

MISCELLANEOUS.

ADDRESS BY THE CARRIER, TO THE PATRONS OF THE INDIANA PALLADIUM, JANUARY 1, 1826.

LET others, who can float on Fancy's wings, And strike Apollo's harp of seven strings, Who can with magic touch each trembling wire, Loud blow the trump—while listening worlds admire—

With solemn pathos godlike deeds rehearse, And swell with wind and noise their sounding verse;

On eagle pinions borne, through heaven rove, And wield with skillful hand the swifts of Jove; Be mine to catch from thence a glimmering beam, While I attempt to touch an humbler theme.

But we I mount upon the buzzard's quill, And of my subject make a dedication,

I cast my eyes to that celestial hill, Whence flows the sacred brook of inspiration

O thou, ADELLO, patron of the lyre, Who holds the vases of promethean fire!

May not a feeble bard approach thy throne, And at thy holy altar prostrate fall?

In humble confidence, his suit make known,

And for thy favour importunately call?—

I do not ask to taste ambrosial food, Nor drink of nectar from Parnassus' flood;

To ride upon thy golden car of fame, Nor on the sacred scroll inscribe my name;

But, while around thy throne a countless band Of tuneful Muses wait on thy command,

Despatch a seraph from thy peerless height, To hold communion with the bard to-night.

The god of poetry hears my request,

And moved with pity for my sad condition, Straight from his temple, by his high behest,

A Muse deports to favor my petition,

The fair-haired deity now mounts his steed, The fiery Pegasus, of matchless speed;

O'er heaven's high arch his magic wand unfurls,

And scales the ramparts of celestial worlds;

From high Olympus' cloudy tops he flies,

Swift as a meteor through the azure skies.

Hail MUSE!—I greet thy flight with pleasure—

Thy heaven-born essence now display;

Breathe in my soul thy mystic treasure;

While I attempt a NEW-YEAR'S LAT.

Wake up dull Fancy from her slumbers,

Bid Fine her silver trump to blow;

Strike, strike thy harp and let its numbers,

Like undulating waters flow.

The smiling god obeys—but o'er each wire,

Discordant he moves his fingers;

Bids sober reason and dull pros—retire,

While frenzied speculation lingers—

Charming NEW-YEAR now, again,

O'er the eastern hill advances;

With a bright and sparkling train,

As the early morning dances.

Sons of pleasure, rise to meet him,

Haste to join the merry throng;

Blushing maidens, run to greet him,

Mingle in the choral song.

Sordid souls, renounce your care,

NEW-YEAR'S comes but once a year.

Fancy floats on airy pinions—

Would you taste her j's divine?

Would you seize her blist dominions?

Then take bumper full of wine.

Pleasure lies in swimming glasses;

Then to day let mirth abound;

Love resides with blythe ones;

Then drink to them, and pass it round.

Come fill the bowl and drown each sorrow,

Eve the fickle phantom glides;

What care we about to-morrow,

White Bacchus over the feast presides.

Then sons of pleasure, fill the bowl,

Let's toast the fair and quaff the soul.

Cease, cease to strike the harp—those mournful lays,

To me are melancholy. Once, in former days,

I heard such strains, and felt their thrilling pow'r;

When with a FRIEND I pass'd the social hour;

Oft have I with him spent this festive day;

Our spirits then were buoyant, blithe and gay;

A ray of hope did then our path illum;

But Ah! how van' are slumberers in the tomb!

Departed friend—thou never canst return!

Let me mory drop a tear upon thy mould'ring urn

Now tune thy lyre, O Muse, to softer rhyme,

And tell us something of Columbia's clime;

Let not thy steed in foreign regions roam;

But give the passing incidents of home—

He strikes the chord—Impressed with awe I pause—

Say—is a fancy, or a world's applause?

Hark! hark! thro' heaven tremendous thunders roar,

And bursts in deafening peals from shore to shore?

List! list! again—tumultuous shouts arise,

And mingling voices rend the vaulted skies!

The trumpets loudly blow, the chariots rattle,

As when the warring Angels met in battle.

Say—is it Mars, the mighty god of war?

