

Poetical Asylum.



The following was originally published some years since. In 1823 it was cut from a Philadelphia paper, by a son of Erin, the copy preserved until the present time, and now handed us for publication. The Liverpool Mercury in commenting on the lines, said they were ascribed to the late general WASHINGTON. This is the first time we ever heard it intimated the 'Father of his Country' was a poet—*Poughkeepsie Tel.*

The savage loves his native shore,
Though rude the soil, and chill the air;
And well may Erin's sons adore
The land that nature formed so fair.
What flood reflects a shore so sweet,
As Shannon, or pastoral Bann?
Or who a friend or foe can meet,
So generous as an Irishman.

His hand is rash, his heart is warm,
But principle is still his guide;
None more regrets a deed of harm,
And none forgives with nobler pride;
He may be duped, but won't be dared;
Fitter to practice than to plan,
He dearly earns a poor reward,
And spends it like an Irishman.

If poor or strange, for you he'll pay,
And guide you where you safe may be;
If you're a stranger, while you stay,
His cottage holds a jubilee;
His most soul he will unlock,
And if he may your secrets scan,
Your confidence he'll scorn to mock,
For faithful is an Irishman.

By honor bound in woe and weal,
What e'er he says he dares to do;
Try him with bribe, it won't prevail;
Put him to fire, you'll find him true.
He seeks no safety in his post,
What e'er he may in honor's van;
And if the field of fame be lost,
It won't be by an Irishman.

Erin, lov'd land, from age to age,
Be thou more bless'd, more fam'd & free!
May peace be yours, and should you wage
Defensive wars, reap victory!
May plenty bloom in every field,
And gentle breezes sweetly fan,
And generous minds serenely shield
The breast of every Irishman.

MISSISSIPPI.

From the News-Letter

JONATHAN IN SEARCH OF A WIFE (CONCLUDED.)

At length Hannah left the room, and Jonathan, with a degree of trepidation which may easily be conceived, broke the ice: "Nancy, I suppose you can guess what a came here for this evening. The long and short of the matter is this—mother is growing old and feeble, and isn't quite so cute at milking and making butter and cheese and doing other odd scores about the house, as she used to do, and I have come to the resolution of getting married before winter sets in. Now, Nancy, I want a good, smart and handsome wife! Every body says you are a plaguy pretty gal, and I know you were a real smart one before you went to Boston two years ago; and so, if you will have me, say so at once, and there's my hand—the hand of a true New England farmer!"

It is impossible to describe the indignation and scorn which shone in the black eyes of the lovely Nancy Tompkins at this unceremonious proposal. She looked at him for a moment in silence, as if trying to annihilate the presumptuous youth with a frown. At length her feelings found vent in words.

"Mr. Brown!" said she, "I am almost struck speechless at your presumption in supposing that Nancy Tompkins is to be wooed and won by any man in this abrupt, off hand manner. A long series of attentions of the most tender and delicate nature alone would induce me to exchange my present state of celibacy, for the joys and sorrows, the blisses and disquietudes of a wedded life. And furthermore, the youth who will be fortunate enough to gain my virgin affections, must be well educated. Mr. Brown—He must be well acquainted with the Waverley novels Mr. Brown. He must write poetry, and be able to appreciate my performance on the piano. Mr. Brown—And he must love me ardently and devotedly, and be able to support me in a style of gentility, to which you, or your humdrum connexions, have never been accustomed. Mr. Brown. And as for milking your dirty cows, or making your filthy butter and cheese, I would have you to know that I consider such things beneath me, Mr. Brown. You are mistaken in your estimation of my character, sir. Or do you fancy yourself the grand signior, who has only to nod to be obeyed? Your impertinence, sir, is unparalleled; and I am absolutely almost struck dumb with amazement!"

Poor Jonathan was thunderstruck at the temper which the lovely fair one displayed in this speech, and the volubility with which it was delivered. At the first pause, he seized his hat, and left the house without uttering a word.

"Mistaken sure enough!" said Jonathan to himself, as he retreated from the entry, and turned down a lane which led to captain Pipkin's farm house: "What a tongue the jade has—and what a lucky escape from death—for if I should marry her, I should not live six weeks—she would scold me to death in short metre."

He found Peggy Pipkin looking as blooming as a rose. She seemed de-

lighted to see Mr. Brown—and the old folks took a hint, and went to bed in good season. Jonathan bitched his chair nearer and nearer, and he and the fair Peggy were soon on the best terms in the world.

