

Poetical Asylum.



From the American Monthly Magazine.

THE IDIOT MOTHER.

The child of an idiot young woman, near Wyoming, was taken from her to be given to a nurse. It was sent to the other side of the Susquehanna, but the mother swam across the river to seek it.

How deep and how holy, O Nature! must be The hopes and the feelings awakened by thee! No barrier on earth, Time, or circumstance make, The omnipotent strength of thy love cannot break.

They may send us away to the isles of the sea, But a path will be found for a mind that is free. No prison can keep, and no iron can chain, The hopes of the heart and the thoughts of the brain.

The mind in the pure love of nature is brave, It will pass through the mountain—the river—the grave! Man may build up a wall from the earth to the sky, But the strength of affection will break it or die!

And such was the love which the idiot felt, In the depth of the lone forest vale where she dwelt, No vision of art or of science she knew, But a feeling of love far more holy and true.

O'er no page of the bard had she pondered and wept, No gems of the muse in her bosom were kept; The deeds of the mighty of old were unknown, But her's was the heart of a mother alone.

They had carried her child o'er the river away, And she shed not a tear in the notice of day, But she waited till evening its shadows had strewn, And then she went forth through the forest alone.

She passed by the wood, and she stood by the side Of the deep stream that rolled down its turbulent tide! The brave would have paused ere he ventured to stem The spring swollen waves, but she stayed not for them.

She saw not, she thought not of aught but her child; The wind shook the trees, and the stream murmured wild, How strong the pure love of a mother must be, That defies the darkness, the tempest, the sea!

She has passed the deep wave—she has strained to her heart The child of her love she will not depart! There are feelings of nature will not be controlled, That give strength to the weak, and the timid make bold.

Miscellaneous.

"ONE OF THE FAMILY."

I had the pleasure, some time ago, to become acquainted with the Frasers—Colonel Fraser was a travelled man, and his stories of information respecting India, Egypt, Georgia &c &c were to me, whose peregrinations had never extended beyond the grand tour of the United Kingdom, infinitely interesting and valuable. Mrs. Fraser, a clever, enthusiastic Scotch woman, was never weary of narrating, nor I of listening to the lays and legends of her own romantic land; to her were familiar, its poets, sages, and seers; its startling superstitions, and olden customs; its bodily beautiful scenery; its religious and political struggles; its pride, and its nationality, &c &c. But Mrs. Fraser was, besides, an elegant minded, well informed, accomplished, and fascinating woman; some persons would no doubt, have pronounced her rather blue, but I have a penchant for the azure sisterhood, and deem one of this class infinitely preferable to one of the very fine and fair ladies, whose conversation is comprised almost literally in a "yea—yea, and nay—nay—" Colonel & Mrs. Fraser had three or four children, who were not permitted to interrupt agreeable conversation, and intellectual amusement, by their presence, being kept in the nursery, or sent to bed, whenever a "stranger" was expected. "A stranger," and do they really consider me a stranger, thought I, upon first hearing the word escape Mrs. Fraser's lips! "Amiable! pleasant pair! with them I neither can, nor will consent to remain upon the cold, unsocial footing of a stranger!" and acted by this generously selfish impulse. I, one day, formally announced to my new friends, that, as "one of the family," they must receive me, or not at all. Fatal error! terrible phrase! They were of course delighted—begged me really to make their house my own, and to be with them as frequently as suited my convenience. Unfortunately, I did so. It is unnecessary to detail the process by which the delight I had at first enjoyed in the society of these excellent and agreeable people, was gradually dissipated.—The process, in short, by which I became "one

