

## 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. JACKSON 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 molest—  
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 woe—  
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 Freemen! 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—not 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 wistle,  
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 sciences. 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 dispensatory of comparatively mild, vegetable 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, sickness 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 naturæ*, he kicks out of sight and covers it with new fashioned 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 cicatrize 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*, because the sun rises after his clarion

What else but independent self thought can direct the choice of substances fit for nutritive chyle out of the various contents of the viscera? What else but mind in the *semilunar-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 animal food, often in spite of the officious 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 lymphatics, in order to eliminate the contagion 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 cartilage, just as place and circumstances rationally demand? What else but sanative sagacity, inherent in our animal combination, and independently of the great brain enclosed by the scull, can arouse the lymphatic system, when the digestive and lacteal vessels lie prostrate portending a speedy exhaustion of the vital fluid, into an increased absorption 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 sanative powers in man and other animals, and even vegetables, but my limits constrain me to conclude with a few remarks which will come home to the intelligent mind of every reader.

It is a fact, founded on experience, that persons, after having been attended and given out by learned physicians, have got well *without any medicines*; that not seldom all those in a

family, who have been regularly "physicked" have died, and the only one, that refused all medical aid, recovered. Such cases every reader will remember. Old "knowing ladies have cured (as it is believed) with simple (inert) means, what the most learned physicians in vain essayed. That is: nature cured, in spite of them all! We know a man of color, 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 mostly, quite insignificant, of the vegetable kind, or mixtures which he composes from some receipts, got somehow 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 salubrious effort of nature, than the sickening, heroic, deleterious, mineral 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 opium, 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 recover. 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 diligently with a regular physician but after having practiced for some time, he concluded conscientiously, 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 uncommonly successful and applauded!—Admonished by conscience he embraced an other occupation, and left the medical practice with the assurance that more harm than good is done by the present method of cure, giving his friends the following general advise as preferable to any modern recipe, viz: if a patient is hungry or thirsty, give him to eat or to drink whatever he wants but do not persuade 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. Herschel's forty feet telescope, and endeavor to give an idea of their distance, 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 minutes 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? Presuming 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 looked at it again, and after scratching his head and ruminating a short time on the subject, he came to the conclusion 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 whether he could accomplish his task in one day; the field looked considerably larger than it did the day previous. 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 & turned his face homeward, muttering to himself that he "wan't a going to kill himself if the grass never got mowed;" and that he'd "be darn'd to damnation, if there was a man in the six counties, that could mow that confounded 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 brethren. 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 fumed and ordered them to reconsider it. "Curia advisare vult," replied the Ulemas, or, the Court reserves the point, as a blundering judge in Europe would say.—Another meeting took place, which was soon surrounded by the soldiers of the Sultan, with orders to confine them until they could agree. This soon brought 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 Russians. *Cemunt arma togæ* is inscribed on their parchment standard.

Noah.

*Good toasts.*—The following toast was given at a Jackson dinner in Baltimore:

*The Fair.*—The only endurable aristocracy—who elect without votes—govern without laws—decide without 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 remain in the neutre.'

*The Fair.*—Our best copy—to follow—not to correct."

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