

## Poetical Asylum.



FOR THE WESTERN SUN.

### "PRENEZ GARDE MA CHERE."

Written on seeing some beautifully executed drawings, by a lady of this place, (formerly a pupil of THE SISTERS.)

When female worth and beauty join'd,  
Attempts some new and pleasing care,  
Some art embellish more her mind,  
I smiling say, "Prenez garde ma chere."

Go on, fair maid, the task begun,  
Bid paper blushing roses bear,  
The lily op'ning to the Sun,  
Still let me say, "Prenez garde ma chere."

Those num'rous charms which you display,  
So various, vast, without compare,  
Sedate, yet lively, good and gay,  
O let me say, "Prenez garde ma chere."

Your charms too powerful to withstand,  
Bids every youth confess you fair,  
Your worth adore, and court your hand,  
I sighing say, "Prenez garde ma chere."

Pale envy lurks beneath my smiles,  
Since t'aspirre I cannot dare,  
Yet oh, my friend, of lovers' wiles,  
Still let me say, "Prenez garde ma chere."

VINCENNES BARD.

Vincennes, June, 1831.

FOR THE WESTERN SUN.

### SOLILOQUY OF THE YOUNG SOLDIER.

"Tis the clangor of arms, 'tis the trumpet's loud call  
There's no wife of my bosom to mourn if I fall.  
There's no poor little wanderer unfriended to roam,  
And ask of the stranger, when father will come?  
Such dire thoughts ne'er molest me, to act  
If for freedom I die, still and calm is my sleep,  
For the bright tear of valor in sorrow shall leave.  
The soldier's cold bed, the last home of the brave.

"Neath the flag of our nation arrier's array'd,  
Draw the falchion of frenem and keen is that blade;  
And we've sworn that a tyrant our right shan't enslave  
While the earth bears a plant, or the wind rolls a wave.  
Then to battle move onward, I ask for the foe.  
United each heart, be determined each blow,  
Let the cannons' dread roar shake creation around,  
We will teach the invader, 'tis liberty's ground.

### HARP OF THE WEST.

FOR THE WESTERN SUN.

### THE SAILOR BOY'S DREAM.

"Twas midnigh, the ollows were dash'd into rest,  
The bright beaming stars shed their light o'er the deep;  
All watchworn and weary, with sorrow opprest'd,  
I sunk in the soft soothing visions of sleep.

I dream'd that I trod on my own native plain,  
Where in childhood's lov'd gambols I often had stray'd,

I heard with fond rapture the voice of each swain,

And my path with sweet wildflow'r's was richly array'd.

Each scene to my memory was faithful and true,

The streamlet still murmur'd along the green vale,

The nightingale drank of the light falling dew,

Then repeated her heart thrilling music again.

Methought that our cottage yet stood on the moor,

The moon flung her radiance around the dark grove,

I softly approach'd, rais'd the latch of the door,

And with ecstasy gazed on the friends that I lov'd.

My parents sent o'er me with joyful surprise,

A sister then hail'd me once more to my home,

While friendship beam'd forth from their soul speaking eyes,

They cried, from this circle no more shalt thou roam.

Then dearer than all were the transports that pass'd,

When my bosom was wet with my Mary's warm tear;

When in silent affection the wand'rer she clasp'd,

And sighing, breathed softly, 'tis Alfred my dear.

But the thunder's dread peal broke the vision—it fled,

The white curling billow foam'd high on the deck,

The red lightning blazed thro' the shrouds o'er my head,

And the waves and winds drove our vessel a wreck.

### HARP OF THE WEST.

#### ON THE TREATMENT OF WOUNDS.

An Essay read before the H. I. S. M. Lyceum—written by Dr. Dickinson, of New York, who died a few weeks since at the residence of his mother in Holliston.

There was a time, when the generality of mankind were not accustomed to think and reason upon the every-day occurrences of life, and took every subject

upon authority. It was quite enough, to do as father said, and grandfather and grandmother did, before them. Few ever asked the reason why—all were content to hear authority say *It is so*—But these days have now passed away. Men now will think; they do think—As a proof of it, look at the *libraries, debating societies, lyceums, &c.* located all over our country, in which all the common occurrences of life, and common principles of action, are examined; their reasonableness and propriety investigated and explained.

