

Political Asylum.



From the Truth Teller.

THE EXILE'S ADIEU.

Thy cliffs fade in distance, thy coasts disappear,
And fancy alone paints the forms that are dear;
Farewell, my lost country! farewell to thy shores,
Where thy long lost A—d shall wander no more.

Farewell! but let destiny frown as it will,
Oh Erin remember, I live for thee still.

Tho' thy laws have condemned me an outlaw to roam,
They break not the links that still bind me to home!

They cannot efface from my agonized mind
The memory of friends that are ling'ring behind,

No—never! let destiny frown as it will,
This heart, dearest Erin, shall beat for thee still.

When I meet with a land where thy praise has not flown,
I will tell of thy fame in regions unknown,
And teach the wild natives to love thee like me,
And to murmur a prayer for thy children and thee.

And, Erin, let destiny frown as it will,
When thy name is pronounced I'll exult in thee still.

HARP.

Miscellaneous.

Translated for the New York Mirror from the French.

ROSANNA, THE UGLY ONE.

"But look, then," said Mrs. Moore, to her husband, "how ugly that little one is. Is she not William?"

And Mr. Moore who was sitting in a rocking chair, amusing himself with poking the fire, laid down the tools he held and gravely answered his wife.

"But my dear wife, you have already said so one hundred times, and were you to say it one hundred times more, Rose would not become less ugly for your saying so."

Rosanna was a little girl of about fourteen. She was their only child, and to do her mother justice, was really very ugly—and almost revolting: with her little gray eyes, flat nose, large mouth, thick protruding lips, red hair, and above all a frame remarkable awry.

Rose was, then, very ugly—but she was a sweet girl, nevertheless. Kind and intelligent, she possessed a mind of the highest order. Nature seemed to compensate her with every good quality of the heart for the want of every beauty of person.

The poor little thing was profoundly hurt, as she listened to her mother's observation. "Oh you little fright, you will never get a husband."

Eight o'clock struck; Mrs. Moore was sorely vexed.

"Go to bed, Rosanna."

Trembling, the little girl approached her mother to give her a kiss of good night.

"'Tis useless you little monster," said her mother.

A tear rolled from the little one's eye—She hastily wiped it away, and turning to her father, presented him the yet humid cheek.

He kissed her tenderly.

"I am not altogether miserable," she murmured, leaving the room.

Retired to her chamber she commenced embroidering a scarf, and worked thus part of the night, for she desired to be able to present it to her mother when she rose in the morning.

The clock struck twelve. She had just finished, and putting it by, the little girl calmly resigned herself to rest. Her repose was undisturbed.

On the morrow Rose presented the scarf to her mother. What was the pain the little one experienced, when her mother received it coldly, and expressed none of those tender sentiments which were to have been the sweet little one's reward.

"Yes," said she internally, "I am ugly, they are right; and she sought in her young head to find a remedy for ugliness."

And then to the world—new pangs wounded the little one's heart. At first impression alienated all the young girls of her own age—but she was good, so amiable, so amusing, that they approached, then listened, and then loved her—Now, indeed, our little one was happy.

One day Mr. Moore went home in a violent passion, and became, in consequence of some trifling prevarication, highly incensed against his wife. Their domestic felicity was troubled for eight long days—for eight long days Mrs. Moore was continually crying. Rosanna in vain, racked her young brains to discover why—but her father still continued angry, and her mother was still continually weeping. At last she reflected in her mind how to reconcile them.

They were all three seated in the parlor—Mr. Moore was arranging the fire—when this was concluded, he threw the tools from him, snatched the book from the mantel, and opened it abruptly—but after a moment's perusal, he closed it again, in a violent humor, cast a fiery glance at his trembling wife, and hurriedly rose from his chair.

