

POETICAL ASYLUM.

The Genius of Death, is beautifully represented in the Gem, as a Winged Boy, his weeping eyes covered with his left arm, & trailing a torch reversed in the right hand. The style of the illustration by the Rev. G. Croly, resembles one of our Elizabethan poets, and befits the design, being one of grace, not gloom, and of tenderness, rather than of terror. *London Lit. Gaz.*

What is death? 'Tis to be free!
No more to love, or hope, or fear—
To join the great equality:
All alike are humbled there!
The mighty grave
Wraps lord and slave;
Nor pride nor poverty dares come
Within that refuge home, the tomb:

Spirit with the drooping wing,
And the ever weeping eye,
Thou of all earth's kings art king!
Empires at thy footstool lie!
Beneath thee strew'd
Their multitude
Sink like waves upon the shore;
Storm shall never rouse them more!

What's the grandeur of the earth,
To the grandeur round thy throne?
Riches, glory, beauty, birth,
To thy kingdom all have gone;
Before thee stand
The wondrous band;
Bards, heroes, sages, side by side,
Who darken'd nations when they died!

Earth has hosts, but thou canst show
Many a million for her one;
Through thy gates the mortal flow
Has for countless years roll'd on;
Back from the tomb
No step has come;
There fix'd till the last thunder's sound
Shall bid thy prisoners be unbound!

THE MATRIMONIAL RULE.
Inscribed in the Album of a young lady on the eve of Marriage.

'Tis morning!—o'er the new waked earth
The sun his brightest radiance flings,
And nought is heard save sounds of mirth,
And all around with gladness rings.

Anon light clouds begin to rise,
While eddying breezes sweep along;
Dark, and more dark, they veil the skies,
And storm-winds drown the voice of song.

So, lady, do we often see
The morn of matrimonial life,
All smiles, all joy, all gaiety,
Its noon obscured by feuds and strife.

But would you know a charm of power
To assure the sunshine of the heart,
To break the tempests that will lower,
To blunt the point of discord's dart—

BEAR, and FORBEAR!—no wiser given
Than this short rule, which, practised well,
Makes marriage 'e'en on earth a heav'n;
Neglected—turns it to a hell. *F.S.*

VARIETY.

AN ESSAY ON BILIOUS FEVER AND CALOMEL.

By Anthony Hunn, M. & CH D.
No. II.

That a continuation of drastic purges, especially of calomel (the Hector of the present medical Troy) will in every instance throw the liver into a marbid action, almost convulsion, by which bile is secreted in an enormous quantity & of a most deleterious quality. I am assured by long experience. Any person may convince himself of it, if he will give or take every three hours three grains of calomel. The first day natural bile, the next brown, the next green the next bile like pitch or tar, will be discharged. On the first day a distressing sensation about the stomach and liver will be felt, which increases every day; a general morbid action (fever) will ensue, and I believe the patient will die if the course is persisted in, precisely in the same manner, as those who die in a *bilious fever*, as it is called. — Eight or ten years ago a fever with "black stools," was epidemic, and the number of deaths from it was alarming; from what I could learn they were all treated with *calomel*; from all my patients at that time, and which amounted to more than 100, not a spoonful of bile was discharged, and I believe they all got well. I gave not one grain of calomel, nor any kind of purge whatever. I would mention names if the circumstances were not notorious in the neighborhood of Danville. A very respectable and honorable gentleman who had buried several of his children by the "black stool fever," sent for me when he was on the eve of his exit by the same malady; he was restored speedily by nothing but setting out the calomel, by cordials, restoratives,

and other anæsthetic equalizers; on the fourth day he treated with a glass of wine at his breakfast; at the same time pointing with tears in his eyes at the newly heaved graves near his garden. A very worthy brother physician observed to me at that time, in objection to my theory, that the bile, if not discharged, must enter into the blood & produce *typhus* fever; I answered how was that possible, when there was no bile created to be absorbed? Besides in all my cases not the least tinge of yellow on the skin, no bitter taste; not the least mark of bile was discovered from the beginning to the end of the fever. — What becomes then of the bile if absorbed? It must have got spiritualised and vanished like a ghost! A nother very rich and intelligent old gentleman near Stanford, called on me for his lady who was sick with the "bilious fever," as he would have it. I promised him, smiling, that he should not see one drop of bile through the whole process of the fever, and that his lady should nevertheless get well. He shook his head doubtfully. I kept my word, but he persisted in saying, that still it would have been better to carry off the bile, (where there was none!!) A regiment of fiends are easier to conquer than one single *prejudice*.

Modern cookery, the excessive use of spirits, cordials and "bitters;" and in the western states, in Kentucky particularly, the enormous use of *animal food*; to which I may perhaps, and justly add, of "corn bread," or maize,* keep the livers of the present generation in a chronic state of morbid excitement and of course debility. Hence the almost universal prevalence of dyspepsia, aepsia, indigestion, and all kinds of liver complaints. It is to this general predisposition towards hepatic disorders—a fever supervenes we must expect the liver and stomach (they being the weakest parts,) early and principally to be affected. An unequallity will be produced, greatly, to the detriment of the liver. (weakened as it was before,) & which calls pressingly upon the attention of the physician. But *what is to be done?* Physiology certainly tells, *what is the matter?*—There is fever with an enormous morbidity of the liver and stomach, which throws the former into a convulsive oscillation, causing that vital viscus to bear an unequal & dangerous share of the febrile action. Can we remove the cause by adding to it? Is fire to be quenched with tar? Is the morbid excitement of the liver to be soothed by calomel, which we know produces the very excitement we wish to allay! Every intelligent man, physician or not, must at once see the impropriety of such a practice. It would be like jumping out of the frying pan into the fire.

