

MISCELLANY.

FROM THE CHARLESTON COURIER.
STANZAS.

The Summer's leaves were fair and bright,
But now upon their boughs they fade,
Already has the withering bight
Of Autumn, ruthless bavoc made;
The gay, the beautiful, the pride
Of August droop—and some have died!

The sun in splendor rose to-day,
His glories beam'd far o'er the world;
But clouds arose, obscured each ray,
And rain drops soon the flowers impared;
Those flowers, how sweet! yet even they
Beg their early, sure decay.

And thus it is with all fair things—
All which we love and prize the most,
A season, eye, a day oft brings
The fearful bight—and they are lost;
Gay thoughts, high hopes, deep feelings
all,
Must wear the dark funeral pall.

I too—my life is here pourtray'd,
It dawn'd like Summer's brightest leaf;
Was like this morning's sky array'd,
As evanescent—bright as brief—
For sorrow's clouds rose thick and soon,
'Twas midnight ere its hour of noon.

And now, 'tis like those drooping flowers,
Fast hast'ning to the silent tomb;
A few more days—a few more hours,
And they will lose their transient bloom;
A little longer still—and I
Must follow—like a passing sigh.

THE TRUE USE OF RICHES.

Charles Johnson and Howard Jones were chums at the same school. Johnson was at that time set down for a lad of a dull, slow spirit and wit; and, apparently without feeling, felt silently for all who deserved it, and sometimes for those who did not: while Jones with much loud talk of feeling, and a collection of the most approved maxims of charity at his tongue's end, seemed never to possess either. These boy-friends were parted, and became men at last. Charles burst out into a man of genius: the early morning of his life was apparently dull, but its noon gave promise of a glorious after-day; while Howard, who in his youth had excited the greatest hopes of his friends, sunk into the mere man of the world. Though the one was now mammon-minded and sordid almost to avarice, and the other the mere creature of the elements, 'that plays in the plighted clouds,' though one was poor and the other rich; though as dissimilar as darkness and light—as immixtable as water and oil, as opposite as ice and fire, they were nevertheless friends—such friends as the world understands by that much abused word.

Howard, indeed, threw much more rapidly than his friend grew unfortunate. But to keep up the appearance of friendship and humility, when he fell in with him he would not loose his sleeve till he had him at his silver-spread table; and Charles, who was too noble to be envious of another man's happiness or wealth, was there the merriest of the merry, and kept the table in a roar with equal pleasure to himself and to others. Time, however, was rather slow in reconciling the riches of the one to the poverty of the other, but did eventually so far succeed, that Jones began to care about half as much for Johnson's neediness as he did himself: and here we come to our story.

Howard had employed a skilful mechanic to repair his chaise; and the business being done, as was his custom, he thought no more about paying than Dives did of Lazarus.—The needy creditor had suffered his wealthy debtor to stand in his books longer than the usual time, for he was (as a poor tradesman often is, to the shame of the rich) afraid to ask "so great a man as Mr. Jones" for so paupery a sum. At length (for Patience herself will sometimes grow impatient) the poor man called himself. Mr. Jones could not look at his bill then: he had "a particular friend with him," (Johnson was there,) he might call again next month.—The humble man turned away from the proud man's door with weary foot, for he had journeyed some miles. The month passed away, and he called again; but he could not see him: ("Thomson, his particular friend Thomson was there;") he might call again in a week: he called in a week; he was not at home: (his still more particular friend, Wilson, was there then)—"all again;" he did; he was not up—"call again;" he did; he was not down—"call in the city;" he was out of town—"call at the villa; he was in town:—in short, let him call when he would, or where he would, it was to no purpose.

Charles's humane heart was shocked at the evident reluctance of Jones to part with his money; and resolved, when an opportunity offered, to punish his unfeeling friend in some way that should exhibit his covetousness in its true light. In the meantime, (by one of those accidents in the life of a poor man of letters, which ought to admit him into a hospital as much as a broken leg, and thus, by keeping him in at Bartholomew's keep him out of Bedlam) happening to have ten guineas in his pocket, he privately paid the poor mechanic the 5 he so much wanted, contenting himself with the hope deserved this!—and then he kicked his

that when he had thoroughly shamed his penurious rich friend thoroughly again into feeling he should get repaid.