Rosanna, deeply moved, clasped her arms about his neck, as he was about to paratively speaking, be very little. But

rise, and affectionately caressed him.—He could not reject her innocent coaxing, and the little girl thinking she had succeeded in touching his heart, took in her hands the moistened handkerchief wherewith her mother had been drying her weeping eyes, and dried them a second time therewith: she then tenderly embraced her mother, who returned her affectionate caresses with all a mother's fondness.

The parties were now favorably disposed, nought remained but to establish peace. This was no easy matter—neither would make the first overture—and without the penetration of little Rose, the reconciliation would not have then taken place.

She took her father's hand between her own little hands, and pressed it to her bosom; she then took her mother's hand, and joined to her father's as it lay on her heart. Human pride could resist no longer—the alienated parents rose at the same moment and cordially embraced each other.

From that hour Rose was the idol of them both.

Six years after this Rosanna, the ugly Rosanna, was the ornament of every society to which her mother presented her. Amiable, witty and observing, her conversation was universally courted.

One summer evening, the sun, which during the day had shed over nature an intense heat, had just disappeared, leaving the horizon covered with long bands of red—clouds more dark, were heaping themselves on the eastern sky—the atmosphere was suffocating, and one would dream the earth was returning to the sun the heat she had been receiving from the latter during the day. All was heavy and weary—the air inhaled seemed rather to suffocate than nourish. A drowsy languor overcame every one.

In a saloon every window thrown open, might be seen here and there, in the darkened light, groups of young females, whose white dresses, slightly agitated by the rising breeze of the evening, offered something mysterious and poetical wherein the imagination loved to dwell. A low languishing whisper was then heard, like the soothng murmur of a distant rivulet.

A young woman, seated before a piano, was expressing her heart's sentiments by an extemporary melody, now smooth and tender, now dead and trembling.

No more whispering, but a general silence took place, for her's was a celestial symphony, a seraph's song.

Lord Underwood, a fine blue eyed young nobleman, was so deeply touched by the melody, that his frame seemed agitated with a momentary convulsion.—He listened to the angel's voice, so softly harmonizing with the sweet tones of the instrument, and felt an indescribable sensation thrill through his frame.

The music ceased, but the sweet voice vibrated on Underwood's ear, and there was a charm in the witty and original trifle to which he listened, that transfixed him where he stood.

"How beautiful must that young girl be," thought Underwood. "Happy the man on whom may fall her choice," and he involuntarily sighed.

Suddenly lights are brought in. The young woman was the ugly Rosanna.

Lord Underwood was stupefied—he closed his eyes but the charm of that voice haunted his memory. He gazed on her a second time; and he found her less ugly; and Rose was, indeed, less ugly. The beauties of her mind seemed transferred to her person, and her gray eyes, small as they were, expressed wonderfully well, her internal sensations.

Lord Underwood wedded Rosanna, and became the happiest of men in the possession of the kindest and most loving of women.

Beauty deserts us, but virtue and talents, the faithful companion of our lives, accompany us even to the grave.

From the Miltonian.

DEAR SIR—There is no mistake—I have serious notions of committing matrimony. I have just been musing on the joys of double-blessedness, and taking an intellectual survey of that necessary evil called wife. I have formed some faint idea of her whom I should most admire, and tried to give her a local habitation and a name! Here she is—consider her qualities, and tell me what you think of her.

I would like her to have—

1. *Modesty.* The finest trait in the whole female character is modesty.—Whatever can charm, whatever can excite the mind to the highest degree of admiration, is there! And the very female who courts not, and expects not the notice of the world, who has no pretensions, and who shrinks as it were from every gaze, will be universally admired, and gain the esteem and respect of all around her. And who would not like her?

2. *A sweet disposition.* By a sweet disposition I mean that frame of mind that disposes a person to be calm and contented amidst all the ups and downs of life. This is a disposition which the monarch on his glittering throne might justly envy. It not only promotes the health of its fair owner, but makes her pleasant, cheerful and happy—and happy will be the man whose partner she is.

