

MISCELLANY.

From the Farmer's Advocate.

BRING WINE.

Bring wine, bring wine, 'tis a festal day,
A jubilee for the young and gay;
Drink joy to the fair and the blooming bride
That clings as a vine to her lov'd one's side.
She goes from the home of her early years—
May her eye of light ne'er be veiled in tears;
Drink joy to the hopes that round her twine,
Drink joy to the bride—bring wine, bring wine.

Bring wine, bring wine, drink joy to the youth
That kept his vows in the bond of truth;
May his heart ne'er cease to throb with bliss,
As it throb'd when he gave the nuptial kiss,
May his hopes not fade as a summer flower,
Nor his joys depart with the nuptial hour;
Like a beacon-star may they brightly shine,
Tho' life shall wane—bring wine, bring wine.
Bring wine, bring wine—drink joy to the guest;
If he sigh for love, may his hopes be blest;
If his heart is torn with corroding care,
May his sorrows pass as a cloud of air.
To him whom an arrow from Cupid's bow
Hath never pierc'd, may his pleasures flow;
To the bow'd in age, though in life's decline,
May they still know joy—bring wine, bring wine.

SONG.

She took a flower, and plucked the leaves,
Then flung them in the wine;
And ever thus, she said, at first,
The hopes of young love shine.
The cup is drained; amid the dregs
The leaves pale scentless lie;
And ever thus, she said at last
The hopes of young love die.

From the Massachusetts Journal.
RUN-AWAY MARRIAGE

"Whose house is that with white-capped chimneys, black sashed windows—and a nice little martin box just an epitome of the state house? It either belongs to a rich man with snug ideas of an establishment, or to some thriving carpenter. A man never built a house so well, unless it were for himself, or for money."

"You have guessed right. It belongs to a young carpenter, who has one of the most capable, gentle wives in the world.—In a quick perception of beauty and faculty for tasteful arrangement, she is a trifle above him; but in mind and character she is his equal—'tis a simple and natural superiority, never disturbing the harmony of happiness. Her father was an odd, ill-tempered man, who grew immensely rich by the sale of flour, and lost it all in the payment of penalties incurred by his knavery. His wife was a coarse ignorant woman, and a termagant. Never was there a more singular instance of superfluity of wealth united with the utter ignorance of its use.—Mirrors and chandeliers glittered in the parlor, while the family eat with their domestics from one common dish on the kitchen table; and artists were paid twice the value of their portraits by people who requested to be taken in blue attitude. That their little daughter Susan should have been gentle-tempered is not surprising, for the poor child had been frightened into meekness; but why the scion of such a stock should have been fair and graceful, it is difficult to say. Yet so it was—and the prettiness and timidity of the little creature attracted the attention of a maternal uncle, who being a childless widower, fostered her with a care and kindness to which she had been totally unused. When she was fourteen years old, her uncle died, leaving her a fortune of eight thousand dollars, to be paid on her wedding day. About this time her father was discovered in several knavish practices, and began to tremble for his ill-gotten wealth.

Worse than he dreaded, came upon him; and the fortune of his little daughter seemed all that could save him from utter poverty. Destitute as these parents were of natural affection, it was not strange that they should resolve to sacrifice the happiness of their child to their own selfish views. Lost her eight thousand should attract admirers, the poor girl was shut up in a chamber, and forbidden to read any books, for fear they should fill her head full of romantic notions. Fate, however, will sometimes overrule the nicest calculations of men. Susan had a fine head of soft, glossy brown hair, which she took much pleasure in arraying neatly. When she was about fifteen years of age, it chanced she one day left her comb in the parlor, and returned in haste to find it, with her hair falling almost to her feet, like an ample drapery of Persian silk. Young Mr. Blanchard the best carpenter in our village, happened to be there, mending a door which Mr. Cromwell had broken in one of his fits of rage; he glanced at the blushing girl as she darted out of the room, and by way of flattering the mother observed, 'Your daughter has beautiful hair, ma'am.' Her hair is no concern of yours, as I know of,' replied the furious beldame. Human nature is certainly strangely perverse in some cases. Had it not been for this uncivil answer, the young man would probably never again have thought of Susan Cromwell and her beautiful hair; but now the thought just flitted through his

mind, how delightfully provoking it would be, if he could get up an interest in the heart of this harshly treated daughter. There seemed, however, little prospect of his obtaining an opportunity; for Susan was kept more closely imprisoned than ever—and lest her hair should again attract attention, her father tied her hands behind her, while her mother shaved it close to her head.

