

MISCELLANY.

From the United States Literary Gazette

THE OUL OF SONG

Where lives the soul of song?
Dwells it amid the city's festive halls?
Where crowd the eager throng,
Or where the wanderer's silent footstep falls?
Loves it the gay saloon,
Where wine and dances steal away the night?
And bright as summer noon
Burns round the pictured walls a blaze of light?
Seeks it the public square,
Where victory hails the people's chosen son,
And loud applauses there?
From lip to lip in emulous greetings run!
Dwells it amid the host,
Who bear their crimson banners waving high?
Whose first and only boast
Drews tears of anguish from the patriot's eye?
Follows it on the path,
Where the proud conqueror marches to his home.
And wearied of his wrath
Smiles as he steps beneath the imperial dome?
No—not in festive halls,
In crowded marts nor in the gay saloon;
Not in the forum falls,
Nor in the conquering host, the racious boon.
But where blue mountains rise
Silent and calm amid the upper air,
And pure and cloudless skies
Bend o'er a world, that lies below as fair?
But where uncultured plains
Spread far and wide their beds of grass and flowers,
And heaven's bright pencil stains
Clear gems that roll away in silent showers;
But in the depth of woods,
Where the slant sunbeam gilds the hoary trees,
And the soft voice of floods
Glides on the pinions of the evening breeze;
But in the broken dell,
Where the crisp'd ivy curls its tangled vines,
And the wild blossom's bell
Drops with the dew, that in its hollow shines;
But in the gulfly cave,
Where pours the cascade from the glacier's height.
And all its waters wave,
Like rainbows in their luxury of light;
There dwells the Soul of Song,—
It flies not to the city's festive halls,
But loves to steal along
Where the lone wanderer's silent footstep falls.

AN EXTRACT

FROM AN ESSAY

ON FEMALE EDUCATION.

It is a matter of much astonishment and regret, that the interesting subject of female education should have felt so little of the influence of that spirit of improvement which so strongly characterizes this age. Whilst, in the various departments of physical and moral science, scarcely any thing has been left unattempted, which might contribute to the comfort or embellishment of human existence, the cultivation of female intellect has been passed by with comparative neglect. It is not denied that much has been done towards the improvement of modern female education; but it has by no means received a degree of attention commensurate with its importance, and much remains yet to be effected before it is placed on a level, in that respect, with the other leading interests of society. It is true, the day is long past, when the perfection of female education consisted in learning to cut a garment, or to cook a mutton-chop; or, at most, in a few miserable attainments in needle-work, the mechanical drudgery of the embroidering-frame, where the greatest proficient must have yielded to the superior skill of any bare-footed Scottish lassie, that sits pent up in a muslin-factory to earn her sixpence a day!—when a female's instruction in reading extended no farther than to enable her to spell the Bible intelligibly;—when, in penmanship, it seldom exceeded the acquisition of a legible coarse-hand; and when her loftiest aspiration in Arithmetic contemplated only the rare qualification of being able to check the butcher or the grocer's bills. We certainly ought to be thankful that our eyes, in the present day, have never looked upon such bright models of female perfection.

Yet although such glaring errors have been exploded, and a much more liberal standard introduced, it must be acknowledged that too many of the old-fashioned prejudices are still cherished, even by those who lay strong claims to liberality and refinement. It is true that, unlike our forefathers of a century back, when, beyond her Bible, the reading of the best educated lady embraced only a few trashy Romances, well bred circles can now listen, with something more than bare toleration, to a lady who may venture an opinion on history, moral philosophy, or criticism! but let her beware, as she would avoid the pains and penalties which await the character of the *Blue-stockings*, betraying the slightest acquaintance with any language but her vernacular tongue, and last of all, with the obnoxious vocabulary of ancient Greece or Rome. Sneers and sarcasms await such a one in every company. She has renounced the *softness* and the *delicacy* and the *peculiar charm* of her sex! By showing that she knows something, and has a capacity to learn any thing,

