

MISCELLANY.

From the *Crawford Messenger*.

INTEMPERANCE—(EXTRACTED.)

Foul Demon! curse o' human race!
Thy palsied hand, and bloated face,
Thy ghastly form and reeling pace,
Na' foul detraction!
Prove but a wee-wee skinkin' trade
O' Hell's dread faction.

Fiend, as thou art, why tempt the brave?
Shall Freedom's son turn willing slave?
Thou bring'st to ruin's early grave,
Unconscious worth!
Hurl'd to despair, they eager crave
A kindred earth.

Why seek the cot whence comfort flows?
Where innocence and health disclose
Primeval happiness, that knows
No base alloy;
Deal but to these untasted woes,
An' peace destroy.

Precursor of life's dreaded ills,
Gout, cholic, cramp—thy breath distils
The foetid vapours of a thousand ills,
O' dissipation;
An' wi' a gloomy horror fills
A whole creation.

Monster begone! thou rack'st the soul!
Dance'd is thy pleasure—teeming bowl;
Poison in deadly torrents roll
N'nt nectar'd surface!
Death's fatal shafts allow control
Thy steadfast purpose.

GREVILLE.

LI E

The leaf that falls in autumn's hour,
The rose that fades upon the stem,
Are emblems of the silent power,
Of time and change o'er us and them;
Yet happier is the rose's fate,
For spring will new leaves restore,
And summer will new flowers create,
As bright as those which bloomed before.
But when life's morning dreams depart,
And grief succeeds to fancied bliss,
Oh! what shall cheer the lonely heart,
Or soften sorrow's bitterness?
Years will roll on—and time will bring
Its various changes, but in vain—
There is in life but one short spring,
And it can ne'er return again!

MUSICAL MISCELLANY.

Extracted from the doings of the Pittsburgh Harmonic Society.

What does it signify to us, whether
Orpheus or Mercury was the inventor of
the harp, or whether the first discovery
of wind instruments was owing to the
hint given by the air, as it whistled
through the reeds on the banks of the
Nile? That's no concern of ours, as the
old woman told the monkey that run
away with her good man's razor, and cut
his throat with it, just to keep up his
character for resembling his immortal
betters. But isn't it comical to hear the
thrumming and squalling of some fine,
love-loving, lovely lady, when she's seated
at her piano, with her sweatshirt
beside her, all rapture and wonderment
at her siren melody? She strains and
twists her tones, like so many nooses, to
catch his unwary heart, and makes them
as tangled and knotty, as a skein of silk
that the cat has been playing with;
while she stretches her voice into such a
small thread, that you might draw it
through the eye of the finest cambric needle.
Then there's that broken-winded,
bald-pated old sinner, with a nose like
the handle of his red crockery-ware
pitcher, who is eternally roaring out

"That's the old commodore,
The tough old commodore,
The gouty old commodore, he!"

in such a croaked, bull-frog voice, that
he quite shocks the delicate nerves of
the romantic young lady, who sits at her
window opposite, enacting sweet Juliet
to her enamoured Romeo, straining her
throat most unmercifully, to the tune of
O! there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream.

O! these provoking, tantalizing, coquet-
ting, good-for-nothing, petticoated, stave-
weavers! how they do worry the heads
of us poor bachelors, and break the
hearts of their forgiving husbands, with
the fa-la-lai-ing of their mischievous
tongues. And how maliciously modest
and stubborn they are before matrimony,
when you beg them to favor you with a
sample of their divine vocality. Now I
like—and so do all honest single gentle-
men—a right up and down girl, who
will sing without being coaxed half an
hour, and leave off singing when every
body is tired of hearing her. But there
are so many diffident young ladies, such
as jovial Horace tells us of, who always
decline singing when they are asked for
a song, and will not desist from their
squawking, until they have almost crack-
ed the tympanum of every ear within
hearing, that I declare, 'tis enough to
wear the patience of Job threadbare, to
be in their company. Old Jerry Grub-
bins is always railing at these shill-I-shall-
I sort of she males, as he calls them;
and he said to me the other day, in a
most awful passion, "odds blood and
buttermilk! what the devil takes the
hussies into musical society, if they can't
sing; or if they can sing, why don't they
do it when they are axed civilly? For
my share, I never refuses to please the
company with a sociable tune, for I love
a good song, as I do my dinner." Then,

without waiting to be invited, he struck
up the charming chaunt of

"Old Grimes is dead, that good old soul,
We ne'er shall see him more;"

and when he had waddled through at
least two yards and three quarters of it
—"There now," says he, "that's what I
calls a right nateral, sensible kind of a
tune; none of your wishy-washy stuff,
that your young gals sings, over their
piny-forty's."

