

## Poetical Asylum.



From the Boston Atlas.

### LIVING PICTURE.—THE WIFE.

"Not that her youthful beauty won the name—  
Nor it was told how nobly and how well,  
With what untiring love and gentleness,  
Worth all the fleeting bloom of beauty's dower,  
She gained the title."

Idol upon whose spotless shrine,  
My early love its incense poured—  
Idol in boyhood's flush beloved,  
In manhood's sterner time adored—  
Idol for many a trusting smile—  
In fortune's dazzling hour endeared—  
Idol for many a struggling tear—  
In fortune's darker hour revered—

Come, pillow on thy husband's breast  
That heart forever dear to him;  
What if his pulse beat cold and weak!  
What if his fading eye be dim!  
Thine is the touch to wake a joy—  
Thine is the kiss to cheat a tear—  
And thine the smile, oh! bless that smile—  
His beacon light from childhood dear!

Comfort and Joy! can life requite  
The deep devotion of thy love!  
How shall the stricken eagle pay  
The faithful nurturing of the dove!  
Thoughts of long vanished years assail  
My spirit as on thee it dwells—  
And with a deeply saddening power  
Starts memory from her sunniest cells.

Yes, thoughts of days when bounding Hope  
Taught young Ambition's plume to soar,  
And Fancy's world gave hardly scope  
To him whose heart aspires no more.  
Dim, dim, and desolate doth shine  
The lamp within the broken lance;  
Waste in the incense of the urn—  
Oh! ne'er to be renewed again.

Yet, stamped with firm, enduring truth,  
Such as the lofty only feel,  
Though prostrate in its kindred dust,  
The altar claims one votary still,  
Though all beside forsake the shrine,  
And deem its light of glory set—  
Still clings its dearest worshipper,  
And ministers with fervor yet.

## Miscellaneous.

From the New York Mirror.

### COQUETRY.

FROM THE DESK OF A QUIET MAN.

"If of herself she will not love,  
Nothing will make her—  
The Devil take her!"

MY DEAR SIR—I am going to make a confession for the benefit of mankind. I will relate a plain tale. Chagrin and grief will lend me words. When I left the university some time since, some demons possessed me with an ardent desire to encounter a coquette. Among other blessings heaven had given me a passably good opinion of myself. I was tall, well built enough, and with a countenance which has not been considered particularly disagreeable by those fair judges who have had it under view. My education (I considered) was complete, my accomplishments not a few. I had a tongue in my head and knew how to use it, and to back these, I had thirty-five thousand dollars in the United States Bank, which stood as high in every person's estimation as I did. As for women, (I might flatter myself,) but I did suspect I knew the sex. Boyhood had not passed away altogether unimproved, and I thought should a coquette pass my path, she shall have coqueting to her heart's content. With these juvenile views of my own powers, I took apartments in the village of B—, and here heaven soon granted what the town denied. No one spoke of the society of the place without naming Miss —. She was the theme of every tongue. Her beauty, her wit, her voice, her eloquence, her education, and her accomplishments, her fortune, and above all, her desperate flirtations, her audacious conquests, her cruelty, her—“Oh,” said one of my informants, stopping a moment for breath, and breaking a chain of descriptive substantives which I began to think endless, “such a tyrant was never before seen—No man approaches her but he goes away with a deadly arrow cleaving to his side and she laughing at his anguish.”

“By the blood of the Mirables,” I thought, as I drew my last pump over a silk stocking, and shak ambrosial fragrance into my snowy kerchief, which I prepared for the next evening to attend a little *fête*, where I knew I should see this dangerous siren, by the blood of the Mirables, by the guardian genius who never yet deserted me upon an emergency, I will teach this haughty and cruelty tyrant what it is to maltreat my sex. A parcel of illiterate country dunces have been swelling her triumphs with a list of unmeaning and dishonorable captives, and hence her fame. Doubtless she is some little, smooth faced doll, some pert forward miss, full of airs, and swelling of boarding school and bread and butter. Proud of a bright complexion and a little money, spoiled by flattery and the want of competition, a creature that would be eclipsed, burnt up in the blaze of a city *soirée*. As I am a man I will attack her. I will revenge the wrongs of her victims, I will teach her a lesson. My arm, ‘more lucky than the rest,’ shall reach her heart and free the world from bon-

dage! I gave the finishing brush to my whiskers, I laid a stray curl an inch aside from my high white forehead, I turned the tip of my collar inward, about half the breadth of a hair. The broad mirror reflected my person. My eyes are large and dark. I thought them just then particularly brilliant.

