

POETICAL ASYLUM.

FROM THE WESTERN TIMES.
PARODY ON PSALM XXIV.
This earth with all that it affords,
The fulness of the sea and land,
With all their glory are the Lord's
They sprung from naught at his command.

His power rules the boundless seas,
His voice the roaring floods obey,
The raging winds, the gentle breeze,
Confess his universal sway.

Who shall ascend the mount of God,
Or in that holy place can stand,
When worlds are crumbled by his nod,
And lightning's fly at his command?

'Tis he who hath an upright heart,
Whose hands are wash'd from every stain,
Who doth from vanity depart—
And truth and purity retain.

The purest blessings of the Lord,
Shall surely unto him be given,
'Tis promised in his sacred word,
Firm standing at the base of Heaven.

This is the time, with Israel's sire,
The Holy Covenant was made—
Praise ye his name, ye Heavenly choir;
Ye mighty gates lift up your heads.

Let angels in his praise abide,
Let every tongue the theme begin,
Ye everlasting doors stand wide,
And let the king of glory in.

The king of glory—who is he?
The mighty God, the Lord of hosts,
Arrayed in glorious majesty,
'Tis he who shall reward the just.

D.

FROM THE UNITED STATES' TELEGRAPH.
STANZAS.
In anticipation of the approach of Genl. JACK-
SON to the Metropolis of the Union.
He's coming, but not in a conqueror's car,
Mid the din of the battle—the terrors of war;
But the mild beams of peace will around him be
shed,
And the wreath of the Patriot encircle his head.

He comes, not as Cæsar in martial array,
To trample on freedom with absolute sway;
But like Cincinnatus, the good and the great,
Resigning the plough, for the helm of the state.

He comes, but in sadness and sorrow of mind,
And the cypress leaf with his wreath is entwined;
All lonely he comes! tho' by thousands attended;
His consort, alas! to the tomb has descended.

She's gone, where the sland'rer no more can mo-
lest—
Where the righteous from trouble eternally rest:
She's gone to a region far happier than this—
Left an earthly abode for a mansion of bliss.

The splendour of triumph is clouded with wo—
The tears of a nation in unison flow:
They glitter like dew-drops of morn in the ray,
Which gilds the bright dawn of Democracy's day.

A new Saturnalia its glory displays!
Rejoice then, O Freeman! rejoice in its rays:
Lo! Astrea to earth has descended once more,
Our wrongs to redress, and our rights to restore.

FROM THE WINTER'S WREATH. BENEVOLENCE.

Oh, let us never lightly fling
A barb of wo to wound another;
Oh, let us never haste to bring
The cup of sorrow to a brother.
Each has the power to wound—but he
Who wounds that he may witness pain,
Has learnt no law of Charity,
Which ne'er inflicts a pang in vain.

'Tis godlike to awaken joy,
Or sorrow's influence to subdue;
But not to wound—nor to annoy,
Is part of virtue's lesson too:
Peace, winged in fairer worlds above,
Shall bend her down and brighten this,
When all man's labour shall be love,
And all his thoughts—a brother's bliss.

FROM FREEDOM'S BANNER.
THE DRUNKARD AND JACKASS.
A DRUNKARD in his crooked track
From grog-shop home, oft met a Jack,
And tried to make some conversation,
About the meanness of his nation.

The Jack so quiet by the way,
Had hardly any thing to say,
But only look'd with consternation
Upon the dupe of dissipation.

"You shaggy long-eared beast of thistle,
Don't know enough to mind a whistle,
Your race are meanest of creation,
Shame to yourself and to your nation."

"Speak plainer, sir," replied the ass,
"Your tongue is bigger than your face,
Say what you will of head or trunk,
You never saw a Jackass drunk."

VARIETY.

AN ESSAY ON BILIOUS FEVER AND
CALOMEL.

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

In modern times a new propensity
has manifested itself in the human
mind, of which the Ancients seem to
have been entirely free; I will call it
fashionability. Whatever be the
fashion of the day must be believed
to be right, and acted upon as right;
though it be in conflict with every
spark of rationality. Every effort is