Isn't that Tom Moore a delightful
kind of a fellow? and lord Byron, O!
what a dear, dear poet he is, all the la-
dies, to a man, vow and protest. They
wrote such sugar candy charming songs,
about love, and all that sort of thing;
that if they had never lived, one half of
the sympathetic girls would soon die of
the blue devils; and I don't see how one
piano or tongue in five hundred, could
find employment, except in being
thumped or wagged to some blind old
ditty, such as

O! cruel was the bullet ball
That shot his right eye out

I thought every body—at least every po-
etical lady body, had heard of Lord By-
ron. But I was at a tip-top ball, given
last week, by Mrs. Lumpytwitch, and
happening, in a breathing time, between
two cotillions, to ask my partner, the
enchanted Miss Angelina Twaddle,
what was her opinion of Lord Byron, as
a poet, for I had a mind to let her see
my poetical partialities—she looked very
grave, and I must say, rather flat, as
she simpered out "Lord Byron? La-
me! why who is he? Did he ever live
in this here town?" "O yes, miss," says
I, intending to be very witty and compli-
mentary, though my conscience kept jing-
ling my elbow all the time: "O yes,
miss. His mind is a kind of cosmopolite,
having the power of ubiquity. It is pre-
sent with you, and all other ladies of
fine taste and fancy, like yourself." Now
that's what I call *presence of mind*,
with a witness. But I used such hard
words, just to puzzle her faculties, that
I dare say Miss Twaddle had to consult
Walker for a month before she knew
what it meant.

After two or three dances, I begged
my amiable partner to gratify some of
the party, who had retired to the draw-
ing room, by singing one of Moore's be-
witching songs.—"Pon honor, sir now, I
vow I can't sing any song, and I don't
know none of Mr. Moore's chunes, ex-
cept, may be, this here one;" and squeak-
ed out with all her might,

Last night the dogs did bark,
I went to the gate to see.
And it's O! dear, what will become of me,
O! dear, what shall I do:
Nobody coming to marry me,
Nobody coming to woo?"

"Vastly sentimental!" whispered Bil-
ly Spilikens, into my left ear; "but I
hope that she'll not favor us with any
more."

Well, she was a kind, accommodat-
ing girl, I'll say that for Miss Angelina
Twaddle. She didn't wait to be flattered
and coaxed into a display of her musi-
cal capabilities, but jumped into the
thickest of the *chune*, without any affec-
tation or ceremony. I wish I could say
as much for the fashionable Miss Sera-
phina Rosebud. Seraphina was the very
pink of sentiment, and daffy-down-dilly
of coquetry. She could sing divinely
—after her own fashion, in a sort of quav-
er and shake, squeak and tremulous
treble voice, that made one's very heart
quake to hear her. She was one of your
novel reading, nervous, sympathetic
girls, who start at the flutter of a butter-
fly, and faint if a needle draws blood
from one of their fingers. Her mamma
and her romances had taught her that
she must never do any thing, that any
body, particularly any of the masculine
bodies, requested her to do, without being
solicited and flattered into compli-
ance. Billy Spilikens and I set all our
small talk agoing, to persuade the ac-
complished Miss Rosebud to make us
happy with a song. "I'll oblige gentle-
men," says she, with all the modesty in
the world, and lisping so sweetly, "you
must excuse me this evening; I've got
thuch a cold, that I can't raise a thune,
I tholomny protesth." But, after keep-
ing us all in misery for fifteen minutes
and a half, by a good time keeper, she
screwed up her mouth as if she had been
eating persimmons for a week, and list-
ped, so charmingly,

"Ith there a heart that never loved,
Or felt thoft man's sigh,
Ith there a man can mark unmor'd,
Dear woman's tearful eye?"