of the family." Suffice it to say, that because I am on the most intimate, brotherly terms with Colonel and Mrs. Fraser, because I have adopted myself, and been adopted by them, into their family, I have lost, it seems all title to their respect, all claims to their kindness. Now, instead of the little handsome, little tempting dinners and choice wines, with which I was always, when quite by myself, regaled the family dinner, viz. the plain joint, and the plain pudding; the cold, or tashed remains of yesterday's meat, or the sorry remnants of the once sumptuous feast, with a meagre supply of port and sherry, must serve "one of the family." Now, a couple of dimly burning mould candles,—not unfrequently of different lengths,—supply the place of those brilliant and numerous wax lights, or those softly radiant lamps, which honoured the stranger. These things it is true, are a mere nothing;—my only design of mentioning them is to mark a difference,—but heavier evils follow. Now, being "one of the family," the little members of it, my brothers, and sisters, per adoption, all uproarious and audacious, are let loose upon me; yet, those rude, noisy trouble some, quarrelsome, children, are no longer confined within the limits of their nursery, or sent early to their beds, because I am no longer "company,"—they have discovered this,—they have also discovered, that from minding—it is glorious fun, to tease "good natured Mr. —," and they vent their frolic gaily now, or their unamiable humours upon, or before me, in whose face they dared not once look, and in whose presence, they feared to let their own be observed. Now in stead of a mutual intellectual intercourse subsisting, as formerly, between my travelled, gifted, and experienced friends, do we sit dull as monks in the presence of a superior, and mute as the fraternity at La Trappe. Colonel Fraser, before "one of the family," deems it no infringement of etiquette to dose in his chair—fairly to stretch his lazy length—on the sofa, and fall into a sound snoring slumber—to take up book, or newspaper, and while away the miserable hours in which he is bored with my stupid company—to write letters—and to enjoin, whether dozing, reading or writing, the strictest silence, in terms like these: "Do be quiet!" or "Can't you be silent for one minute, my dear love?" (those last tender words pronounced in a tone, and accompanied by a look of perfect fury;) or in a voice attempted to be subdued, but tremulous from ill suppressed passion, "Softly, good people! pray hold your tongues!" "Is very hard that I can't be indulged with a little silence in my own house; but I tell you what, Mrs. Fraser—I shall shortly adopt the plan of passing my evenings in another apartment, and your friends and you may then chatter as loud, and as long as you please." "I heartily wish you would," retorts the lady. "So I thought," returns her husband; "and you may therefore rest assured, my dear, that I have no intention of gratifying you in this respect, at present." Then alas! Mrs. Fraser, who can be so delightful, takes her work, or her book, and I am left to amuse and instruct myself as I can, instead of having, as formerly, more amusement and instruction than I was enabled to do strict justice to, brought before me. Now no music and singing; now, no literary discussions and scientific experiments; now no dissertations upon the fine arts—no new publications—no beautiful drawings, engravings, and superbly illustrated works are brought forward expressly for my delectation; now, no amusing anecdotes, and no curious and interesting original facts, falling under the well-informed narrator's observation and experience, are gleaned in the course of their reading;—in brief no sources of edification and intellectual entertainment are for "one of the family," opened as they had been, to benefit and delight the stranger. No! times are, at least to me, and manners also, sadly altered in the family of Colonel and Mrs. Fraser; for I have also the mortification of observing that these same agreeable individuals, who now accustom themselves to behave so rudely, coldly, selfishly, and disrespect fully to an old friend, are, to every new one, (that is, to every person with whom they are not upon particularly intimate terms,) as attentive and fascinating as ever. And whilst I suffer most acutely—whilst my heart is chilled and saddened by these evident alterations in the disposition and conduct of my excellent friends, I can only implore the youth of each sex, "inexperienced in the ways of the world," if they would visit agreeable people on agreeable terms—if they would avoid hearing domestic discussions and jars (children and servants, perhaps, by turns petted, instructed, and soundly rated)—if they would avoid debates touching family expenses, troubles, dilemmas, paccadilloes, dress, and visiting, with the regular dissection of customary dinners and evening guests;—briefly if they would continue to deem their friends the acquaintances they at first believe them—if they would keep the children in their proper places, and enjoy pleasant, elegant, and erudite society let them eschew intimacy with those from whom they are capable of deriving so great a blessing; let them, I strenuously urge, retain a degree of distance and formality in their acquaintance, which shall guarantee respect; let them visit pleasant people now and then, in a friendly, sociable manner; but as each values his comfort, pleasure and reverential consideration, let him be cautious how he becomes—"one of the family!"

HOW TO TELL BAD NEWS.

Scene.—Mr G's Room in Oxford. Enter his Father's Steward.

