

## Political Asylum.



FOR THE WESTERN SUN.

**EPIGRAPH ON THOS. WALTEROD.**  
Here lies the remains of Thomas Walterod;  
Have mercy on me O my God,  
As I would thee, if I were God,  
And thou wert Thomas Walterod.  
Grant this one favor, O my God,  
To one poor Thomas, Walterod;  
For it's the first I've ask'd, O God  
Do not deny poor Walterod.  
I am no dun, thou know'st my God,  
Grace give then to poor Walterod;  
For it's in thy power, O my God  
To will what is not, even or odd.

A.

FROM THE CASKET.

TO LYRA.

Beautiful creature,  
So fair in each feature,  
So rich in the smiles of the goddess divine,  
Could my soul but believe,  
Thou wouldest never deceive,  
By the gods, I would barter my own heart  
for thine.

But the red lip that gushes,  
The bright cheek that blushes,  
With all that Aurora's fair fingers employ;  
May triumph undone,  
O'er the heart they had won,  
And may gush to deceive, & blush to destroy.

O! never, no never—  
May my soul bow forever,  
In love, at the feet of the haughty coquette;  
For her words or a token,  
The heart will be broken, [get  
That trusts to the vow that she seeks to for-

Give me the dark eyed one,  
Whose lip ne'er was sigh'd on,  
Whose heart ne'er had loved till it met with  
my own;  
Who would hang down her head  
When I praised her, and shed  
Bitter tears when I blamed her for coldness  
alone.

Give me one who'd believe,  
That I would not deceive, [he just;  
When I pledg'd her my honor, and vow'd to  
Whose years are so young,  
That her sweet little tongue  
Has learn'd not to prattle deceit & distrust.

Give me one like a child,  
With a temper at mild, [levelake;  
And as smoothe as the wave on the summer  
With a soul that would share  
Every transport or care  
That the chords in my own heart should  
happen to wake.

With a soul like to this,  
In the purest of bliss, [arms;  
I could live in her presence, or die in her  
Days and years would pass on,  
As if moments had gone, [charms.  
Still bless'd with her virtues, adoring her

MILFORD BARD.

## Miscellaneous.

### JERKED BEEF.

The following circular is from Messrs. Wallace, Lambeth & Co. New Orleans. The subject is worthy of the attention of our farmers; and would probably be beneficial to those engaged in that species of traffick. The process appears to be simple and easy, and a trial of it may lead to some improvement in the art of curing beef for domestic use. The letter has been sometime in our possession, furnished by a gentleman of this town; but owing to the press of other matter, it has been delayed.

Having had some correspondence with Havana merchants in relation to a branch of trade, which may, by proper attention become very important to our western friends; we have determined to address a short circular to those engaged in the provision business upon the subject; only calling their attention to it, believing that this is only necessary to ensure a trial, which cannot, if properly managed, result otherwise than favorable. We are the more persuaded of the advantages which the west would derive in turning a larger portion of their beef into "jerked beef" for the West India markets, from the quantity of pickled beef that we see offered in this market, and frequently sold at most ruinous prices, hardly paying freight, usual charges and for the barrel at home, whereas, if the same beef had been jerked, and put up in neat packages of 100—200, in barrels boxes or bales, the owner would have been handsomely rewarded for his property, and trouble in preparing it for a market. This is now a good market for saloon, prices 9 a 10 cts, and will not, during the year, we think, be under eight cents. Hams can be either sold here or shipped to some eastern market; the hides will find a good market at Louisville or Cincinnati (at former place you can always avail yourselves of the services of our concern there Wm H Pope, & co.) We extract in the words of our correspondent the mode of preparing the beef.

"After clearing the flesh of all bone, it must be left to cool in an airy place, hang up for 2 or 3 hours, then cut it in as wide strips as the beef will allow and about an inch thick; strew plenty of well beat or ground alum salt all over each strip; in this state let it soak in its own brine 4 or 5 hours, hang it again in the place until the brine ceases to trickle down, and then take it out to sun for several days until it becomes perfectly dry."

Several parcels of jerked beef shipped by us to Cuba, put up in the west, have been highly approved of and sold at \$10

a \$11 per 100—duty \$1 20 Returns could be had in coffee, white or brown sugars, or in exchange, as most to the interest of shippers."