made by the mind to create fictions
by which to maintain and justify her
ephemeral empire. From dress and
furniture, queen fashion has extended
her despotic reign also over the scien-
ces. She has twisted the human
mind into every fantastic curl, her
wayward humor can imagine. The
Medical science has, of course shared
largely of the magic influence of her
Majesty's sceptre. The old dispen-
satory of comparatively mild, vegeta-
ble remedies, has fled before the
modern rats-bane and calomel, and
the lancet leads an exterminating war
against all efforts of senative nature.
The humble "servant of nature," as
the old fashioned physician would
call himself, has now become the
haughty arbiter of life & health, sick-
ness and death; like a presumptuous
boy, who unsheathes his father's sword
to wield it against the picture of a
lion. He takes the fever into his
hands and crumbles it into fragments
like a pancake. The old venerable
vis medicatrix naturea, he kicks out
of sight and covers it with new fash-
ioned rags of learned ignorance. He
boasts that he "can cure all," when
in fact, he cannot cure even the *Itch*
without pulling old mama nature
from under her, rags to help him out.
That discarded matron must nit the
broken bones, fill up and cicatrise the
wounds, reproduce bones, sinews, and
skin—create new arteries, veins and
nerves for him, and then the charlatan
exclaims: It was I that did it all! As
well might the loom proclaim: I have
woven that cloth because I held the
threads of the chain, or the duck call
herself mistress of the stormy lake,
because she paddles the waves, or the
cock fancy himself to the *Apollo*, be-
cause the sun rises after his clarion.

What else but independent self
thought can direct the choice of sub-
stances fit for nutritive chyle out of
the various contents of the viscera?
What else but mind in the *semiluna*
ganglion, independent of the will of
the great brain, can urge so violently
the fever patient to call for salutary
acids, and reject the putrescent ani-
mal food, often in spite of the offici-
ous nurse with her broiled chicken,
or the strutting quack with his beef
soup? What else but salutary self
judgement of the upper ganglions &
the great sympathetic nerve can rouse
the heart and arteries to so powerful
an assistance to the poisoned lym-
phatics, in order to eliminate the con-
tagion by urine, sweat, or cutaneous
eruptions? Or what else commands
arteries like other arteries, out of
blood, to recreate bones and not flesh,
skin and not hair, sinew and not car-
tilage, just as place and circumstances
rationality demand? What else but
sanative sagacity, inherent in our ani-
mal combination, and independently
of the great brain enclosed by the
skull, can arouse the lymphatic sys-
tem, when the digestive and lacteal
vessels lie prostrate portending a speed-
y exhaustion of the vital fluid, into
an increased absorbtion of every
spareable substance of the body in
order to convert it into lymph for a
rich, already animalised repast for the
heart and blood, that the actions of
life may be sustained for 3—4—6
weeks, until a salutary crisis can be
effected by the united energies of the
system?

I could greatly multiply examples
to prove to the learned physician the
existence of a substance endowed
with creative, conservative, and san-
ative powers in man and other ani-
mals, and even vegetables, but my
limits constrain me to conclude with
a few remarks which will come home
to the intelligent mind of every read-
er.

It is a fact, founded on experience,
that persons, after having been atten-
ded and given out by learned physi-
cians, have got well *without any med-*
icines; that not seldom all those in a

family, who have been regularly
"physicked" have died, and the only
one, that refused all medical aid, re-
covered. Such cases every reader
will remember. Old "knowing la-
dies have cured (as it is believed)
with simple (inert) means, what the
most learned physicians in vain es-
sayed. That is: nature cured, in spite
of them all!! We know a man of col-
or, without education, unable to read
or write correctly a total stranger to
anatomy and physiology who is not
only more popular, but in fact, more
successful than other, academical
physicians. His medicines are most-
ly, quite insignificant, of the vegeta-
ble kind, or mixtures which he com-
poses from some receipts, got some-
how or some where and administered
at random in all cases before him.—
His ignorance and the comparative
innocence of his medicines throws
less obstacles into the way of the sal-
ubrious effort of nature, than the
sickening, heroic, deleterious, miner-
al poisons of the academician. A
professor in L—, related to me, that
he told a typhus patient, whom he
had for some time treated with opi-
um, to little purpose, that he must
quickly die, if he desisted taking it,
that the patient obstinately refused to
take any more medicines, whatever,
and that from that hour the patient
began to mend, and speedily to re-
cover. A gentleman, whose name
shall remain with me, unless he should
expressly authorise me to give it,
related to me, that he had studied for
three years dilligently with a regular
physician but after having practiced
for some time, he concluded consci-
entiously, that he had done in the
whole, more harm than good. He
collected money enough to go to
Philadelphia to attend the medical
lectures. He returned again into
practice, & tried the effects of Rush's
lancet and calomel, but experienced
even worse success than before.—
Then he fell upon the singular plan
of giving nothing but bread-pills, and
water scented with inert aromatics, in
every case that came before him, and
—*mirabile dictu!*—became uncom-
monly successful and applauded!—
Admonished by conscience he em-
braced an other occupation, and left
the medical practice with the assur-
ance that more harm than good is
done by the present method of cure,
giving his friends the following gen-
eral advise as preferable to any mod-
ern recipe, viz: if a patient is hungry
or thirsty, give him to eat or to drink
whatever he wants but do not persua-
de him to do either against his desire.
If he appears too hot, uncover him:
if too cool, cover him. Let him enjoy
the clearest, best air, & the company
of few friends of his choice.