“Rural belles should not be too saucy,” murmured I, as I rang the bell at my friend's seat. A few moments more found me sitting by the side of a sweet girl, to whom, in the confusion of a crowd, much more numerous and dazzling than I had expected, some one had introduced me in so hurried a manner as to leave each one ignorant of the other's name. I looked at her—she was Venus. I danced with her—she was a sylph. I absolutely forgot Caroline B—. The village coquette had passed utterly from my mind, in the seducing loveliness—the simple, modest grace—the exquisite air of elegance and propriety, which my charming acquaintance exhibited. At length I remembered. I took my gaze from her countenance, and looked around for the object of my former curiosity. A superbly dressed girl was dancing near us—all her feathers, flounces, jewels—blazing, rustling—laughing aloud—with a head dress like a tower. She smiled on this gentleman—she whispered to that—she suffered a third to hold her hand, and a fourth to tie her shoe.

“Yes,” said I, to myself, “this is Caroline B—. This is the terror of our country swains. Ah, what mistaken ideas of beauty. Ah, what coarse taste. They have never seen painting and statuary—they are ignorant of true beauty.”

I withdrew my gaze—I rested my eyes again on the face of my charming friend. Her dress was simple white—beautiful, unspotted, snowy white. No decoration—no tinsel—no gaudy vulgar solicitations for the crowd's attention—but rather a studied reserve, a classic simplicity, a natural grace and refinement of soul, had taught her those true elements of beauty which painters spend their lives in learning. Her rich hair was parted with a severe absence of ornament, on a head (whatever Miss Caroline B— might think) by far the most chastely beautiful in the room. Her modest eyes beamed with a tender feeling which made the heart tremble; and the subdued and thoughtful expression visible in her countenance, resembled the melancholy smile of an autumn morning, which falls upon the still earth thro' a silver mist, as once as pleasing as happiness, and as sad as sorrow. A creature so beautiful I never saw before—

From that moment, I too, believed in broken hearts. Here was Shakespeare's Juliet, but where the Romeo?

The thought made me turn in my chair as if I had trodden on an adder.

A moment after we were called to the dance.

“Dance with me!” I said.

“I have refused three already,” she replied. “I said I was engaged.”

Our eyes met. If love ever flushed in a glance, I had kindled in the bosom of this angelic creature a flame like that which was burning every moment more ardently in mine.

Our eyes met again. Wonderful, wonderful orbs, to be the source of so much delight—to be the windows thro' which so much heavenly bliss can be poured upon the soul.

I took her hand as it laid upon her knee. It was small, and white, and soft—like nothing else in nature. Not to press it slightly was as impossible as for the thirsty pilgrim not to drink. The pressure was returned. A flood of rapture rolled along my nerves. Surely some heavenly power led my steps over enchanted ground. Every look was language. Every motion delight—every touch eloquence—happiness—love.

“You will not refuse me?” I drew her gently as zephyr kisses the half opened flowers, and even as they, with bashful reluctance, unfold their leaves and blush to meet the light, so this radiant creature yielded to my impulse, and I led her through a dance that seemed a dream, only it was too delicious. The opportunity was not neglected. I whispered in her ear. I grew bold and saucy, and her face was flushed up to mine with a perfect satisfaction, which told me my quest was complete.

The dance was over—and an engagement with a friend hurried me away.

“I will see you to morrow,” I whispered as I bade her adieu.

I strode along the floor like an emperor, and in the height and glow of my triumph encountered the gentleman who had given me so flaming an account of the village coquette.

“Well my boy,” I exclaimed, “I have hitherto neglected to be introduced to your wonderful Miss B but I think I can meet her without danger.”

“Meet her!” replied he, with a look of surprise. “Why, you have been bending over her—entranced—an hour—by the clock. Two or three here have been watching you all the time.”

The truth flashed upon me—I was all amazed—fear—horror. As I looked around, I saw twenty people grinning at me with the mischievous fiends.

“Here,” said my friend, some time afterwards, “I have a lesson for you.”

He guided me to another apartment.

I went like a lamb to the sacrifice—Miss Caroline B— was sitting with a handsome fellow.

“He's from the city!” said my friend—then the rascals all laughed.

“He's just out of the university!” said another—then they all laughed again. By a curious coincidence I even heard the gentleman ask her to dance.

“I have refused six,” said she.

“But you will dance with me?” and off they went sure enough.

The next morning they were married.

What treatment is bad enough, Mr. Sadley, for such women? Lash them; if you love your sex—expose them and make me your friend forever. Yours, sincerely,

### AN INJURED YOUNG MAN.

### IMPORTANT CALCULATION.

Six Cents, paid each day through the year, for *drams of whiskey*, amounts to about twenty-two dollars! If this money was laid out for a good cow, it would half support a common family. And how many are there who spend double that in the same way, whose families suffer for bread, and must soon beg from door to door! Reflect seriously on this, ye whiskey drinkers, and reform before it is too late. Remember, that you not only throw away your money, but sacrifice your time, health, reputation, and even life itself;—and what is still more to be lamented, it often results in the ruin and destruction of whole families!—Who, but an idiot or mad man, would conduct in so foolish and brutal a manner? Let positive REFORMATION give the answer;—and this would cause the hearts of thousands to leap for joy.