"Peggy," said he, "you are a tarnation pretty gal. I swear now, if you ain't a real beauty. I should like to have you—I'll be darn'd if I should not!"

"Now, Mr. Brown, don't be talking so foolish—you make me blush to hear you."

"I declare, Peggy, I'm serious. Them pretty rosy lips were made on purpose to be kiss'd, and I'll be darn'd if I don't have a buss."

"Come, none of that Mr. Brown. I never let the fellers come so near me as that. Keep your distance, I tell you. If you go to be rude, Mr. Brown, I'll hol—"

"Don't be vexed, Peggy. You're so pretty, I believe I must have one buss—I swear I will!"

Here a struggle commenced: "Jonathan, you mustn't act so—ain't you ashamed of yourself. Let me alone—I declare now I'll holle—I will—I certainly will," murmured the coy maiden, almost out of breath.

Jonathan, being a novice in love affairs, was somewhat alarmed at these reiterated threats, and thought he had gone too far. Not caring to alarm the family merely for a kiss, he was about to relinquish the attack when her brother Tim, who occupied a bed in an adjoining room, and had been quietly listening to the interesting discussion between the lovers, hawled out, "Don't mind what she says, Mr. Brown. She always says she'll holle—but she never does."

This was a damper. Peggy blushed a deeper scarlet; and Jonathan, whose passion was suddenly extinguished by this interesting piece of information, sprung from the lovely Peggy's side, and with a cool "Good night, Miss Pipkin," left the house.

"So then," soliloquized the youth, as he wended his way towards the snug cottage in which Sally Johnson lived, "the stories that I heard about that gal are true as gospel, after all. But who'd have thought it? and she looked so plaguy pretty too?"

It was nearly half past nine o'clock when our hero reached Mr. Johnson's door. He entered without knocking, perceiving a light in the kitchen, and found no one up but Sally, who was very busily engaged in knitting by the fire side. Sally screamed astonished to behold Jonathan Brown at that time in the evening, but rose immediately and reached him a chair.

"My father, Mr. Brown," said she, "has gone to bed; but if your business is urgent, I'll call him;" and she moved towards the door.

"Stop, Sally," exclaimed Jonathan, "my business is urgent. I confess; but it isn't exactly with your father. I didn't come all the way here to chat with him at this late hour I guess. I came here to see you!"

"To see me? Bless me, Mr. Brown, what can you want with me at this time o' night?"

"Sit down here, Sally, and I'll tell you all about it."

Sally sat down. Jonathan drew his chair towards her, and hemmed two or three times to clear his throat or concentrate his ideas. I never could learn precisely which; and Sally looked up in his face, with expectation depicted on her intelligent and not unhandsome countenance.

"You know how lonely like I live, down in yonder big house, Sally."

"Lonely? how can you say so, Mr. Brown, when your own mother and a dear little sister lives with you?"

"That's true," continued Jonathan—but a mother is not always just such a companion as I like. Besides, winter's coming on, and—some how—I'm afraid I shall—sleep cold—these long winter nights."

"Sleep cold! La, Mr. Brown, what's all that to me?"

"Why, Sally, if you must know, I've taken a kind of fancy to you, and I believe that you would make me a right down good wife."

"Mr. Brown! What for pity's sake made you think of me?" exclaimed the not offended fair one, "when there are so many prettier gals, who may be had for the asking?"

"Why, Sally, I always knowed you to be a clever, industrious gal—and as to beauty, by jingo, I believe you are as pretty as any of them. So, tell me Sally, whether you'll have me or no."

"I do declare Jonathan Brown, I won't tell you a word about it to night. This is a fine way to come a courting, and pop the question almost at first sight. I don't know whether I'll have you or no."

"Well, Sally, perhaps I'm rather too abrupt; but I'm a pretty blunt sort of a fellow, and I can't stop when my mind's made up, to let slip such an opportunity of declaring it. Besides, as I told you before, the long winter evenings are coming on, and arter we're married, we can set up together, and court every night in the week if we like."

"That's true, Jonathan, I didn't think of that. Well, then I guess I'll try to make up my mind to have you."

"That's my own dear Sally!—Hurrah! I've got a wife at last! Now let's seal the contract." So saying, he planted a hearty kiss upon her ruby lips.

They were married a few weeks after this eventful evening, and Sally made Jonathan an excellent housekeeper and

an affectionate wife. Whether he defrauded her of her due of being courted during the long winter evenings, history does not record.

TO MAKE GOOD VINEGAR.