I shall, this evening, present some subjects of common life for you to think upon; subjects which interest every one of you, but which a very few of you ever thought upon at all; and still fewer, ever thought correctly.

I allude to the application of Remedies to all sores, wounds, bruises, sprains, &c. to which we are all every day exposed. And I will begin with simple applications, by which I mean all ordinary dressings to what are called open sores, and to cut wounds.

And here let it be distinctly understood, that all and every article used for these purposes, as a remedy, is perfectly passive and inert, as to any power over the operations of the animal system—And such things as healing salves, healing washes, &c. have no existence in nature. The property and power of healing resides entirely in the individual, living, human being, and not in the applications made to the wound. If the salve had the power of healing, it would heal a wound in a dead man, or an auger hole in a board! As absurd as this conclusion may appear, it is nevertheless true. We cannot avoid such a conclusion. Fire has the power of burning, and will burn dead matter, as well as living; and it salves, and the many other dressings to sores, were healing, they would operate likewise on dead matter. But we know they will not. You will ask, then, why any thing of the kind is employed? Why use them, if they cannot heal? I will endeavor to answer you.

There is a universal principle of preservation in every living thing, whether vegetable, or animal; a power to protect and preserve itself, and repair any breach or wound which may at any time happen. You have seen this in your garden, by noticing how quick new bark will form over a wound, which a knife or hoe has made upon your fruit tree—You may be convinced of the existence of this principle of preservation, likewise, by reflecting that without such a principle, we should carry about with us, at this time, every wound, cut, and sore we ever had upon our limbs and bodies since infancy.

You will ask again, If sores will always get well themselves, why do any thing?

We live in a material world—surrounded on all sides, by substances crowding and pressing upon us—and although, as we have seen, kind nature is faithfully at work healing up any wound which may exist, yet she is liable, every moment, to be perplexed and retarded in her operation, by the irritating effects of the many material substances which surround us. The air, moisture, dust, subduing of our clothes and a great many other things, will be constantly interfering with kind nature, stopping her work & of course, rendering the healing process very slow. Now if we wish no sore to get well quick, we must do something which will do no hurt itself, and prevent every thing else from hurting. Now a clean cloth or bandage will do all this, with one exception, it would stick tight to the wound, and do damage when it was removed—This clean cloth, therefore, should have upon it, before it is applied, some simple oily substance, to prevent it from sticking. And now every thing which physician, surgeon, or nurse, is ever called upon to do, is done; we have a simple dressing which can do no hurt itself, which, as a sentinel, keeps off every thing that which would hurt—and which allows nature to do her own work, in her own way. And all the thousand and one applications made to wounds, which do more or less than this, do injury and should be discarded.

In many cut wounds, indeed, there is a strong tendency to gap open; hence the application must not only be a sentinel, to keep off injury, but must have the power of keeping the parts in their proper places. This may be done by the simple adhesive plaster.

I will now speak of cold applications—This is a class of very great importance, one which has been too long in dispute, and too little used in our attempts to alleviate human sufferings—Cold applications are required in all high feverish heat; in all bruises, sprains, and inflammations; in all violent head aches, sore eyes, wasp stings &c &c.

Now let us look at the reason for applying cold. It is in all cases to prevent too much inflammation. It is one law of our nature that an unusual quantity of blood immediately rushes to any part inflamed. As proof, think how quick the eyelids will swell when struck; or the arm swell when stung by a wasp. Now this swelling is nothing more than the flesh being crowded too full with blood. Again, it is another law of our nature, that less blood goes to any part that is cold, and more to any part that is warm—As proof, in winter we come into the house with hands, face, ears, &c. white

with cold; but we find the good woman sitting by the fire flushed red with heat.