"Well now, I declare," said the prim
old maid Miss Dorothy Gimbletete, who
was sitting along side of me, "I wonder
how that lady, can think of singing be-
fore such a large company. I don't think
it de-co-rous, by no means, for us young
girls to be sol-fa-ing obstreperously, in
the presence of men, at all." "O! bless
your pretty face," says Billy, "excuse her.
—She's young and foolish yet; but by
the time she's as old—I mean, Miss, as
prudent as you, she'll be more on her
guard against the persuasion of young
men." "Thank you, sir, for the compli-
ment," said the offended Miss Dorothy,
"I'm singing her ruffles, and coloring, like
an enraged turkey-cock, as she stalked
majestically out of the room; while Spi-

likens leered at her so drolly, and sang
in an under key,

"Adown in the valley there lived an old maid,
Who, being past sixty, her charms' gan to fade."

The following spirited sketch from
the pen of the editor of the Nantucket
Enquirer, gives a playful idea of the an-
noyances that an editor is heir to. We
have had frequent occasions to admire
the vein of spicy humor and rich imagi-
nation of the writer.

Ten minutes in an editor's closet.—Ther-
mometer 90. Forced to open door and
window. Pulverized rocks and ordure,
vulgarily called dust, rising drab colored
clouds, and settling upon all sorts of
surfaces, desk, table, books, papers and
ink-stand, sifting through eyelids, and
aiming at nasal orifices unfortified by
rappee. Imps of darkness clamoring for
copy. No mail younger than four days.
With introductory yawn and scratch pre-
liminary, commence a paragraph: "The
political aspect of affairs."—"Want some
blackberries to day?" squeals a young
ragamuffin. Erase "aspect of affairs,"
and write "horizon" with a caret beneath
—proceed "portends"—"blackberries, sir?"
No, scratch again:—"a coming storm of"
—"copy wanted." Enter three gentle-
men; "pay you for your paper," dele-
storm; "please discontinue my paper"—
write tempest—"wish to subscribe sir,
and pay in advance"—dash out "tempest"
and scratch the third. Exeunt the three
gentlemen.—Write "crisis" with a full
stop. See how it reads; that's the genu-
ine *explosive style*; the very artillery of
composition—abrupt, startling and son-
orous—much admired by hollowpated
orators, whose brazen brain-shells are
continually ringing with thunders, earth-
quakes and horn bugles. Enter two visi-
tors, "what's the news?" "take a seat;" "hot
weather?" "yes," "what are you scribbling
about?" try to read, aside—the *political*
horizon—"Well, what do you think of
Clay's speech?"—"Oh, my thoughts are
all forestalled by Tom, Dick and Harry,
and what's your opinion of the American
System?" A pedler thrusts in his nose
and his yardstick: *portends*—"towel cloth
to sell, gentlemen,—a coming,—boy en-
ters," "copy?"—"crisis"—Here is a whole
line to begin upon. Tear off the sen-
tence, consign it to the devil, fling away
the pen in a paroxysm of perplexity, and
retreat in an ecstasy of distraction.

From the Masonic Mirror.

WOMAN

Woman is a very nice and a very complica-
ted machine. Her springs are infinitely deli-
cate; and differ from those of man pretty
nearly as the work of a repeating watch does
from that of a town clock. Look at her body
—how delicately formed! Examine her senses
—how exquisite and nice! Observe her un-
derstanding—how subtle and acute! But look
into her heart—there is the watch-work, com-
posed of parts so minute to themselves, and so
wonderfully combined, that they must be seen
by a microscopic eye to be clearly compre-
hended.

The perception of a woman is as quick as
lightning. Her penetration is intuitive; I had
almost said instinct. By a glance of her eye
she shall draw a deep and just conclusion.
Ask how she formed it—she cannot answer the
question.

As the perception of women is surprisingly
quick, so their souls and imaginations are un-
commonly susceptible. Few of them have
culture enough to write; but when they do,
how are their pictures; how animated their
descriptions! But if few women write they all
talk; and every man may judge of them on this
point, from every circle he goes into. Spirit
in conversation depends entirely upon fancy;
and women all over the world talk better than
men. Have they a character to portray, or
figure to describe? they give but three traits of
either one or the other, and the character is
known or the figure placed before our eyes.
Why? From the susceptibility of their imagi-
nations, their fancies receive lively impressions
from those principal traits, and they paint those
impressions with the same vivacity with which
they received them.