3. *Intelligence.* How sweet the sound! A woman without education, to an intelligent man, must always be a dull, heavy, thoughtless, insipid, companion. The pleasure he can enjoy must, comparatively speaking, be very little. But

to hold converse with a woman well acquainted with grammar, history, geography, theology, moral philosophy, &c. O how charming! how delightful! particularly if she be a woman of sweet temper!

4. *Plain dress.* I must confess myself a great admirer of plain dress—the rich, lovely, elegant simplicity, peculiar to Quakers. No lady can give me a stronger evidence of her good sense, taste, sweetness, and love of order, &c. &c.

5. *Knowledge of house affairs.* The domestic circle forms the theatre of woman's actions, and is there her worth fully tested and best known. To keep every thing neat and clean, to see nothing wasted, and that the husband be not put to unnecessary expense, are things peculiarly within her care—and upon the good management of these, their prosperity and happiness in a great measure depend.

6. *Religion.* Religion is the tie that binds the soul to God. It is a firm hope in a blessed immortality, attended with a course of conduct in due consistency with that hope.

"O Religion! what pleasures untold,
Reside in that heavenly word,
More precious than silver or gold
Or all that this earth can afford!"

Modesty, sweetness of disposition, intelligence, plain dress, practical knowledge of domestic economy, O what accomplishments! what an ornament to society is their amiable possessor! what a blessing to her parents! what a treasure to her husband! But when to all these you add religion—that meek, lowly, humble spirit, you complete the picture—you draw the character of one who stands highest on the records of time, and who, in a better world, will forever enjoy the smiles of her Heavenly Father!

Yours sincerely.

CRYING THE HOUR.

A married gentleman, who had been drinking and carousing with some boon companions till a very late hour, just as he arrived at his own door heard the watchman cry, "Half past two o'clock, and all's well!"

"That will never do," thought he, "to have my wife know that I came home at this late hour. I must make the watchman tell a different story."

With that, he seized him by the collar, and dragging him to the door, told him to cry half past eleven. As the honest watchman demurred to this, the husband, being *plus le Bacchus*, or pretty tolerable well corned, up fist and knocked him down. Then presently picking him up again, he bade him cry as he told him, otherwise he would knock him down again. Poor watchy would fain have called for help; but as the *spirited* husband held his fist ready posted to let drive again, he concluded to do as he was bid wherefore opening his mouth, stammered out, "H—h—h a—l—p a—s t e l e v e n," by particular request, and all's well!"

N. Y. Constellation.

THE MARRIAGE POW.

Perhaps there is scarcely an ordinary bath administered in any of the transactions of life so little regarded—so little even remembered by all classes, as that taken in the most solemn manner, and in the presence of the Almighty, by the husband and wife—"Love, honor and obey." How many wives love, honor and obey their lords? How many even think of doing so? and yet there is an oath recorded against them—every simple violation of which is a distinct perjury. No woman should marry without first knowing her husband's character so well that she may obey him with discretion and safety.

She yields herself at the altar to his disposition, from which even an attempt to fly, is a crime. A wife who contradicts her husband is forsown—No matter what manner of man he be, she must obey, if she keep her oath. She has made no reserve on condition at the marriage ceremony

She has not said, "I will honor and obey, if he shall deserve it." Her contract is unconditional. It would be better for young ladies before they yield the fatal "yes," to take this view of the subject. They have a duty to perform to their husband, whether he be kind or unkind; and they must remember the poet's words,

"War is no strife,
To the dark home and the detested wife."

RICHES.

What are they? who is rich? Is it he who has fifty thousand dollars, or one million dollars? Kings are beggars sometimes on their thrones—merchants whose ships float on every sea; yet a mechanic has enough to lend. To be rich is to want nothing—to have no wishes which you cannot gratify;—and the term "getting rich" should not mean laying up money, but retrenching superfluous desires. Napoleon, with his imperial power, was more a slave than a common soldier, who received a certain stipend per day, however mean. Wealth wants hills on hills and Alps on Alps arise." It is incompatible with true independence. Diogenes was richer than Alexander. The one had all he desired in the warmth of the sun;—the other although master of the world, wept over the narrowness of his power.