Or dread Bellona thundering on his car?

Is H' ll uncaged, her fiends with fury roar?

Or millions bowing down to Juggernaut?

Avaunt! dull mortal, let thy queries end;

Freedom greets with joy her ancient friend,

Great LAFAYETTE, the illustrious Chief has come,

And shouting millions hail him welcome home;

The immortal gods in heaven's high court con-

vene,

Look down and ponder o'er the great-ful scene;

Thou descends to grace the glittering show,

And casts awhart the heavens her shining bow,

But see thy hand in virgin white array'd;

With songs of greeting join the gay parade;

And while awhart the deafening wilkins ring,

The nymph-like maidens thus divinely sing—

Haste—fling green garlands through the crowded street,

Roll back the portals, let the trumpet sound,

Throng every battlement the chief to greet,

Who comes with glory's brightest chaplet crowned.

And while to hail him wait an anxious throng,

The hero on the couch of Fame repose;

Greet him ye youths, with symphony and song,

And strew ye maidens fair, his path with roses.

And ever shall such strains be sung,

To him who help'd our country save;

Days of yore, when she was young,

He snatch'd her laurels from the grave.

Then welcome god! he hero, Gallia's son,

Thou brother, friend, and heir of WASHINGTON.

We change our course, and other scenes pursue,

Till BESKIN's lofty Hill-belles full in view;

There first Freedom struck the important blow;

There first she boldly met the invading foe,

Made many a haughty son of Albion yield;

While groaning hundreds graced the ensanguin'd field.

But shall the Muse the direful issue tell?

Was there, Oh Fate! h' illustrious WARREN fell,

And while the laurel twined around his head,

The hero sunk to rest on glory's bed.

But ever shall his wreath of laurel bloom!

Immortal glory rises from the tomb:

Bid yon towering Monument arise,

Whose cloud-capp'd top salutes our wondering eyes!—

'Twas ready by freemen, it shall stand sublime,

Till mountains moulder in the tide of time!

Oft shall its summit kiss the morn's first ray;

Oft round its summit linger parting day;

The passing stranger shall its form admire;

And unborn millions hail its glittering spire.

But say, thou wandering Muse, before we part,

How fare IMPROVEMENT and our noblest ART?

The smiling Genius hovers o'er NEW-YORK,

Directs my view to her stupendous work!

See there the pride, the glory of her soil,

The gift reward of her adventurous toil;

And 'dnd vessels through her valleys glide,

From Erie's bosom to Atlantic's tide.

But New-York alone attract the eye,

Since other States with her begin to vie!

Oto views afar the golden crown,

And takes the road to honor and renown.

Shall these alone their great Improvements boast?

Shall INDIA in the theme be lost?

O no—a RAY of intellectual light,

Bursts from the chambers of Oblivion's night;

Sheds o'er her soul a bright, resplendent blaze,

And points the unerring path to better days.

Prophetic vision now with pride appears,

Looks through the vista of succeeding years;

Beholds Missouri's wide extended plain—

Where darkness seems to hold perpetual reign:

Where beasts of prey and gnawing vultures brood

And Nature sleeps in silent solitude—

Spring from the mazes of the dark profound,

And burst the bonds which long her empire bound;

O'er her wild waste, where man ne'er deigned to live,

Proud Art asserts his high prerogative;

Her woodland forests to the axe-man bow,

And o'er her bosom moves the gliding plough;

Where once we could the lonely path pursue,

Now domes, and towns, and cities rise to view;

Oft where the Indian built the funeral fire,

The child of genius wakes the thrilling lyre;

Where'er we turn Improvements deck the soil,

And peace and plenty crown the labourer's toil

From ice-bound regions to the burning South,

From Nova Scotia to Columbia's mouth,

Brown Agriculture shall bedeck our shores,

And Commerce bring her treasure to our doors;

E'en stubborn Darien shall submissive prove,

And o'er his brow the rolling squadrons move;

The tide which now our Eastern borders lave,

Shall meet and gambol with Pacific's wave.

Delightful vision! (vision did I say?)

But soon we hope to realize THAT DAY!

AMERICA, etc. Time has told an age,