Let a woman of fancy be warm in conver-
sation, she shall produce a hundred charming
images, among which there shall not be one
indecorous or coarse. Warm a man on the
same subject; he shall possibly find stronger
allusions, but they shall neither be so brilliant
nor so chaste.

Our Ladies' large Bonnets are like a dense
fog; covering those beauties of nature, we are
most desirous to see.

The only compliment that should be paid
to a dandy, is to address him by that appella-
tion.

It is dangerous to sympathize with a friend
in his abuse of either his wife, his horse, or his
professions; unless the first is dead the second
disposed of, and the third discarded. There
are certain things which men will allow no one
to abuse, save themselves.

Fortitude is one of the noblest virtues ap-
pertaining to the human character, and stamps
upon those who possess it, an unending lustre,
which does honor to the name of man. He
who labors under the lash of adversity, and
bears up against his misfortunes with a pious
resignation must be pleasing to the Supreme
Being, while his conduct is universally admir-
ed by his fellow creatures.

THE CARELESS WIFE

To a man, of any delicacy, and even moder-
ate neatness, nothing certainly is more odious
and ungrateful than a slatternly and uncleanly
woman—"tis enough to quell his strongest pas-
sion, and damp every fond and tender emo-
tion—"tis vastly more so in a wife than in a
stranger. Besides, 'tis an insult upon a man's

taste, an affront to his senses and bullying him
to the nose. Let us survey the morning dress
of some women.

Down stairs they come, pulling up their
"untied decent slip shod with naked heels
peeping out; no stays or other hose," conveni-
ency, but all flip flop; a sort of napkin thrown
about the neck, without form or decency; a
tumbled discolored mob, or night cap, half on
and half off, with the frowzy hair banging in
rude ringlets, staring like Medusa with her
serpents; strutting up her petticoats, that are
sweeping the ground and scarce tied on; hands
unwashed; teeth furred, and eyes crusted.
This is the real picture of many married wo-
men, and the piteous case of many a poor soul
of a husband, unless when some stranger is
expected. Whereas a wife that is desirous of
maintaining herself in the affections of a man
of sense and spirit should take as much care of
sense and spirit should take as much care of
the neatness of her person, as if she was to be
every day a bride, and whosever neglects this
conduct must blame themselves, if their hus-
bands grow cold and indifferent; for it has a
natural tendency to make a man so; it debases
the character of the wife, and renders her
cheap and unlovely.

Mrs Colven's Messenger.

Preserving Bacon by Charcoal. Take a
tierce or box and cover the bottom with char-
coal, reduced to small pieces, but not to dust;
cover the legs or pieces of meat with stout
brown paper, sewed round so as to exclude
all dust; lay them in compact order; then cover
the layer with coal, and so till your business
is done, and cover the top with a good thick-
ness of coal. The use of charcoal, properly
prepared in the boxes is of great benefit in
preserving fresh provisions, butter and fruit
in warm weather, also in recovering meat of
any kind when partly damaged, by cover-
ing the same a few hours in the coal.

Amer. Repub.

To cure blistered feet. At going to bed,
rub the feet, not the blisters merely, with spir-
its mixed in the hand with a few drops of grease
from a tallow candle. In the morning the blis-
ters will have disappeared.

An old woman, who lived in one of the mid-
land counties, hearing the bells ring in 1814,
enquired the cause. "It is rejoicing for peace,"
mistress" said an old farmer. "The peace!
O Lord O Lord! what will this world come to?
What have they been fighting again!"

A young man, being lately examined by a
Minister, prior to confirmation, was asked,
"Who is the Mediator between Almighty God
and his people?" After a pause, and scratch-
ing his head he replied, "the Arch-bishop of
Canterbury."

A gentleman on horseback finding himself at
a spot where four roads met, asked a country-
man who was working on one of them where
it run to. Clodpole raising himself from his
stooping posture, scratching his head replied
with a grin, "I doesn't know where it runs,
Zur, but we find it here every morning."