Fill a barrel about half full of good cider, so that the barrel may contain as much air as possible; and leave the bung out for the same purpose. Let it stand in the sun or some warm place. If the fermentation does not proceed with sufficient rapidity, draw off a few quarts of liquor, and after boiling and skimming it, pour it back again; or you may pour in a few quarts of new cider before it has fermented, or molasses and water boiled together. As soon as the vinegar is formed, it should be bunged up and kept cool.

Why are printers' bills like faith?—Because they are the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen.

NEW GOODS.

THE subscriber has just received a LARGE AND SPLENDID SUPPLY OF SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,

which when added to his former stock makes his assortment complete: all of which he proposes to sell at reduced prices for cash, or exchange for Wheat, after harvest. Also, country produce of almost every description will be taken in exchange for goods. His friends and the public generally are respectfully invited to call and examine for themselves before they purchase elsewhere.

H. D. WHEELER.

Vincennes, June 8, 1833—193

N. B. SALT kept constantly on hand to sell for cash or exchange for Wheat.

H. D. W.

Notice is hereby Given.

"I AM" on the 30th day of May last, a writ of Domestic Attachment was issued by me, Martin Robinson, a Justice of the peace in and for the county of Knox and state of Indiana, on the affidavit of Jacob Harper on the part of Matthias Rose, Jacob and George Harpers, trading under the firm of ROSE & HARPERS, against the goods and chattels, rights, credits, monies and effects of Adam Warner, which writ hath been returned duly executed and an inventory filed; and that on the 25th day of June, (instant) at my office in Vincennes, I will proceed to hear and decide upon said Attachment, of which the said Adam Warner and all other persons concerned will take notice.

MARTIN ROBINSON, J. P.

June 3, 1833—19—31.

Administrators' Notice.

THE undersigned having obtained letters of administration upon the estate of Joseph Stout, (late of Gibson county) dec'd., requests all persons having claims against the same, to present them agreeably to law; and those indebted, are requested to make immediate payment.—This notice is considered insolvent.

SMITH MILLER, Admr.

June 8, 1833—19—31.

Administrators' Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have taken out letters of administration on the estate of Byram Barr, dec'd. (late of Daviess county) all persons having claims against said estate are requested to present them immediately, and those that are indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment. The estate is probably solvent.

LEWIS JONES, Admr.

May 29th 1833—193

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT OF MAILS

TO AND FROM VINCENNES, IND. EASTERN—From Louisville, Ky.

Arrives—Every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 12 o'clock, m.

Departs—Every Monday at 9 o'clock, a m. and Wednesday and Friday at 2 o'clock, p. m.

WESTERN—From St. Louis, Mo.

Arrives—Every Wednesday, Friday and Sunday, at 12 o'clock, m.

Departs—Every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 2 o'clock, p. m.

SOUTHERN—From Evansville, Ind.

Arrives—Every Tuesday at 7 o'clock, p. m. and Saturday at 12 o'clock, m.

Departs—Every Wednesday and Sunday at 4 o'clock, a. m.

SOUTHERN—From Shawneetown, Ill.

Arrives—Every Wednesday at 12 o'clock, m.

Departs—Every Thursday at 2 o'clock, p. m.

NORTHERN—From Terre-Haute, Ind.

Arrives—Every Tuesday at 10 o'clock, a. m. and Friday at 6 o'clock, p. m.

Departs—Every Wednesday at 4 o'clock, a. m. and Saturday at 2 o'clock, p. m.

NORTHERN—From Danville, Ill.

Arrives—Every Monday at 6 o'clock, p. m.

Departs—Every Tuesday at 7 o'clock, p. m.

INDIANAPOLIS, Mail, via Spencer, &c.

Arrives—Every Wednesday at 12 o'clock, m.

Departs—Every Wednesday at 1 o'clock, p. m.

All letters intended for pending mails, must be deposited in the office one hour before the time of departure, and when the mail departs at 4 o'clock, a. m. must be deposited by 9 o'clock p. m. the preceding evening. To avoid all disputes, no accounts will be kept, for letter postage.

JOHN SCOTT, P. M.

May 15, 1833—16—31

THE FINE BLOODED HORSE YOUNG SIR ARCHIE.