By this course of reasoning, then, you see why cold is applied; and you may also learn all the cases in which it is required; viz in all cases where you wish to prevent inflammation and swelling, or where swelling has taken place, and you wish to remove it. And you may learn likewise how effectually this may be done: by remembering, that if you remain out in a cold evening long enough, that is, apply cold enough to your ear, to freeze it, you have driven every particle of blood from it, and it is as white as a lily. In all common cases, much less cold than that, will answer our purpose. The effect will always be the same, differing only in degree; cold will always keep the blood from rushing to the part; that is, will always prevent inflammation and swelling; and that was what we were called upon to do.

Having proved, then, that cold applications are necessary and useful, the next question will be, How will this application be made? What article shall be used?

I will say that there are many articles, and many ways of accomplishing this object; but the cheapest, the most convenient, the neatest, and altogether the best mode of applying cold, is by means of cold water, snow, or ice.

The prejudices against simple cold water, I know to be very great in community; but I also know these prejudices are hereditary, believed because grandfathers and grandmothers said so; without one reason from the nature of things, or one single fact from experience. We know such prejudices do exist, from the fact, that cold water is never recommended as an application to an inflamed limb, sprained ankle, or sore eyes; but we hear from one the question, what *clear* cold water? May I not put some rum, or some vinegar, to it? A mother will ask, if it would not be well to put in some salt, or soap; and if it is to wash inflamed yes, all will cry out, Put some milk with the water. We have explained before, why we use cold water, or any thing else in any one of these cases. It is simply to obtain the principle of cold—Now, do any of the articles recommended by those prejudiced, make the water any better? that is, colder? Oh no, that is not expected; we would mix these articles with the water, say, to keep the patient from taking cold. But look at this one moment. Can it be supposed that a little salt, or vinegar, or rum, applied to the skin, will keep a person from taking cold? Are there any facts to prove such an assertion? Oh no; this is an idea which has been handed down from father to son, ever since the first Indian doctor began to practice with his mysterious roots; and no reason can be assigned for it. As well might we say that the people stones in the bottom of the brook, keep the horses from taking cold, when we drive them in to drink.

I have known a swelling upon a child's forehead, as big as a pig's eye, occasioned by a fall. And because there happened to be no camphor in the bottle—the sympathetic mother had nothing to do, but sit down and cry over her child. Now she should know that cloths dipped in cold water, or if in winter, when it can be obtained, a snow ball wrapped up in cloth, and held upon the swelling, will do more good than a gallon of camphor.

I have known persons to heat rum to wash the head with, in violent head aches; when showering in with cold water, or a cap of snow will do a great deal of good, as we might expect.

I have known a good nurse put on bruised wormwood steeped in boiling vinegar to a sprained ankle, to keep the swelling down; but according to the laws of our nature, all hot applications in such cases do hurt. We must apply cold, to do any good. Let pitchers of cold water be poured from a height upon such an ankle, and the inflammation will be very soon subdued.

Hot applications are also necessary in their proper place, and we are daily called upon to use them. The effect of heat, when applied to the skin, is directly the reverse of the effect of cold; that is, heat will always increase the inflammation and action of the part to which it is applied. Warm baths, steam-baths, &c. come under this class; but I shall say nothing of them, and confine my attention entirely to the nature and application of poultices, which are useful in all abscesses, whitwounds, bites &c. Now why are hot poultices used in these cases? Let us look at the true reasons—In these cases, there is a formation and collection of matter under the skin and flesh, which must work its way to the surface. And according to the law of our nature, the warmer we keep the part, the quicker the work will be done. That is one reason—Again, the skin is hard and unyielding, and the swelling great;—of course, the skin will be stretched very much, and the pain be severe; now a hot poultice will macerate, soften, and as it is called, parboil the skin, and allow it to be stretched and extended, by the swelling, with less pain, & also allow an easier passage for the matter. And this is the only reason for using poultices. Now in accordance with these reasons, the poultice must be made of something soft, moist, and warm, these three are all the requisites. And a cloth wrung out of hot water, possesses all these, and is a poultice to all intents and purposes; but such a poultice

will very soon become dry and cool, and would require to be changed too frequently.

I would therefore recommend a slice of common white bread, moistened with hot water. This is a preparation which possesses all the three requisites of soft, moist, and warm: it is a perfect poultice, performing every duty which a poultice can perform; and is the only one which ever need to be made—When it has been on so long as to lose the three requisite qualities, and becomes dry, hard, and cold, it should of course be replaced by another.