### LARGE NEWSPAPERS.

On this subject take the following from the Bulletin—it is only a brief extract—though long enough to show the inconvenience, if nothing more, of those modern mammoth gazettes, when contrasted with those of the good old times.

"Somebody has said very happily, that the New York daily papers are cutting each other's throats for the benefit of the public! They have been enlarging, till it really fatigues one to hold the cumbersome thing in one's hand, and we are compelled to have a clothes-horse in the parlor, instead of a neat brass fender, to dry it on before breakfast."

The great changes which time has effected, are not more conspicuous in any thing than in newspapers. One hundred years ago, the small city of Philadelphia was presented once a week by Doctor Franklin, with a Gazette about the size of a modern pane of glass, which was said to contain "the latest news, both of foreign and domestic." The foreign news was six months old at least, while the domestic was confined to the loss of the bridle cow, a stray horse, or some equally important intelligence.

Second street was the west end of the city, and the people who lived above fourth street were desperately afraid of wolves and wild cats."

From the Baltimore Minerva.

### THE TURKEY'S LEG.

"Tis necessity,  
To which the gods must yield, and I obey,  
Till I redeem it by some glorious way

[BRAURONT AND FLETCHER.

A strange title for a pathetic story, Mr. Editor—yet, I assume it for a very good reason: stories that have odd titles are very apt to be read—had I headed mine, "Mortified Pride"—perhaps it would stand a fair chance of passing into oblivion.

I once met with as noble a genius as was ever moulded out of clay; he was all heart and soul—he loved his friends, pitied his enemies, and had a half of his little store always ready for a fellow creature in distress. Such choice spirits are rare commodities now-a-days in this world of bustle and speculation; when they are met with, we generally find them to possess a counteracting passion—for where is the human being that is all perfection? Edgar Sinclair (this is as good a name as any) was of an ancient and honorable family; his parents, though possessing but a very limited fortune, instilled into their son the same aristocratical principles, they had inherited from their ancestors. He received a splendid education, the expenses of which almost impoverished his father, and when he entered the world he was obliged to select a profession whereby he could obtain a livelihood. He chose the law, as giving a free scope to his powers of eloquence. A brilliant intellect will not long remain in obscurity; the genius and wit of Edgar made him friends, and his poverty and excessive pride were soon lost in the admiration his associates bestowed for his high intellectual qualities. He became an accomplished poet, his songs were sung by romantic little misses with delight—his odes were recited on public occasions, and his *bon mots* even attributed to Dean Swift, Ben Johnson, Sheridan, &c. for no one ever thought of Joe Miller.

Edgar with all his strength of mind and nobleness of nature was weak enough to fall in love—and with an amiable and lovely girl too, who possessed every recommendation a poet could wish; a man of the world might say she wanted one thing—money. The story of their loves would be nothing uncommon, so I shall pass all that over. The affection was mutual, and so they got married in the usual way of forming a co-partnership.

Edgar Sinclair was to use his own expression, born under an unlucky star with an iron spoon in his mouth. He loved his wife dearly, as all husbands should do, he paid dearly for his love, for she was too lovely a girl to be snubbed at, and he too proud to allow her to appear a jot behind others in point of fashion. Things went on for a while swimmingly, for Edgar had friends who would help him out of difficulties. But in the course of time, he was reduced to a pin's quantity; i. e. he owed more than he had a prospect of paying. To confess poverty is to all men a task; to him it was a degradation—his proud nature scorned it—he sold out all he had—paid what he could, and left the rest to chance. His wife very wisely accommodated her desires to her husband's means, and he loved her ten times more for it. Frequently they had to go without a dinner for the want of the ready to pay the butcher and the baker—such is the fate of genius.

The ready wit and humor of Edgar gave him a passport to the first circles; for many a purse proud personage, while he loves to mark the brightest scintillations of genius, little recks the grief that is cracking the heart-strings of the being from whom they emanate. He received an invitation from a Southern nabob to dine, which was, of course, accepted. His wife asked him, as he dressed himself for the feast with an appetite well whetted, if he would think of her while he sat at the sumptuous table? The hint was broad enough. Edgar kissed her

care-worn cheeks, while a blush mantled his own, and told her he would not forget her.