Mr G. Ha! Jervas, how are you my old boy? How do things go on at home?—Steward. Bad enough your honor; the magpie's dead.—Mr G. Poor mag! So he's gone. How came he to die?—S. Over eat himself, sir.—Mr G. Did he faint? A greedy dog. Why, what did he get he liked so well?—S. Horse flesh, sir; he died of eating horse flesh.—Mr G. How came he to get so much horse flesh?—S. All your father's horses, sir.—Mr G. What are they dead too?—S. Aye, sir; they died of over work.—Mr G. And why were they over worked, pray?—S. To carry water, sir.—Mr G. To carry water! And what were they carrying water for?—S. Sure, sir, to put out the fire.—Mr G. Fire! What fire?—S. Oh, sir, your father's house is burned down to the ground.—Mr G. My father's house burned down! And how came it set on fire?—S. I think, sir, it must have been the torches.—Mr G. The torches! What torches?—S. At your mother's funeral.—Mr G. My mother dead!—S. Ah, poor lady! she never looked up after it.—Mr G. After what?—S. The loss of your father.—Mr G. My father gone too?—S. Yes, poor gentleman, he took to his bed as soon as he heard of it.—Mr G. Heard of what?—S. The bad news, sir, and please your honor.—Mr G. What! More miseries, more bad news?—S. Yes, sir, your bank has failed, and your credit is lost, and you are not worth a shilling in the world. I made bold, sir, to come to wait on you to tell you about it, for I thought you would like to hear the news.

From the New York Farmer.

HINTS AND RECEIPTS IN DOMESTIC AFFAIRS.

Enjoyment is not found so much in luxurious as in simple dishes. Fried apples are better and more wholesome than expensive preserves.

In striving for the comforts of life, seek those that are least expensive. It is better to have your house furnished with comfortable than with costly things.

Exert yourself to overcome the difficulties attending your present business rather than enter into other pursuits.

Look frequently to the pails, so see that nothing is thrown to the pigs which should have been in the grease pot. Look to the grease pot and see that nothing is there which might have served to nourish your own family, or a poorer one.

See that the beef and pork are always under brine; and that the brine is sweet and clean.

Count towels, sheets, spoons, &c. occasionally; that those who use may not become careless.

As far as possible, have bits of bread eaten up before they become hard.—Spread those that are not eaten, and let them be pounded for puddings.

Tortoise shell and horn combs last much longer for having oil rubbed into them once in a while.

A large stone, put in the middle of a barrel of meat, is a good thing to keep it cool.

Lamps will have a less disagreeable smell if you dip your wick yarn in strong hot vinegar and dry it.

Put new earthen ware in cold water, and let it heat gradually, until it boils; then cool again.—Brown earthen ware, in particular, may be toughened in this way. A handful of rye, or wheat bran thrown in while it is boiling will preserve the glazing, so that it will not be destroyed by acid or salt.

New England rum, constantly used to wash the hair, keeps it very clean, and free from disease, and promotes its growth a great deal more than Macassar oil. Baidy is very strengthening to the roots of the hair; but it has a hot, drying tendency, which N. E. rum has not.

If you have a greater quantity of cheeses in the house than is likely to be soon used, cover them carefully with paper, fastened on with flour paste, so as to exclude the air. In this way they may be kept from insects for years. They should be kept in a dry cool place.

Woolens should be washed in very hot suds and hot rinsed. Lukewarm water shrinks them.

Suet and lard keeps better in tin than in earthen.

Suet keeps good all the year round, if chopped and packed down in a stone jar, covered with molasses.

When molasses is used in cooking, it is a prodigious improvement to boil and skim it before you use it. It takes out the unpleasant raw taste, and makes it almost as good as sugar.

There should always be a heavy stone on the top of your pork, to keep it down. This stone is an excellent place to keep a bit of fresh meat in the summer, when you are afraid of its spoiling.

Lime pulverized, sifted through coarse muslin, and stirred up tolerably thick in white of eggs, makes a strong cement for glass and china. Plaster of Paris is still better; particularly for mending images of the same material.

Beef tea, for the sick, is made by broiling a tender steak, nicely, seasoning it with pepper and salt, cutting it up, and pouring water over it, not quite boiling. Put in a little water at a time and let it stand to soak the goodness out.

Parsnips should be kept down cellar, covered up in sand, entirely excluded from the air. They are good only in the spring.

The purple paper which comes on

leaf sugar, boiled in cider or vinegar, with a small bit of alum, makes a fine purple slate color. Done in iron.