*The liver, stomach, pancreas, mesentery and bowels of a hog have a striking resemblance to those of man. All the hogs fattened on maize have diseased livers; not so with those that feed on small grain, slop or clover. In Europe, where they never feed on maize, puddings of hogs liver is a delicious morsel, when in Kentucky, it is justly detested. Maize appears to me to possess, besides its nutritive quality, which certainly is great, a power to stimulate the liver in a specific manner; besides that it must be eaten hot which circumstance itself greatly debilitates the digestive powers.

General Spectacle of The Universe.

"There is a God. The grass of the valley & the cedars of the mountain bless him. The insect hums his praises. The elephant salutes him at the dawn of day. The bird sings for him under the foliage. Thunder displays his power, & the ocean declares his immensity.

It may be said, that man is the manifest thought of God, and that the universe is his imagination rendered sensible. Those who have admitted the beauty of nature as a proof of a superior intelligence, should have remarked a circumstance, which prodigiously aggrandizes the sphere of miracles. It is, that movement and repose, darkness & light, the seasons, the march of the stars, the various decorations of the world, are successive only in appearance, and in reality are permanent. The scene, which is effaced for us, is repainted for another people. It is not the spectacle but, only the spectator, who hath changed. God hath known a way, in which to unite absolute & progressive duration in his work. The first is placed in time; the second in space. By the former, the beauties of the universe are one, infinite, always the same. — By the other they are multiplied, finished and renewed. Without the one, there would have been no grandeur in the creation. Without the other it would have been all monotony. In this way, time appears to us in a new relation.

The least of its fractions becomes a complete whole, which comprehends every thing and in which all things are modified, from the death of an insect to the birth of a world. Every minute is in itself a little eternity. — Bring together, then, in thought, the most beautiful accidents of nature. — Suppose that you see, at the same time, the hours of day and all the seasons; a morning of spring and a morning of autumn; a night bespangled with stars, and a night covered with clouds; meadows enamelled with flowers, and forests robbed of their foliage by storms; plains covered with springing corn, & gilded with harvest. — You will then have a just idea of the universe.

Is it not astonishing, that while you admire the sun sinking under the arches of the west, another beholder observes him springing from the regions of the morning. By what inconceivable magic is it, that this ancient luminary that reposes, burning and fatigued in the dust of the evening, is the same youthful planet that awakens, humid with dew under the whitening curtains of the dawn? At every moment in the day the sun is rising in the zenith, & setting in some portion of the world: or rather, our senses mock us; and there is truly neither east, nor meridian nor west.

Can we conceive what would be the spectacle of nature if it were abandoned to simple movements of matter? The clouds obeying the laws of gravity, would fall perpendicularly on the earth, or would mount in pyramids into the upper regions of the air.

The moment after, the air would become too gross, or too much rarefied for the organs of respiration. — The moon, too near, or distant from us, would be at one time invisible, & at another would show herself all bloody, covered with enormous spots, or filling with her extended orb all the celestial dome. As if possessed with some wild vagary, she would either move upon the line of the ecliptic, or, changing her side, would at length discover to us a face, which the earth hath not yet seen. The stars would show themselves stricken with the same vertigo, and would henceforward become a collection of terrific conjunctions. On a sudden, the constellation of summer would be destroyed by that of winter. — Bootes would lead the Pleiades: and the lion would roar in Aquarius. — There the stars would fleet away with the rapidity of lightning. Here they would hang motionless. Sometimes crowding into groups, they would form a new milky way. A gain disappearing altogether, & rendering assunder the curtain of worlds,

they would open to view the abyss of eternity. But such spectacles will never terrify men, before that day, when God, quitting the reins, will need no other means of destroying the system, than to abandon it to itself. — [Chateaubriand.]

The following short and beautiful quotation is from the pages of the elegant, the benevolent, the inspired MACKENZIE. Speaking of those who profess a disbelief in religion, he expresses himself in the following heart touching manner:

"He who would undermine the foundations upon which the fabric of our future hopes is reared seeks to beat down that column which supports the feebleness of humanity: — let him but think a moment, and his heart will arrest the cruelty of his purpose; — would he pluck its little treasure from the bosom of poverty? — Would he wrest its crutch from the hand of age, and remove from the eye of affliction the only solace of its woe? The way we tread is rugged, at best; we tread it, however, lighter by the prospect of the better country to which, we trust, it will lead. Tell us not it will end in the gulf of eternal dissolution, or break off in some wild, which fancy may fill up as she pleases, but reason is unable to delineate; quench not that beam, which amidst the night of this evil world, has cheered the despondency of ill requited worth, and illumined the darkness of suffering."

A TRADING ANIMAL.—Some one, we forget whom, has defined man to be a "trading animal," and to illustrate his definition, says that one dog does not bargain with another for a bone. This may be very true, but nevertheless does not prove that dogs—i. e. your well informed sort of dogs—are not trading animals. — On the contrary, every body knows that a dog wags his tail for—that is in consideration of—a bone. Is not this bargaining, after the manner of men? The human animal, when he wants an office, flatters the people, or fawns upon those in power, and expects the office in consideration of his spaniel like behaviour. To be sure the dog and the man work with different ends; the dog wags his tail for a bone, the man wags his tongue for an office. They are then both "trading animals," and the definition of our philosopher if it prove any thing either proves a dog to be a man, or a man to be a dog. Which horn of the dilemma would the fawning office seeker prefer?

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