Velocity of Light.—The fixed stars
are at an immeasurable distance from
us; we will take an instance from
the small stars just visible in Dr. Her-
schel's forty feet telescope, and en-
deavor to give an idea of their dis-
tance, as follows: The earth moves
round the sun with a velocity of one
hundred thousand three hundred and
twenty feet per second, i. e. fifty
times faster than a cannon ball, as the
greatest velocity of a cannon ball is
two thousand feet per second. But
the velocity of light is about ten
thousand four hundred times greater
than that of the earth, it travels in
eight munutes a space that the earth
would take near two years to travel;
yet Dr. Herschel supposed that light
had taken two millions of years to
come to the earth from the small stars
above mentioned.

Reader, perhaps you never heard
of the boy who took a stent, (as the
phrase is down east,) to mow three
acres of grass in as many days? Pre-
suming you have not, we will relate
it. On the first morning he visited
the field;—Pooh! (said he) I can

mow it in two days, so he played
that day. The next morning he look-
ed at it again, and after scratching his
head and ruminating a short time on
the subject, he came to the conclu-
sion that if he worked "right smart,"
he could accomplish his task in one
day; so he spent that day as he had
done before. On the morning of the
third and last day, he arose late, and
it was nearly ten o'clock before he
reached the field. After casting his
eyes over it, he began to doubt whe-
ther he could accomplish his task in
one day; the field looked considera-
bly larger than it did the day previ-
ous. He stretched himself under a
shady tree, to reflect on the subject;
presently he heard the dinner horn it
was noon! He jumped up; swung
his scythe over his shoulder & turn-
ed his face homeward, muttering to
himself that he "wan't a going to kill
himself if the grass never got mow-
ed;" and that he'd "be darn'd to dar-
nation, if there was a man in the six
counties, that could mow that con-
founded big piece of meadow in one
day;" and for his part "he shouldn't
try it." So after eating his dinner, he
went to play as usual.

A turn out among the Lawyers.—
The Sultan has invited the Cheick
Islam, or Chief of Law, to put on the
military uniform, informing him that
he wishes it for the sake of example
among his brethern. A meeting of
the bar took place, to consult upon
the subject, and after a long session
of 14 hours, voted an humble address
to his Sublime Highness, in which
they freely pledged, "their lives, their
fortunes and their sacred honors," but
begged leave respectfully to decline
serving as soldiers. The Porte fum-
ed and ordered them to reconsider it.
"*Curia advisare vult*," replied the
Ulemas, or, the Court reserves the
point, as a blundering judge in Eu-
rope would say—Another meeting
took place, which was soon surround-
ed by the soldiers of the Sultan,
with orders to confine them until
they could agree. This soon brou-
ght them to terms, & they now form
an imposing force of nearly twelve
hundred strong, under the command
of the old Cheick Islam. There was
some difficulty at first in preserving
among so many professed talkers any
thing like silence—This has been
obviated by putting to instant death
any one who makes a motion in the
ranks. They term this *throwing a
member over the bar*. They have
latterly improved so much that they
are under marching orders, & expect
soon to file a bill against the Russi-
ans *Cemunt arma togæ* is inscrib-
ed on their parchment standard.

Noah.

Good toasts.—The following toast
was given at a Jackson dinner in Bal-
timore:

"*The Fair*—The only endurable ar-
istocracy—who elect without votes
—govern without laws—decide with-
out appeal—and are never in the
wrong."

The following were given at the
celebration of the 14th anniversary of
the Printers Society in Washington
City:

"*Woman*: a sheet of white paper—
May she never receive an impression
from a form that is not well justified,
and may she present her partner with
many tokens of her affection."

"*Man and Wife*, a diphthong—He
& She—Both in one person, though
of different genders—May none re-
main in the neutre."

"*The Fair*—Our best copy—to fol-
low—not to correct."

An Irishman who had blistered
his fingers by endeavoring to draw
on a pair of new boots, exclaimed, by
Jasus, I believe I shall never get 'em
on until I wear them a day or two."