All things went on smoothly—southerners are noble hosts, they know well how to cater for hungry guests. The table was richly laden with viands of various kinds. Edgar's jokes gave a zest to the whole, and had it not been for one malapropos, the company might have separated grateful to the host and delighted with the humorist. But there was mortification in store for Edgar, and, in fact for the whole company.

As the champagne was going its merry rounds, and as all hearts was ripe with glee, the steward informed the host that two of his massive table spoons were missing, and that the waiters had all been searched, and that the articles could not be found. A gentleman immediately

proposed that each one present should be searched—but the host most positively declined—he had too much respect for his friends—he could not for a moment suspect any gentleman present. But it would not do; the company insisted on being searched, and the host proceeded reluctantly to the task. After examining the pockets of several, he came to Edgar, on whose visage the white and red might be seen alternately coming and going.

"Excuse me, Mr. Sinclair—but it is the wish of the company."

"I—I—I—cannot be searched, Mr. B—" retorted Edgar, coloring highly,—"my standing in society should place me above suspicion—and I assure you, on my honor as a gentleman, I have not got the spoons.

A slight murmur went round the table, and Mr. B—" seemed very much agitated. "O! come, come Sinclair," said a gentleman, "you certainly would not be singular in this case—turn your pockets inside out."

"When I need your advice sir, I shall ask it," replied Edgar, coloring still more deeply;—"I cannot submit to the search—it is a thing I am not used to—though I assure you all gentlemen, on my honor, I know nothing of the spoons."

All entreaties were unavailing. Edgar would not allow his pockets to be touched; and he therefore stood accused of theft!—Taking his hat and cane, and almost bursting over his wounded pride, though he endeavoured with all his might not to expose the contest of feeling raging in his bosom, he walked firmly to the door, and bowing to the company, retired. When he entered the street his feelings found vent, and he burst into tears—his honor stigmatized—his reputation ruined forever. His wife received him with her usual kindness; but he headed her not; he retired to bed and passed a night more of phrenzy than of repose.

In the morning he received a note from Mr. B—" desiring his immediate attendance, at his house. Thither Edgar went, conscious of his innocence, and prepared to divulge his secret.

"Tell me," said Mr. B—" taking him kindly by the hand, "tell me sincere why you refused to be searched last evening, when the company proposed it?" "I did not believe you guilty at the time, and my belief has since been verified—the spoons were thrown into the yard by a careless servant, who shook the cloth without examining it. Speak to me with confidence, I have ever thought you an honorable man."

After several struggles between pride and duty, Edgar replied—

"Your disinterested generosity, sir, commands my admiration; and I am not ashamed to confess to you that I have abused your liberality. I am poor, sir—miserably poor—at your table I sated myself with luxuries—I thought of my wife, who had not had a dinner for two days. A tempting leg of a turkey lay on the dish, I thought it no harm, so I slyly slipped it into my handkerchief, and deposited it in my pocket. Judge of my mortification, sir, when the gentleman proposed that we should be searched for the spoons—my poverty and meanness to be exposed—It was more than my pride would bear, and I refused—for, I would rather be accused of robbing the mail, than be guilty of embezzling the *left leg of a turkey*."

**PUBLIC NOTICE.**  
To the Heirs and legal Representatives of William Delinger, (late of Green county, Indiana) deceased

YOU are hereby notified, that I shall, either by myself or by my attorney, apply to the next October term of the Green county Circuit court, and on the first day of the said term, for the appointment of Commissioners to divide the real estate of the said William Delinger, deceased, among his several heirs.

JAMES COURTNEY, in right of his wife Catharine, formerly Catharine Delinger.

March 12, 1832

6-4t

**NOTICE**  
I HEREBY GIVE, that the undersigned has been appointed administrator of the estate, late of John Holland, deceased, by the Probate Court of Knox county, Indiana, and that said estate is probably solvent.

JOHN C. HOLLAND,  
Adm'r of John Holland, dec'd.  
March 11, 1832.

6-3t

## Introduction to the First Volume of the AMERICAN REPERTORY, OF ARTS, SCIENCES, AND USEFUL LITERATURE.

The object of this work is, to furnish, in numbers, to the rising generation, a *Minature Encyclopaedia*, or *General Cabinet*, embracing an epitome of the most interesting topics of the age.

In carrying out this design, three important principles will be constantly in view:

First—To select from the great mass of human knowledge that only which is useful or ornamental.