she has lost that attribute of *helplessness* and *dependence* on the 'lords of creation' which invests the female character with so intense an interest. She has stepped from her appropriate sphere in the economy of society; she has invaded the province of the hardier sex, and not content with the undisputed sway of her sex over the minds of men in the walks of domestic life, with a bold and masculine and encroaching spirit, she is grasping at the reins of political power, seeking to be equal, nay, superior to men, and to lord it over the universe.—Such are the anathemas of the prejudiced of both sexes, of the envious among the less enlightened of her own, or of jealousy among the stupid part of the other, which are launched against the female who ventures to rise a few degrees above that standard of intelligence which modern prejudice has assigned to the sex. Now, we wish not to do injustice to the present times; but what we complain of is, that modern improvement has, in this respect, shown itself inconsistent. Unlike itself in every other work, when its watch-word is "forward!" here it seems to be comparatively stationary, and almost satisfied, for the time, with its present attainments. What would have been the picture of the modern arts and sciences, had they been pursued with equal luke-warmness! In the science of government, the world would scarcely have made a single advance, and, so far from the bright and inspiring picture now presented by our free political systems in happy and successful operation, a republic would have had scarcely any other existence than in the pages of the *Utopia*.—Chemistry would have progressed but a few degrees beyond the crude theory which resolved all matter into the original constituents of fire, air, earth and water. In manufactures, the tardy operations of human labour, unaided by machinery, could scarcely have supplied the rapidly increasing demand of society with the productions of the loom. No steam-boats would have glided on waters, and the proprietor of such a vehicle would have been in peril of having his head shaved for a visionary and dangerous madman.

The reflection which most naturally occurs to the mind of the inquirer on this subject, is the unreasonableness of the distinction so extremely disparaging to woman, which has been made, and is still maintained between the sexes. We confess we could never perceive either justice or good sense in this unequal system, or why all the reasons drawn from the dignity of man's intellectual nature, or from the benign influence of intelligence on individual and social happiness, which go to support the liberal education of males, should not be held equally applicable to the softer sex. It surely cannot be pretended that their intellectual natures are inferior to those of the other sex, and incapable of equal improvement. Such a position would stand rebuked not less by courtesy than by universal experience. A host of splendid witnesses, the Moores, the Dr. Stael's, the Edgeworths, the G-ellis, and the Wrights of the present day, would rise up to overwhelm the advocate of such an opinion with confusion: transcendent intellects, which have disenthrall'd themselves from the trammels and obstructions of the prevailing false system, and, through the clouds of error and prejudice which have enveloped them, have burst forth upon the world, to enlighten the understanding by their philosophy; to captivate the imagination by their genius; and to pour the light of a splendid & successful vindication on the intellectual character of their sex. Much less will it be pretended that woman is deficient in *taste*, as distinguished in popular language, from *intellect*. So far from this, it will scarcely be denied, that in all these endowments, woman is decidedly superior to the other sex; nay, we would rather say, that it was the peculiar gift of her sex. It is said of some celebrated painter, (Sir Joshua Reynolds, we think,) that he was in the habit of subjecting his paintings to the criticisms of *children*; regarding them as the most unerring judges of *nature*, in the productions of the pencil; and so we should be inclined to say, woe to that aspirant in any department of *taste*, who should not carry with him the suffrages of the *softer sex*. His condemnation we would consider sealed. That system of education, therefore, is highly unjust and oppressive, which robs of their proper privileges those whom nature has endowed with such large capacities for intellectual enjoyment, and which consigns, to a place below the salt, those so eminently qualified to occupy the highest seats at the great feast of reason.

*Sure he who made them with such large dis course;
Looking before and after, gave them not
This capability and god-like reason,
To rust in them unuse'd."

Intellectual cultivation imparts a charm to the character of woman, in every relation in life in which she can be contemplated. It fits the wife for what she is designed to be, the great sweetner of existence; and qualifies her, by the charms of intelligent conversation, the lively salutes of wit, and the delightful exhibitions of taste, to relieve the other sex from the

weight of those cares, peculiarly incident to their pursuits. Who would be satisfied with a companion for life, who could entertain him with no other topics than those connected with the kitchen, the smoke house and the larder, the children, the servants, and the poultry-yard? with one whom he could not summon to share with him, by the winter-evening fireside, in the enchantments of an author of genius; one who would contemplate the brightest displays of intellect with the vacant stare of an idiot, and look with a malignant and jealous eye on his books, and newspapers, and pamphlets, as objects which gave him a distaste for the homely topics of conversation, from which alone her mind could derive any satisfaction.