### THE DUTCHMAN'S HORSE.

Dere's to horse vow! He'll travel to hill up, an' to road down better as any other horse never did. Oder day I was riding been, and half come to Rip Van Wrinkle's house up; my watch was yust 4 on to clock—when I was come to Hans Van Waggance's, it was vaunting 2 minutes to 4—Mein God! he beat de time dat much!

### YANKEE TOAST.

The Tree of Liberty—may its roots go down to the earth's centre, its lofty summit reach the skies, and its spreading branches shade creation. Such a tree would make an everlasting sight of shingles. It would set the world hobbling about in infinite space, and give creation a shake instead of a shade—scattering the democrats roosting in it all through the zodiac, among scorpions, bulls, and bears, who would be more terrified than when Paul Bunyan tumbled among them with his daddy's double tandem.

### AFFECTING ANECDOTE.

A heart rending story is old of a young Scottish ploughboy, who being disappointed in a love affair, was driving so near the verge of despair, that with a rope in his hand, he entered his master's barn, and—tied all the cows tails together.

### To save Cucumbers from Bugs.

Set out an onion, or set up an onion stalk, in each hill of cucumbers, and the streaked bug will keep away.

The great rule of eating and drinking is, to suit the quality and quantity of food to the strength of our digestion; to take always such a sort and such a measure of food, as sits light and easy on the stomach.

### THE FRIMER.

### THIRTY'S MAXIMS AND ADVICE FOR MARCH

### THE DUTIES OF A CITIZEN

An old philosopher, prescribing the duties of a man, names three things in particular, which every good citizen ought to do, viz: “To build a house, to plant a tree, and to present the common wealth with a citizen.”

*Thrifty* goes much farther than this philosopher. He says, that every man ought, not only to build a house (if he need one) to plant trees, (especially fruit trees) to raise a family of children, and educate them well; but, that every good citizen has many other equally important duties to perform for the public good.

He ought, says he, to do every thing in his power to advance the cause of morality, religion and science, and to foster all such institutions as are calculated to preserve and perpetuate the liberties of his country.

But as *Thrifty* is a great advocate for *Internal Improvements*, and believes that nothing could promote the prosperity of the country in a greater degree, he wishes, at present, to urge them upon the attention of every man who has any pretensions to patriotism.

While we live at so great a distance from market; while our roads are, at all times, so bad, and during a considerable part of the year wholly impassable, while we have to ford or swim the creeks and rivers for the want of bridges; while

so many obstructions impede the navigation of our rivers; and while many of our navigable waters might be united by means of canals, we are called upon, says he, by every consideration of duty, patriotism and interest, to begin the great work of *internal improvement*.

These works must be done sooner or later—Why then so much apathy and delay? Many of them, it is true, are great and expensive undertakings;—but industry and perseverance will work miracles. Begin by improving the roads and building bridges;—& as to the other great works, let every individual do all in his power; and let the states and general government assist.

### SALE FOR TAXES.

THE following lots, and parts of lots, in the borough of Vincennes, will be offered for sale for the taxes and costs due thereon, on Saturday the 23d of March next, unless sooner paid, to-wit.

Brant, John Ballance H. A. No. 31.

Brady, John, 4 of lot 153.

Black's heirs, 305.

Bone, John B. 238.

Black's heirs, 237.

Brown, Hyatt 200.

Collins, David H. A. 128

Cartier, Pierre 464

Dushane, Tousant 439.

Danovan, Jeremiah 101.

Emison, Thomas 235.

Cary, Pierre or John Sheets, H. A. 65,

66, 67, 68.

Greater's, Christian heirs, 189, 256, 285,

105, 166, 135, 179, 187, 453, 436,

456, 177.

The heirs of F. Greater, 188, 178.

Huffman, Solomon 136, part of 100, part

of 93.

Han, Catharine 118.

Laplant, Hyacinth 239.

McCall, William R. 379.

Parley's heirs, 279, 250, 376, 363.

Peepce, Theresa 355.

Richerville, Henry 129.

Richards, John 166.

Roseman, Joseph 170, 141, 402, 446.

Sisters of Charity, 181.

Vachet, Pierre 65.

Vandeveeter's heirs, 101.

Lots given in by D. C. Johnson, 424, 419,

399, 319, 342, 491, 252, 450, 352,

Non Residents, 422, 423, 421, 320, 321,

271, 270, 260, 473, 322, 317, 316,

268, 480, 417, 315, 431, 124, 485,

491, 457, 496, 455, 454, 497, 244,

202, 160, 205, 247, 498, 500, 501,

202, 344.

ZACHARIAH PULLAM, R. C.

Vincennes, Feb. 8, 1833.—3-31

### DR. JOSEPH BROWNE