A year passed, and Mr. Blanchard saw Susan only once, and that at her chamber window. At the end of that time there was a school established about a quarter of a mile from their dwelling, in which lace-working was taught. Old Mrs. Cromwell had, as she expressed herself, long "hankered after a white wicker wail;" but it was contrary to all her ideas of economy to give the price usually asked at the stores. It was therefore agreed that Susan should attend long enough to work such a one as her mother desired.

To avoid danger, she was never allowed to leave home until ten minutes before the school commenced—a written account of the time she arrived was once a week demanded from her instructor; and the horse-whip, faithfully administered, was the sure consequence of a tardy return to her father's dwelling. How, with all these restrictions, young Blanchard managed to see her, to inquire into the hardships of her forlorn condition, and to offer her his protection, is a mystery; but love is more noted than the Yankees for patent inventions, and never yet was known to be at a loss to effect his purposes.

It was one bright Saturday in June—the appointed time of Susan's return had long elapsed, and she was not seen in her homeward path. The horse whip was prepared, and the loving parents sat "nursing their wrath to keep it warm" for a full hour; still no Susan appeared! A domestic, sent to the school house, returned with the tidings that she had not been there. "The jade has run away!" exclaimed the mother;—and forth the father sallied to wreak his vengeance on something. His inquiries were all fruitless; for so far did Yankee goodness of heart overcome their natural proneness to communicativeness, that no one would tell the truth, though half the village knew that Blanchard's chaise had been standing at the school house door, waiting for Susan's arrival—and before the alarm was given, they were in all human probability, husband and wife!

At last, one old gossip, who prided herself upon being the first to tell the news, placed her arms akimbo, and in her face with the most provoking air of exultation, exclaimed, "La zur, Mr. Cromwell, what a tub of suds you are in!—Don't you know Susan has gone to Providence to be married?" "Gone to Providence!" shouted he. He said no more—but slamming the door after him went to his own house as if steam had sent him there. A large black pitcher, from which he and his laborers had drunk beer during many a haying season, was standing on the corner of the table.—Cromwell, in the blindness of his rage, mistook it for his wife's favorite black cat, and exclaiming 'scat!' he gave it a blow that shivered it into a thousand atoms.

"What's the old pitcher done?"—asked the virago, surprised at such an unprovoked display of his strength.—"None of your business—it is broke, and I am glad of it; if it was whole, I'd break it again. Here is a pretty spot of work—and it all comes by your d—n lace wail. Susan has gone to Providence to be married!" "To be married!" screamed his mate—"Let's be up and after her!"

The horse was harnessed to the chaise with all speed; and in ten minutes they were on their way to Rhode Island.

Mr. Blanchard had foreseen the probability of pursuit; and had therefore made arrangements that his wife should return with one of the young men who attended as witnesses, while the other should ride with him, disguised in her cloak and bonnet.

About half way between here and Providence the parties met.—Old Cromwell seized the bridegroom's horse by the head, while his enraged wife proceeded to use the whip about her supposed daughter. In the mean time the real bride and her attendants swept by, and rode at a rapid rate, till they reached the residence of Mr. Blanchard's father.

The bridegroom's companion was a man of powerful muscle. While he kept his furious antagonists occupied, Blanchard touched the whip to his father-in-law's high mettled steed, which pursued the road to Providence, as if he had been spurred by the evil one.

The combat was now equal, and seemed like to continue long; but the young men, availing themselves of a temporary pause, sprang to their chaise, and were out of sight in a tangent.

Few objects could be more ludicrous than Cromwell and his wife, thus left alone and exhausted in the middle of the road, far from their own home. Both looked heartily ashamed of their defeat; and there was a moment's silence before the termagant summoned heart enough

to ask,—"Where do you suppose our horse is?" "Gone to Providence to be married, you old fool!" replied he, throwing his whip on the ground with a force that made the neighboring cows stop grazing.