THE INTEMPERATE HUSBAND.

From Mr. Charles Sprague's address, delivered before the Massachusetts Society for suppressing Intemperance.

The common calamities of life may be endored.—Poverty, sickness, and even death may be met—but there is that which, while it brings all these with it, is worse than all these together. When the husband and father forgets the duties he once delighted to fulfil and by slow degrees becomes the creature of intemperance, there enters into his house the sorrow that rends the spirits—that cannot be elievated that will not be comforted.

It is here above all, where she, who has ventured every thing feels that every thing is lost. Woman silent suffring, devoted woman, here bends to her direst affliction. The measure of her woe is a drunkard. Who shall protect her when he is her insulter, her oppressor? What shall delight her, when she shrinks from the sight of his face, and trembles at the sound of his voice?—The heart is indeed dark, that has made desolate. There through the dull midnight hour, her griefs are whispered to herself, her bruised heart bleeds in secret. There, while the cruel author of her distress is drowned in distant revelry she holds her solitary vigil, waiting, yet dreading his return that will from her by his unkindness, tears even more scalding than those she sheds over his transgressions.

To fling a deeper gloom across the present, memory turns back, and broods upon the past.

Like the recollection of the sun-stricken pilgrim, of the cool spring that he drank at in the morning, the joys of other days come over her as if only to mock her parched and weary spirit. She recalls the ardent lover, whose graces won her from the home of her infancy—the enraptured father, who bent with such delight over his new born children—and she asks if this can really be him—this sunken being, who has now nothing for her but the son's disgusting brutality—nothing for those abashed and trembling children but the son's disgusting example? Can we wonder, that amid these agonizing moments, the tender cords of violated affection would snap asunder? that the scornful and detested wife should confess, "there is no killing like that which kills the heart?" that though it would have been hard for her to kiss for the last time the cold lips of her dead husband and lay his body forever in the dust, it is harder to behold him so de-based in life that even his death would be greeted in mercy?—Had he died in the light of his goodness, b-queating to his family the inheritance of an unmarred name the example of virtues that should blossom for his sons and daughters from the tomb—though she would have wept bitterly indeed, the tears of grief would not have been the tears of shame. But to behold him, fallen away from the station which he once adorned, degraded from eminence to ignominy—at home, turning his dwelling to darkness, and its holy endearments to mockery—abroad, thrust from the companionship of the worthy, a self-branded outlaw—this is the woe that the wife feels, is the more dreadful than death; that she mourns over, as worse than widowhood.

A good joke. Some weeks since an old Jack, in Stenington who had been about "half seas over" ever since he came ashore, began to grow sick of his cups, and actually moderated a reformation. He accordingly applied to a physician for something to cure drunkenness, and was supplied with a dose of Dr. Chambors's medicine, nicely prepared in a jug of rum, with directions to use freely of the liquor. Jack carried the jug to his boarding house, resolved strictly to follow the directions, to drink up the rum, and become a sober man. He soon found, however that "there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." He had taken only two or three sips, when his landlady, happening to find the jug while Jack was out, kindly volunteered her services, and with the assistance of another female, drank off all the liquor. And then, "such puking and purging!" it seemed as if they had emptied an apothecary's shop of its whole store of species. We have not heard that the women have drank any thing since, though Jack's sober resolutions appear to have evaporated with his rum.

RUM MURDER AND THE GALLows.

A corporal in the King's 70th Regiment, stationed at Grand River, U. Canada, who murdered his wife in a most inhuman manner, in Nov last, after having drawn his week's rations of rum, and drank the whole the same day was tried on the 8th inst. at the Niagara Assiz's and convicted. His daughter, aged 10 years, was present when he commenced abusing her mother but the father dragged her out into the snow, and as it appeared in evidence, finished the murder with a bayonet.—His only excuse was, that "he had been in liquor, and awakened and thought himself fighting with an enemy and it turned out to be a woman." He was found guilty, and executed on the 10th of Sept.

