in captivating the attention of the young lady, who, with side long glances admired the features and the fine shape with which nature had blessed her lover. Dinner was announced and St. A — was placed by the side of the timide bride; & the whole family yielded up their hearts to joy and satisfaction. The young lady spoke little, answered with difficulty, and often blushed, while St. A — was polite and ardent in his attention to her; and though the expressions of his face were naturally serious, his conversation was pleasing and cheerful.

After dinner, the father entered into all the details necessary to settle the marriage, when suddenly St. A ** rose and taking his hat, seemed anxious to retire. "Are you going to leave us?" "Yes," answered St. A **, "important business compels me to quit you." "What business can you have in a city where you are a stranger? Perhaps you wish to draw money from a bank? My purse is entirely at your service;—but if you will, absolutely have recourse to a banker, I may send somebody who will transact the business for you."

"No," said St. A — who continued to walk towards the door,—and they were soon in the hall,—when addressing the father, "Now, that we are alone, (said he,) and the ladies cannot hear us, I will tell you—this morning a few moments after my arrival, an accident happened to me. I was taken with the bilious cholera and died. I promised to be buried at 6 o'clock, and you will easily conceive that I must attend the place of rendezvous, for not being known in this part of the world, if I fail to be exact to my word, it would awake suspicions of inattention to business that would prove very prejudicial to my character."

The father listened to him with astonishment, but, taking the whole for a joke, returned to the ladies, and bursting with laughter, related the cause of his son in law's hurried departure. While they were still conversing on the subject, 6 o'clock struck; it was soon 7, and the family were alarmed at not seeing St. A. Half an hour after, the father sent to his hotel to inquire. The servant entrusted with the commission asked for him under the assumed name, & received for answer, that he had arrived at 9 in the morning, died at 11 & was buried at 6. It would be difficult to express the surprise of the family at receiving this information; and, as St. A — left his lodgings, and never visited there again, a general belief was spread around, that it was the ghost that spent the day with Mr. N —, in social enjoyment and conversation.

"THE LAST TIME"

From Hook's Saying & Doing" Third Series

In one only situation can man be placed where the awful doubt is converted into a tremendous certainty—not the sick patient on the bed of death, whose pulse beats faintly and whose subsiding seems to announce the coming of his release. He may linger for hours; he may recover—the ray of hope beams, and those who love him share its brightness. His hours are not numbered. The sinking mariner clings to the last fragment of his ill fated ship, & holds on while nature gives him strength; and as he mounts the toppling wave, strains his anxious eyes in search of assistance. A vessel may heave in sight; he may be drifted to some kindly shore; his fate is not decided.

The unhappy wretch who alone lives his last day hopeless and in unmitigated misery, is the sentenced convict on the eve of execution; he sees & hears all that is passing round him with the terrible consciousness that it is for the "last time."

He beholds the sun gleaming through the bars of his cell, in all his parting brightness, and knows he sees his golden rays for the "last time;" he hears the prison clock record the fleeting minutes—how fastly fleeting to him!—throughout the night each hour sounds to him for the "last time." Seven strikes upon the bell; at eight he dies!

His wife, his children, his beloved parents, come to him; he stands amidst his family in the full possession of his bodily health, and all his mental faculties. He clasps them to his heart—they go; the door of his cell closes and shuts them from his sight he has seen them for the "last time."

He is summoned to the scaffold—the engine of death stands ready; he feels the pure air of heaven blow upon his face—the summer sun shines brightly; for the "last time" he sees the green fields and the trees, and the ten thousand objects familiar to us all. The cap is drawn over his tear fraught eyes!—the objects vanish, never to be seen again by him! He hears for the "last time" the sacred word of God from human lips; in another moment the death struggle is

on him, and he breathes for the "last time!"

To him alone, then, is the exit from this world of cares regular and certain; in every other case it is a mystery when the "last time" shall come.

An old Custom—In olden time, it is said that the inhabitants of a certain town in New Hampshire, consisting chiefly of Irish or Scotch presbyterians, adopted the following custom.—As soon as their fields were planted and sown, their priests, accompanied by the elders, deacons and farmers, went from field to field, offering up a short prayer over each, that they might receive the fruits of their labours in a plentiful harvest. One day a hile engaged in this pious perambulation, they arrived at a field where the priest stopped, took a keen survey, and after some hesitation addressed his flock to the following purport: "My friends and brethren, it will be of no use to pray over this field till there is more manure spread upon it; for otherwise, even the prayer of a righteous man, however fervent, can not be effectual."

My eye Betty Martin—This is a vulgarism to be met with only in low companies, though it has some times been transplanted from thence, and introduced into noble and even princely mansions. The following appears to be a correct definition of these apparently unmeaning words. A man once going into a church or chapel of the Romish persuasion on St. Martin's day, heard the Latin Litany chaunted when the words "Mhi Bende Martin" occurred so often, that upon being asked how he liked the service; he replied, it was

nothing but nonsense or something worse, as from beginning to end "it was all my Eye Betty Martin."