I owe an apology. I left home in January with an expectation of returning in time to have presented him to the public, with his pedigree, but was delayed by intervening business, which I hope will be accepted by the liberal and unprejudiced. The propriety of improving our blood stock of horses, is, at this time, too well understood to require comment. I purchased Young Sir Archie at a high price, of a Mr. John Stuart, of North Carolina; who has been breeding fine blood horses for many years, and has acquired a fortune by it. I now tender the services of an animal that is entitled to the favorable consideration of experienced sportsmen, judicious breeders and refined connoisseurs. Extraordinary size, beauty of colour and sleekness of coat, high form and superior action, the renowned performances of his noble progenitors, together with the purity of his blood, emboldens me to recommend him, and to expect a flattering decision from an enlightened public.

DESCRIPTION.

YOUNG SIR ARCHIE is a beautiful dark bay, full 16 hands and one inch high, with shoulders well extended, and their inclination such as to produce at the same time a back remarkable short and strong, and neck long, elevated, and finely arched at its junction with the head, exhibiting both beauty, and a form adapted for easy breathing; jaws strong and expanded, ears well pointed, eyes full and good; he has great substance, his form is in proportion to his height, round the girth he is truly superior, possessing a body calculated to excel on the turf, road, or under the saddle, with strong bone and full muscular form, his hips are strong, pitching well forward, forming with the aid of the great inclination of his shoulder blade, his remarkable back, his loins a little arched, his quarters are of the strong full form, letting down well toward the hock, his arms are broad and fitted well to the shoulder, his hoofs are good, with strong fine pasterns, well fitted to them, movement elastic and easy; his general form is such as to enable him to carry the highest weights.

PEDIGREE.

YOUNG SIR ARCHIE was foaled the property of John Stuart, of North Carolina, the 16th day of April, 1826; he was sired by Col. Moore's celebrated race horse Sir Archie, he by the justly celebrated and unequalled race and stock horse old Sir Archie, of Virginia, and he by the imported Dione, he by Florizel, out of Melhorn by Fox; Sir Archie's dam was the celebrated imported mare Castanira, she by Rockingham, he by Tattersall's famous Highflyer, the dam was Parity by Matchem, out of Spratt's famous Squirt mare. Castanira's dam was the distinguished mare Tabitha, by Trenham, he by Sweepstake out of a southern mare, and was considered a horse of great power and speed. The dam of Col. Moore's Archie was that unrivalled mare Badoo, she by Little Driver, and he by old Bellair, and Bellair by the imported Medley, and he by Jim Crayk, (of England,) he by Cripple, he by Godolphin's Arabian. YOUNG SIR ARCHIE'S dam, (a splendid mare) was sired by Young Lofty, and she out of a thorough bred Medley mare. Old Lofty, a bay, was bred by Mr. Pantou, Esq. of Newmarket, England, he was own brother to Mr. Pantou's Posthumous, by Lord Godolphin's Arabian, out of Spinster, commonly called the Widdington mare, which is among the best racing stock of England and see English Turf Register, vol. 1, page 201. Reference may be had at any time to letters now in my possession which are too long to insert. Mr. Stuart is connected with the society of quakers called Friends, and in consequence of which the horse has never been trained.

A. BEECHER.

CERTIFICATE.

This is to certify, that I, John Stuart, of Guilford county, state of North Carolina, have this day sold to A. Beecher, of Indiana, my stallion Young Sir Archie, he was foaled my property on the 16th day of April, (4th month,) 1826; has proved himself a sure foot getter; I have two of his colts which I value at 100 dollars each. Young Sir Archie was sired by Colonel Moore's noted horse Sir Archie, he by the justly celebrated horse old Sir Archie, of Virginia, his dam by Young Lofty, of imported stock, and her dam out of a thorough bred Medley mare, 26th of 3d month, 1832.

JOHN STUART.

My great confidence in YOUNG SIR ARCHIE and his stock, has induced me to propose a colt stake, to be run over the Vincennes course, two mile heats, in the spring of 1836, the produce then to be 3 years old, entrance in each case to be 100 dollars, half forfeit, and only one to be entered from each stallion, free for the produce of each and every stallion in the United States, and to close by the 1st of June next, in order to give the earliest opportunity of testing the racing qualities of Archie's produce.

A. BEECHER.

Vincennes, Ia. June 8, 1833—194

TIN AND SHEET-IRON MANUFACTORY.

I HAVE A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF TIN WARE on hand, which I will sell at wholesale or retail low for CASH or PRODUCE, such as may suit. Job work done at short notice.

N. SMITH.

Vincennes, Jan. 21, 1833

NEW GOODS.