Dr. Graham being on his stage at Chelms-
ford, in Essex, in order to promote the sale of
his medicines, told the country people that he
came there for the good of the public not for
want. Then speaking to his merry Andrew—
"Andrew," said he, do we come here for want?
"No, faith, sir," said he "we have
enough of that at home."

At a late fire in London, while the engines
were discharging their contents upon the roof
of a house an inscription on it became nearly
obliterated. "By my show!" exclaimed a
witty Irishman in the crowd, "this is a queer time
for joking!" And who is a joking?" growled one
of the firemen. "Why, don't you see man,
how you're playing upon words?"

La Mott's Cough Drops,

(FRESH SUPPLY.)

For Coughs, Consumptions, Colds, Influen-
za, Whooping Coughs, Spasmodic Asthma,
Pain in the Side, Difficulty of
Breathing, and Want of Sleep.

The proprietors of LA MOTT'S COUGH DROPS
have refrained from saying but little in commen-
dation of this preparation—being confident that
its value will prove a sufficient recommendation;
from the increased demand for the article, and
the great celebrity which it has gained in every
part of the United States where it is known,
and in order to render it as extensively useful as
possible, they feel confident in offering it to the
public as an APPROVED MEDICINE in those dis-
eases which it professes to cure, and one which
has rendered the most entire satisfaction to all
those who have had an opportunity of observing
and testing its salutary effects. In confirmation
of which they now present it to the public under
the sanction of the following certificates from
Physicians, Druggists, and Merchants in differ-
ent parts of the country.

The subscribers have sold LA MOTT'S COUGH
DROPS, as Agents for Messrs. Crosby's. The
medicine has obtained the approbation of the
public, by effecting many cures of the diseases
for which it is recommended. We have there-
fore, to hesitation in recommending LA MOTT'S
COUGH DROPS as an excellent medicine.

G. Dawson, druggist, and late U. S. Surgeon
at Fort Fayette, Pittsburgh, Pa. J. Hamm, M. D.
and E. D. Dower, druggists, Zanesville, Ohio;
William Mount, M. D. Dayton, Ohio; M. Wolf
& Co. Apothecary's Hall, Goodwin and Ashton,
and Fairchilds & Co. druggists, Cincinnati, Ohio;
J. Delmon, druggist, Channahoe, Ohio; S. Sharp-
less, merchant, St. Clairsville, Ohio; L. P. Fra-
zier, merchant, Xenia, Ohio; Wm. Lowry, mer-
chant, Lebanon, Ohio; Dr. E. Ferris, Lawrence-
burgh, Indiana; Dr. H. Watts, Madison, Indiana;
Thomas Wells, druggist, Nashville, Ten; T.
Davis, Shelbyville, Ten; Hyers & Butler, drug-
gists Louisville Ky; F. Floyd, druggist, Frank-
fort, Ky; Dr. M. Q. Ashley, Richmond, Ky; P.
B. Price, merchant, Georgetown, Ky; T. & H.
Hrents, merchants, Paris, Ky; T. B. Atwood,
merchant, Greensburg, Ky.

Reference to the envelope which accompanies
each bottle, for certificate of particular cases.

Prepared by O & S. CROSBY, Druggists,
Columbus, Ohio. Each Bottle will be labelled
and signed by them—otherwise, not genuine.
Each bottle contains 45 doses—price \$1. Sold
by Lawrenceburgh, Ia. August, 1827. 31—

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining in the Post office at Lawrence-
burgh, Ia. on the 29th day of September 1827,
which if not taken out by the 1st day of Janu-
ary next, will be sent to the General Post
Office as dead letters.