*Worthy of imitation—or a new cure for Intemperance!—A ticket which drew a prize of \$2,000, in the Groton Mocu-ment (Conn.) Lottery, was sold at Hart-

ford to a poor man addicted to intemperance. By the advice of his friends he refrained from drinking ardent spirits for two weeks, and appropriated the money usually spent in that time for Rum, to the purchase of the ticket which drew the above handsome prize.

Roads and Canals.—A Nashville merchant has found it convenient to put goods (purchased, we presume, in New York,) on board of a canal boat at Albany, to be taken to Nashville by way of the Erie canal. We remark too that mahogany has been brought from Honduras to Pittsburgh by the way of the Mississippi. There are not many political revolutions that affect the condition of a country more directly than the opening of a new route and mode of communication. This should be one of the first uses of government.—*Balt. Amer.*

LIST OF LETTERS

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

| | |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| Adams Joseph | Kilgore Ranis |
| Annis Thomas | Lemon William |
| Brock Samuel | Lindsay Eleazer |
| Bennet Benj. | Lindly Moses or |
| Brown James | John Wilson |
| Bigley John | Learned James S. |
| Buris James | Liddle Stephen |
| Browning Vachel | Leonard Abigail |
| Bulsey Geo. L. | Lantz Martin |
| Barker Hiram | Lawton Michael |
| Ball Joseph | Moss Demos |
| Bullock Thomas | Moran Richard |
| Bennett John | Norris Joseph |
| Boner Henry | Philip John |
| Blerk of Dearborn | Roberts Ebenezer |
| Circuit Court | Riley Martha |
| Curtice Aver 2 | Rich Galon |
| Curtice Sarah Ann 3 | Roseberry James |
| Cloud William | Root Ira |
| Crozier Isaac | Rapp George |
| Conklin Elizabeth | Stalter Joseph 2 |
| Cassedby Hugh | Sheriff of Dearborn |
| Dill James 2 | County 2. |
| Davidson John | Shook John |
| Daly William | Silverester Jasph |
| Dart James | Stewart L. J. |
| Flake John | Steel Alexander |
| Foley Owen | Finley David |
| Finley David | Fowler Nancy |
| Fowler Nancy | Friedland John |
| Friedland John | Giffin Mr. |
| Griffith Jacob | Griffith Jacob |
| Grant David | Hanson Samuel C. |
| Howard N. G. | Vantrice Samuel |
| Howard B. D. | Walters William |
| Horner Elias | Williams Nancy |
| Judd Rosswell | Wigall Jacob |
| Jones Thomas or | Wilkinson John R. |
| Henry Kilers | Wenner Davis |
| Jackson Thomas | Wood Mrs. T. |
| Isreal Moses | Williams Williams |
| Kilgore Ezekiel | Waters Jacob. |

ISAAC DUNN, P. M.

Lawrenceburg 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 Park, Lawrenceburg township, about six miles from Lawrenceburg, containing 160 acres of land. On this farm are sixty acres cleared, and under good fence, together with a Mill Seat, a bearing Orchard of Peach and Apple trees; Also, a good Hawk Log House, out Houses, Barn and Well of excellent water. The above land will be sold very low, and the terms of payment made easy.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

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 Hagerman, in the town of Lawrenceburg, 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 Lawrenceburg; and also receiving and admitting to record all deeds heretofore recorded, and all settlements of decedents' estates, 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 heretofore recorded, will be admitted to record without expense to the party making such application, as the fees for such services are paid out of the county treasury.

D. H.

September 8. 1827.

35 ff.

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 materials. Attention will be paid to all orders in his line of business.

JOURNEYMAN WANTED;

To whom Cincinnati wages will be given, Lawrenceburg, July 21, 1827.

28 ff

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 discharged 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 postage, otherwise it will be charged on their subscription.

ADVERTISEMENTS

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

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

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

35 ff.