* * * * *

A passing stage took up our discomfited travellers—And Susan for many months found a happy home in her husband's family. Mr. Cromwell was very refractory about the eight thousand; but was finally compelled to pay it.

Vexation and shame have induced him to leave the Village for Kentucky; and Mr. and Mrs. Blanchard have for several years occupied the neat dwelling you pointed out to me.

ROBESPIERRE.

Maximilien Isodore Robespierre, a sanguinary demagogue during the French Revolution. He was born at Arras, of poor parents, 1759, and was educated

at the expense of the Bishop of the diocese. After studying at Paris, he applied himself to the law, and in 1784, obtained the prize of the academy of Metz, by his discourse on the disgrace which attends the relations of criminals. At the meeting of the Constituent Assembly, he obtained a seat, and began now to distinguish himself more by the originality of his observations, than his eloquence. Though not visibly engaged in the atrocious scenes of the 20th of June, the 10th of August, and of September, he was anxious to reap the fruit of those bloody transactions, and when admitted into the Convention, he artfully employed his influence, and the darkest intrigues, to render his opponents unpopular, and to lead them to the scaffold. With the criminal wish of being declared dictator, he hastened the destruction of the unfortunate Louis, and persecuted his innocent family, and after making Danton, Herbert, and others, the guilty ministers of his atrocious deeds, he prevailed upon the intimidated Convention to send them to the guillotine. France was now filled with denunciations; in every province, and in every town, tribunals were erected, which condemned alike the innocent and the guilty, and no man could, with safety, intrust his secrets or his lie in the hands of his parent, his neighbor or his friend. Suspicious, timid and irresolute, the tyrant yet had sufficient art to interpret the machinations formed against his power, as treason against the republic, and to sacrifice his personal enemies and his public rivals, as the most abandoned and perfidious citizens of France. Prosecution thus followed proscription, and every day the streets of Paris exhibited the melancholy procession of wretched victims dragged to the scaffold, on the accusation of persons whom they had never known, and for crimes which they never had committed. If he had known how to spare, Robespierre might have longer continued to direct the government of France; but his cowardly conduct in sacrificing those who were ready to be his associates and ministers in the vilest deeds, at last roused the courage of a few, who suspected that they were next marked for destruction. The tyrant and his two accomplices, Couthon, and St. Just, were suddenly impeached in the Convention, and 'down with the tyrant!' were the only exclamations which were heard on all sides, when these bloody assassins attempted to ascend the tribune to defend themselves. In vain the commune of Paris took up arms against the Convention, to protect its accused leaders; Robespierre was conducted as a criminal, fearful and suppliant, and no longer haughty and ferocious, to the Hotel de Ville, where a gen-d'arme discovering him in the midst of the uproar and confusion, concealed in an obscure corner, fired a pistol at him, and broke to pieces his lower jaw. Extended on a table, in the severest agonies, yet without uttering a groan, the tyrant viewed in silence the preparations made for his punishment. On the morrow, 28th July, 1794, at four in the evening, he was carried with twenty-two of his accomplices, amidst the groans, the hisses, and the rejoicings of the populace, to that scaffold where he had made to bleed, so many thousand innocent victims.

Such was the influence of this sanguinary monster, that France forgot her religion and her honor at his command; but after he had seen the altars insulted, the churches thrown down, and public worship abolished, he claimed the merit of restoring to the Supreme Being some share in the government of the universe, and he appeared in the name of the Convention as the priest and founder of a new religion, and decreed with great solemnity that a God existed in the world. *Lematrie's Biog. Dic.*

Virtue is the brightest ornament of youth. As on the one hand, religion never appears more lovely and engaging, than when it dwells on the lips, and is exhibited in the lives of the young people, so on the other hand, young persons never appear so amiable, and deserve so much esteem and confidence, as when they are religious; when they walk in the paths of virtue, honesty, sobriety and integrity. Always interesting in itself, youth is rendered doubly so, when

associated with the graces and tempers of the gospel. A young man, or a young woman, destitute of religion, may be very estimable and worthy, on account of the amiableness of their dispositions, and the propriety of their deportment. But where the spirit and graces of Christianity are added, it is like adding life and motion to a statue, which we have admired for its proportion and decorations. But a young person of elegant form, and engaging manners, who lives in profligacy, impurity, and blasphemy, deserves to be compared to a finished statue, steaming forth corruption, and poisoning the atmosphere with contagion and death.