What a blessing it is when a man can properly regulate his temper. How many heart-burnings and animosities would be saved; how many friendships would be preserved, and what a deal of good fellowship, that is now wasted, might be

concentrated and gathered together for our worldly comfort.

CURRENT JELLY.

To a pint of Current juice, put a pound of sugar; set it over a fire, stirring it all the time till the sugar is melted; then skim off the scum as fast as it rises. When it is clear, pour it into glass or earthen vessels, covering them tight.

THE FARMER

THRIFTY'S MAXIMS AND ADVICE FOR NOVEMBER.

"SET YOUR HOUSE IN ORDER." Nothing says *Thrifty*, looks more inviting—nothing contributes more to health, and the enjoyment of domestic life than neatness.

When I meet with a family, says he, who are neat and cleanly in their persons and dress, I at once feel a respect for them; I never stop to inquire whether they are rich or poor, or whether they are sprung from high or low parentage. For I am sure, that industry, order, economy, and all the moral virtues are to be found under the roof where taste and neatness reign.

On the contrary, when I see a family, continues he, with dirty faces, hands and clothes; when every thing, in and out of doors, wears the same neglected and slovenly appearance, I hurry away as fast as possible; for I am sure, that I have fallen into low and disreputable company.

Let your dwellings, therefore, exhibit an air of neatness, an order. Set out shrubbery and fruit trees, before your doors and windows—keep the swine out of your door yards, contrive some plan to cover or dry up the mud about your doors, and replace broken panes of glass, with new ones, instead of filling them with old hats and rags.

And above all, ye good housewives, let me beseech you, to "KEEP YOUR HOUSES IN ORDER." Remember, that not only the health, comfort and prosperity of your families, but your own and their reputation, depend upon it: For did you ever know a sluggish, dirty woman, who was at the same time respected and beloved? Should you enter house and find the floors covered with mud and dirt, the furniture dusty, the beds not made, dirty clothes lying about, dishes put away without washing, the children ragged and unclean, the cookery &c. &c. in the same style, what would be your opinion of the mistress of that house?

Would you like to be in her place, and be the laughing stock of the whole neighborhood? Can any one respect such a woman? If she would be the angel of an angel, a woman must above all things endeavor to be as clean as one.

Thrifty says, that he never knew a man break his heart for a lady who pays no attention to neatness, decency or decorum.

NOTICE

I hereby give, that the undersigned has taken out letters of administration on the estate of Abednego Porter, (late of Knox county, and state of Indiana,) deceased; all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same are notified to present them duly authenticated for settlement. The said estate is supposed to be insolvent.

JOHN STEEN, Admr.

Oct. 12, 1833—38-3t

NOTICE OF SALE.

OTICE is hereby given, that I will expose to sale, at public auction, on Saturday the ninth day of November next, at the house of John Steen, all the personal property of A. Porter, deceased, consisting of ONE MARE, WEARING APPAREL, &c. Terms of sale will be made known on the day of sale.

JOHN STEEN, Admr.

Oct. 12, 1833—38-3t

NOTICE

I hereby give, that I have taken out letters of administration on the estate of William H. Huffman, (late of Knox county,) deceased. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against said estate to present them legally authenticated for settlement within one year. The estate is supposed to be solvent.

JOSEPH NYSWONGER,

Admr. of Wm. H. Huffman.

Oct. 14, 1833—38-3t

Administrators' Notice.

THE undersigned have taken out letters of administration on the estate of George Brunner, (late of Daviess county, Ia.) deceased. Persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment; and all who have claims on the same are requested to file them duly authenticated within the time prescribed by law. The estate is probably insolvent.

SAMUEL I. KELSO,

E. H. McJUNKIN,

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