Adams Joseph	Kilgore Ranils
Amis Thomas	Lenon William
Brock Samuel	Lindsay Eleazer
Bennett Benj.	Lindly Moses or
Brown James	John Wilson
Bigley John	Learned James S.
Burris James	Liddle Stephen
Browning Vachel	Leonard Abigail
Balsley Geo. L.	Lantz Martin
Barker Hiram	Lawton Michael
Ball Joseph	Moss Demos
Bullock Thomas	Moran Richard
Bennett John	Norris Joseph
Boner Henry	Philips John
Blerk of Dearborn	Purdue William S.
Circuit Court	Roberts Ebenezer
Curtice Abner 2	Risley Martha
Curtice Sarah Ann 3	Rick Galen
Cloud William	Roseberry James
Crozier Dacre	Root Ira
Conklin Elizabeth	Rapp George
Cassidy Hugh	Sutler Joseph 2
Dill James 2	Sheriff of Dearborn
Davidson John	County 2.
Duty William	Shook John
Dart James	Silvester Joseph
Flake John	Stewart D. J.
Foley Owen	Steel Alexander
Finley David	Sarber Isaac
Fowler Nancy	Toner Sophia
Freeland John	Thornburgh Samuel
Giffin Jr.	Thornburgh M.
Griffith Jacob	Test John 2
Grant David	Vance Samuel C.
Howard N. G.	Vantrice Samuel
Howard B. D.	Walters William
Hornor Elias	Williams Nancy
Judd Roswell	Wigal Jacob
Jones Thomas or	Wilkinson John R.
Henry Kilers	Wenger Davis
Jackson Thomas	Wood Mrs. T.
Isreal Moses	Williams William
Kilgore Ezekiel	Waters Jacob.

ISAAC DUNN, P. M.

Lawrenceburgh Sept. 29, 1827.

N. B. Persons wishing to inquire for
letters, will call at the Printing Office.

FARM FOR SALE.

THE SUBSCRIBER wishes to sell his valuable
Farm situated on Salt Fork, Lawrenceburgh
township, about six miles from Lawrenceburgh,
containing 160 acres of land. On this farm are
sixty acres cleared, and under good fence, to-
gether with a Mill Seat, a bearing Orchard of
Peach and Apple trees; Also, a good Hewn
Log House, out Houses, Barn and Well of excel-
lent water. The above land will be sold very
low, and the terms of payment made easy.
JOHN DAVISON.
May 12, 1827.

LAND TITLES.

THE Board of Commissioners to perpetuate
testimony for the county of Dearborn, will meet
at the office of Dan'l Higman, in the town of
Lawrenceburgh, on the eighth of October next, at
9 o'clock, A. M. for the purpose of receiving
evidence of the existence of deeds, and other
instruments of writing, consumed by fire in the
court house at Lawrenceburgh; and also receiv-
ing and admitting to record all deeds heretofore
recorded, and all settlements of decedents' es-
tates, and probate business, the record of which
was consumed by fire. The session will continue
for two weeks, if the business require.

By order of the Board,
DAN'L HAGERMAN, Clerk.
N. B. All deeds and other instruments hereto-
fore recorded, will be admitted to record with-
out expense to the party making such applica-
tion, as the fees for such services are paid out
of the county treasury.
D. H.
September 8, 1827. 35—tf

WM. HARRINGTON, Boot & Shoe Maker.

WISHES to inform the citizens of the state
of Indiana, Kentucky, and Ohio, that he carries
on the above business at his old stand, first door
above Jesse Hunt's Hotel, on High street. He
has on hand a general assortment of work:

Women's Morocco, prunella,
and calf-skin shoes;
Men's coarse and fine boots
and shoes.

All of which are executed as well as any in the
Eastern or Western cities, and of as good mate-
rials. Attention will be paid to all orders in his
line of business.

JOURNEYMEN WANTED;
To whom Cincinnati wages will be given.
Lawrenceburgh, July 21, 1827. 28—tf

INDIANA PALLADIUM, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY M. Gregg & D. V. Culley, ON EVERY SATURDAY.

TERMS.

The PALLADIUM is printed weekly, on super
royal paper, at THREE DOLLARS, per annum,
paid at the end of the year; which may be dis-
charged by the payment of TWO DOLLARS in
advance, or by paying TWO DOLLARS & FIFTY
CENTS at the expiration of six months.

Those who receive their papers through the
Post-Office, or by the mail carrier, must pay the
carriage; or otherwise it will be charged on their
subscription.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Containing 12 lines, three insertions or less, one
dollar; twenty-five cents for each additional in-
sertion—larger advertisements in the same pro-
portion.

The CASH must accompany advertisements,
otherwise they will be published until paid for,
at the expense of the advertiser.

* Letters to the editors must be post-paid,
otherwise they will not be attended to.