Second—To condense matter and language as far as practical utility will admit.

Third—To systematize and arrange the whole in such manner, that each and every portion may be turned to pleasure, without the usual alphabetic order of the several articles, or the trouble of a common index.

The scanty limits here allowed forbid even the enumeration of the topics upon which, it is believed, the future pages of this work will be usefully occupied—a simple hint at its origin and present design must therefore suffice.

The example of the bee, in drawing from an almost infinite variety of substances, that only which is adapted to its particular wants and mode of life, to the exclusion of all superfluous or extraneous matter, and the ingenious method pursued in arranging its small, tho' precious, stores, for future use, suggested the idea of a *small periodical*, of which this is a specimen.

Though the primary aim of the work will be, to extract, abstract, and concentrate, within convenient limits, that which is evidently useful—still, whatever is ornamental in literature, science, and the arts, will not be overlooked. Nor will any pains be spared, while endeavoring to draw within these narrow limits the wisdom of the present and the experience of the past, to excite in the minds of our readers a thirst for all that is *intrinsically valuable*, even beyond the scope of this periodical—particularly by favourable reference to more voluminous publications, to which this will serve as an index.

Another prominent object will be, to furnish the best practical system for accumulating, independently of this work, appropriate mental stores, for the varied purposes of life, in whatever department it may fall. The first few numbers will communicate a practical knowledge of that labour and time-saving art, *Short-Hand*; after which they will exhibit in their progress, a *model place book*, to be copied, or imitated, as circumstances shall justify, by all who approve the plan.

As a matter of very great convenience to the reader, especially for future reference, the contents of each page will be denoted by prominent words in the margin—to which marginal words, a general index may be framed upon the principle of *Locke's Common Place Book*, which is fully explained in its proper place. This will furnish to every reader an infallible key to every part which he may wish to re-examine—and, at the same time, suggest to the aspirant after knowledge, a method, which, if pursued, cannot fail to produce to him incalculable benefits, by the ultimate saving of time, labor, and space; for it is asserted, without fear of refutation, that a young man, who first acquires a facility in short-hand writing, and then proceeds to write daily, upon the plan about to be suggested, can acquire more useful knowledge in one year, than it would be possible for him to obtain in three years, by any other method that has ever been devised.

For illustration;—two individuals, in every respect equal, take up a volume of 500 pages—the one hurries through it, in the usual way, and lays it down to be neglected and forgotten; the other takes time while he reads, to deliberate upon each chapter, section, or topic; and while it is fresh in the mind, enters in place book, agreeably to the plan about to be communicated, the substance, or, at least, the names of important subjects, and the pages where they are found. Upon the completion of the volume, the latter will have drawn out, perhaps upon five pages, a summary of the 500. For most purposes, a perusal of this summary will be as beneficial and satisfactory, as a re-persual of the whole volume, though requiring but 100th part as much time. Having these five pages then, as a general brief, or index to the volume, the contents may be referred to, when occasion requires, without loss of time; and all the important facts familiarized, without the drudgery of an entire re-persual. Need the question then be asked, which of the two will make the greatest improvement, the one practising this plan, or the one neglecting it? The result is too obvious to demand a question, or merit a reply.

The following pages may be looked upon as the brief notes of one practising upon this plan—they present a variety of prominent facts and dates, that cannot fail to call up much other valuable matter not expressed, which, but for these notes, could never be recalled by human memory.

It is only necessary, then, to go one step further, and prepare a key to the place book thus constructed; and all the reading of a long life may be referred to as easily as the merchant refers to items of debit and credit in his ledger, by the aid of his alphabet, journal, day book, &c.

M. T. C. GOULD.

Jan 28, 1832

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17—SUBSCRIPTIONS received at this office.

SPRING AND

### SUMMER GOODS.

WILLIAM MIEURE

Has just received a good supply of

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC

DRY GOODS,

Amongst which are the newest patterns and latest style CALICOES, GINGHAM, ROUEN CASSIMERS, &c.

He has also received

GROCERIES,

IRON CASTINGS, SALT AND TAR

He respectfully solicits a continuance

of public patronage.

Vincennes, May 17, 1832.

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He respectfully solicits a continuance

of public patronage.

Vincennes, May 17, 1832.