A paul of lye, with a piece of coppers half as big as a hen's egg boiled in it, will color a fine nankeen color, which will never wash out. This is very useful for the linings of bed quilts, comforts, &c.

Legs of mutton are very good, cured in the same way as ham. Six pounds of salt, eight ounces of saltpetre, and five pints of molasses, will make pickle enough for one hundred weight. Small legs should be kept in pickle twelve or fifteen days, if large, four or five weeks are not too much. They should be hung up a day or two to dry before they are smoked.

The salted meat is, the longer it should be boiled. If very salt, it is well to put it to soak over night, change the water while cooking.

If you want a common rice pudding to retain its flavor, do not soak it, or put it in to boil when the water is cold.—Wash it, tie it in a bag, leave plenty of room for it to swell, throw it in when the water boils, and let it boil about an hour and a half.

THE FARMER.

THRIFTY'S MAXIMS AND ADVICE FOR JANUARY.

Thrifty commenced his remarks last year, by advising you to send your children to school. He gave you some of his reasons why he thought it the most important advice an old republican could bestow. But as this is a subject near to his heart than any other, he cannot help urging it upon his countrymen from year to year.

"If the people will not listen to the voice of reason, (says he) it shall be their own fault. I shall tell them the truth; and if they will be blind to their own good, the good of their children—their country and posterity, I cannot help it."

It makes him angry to hear a man excuse himself for not sending his children to school, on account of the expense.—These excuses, he says, only come from the indolent, the cold hearted, and the peevish. For the expense of a school is but a trifle; while its advantages are incalculable. It would not cost a neighbor hood more to support a school, than a Grog Shop, or Tavern. The money which is paid to the seller of grog, is worse than lost; because much precious time is lost with it; and the health and happiness of whole families frequently injured or destroyed. But the money paid to the school teacher spreads blessings throughout the whole community.

It keeps the children of the neighborhood from idleness and vice; and gives them habits of industry, discipline, and order. It enlarges their understandings, improves their morals and dispositions, and better qualifies them to discharge all the duties of life. Above all, they will make better citizens of our happy republic. They will be the better able to understand, and to vindicate, properly, their own, and their country's rights.

Listen, therefore, to Thrifty's advice, and send your children to school. The Legislatures of Ohio and Kentucky have taken the subject of Free Schools into consideration. It is hoped that their zealous and laudable endeavors to establish a system of common education, will be crowned with success. Millions, unborn, will rise up and bless them.

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

William Pearce

HAS JUST RECEIVED A SUPPLY OF

Foreign and Domestic DRY GOODS.

Amongst which are the newest patterns and latest style CALICOES, GINGHAMS, ROUEN CASSIMERES, &c.

He has also received

GROCERIES,

IRON, CASTINGS, SALT & TAR.

He respectfully solicits a continuance of public patronage.

Vincennes, May 17, 1831 15—H

NOTICE.

SAMUEL BEARD, Nancy Beard, Elizabeth Beard, and James Beard, take notice, that I shall apply at the next term of the Spencer Circuit Court, for the appointment of Commissioners to make partition of a Lot of ground given to you and William Beard, (whose interest I have purchased,) by the last will and testament of Ezekiel Ray deceased. WILLIAM RAY, Rockport, Nov. 29, 1831—45—4t

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber having taken out letters of administration on the estate of Kirby Wood, late of Vanderburgh county, deceased, requests all persons having claims against said estate to present them properly authenticated for settlement, within one year from this date, and all those indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment. The estate is supposed to be solvent. JOHN INGLE, Adm'r. Dec. 31, 1831. 47—3*

NICHOLAS SMITH

STILL continues to carry on the

Tin and Sheet Iron

Business at the old stand, where he will be happy to accommodate his customers. 30—H August 30, 1831.

THE LADY'S BOOK.

COMMENCEMENT OF A NEW SERIES.