The notion, that different kinds of sores, or sores situated in different parts of the body require different kinds of poultices, is entirely an erroneous notion. The effects to be produced, as we have seen, are always the same, and, of course, we always want the same cause.

Again, the attempt to make a poultice better by adding to it seeds, leaves, herbs, roots, juices, &c. is a perfectly vain attempt. They can never do any good, and may do much hurt. Again; there do not exist in the animal, vegetable, or mineral kingdom, any articles which can make a drawing, rotting, or healing poultice. Such things do not exist in nature; and the use of all the expensive, far-fetched, loathsome, and disgusting articles we so often meet with, should be discarded as a practice belonging entirely to the dark ages, unworthy of the notice, and dishonorable to the character of the present enlightened age.

### THE FARMER.

#### THRIFTY'S ADVICE FOR JUNE

Now Flora's dress'd in all her gay attire,  
And ev'ry grove and field proclaim her sway—

Her beauteous pencil paints each varied flower,

And fragrant odours greet the new-born day.

It is now no time to go to the tavern, or sit idle at home. The beauty of the landscape, the growing crops, the animation of every thing around us, seem to invite us to be active and industrious.—Rise early and enjoy the sweetness of the morning air; a pleasure which the sluggard never tastes. Early rising promotes health and leads to regular, industrious and virtuous habits; while she that riseth late, must sit all day, and shall not overtake *business at night*.

*Early to bed, and early to rise,  
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.*

It is not only necessary to plough your corn fields well before planting, but you must also hoe, or plough among your corn two or three times if you would kill the weeds. *Thrifty* ploughs and hoes his fields thoroughly. He kills all the weeds, and suff's none to go to seed; and is well paid for his labor by the increase of his crop. Plant cucumbers for pickles; set out cabbages, and sow your late peas.

A good dairy is of inestimable value; and ought to form the main support of a family, especially if you have children.—Milk is the natural food of man; and butter and cheese always meet with a ready sale. Every good farmer, therefore, will not only have enough for his own use, but will make some to sell. But to make good butter and cheese, requires much attention.

After having selected the best cows you should always feed them well, and milk them clean. The milk when set for butter, should be kept in a cool place, such as an ice house, spring house or cellar. The cream should be churned while sweet, and the whey all worked out of the butter. Much, also, depends upon neatness, care, and economy.—*Thrifty's* butter always smells sweet, and appears inviting to the palate. His cheese is always made of new milk, rich and delicate to the taste, varnished with melted butter or sweet lard, and kept from the flies; and it always commands the highest price. Begin to cut your early grass.

*Thrifty's* Sale.

By virtue of a writ of Fi. Fa. in debt to be directed from the Clerk's Office of the Knox Circuit Court, I will offer at public sale, before the door of the temporary Court House in Vincennes, on Saturday, the 11th day of June ensuing, between the hours of 10 o'clock A. M. and 4 o'clock P. M. of said day, agreeably to the third section of the law subjecting real and personal estate to execution, all the right, title, and interest of Nathaniel Ewing, in, and to, a FARM composed of the following tracts of LAND, to wit:

201 Acres of Land, survey No. 30, in T. 3, N. R. 10 W.

100 Acres do. survey No. 31, T. 3, N. R. 10 W.

100 Acres do. survey No. 32, T. 3, N. R. 10 W.

100 Acres do. survey No. 33, T. 3, N. R. 10 W.

levied upon as the property of said Nathaniel Ewing, at the suit of George Hagg & Co.

JOHN MYERS, &c. &c.

By W. L. WITHERS, Dep. Sheriff.

Vincennes, May 14, 1831. 14-35-8250.

### BY THE PRESIDENT

#### of the United States.

In pursuance of law, I, ANDREW JACKSON, President of the United States of America, do hereby declare and make known, that public sales will be held at the undermentioned Land Offices, in the state of Indiana, at the periods designated, for the sale of the lands hereinbefore mentioned, viz:

At the Land Office at Vincennes, on the 3d Monday in July next,

And at the Land Office at Jeffersonville, on the 1st Monday in August next,