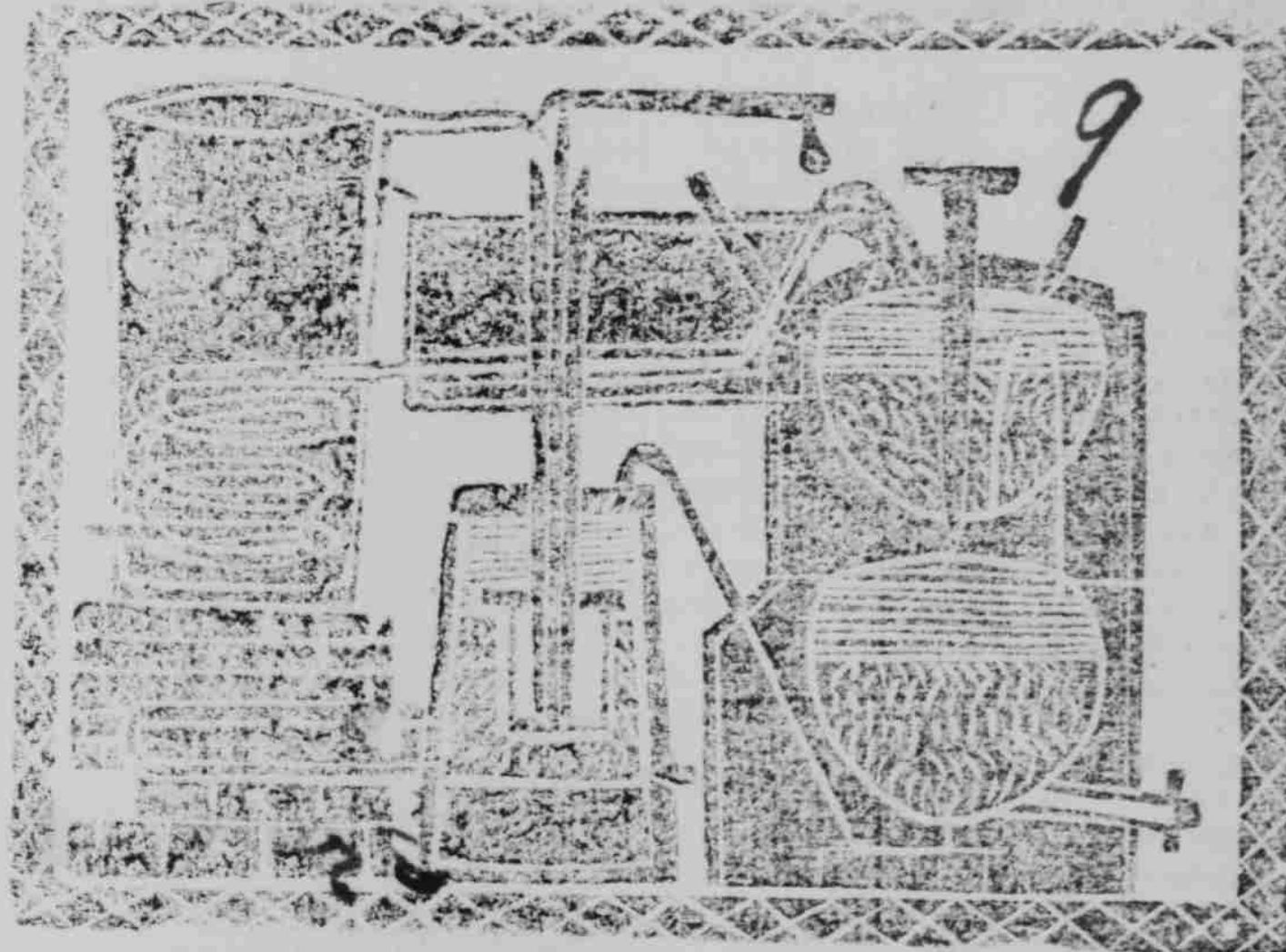
An Irishman who not long since emigrated from "Sweet Ireland" to one of our neighboring towns shortly after his arrival began (like his neighbors,) the task of raising a crop of Beans. Not long afterwards, his beans, (over the hills of which he had watched with anxiety,) began to make their appearance, but [as he thought] did not come up the right way, the bean itself coming up first. He then went to his neighbor's garden and found upon examination, that his beans corresponded exactly with his own, went back and began the tedious job of pulling them up & putting the other end down.

While thus employed, a person passing by, after saluting them with a "good morning," enquired of him what he was doing? To which Pat replied with a smiling countenance: "By Gingoos, my banes have come up the wrong way, and I'm planting them over again."

FIGURE OF SPEECH

The editor of the Yankee, after exposing one of Mr. Walsh's plagiarisms from Burke remarks, "He might at well hope to hide a thunderbolt in a snow bank, as one of Edmund Burke's thoughts in a page of Robert Walsh, junior, Esquire."

The Dutchman's Shower—Our steady rain has been interrupted by two or three days of good weather, & pleasantly cool. We have found a good description of the previous month, in the Dutchman's weather journal—"Had a Dunder shower for tree weeks, and then set in for a settled rain."



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 Emison, 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 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.

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—tf

ALEXANDER MASSEY.

WANTED—in exchange for MERCHANDIZE, CORN RYE, and HOGS—apply to
MASSEY & R. BUNTIN, JR.,
Knox county, July 10, 1828.