In catering for the amusement of their patrons the publishers have sought to obtain materials of an interesting, novel, and diversified character, and although they have not been able hitherto to present much in the shape of Original contributions, they have always cherished a proper regard for Native Talent, and have been zealous and persevering in their efforts to obtain it. With this view, it will be seen by the annexed advertisement, that a liberal PREMIUM OF 200 DOLLARS HAS BEEN OFFERED BY THEM FOR THE BEST AMERICAN TALE, and there is no doubt the competition for the honor of the award will be contested by writers of the highest distinction. A secondary PREMIUM OF 50 DOLLARS IS ALSO OFFERED FOR THE BEST POEM, suitable for publication in the Lady's Book. It is reasonable to conclude then that the attractions of the succeeding numbers of the work will be manifold—they will be increased both in the character of its contents and the beauty of its external appearance. The publishers have made engagements for a new and excellent paper, on which to print it; and they also propose to make some improvements in its Typographical appearance. The Music Type which they have selected for their use is of the most approved kind, and in future, the accompaniments entire will be given with the music they select for publication.

The present No. for December, completes the 3d volume; it is embellished with several beautiful and costly Engravings—the TITLE PAGE particularly has been worked up in imitation of gold, which is a very expensive mode of printing, attended with incalculable trouble, and as a highly ornamental and gratifying display of the arts, deserves particular attention. Besides which there are, a splendid engraving on steel, of "THE WIFE;"—The latest London Fashions for Caps and Bonnets;—A view of the King's Bridge and Royal Barracks, at Dublin;—The Woodpecker and the Wood Lark;—Two favorite pieces of Music, with the accompaniments;—also, a general Table of Contents for the Volume.

The publishers have a few copies of the last six numbers remaining on hand, with which they will be happy to supply new subscribers—as these will form a connexion with the future numbers, all who desire the work complete will of course commence with them.

Persons who have not seen the Book, may have a specimen No. by addressing the publishers (post paid) to that effect.

The publishers are desirous of obtaining as early in the succeeding month as possible, an estimate of the number of copies of their work which may be subscribed for, so that they may know what edition they will be obliged to publish—it is earnestly requested therefore, that all new orders for the Book may be forwarded at once, by doing so, those who wish to secure a copy of it will not be disappointed.

Agents procuring TEN NEW SUBSCRIBERS to the Lady's Book, and remitting the cash for the same, besides the discount which is allowed in such cases, SHALL BE PRESENTED WITH A COPY OF THE 3d VOLUME OF THE WORK, SUPERBLY BOUND. The publishers will have the work carefully packed up, and subject to the orders of the persons entitled to it.

THE LADY'S BOOK is published on the 1st of every month—contains nearly 60 pages each No. of neatly printed letter press.—Terms, \$3 per annum in advance. Address (post paid) L. A. GODEY & CO. 112 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

PREMIUMS.

THE publishers of the LADY'S BOOK, impelled by a sense of gratitude for the unprecedented patronage which has been bestowed upon their work, and anxious to improve its character by every means in their power, have determined to offer the following premiums, viz:—

FOR THE BEST ORIGINAL TALE, Written for the Lady's Book,

200 DOLLARS.

FOR THE BEST ORIGINAL POEM,

Suitable for publication in the

LADY'S BOOK,

50 DOLLARS.

Competitors for these Premiums, will address their communications, free of postage, to L. A. GODEY & CO. No. 112 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, before the first day of June, 1832, at which time, as many as shall have been received, will be submitted to a committee of Literary persons, whose judgment shall determine the distribution of prizes.

Accompanying each communication, the name of the writer must be furnished. If secrecy is preferred, the name may be enclosed in a separate sealed envelope, which will not be opened except in case of the successful candidate.

It will, of course be understood that all articles submitted for these premiums will be absolutely at the disposal of the publishers.

The publication of the TALE and POEM will be commenced immediately after the award is made.

Editors of papers exchanging with the Lady's Book, and others friendly to the promotion of Literature, are requested to give the above a few insertions in their respective papers.

December 24—46

TAKEN UP

BY John Terry, State of Indiana, Gibson county, on the 7th day of December, 1831, one SORREL MARE, supposed to be seven years old, and hands perceivable, with a scar on her left fore leg, or rather arm, and two saddle spots on the near side of her back, 14 hands high, appraised to \$35. Also, one CLAY BARK FILLY, supposed to be one year old, with hind feet white, with a bald face, and white under lip, mane and tail white, thirteen hands high, appraised to twelve dollars, David Jackson and William Taylor.

ADAM B. HARRIS, J. P. Dec. 31, 1831. 47—H*

BLANK DEEDS

ALWAYS ON HAND, AND FOR SALE AT THE OFFICE.