

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 inmost 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 woad and weal,
What'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 'ere 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 fair & 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 shun
The breast of every Irishman.

NOTES.

From the News-Letter.

CONTRIBUTOR 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 'pose 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 is'n'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 plucky 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 uncircumstanced 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 the 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 Waverly 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 signor, 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 mete.'

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 hitched his hair 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 swow now, if you aint a real beauty. I should like to have you—I'll be darn'd if I shouldnt!'

'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 swow I will.'

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

Jonathan, being a novice in love at first, 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, bawled out, 'Don't mind what she says, Mr. Brown. She always says she'll holler—but she never does.'

This was a dawper. 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's have thought it; and she looked so plaguey 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 seemed 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 unattractive 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 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.'

'Me, Mr. Brown! What for pity sake made you think of me?' exclaimed the not floundered 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 after 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 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.—19-3t.

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

H. D. W.

Notice is hereby Given,

THAT 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.—19-3t.

Administrator's Notice.

THE undersigned having obtained letters of administration upon the estate of Joseph Stont, (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.—The estate is considered insolvent.

SMITH MILLER, Adm'r.

June 8, 1833.—19-3t.

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 considered insolvent.

LEWIS JONES, Adm'r.

May 29th 1833.—19-3t.

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 Newmarket, England.

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 Shannectown, 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.

Arrives—Every Wednesday at 1 o'clock, p. 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.—16-8t.

THE FINE BLOODED HORSE

YOUNG SIR ARCHIE.

TO the patrons of this valuable horse 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 color 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, exuding both beauty, and a form adapted for easy breathing; paws 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 hocks 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 Diamond, he by Florizel, out of Meliora by Fox; Sir Archie's dam was the celebrated imported mare Castanira, she by Rockingham, he by Tattersall's famous Highflyer, his dam was Puritan by Matchem, out of Spratt's famous Squirt mare. Castanira's dam was the distinguished mare Tabitha, by Trentham, he by Sweepstakes