Parker's Journal.—The following is extracted from the log-book of Thomas Parker, who died in America, and who was an active naval officer during the American war.

FIRST PART OF THE VOYAGE.

(Through life)—Pleasant, with fine breezes, and free winds—all sails set—spoke many vessels in want of provisions—supplied them freely.

MIDDLE PASSAGE.

Weather variable—short of provisions—spoke several of the above vessels, our supplies had, enabled to refit—made signals of distress—they up helm, and bore away.

LATTER PART.

Boisterous, with contrary winds—current of Adversity setting hard to leeward—towards the end of the passage it cleared up—with the quadrant of poverty had an observation—corrected and made up my reckoning, and after a passage of fifty years, came to in mortality road, with the calm unruled surface of the ocean of eternity in view.

CAUTION.

WHEREAS my wife Hannah has eloped from her bed and board, without any just cause or provocation, and has conducted herself in an indecent manner; I therefore forewarn all persons from trusting or harboring her on my account, as I am determined not to pay any debts of her contracting after this date

Logan township, Dearborn county Indiana.

WILLIAM BRUNDAGE.

September 4, 1828. 36-3w.

FULLING.

AND

Cloth Dressing,

At Samuel Bond's Mill, on White Water.

THE subscriber wishes to inform his friends and the public generally, that the works are in complete order and ready for business; and that he is now ready to receive Cloth, which he will warrant to be FULLED, DYED & DRESSED, in the best manner,

and with despatch, at the following prices, or as low as any other's customary prices:—London Brown fulled, fine dress, 25 cents;—Women's wear, duto, 14 cents;—Snuff, Bottle Greens, London Smokes, Olives, Browns, Blacks, and Navy Blues, fulled, fine dress, from 18 3/4 to 20 cents;—Women's wear of the above colours, from 10 to 12 1/2 cents per yard. Light and dark Drabs, Leads, fulled, fine dress, 8 to 12 cents. Coloured cloth, fulled and pressed, 6 1/4; if sheared once or twice, 8 cents, finest dress 10 cents; and all other work in the above business, done at the same rates at the above Mill.

MILES KELLOGG

White Water. Aug 4th 1828. 311.

REVOLUTIONARY CLAIMS.

For the purpose of obtaining the amount of pay accruing to me for the half year ending on the 24th day of September, 1828, under the act, entitled "An act for the relief of certain surviving officers and soldiers of the Army of the United States, or, in the event of their death, their dependents."

It is to be observed, on this occasion to state, that although an earnest desire has been felt to give immediate effect to the benevolent intentions of Congress, as manifested in the act referred to, yet, owing to the number of applications, and the investigations necessary

to be made previously to a decision, it has not been found practicable to act upon every case as early as could have been wished. The rule has been to take up each claim in the order in which it has been received. The same course will be pursued hereafter.

It is requested that all letters on this subject may be endorsed "Revolutionary Claims"

RICHARD RUSH.

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Witness my hand, this day of , in the year one thousand eight hundred and twenty-eight.

Before me, , a for the County of , in the State of , personally appeared, this day, , and , of the said county, who did severally make oath that , by whom the foregoing declaration was made and subscribed, is well known to them to be the person therein described, and that he is generally reputed and believed to have been a in the Army of the Revolution, in manner as therein stated; and that the said declaration was made and subscribed by the said , in their presence, on the day of the date thereof.

Witness my hand, this day of , in the year one thousand eight hundred and twenty-eight.

I, , Clerk of the Court of the County of , in the State of , do hereby certify, that , before whom the foregoing affidavits were sworn, was, at the time, a for the said County, and duly empowered to administer oaths.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and affixed the seal of the [s.] said Court, this day of , in the year one thousand eight hundred and twenty-eight.

August 23—1828.

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