S. & W. J. WISE,

RESPECTFULLY inform their friends and the public in general, that they still continue business on Market Street, in the house formerly occupied by Tomlinson & Ross, and have just received from Philadelphia, Baltimore and Pittsburgh, a well selected and general assortment of

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, SADDLERY, Hardware & Cutlery, CHINA GLASS & QUEENSWARE, Leghorn and Straw, Bebee and Dunstable BONNETS,

LADIES', GENTLEMEN'S & CHILDREN'S BOOTS AND SHOES,

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION. This stock of goods has been purchased unusually low, and will be sold on the best terms for cash or approved barter. May 25, 1833—18—4f.

ATKINSON'S CASKET, OR GEMS OF LITERATURE, WIT, AND SENTIMENT.

A Monthly Periodical.

Each number containing 48 royal octavo pages of letter press, embellished with at least one copperplate and several wood engravings, and of one or more pieces of music. The work forms at the end of the year a volume of about six hundred pages, to which an elegant engraved title page and a general index is added.

THE number of volumes of the Casket which have already been published, and the faithfulness and punctuality of the publisher in fulfilling his contracts with his patrons, in respect to their contents, are sufficient, with these at all acquainted with the work, to show its true character.

The constantly increasing patronage bestowed on the Casket, has enabled the publisher to make considerable improvements in the work. Its typographical appearance is much changed for the better, and the contents are much enriched. He believes that the volume now proposed, will not be excelled in respect to typographical execution, the quantity & quality of the engravings, and the value of the contents by any other periodical; and he safely asserts it to be the cheapest publication of the kind in the country.

The facilities for obtaining suitable articles for this work have, of late, much increased—Some of the best literary publications of Europe, are regularly received at the office of the Casket, as well as the prominent American periodicals.—From both sections are made with much care.—To secure a sufficient quantity of original matter, and to enable men of talent to prosecute their labors with success, and contribute to advance the literature and science of our own country, the publisher gives a compensation to his correspondents, commensurate to the support he receives.

In respect to the embellishments which appear in the work, the publisher believes that no other periodical has such a profusion of elegant and expensive engravings. Executed in general by the first artist in the city, they will suffer nothing by comparison. These form a considerable item in the expense of the work, and in one year, exceed the whole cost of publishing some periodicals, for the same length of time, the subscription price of which is no lower than the Casket. The subjects of the engravings will continue to be as heretofore—Portraits of distinguished characters—Plates of the Newest Fashions, both of Europe and America—Views of American Scenery, particularly striking and interesting—Natural History—Embrodering—Foreign and Domestic Architecture—Botanical Plants—and whatever other subjects may be deemed calculated to instruct, interest, and amuse.

To inculcate sound, virtuous precepts, and guard the thoughtless against the snares of vice—to lead the youthful mind to the contemplation of those sublime and all important subjects which deeply affect his prosperity—to give a taste for the rich, pleasing and beneficial enjoyments of literature and learning, and to hold out inducements, for the young to cultivate their powers and enrich their understandings with substantial information, are matters which the publisher trusts he will ever keep in view. He is gratified in looking over his past labors to find no language or sentiment recorded, calculated to detract from the beauty of virtue, or to show vice in a less odious aspect than it really is.

Due attention is also paid to Poetry, anecdotes, Light Reading, Amusing Sketches, and those *eccelesias* which relieve the mind from the labor of close study, which refresh the understanding and give a zest to graver and more important compositions.

Each number of the Casket contains at least one piece of Music which is selected and arranged expressly for the work. The popular and newest airs are always at command to afford a judicious selection.

Notwithstanding the many extra expenditures and the heavy expenses of the fine engraving, given monthly, it is not the intention of the publisher to increase the price of the Casket. When paid in advance, it will be furnished for 12 months, for \$2 50; or three dollars if not paid until the end of the year. Agents at a distance remitting six subscriptions are entitled to a copy gratis, and 10 per cent for collections. Complete sets for 1828, 1829, and 1830, supplied to order.

Orders, free of postage, will meet prompt attention. Persons at a distance will find the mail a safe conveyance for ordering the work and enclosing remittances.

Editors who insert the above are entitled to the "Casket" or the "Saturday evening Post," in exchange as they may prefer. If the Post is desired, they will direct their papers to the "Saturday Evening Post," if the Casket, to "S. C. Atkinson, Printer." The first insertion of the advertisement, should, in all cases, be marked with a pen.

Subscriptions received at this office.

CLERK'S BLANKS

Of almost every kind, neatly executed and for sale at this office.