An opportunity soon served for his scheme. Jones had lately had a large estate in the West Indies, bequeathed to him by a rich bachelor uncle, and was in daily expectation of receiving the proceeds. Johnson, by some means, had heard of the arrival of the agent at Liverpool, but concealed the information. In the meantime Jones betrayed such a feverish impatience to finger the expected cash, that, what with plethora and passion, and the megrims into which every day's disappointment threw him, he took to his bed. It was now that Charles determined to effect, if possible, a cure of his rapacious love for money, and to revenge the neglect and wrong he had done to the sick creditor.

Accordingly, on the following morning before the city shop-boys had watered the usual rings in the dust of the dog-days, he was at Jones' door, dressed in all the tight importance, and loose nankeen trowsers, of a warm West Indian. The knocker was as yet unmuffled: he knocked impatiently; and after a reasonable dressing-time, descends an Appearance in a mob-cap, with a dull, death-watching face, and a mouth yawning to the circumference of a Dutch oven: it was Mrs. Shufflebottom, the night nurse. "Mrs. Jones, I presume, Madam?" said Charles, bowing most respectfully to her inaudible list shoes. "No, Sir," simpered the flattered feminine, very proud of the mistake, "Mrs. Shufflebottom, night-nurse, &c. at your service," curteying herself down to about half her attitude. "Well then, good morning to Mrs. Shufflebottom, at my service? Pray how is Jones this morning? I've just arrived from the West Indies, and the first thing which I hear is, that Jones, my dear generous Jones is ill?" "Yes, ill indeed, Sir, poor dear gentleman: he has had five physicians!"—"Five physicians!" exclaimed Charles, "that's very dangerous, indeed! He must be a hale, hearty man to survive such an attack! Five physicians! poor man! poor Jones! Good morning, Madam; my compliments, and all that." "May I have the honor of your name?" curteied Mrs. S. "O certainly, certainly: Hurricane, Madam—Mr. Hurricane, from the West Indies—Hurricane, the agent.—You'll wake poor Mr. Jones, if he should happen to be asleep, and tell him that I called, and not wishing to disturb him, will call again?" "La! Sir," exclaimed Mrs. S., "you are the very gentleman that Mr. Jones is so anxious to see!" "Very possible—very likely; but really I can't wait: I've my cousin Thomson to call on, and console with him on the death of his wife's pug-dog—poor things, they have no children, and such a loss is consequently very terrible!" "But he's so anxious to see you," urged Mrs. S. "Ho! certainly he shall: but I must see Thomson immediately; you'll say my name is Hurricane—Hurricane: I am in the greatest possible haste, or I would wait on Mr. Jones.—Good morning, Madam! Hurricane—you'll remember?" tapping Mrs. S. on the elbow impatiently with a walking cane; and then off he went, leaving the nurse in all womanly wonder at his coolness.

Two hours are past, and he has again knocked at Jones' door, as if he would knock him down who opened it; and again Mrs. Shufflebottom descends in all the freshness of a laced tucker, flounced apron, morting gown, and shining morning face? "Well, how's Jones now?" "The powers of goodness!" exclaimed she, lifting up her hands and her eyes; "I'm as glad as a May-queen that you've come back so soon, Sir! Poor Mr. Jones, as soon as he heard that a white gentleman from the West Indies had called, leaped out of bed like a lunatic madman! 'Just so? Then he is better! I'm very glad to hear it indeed—very! Good morning, Madam, and my compliments, and whatever is usual to be said on these interesting occasions." (Going.) "But, my dear Sir," remonstrated Mrs. S., seizing him by the button, he wishes of all things to see you; pray now do, dear Mr. Harry Cane, walk in!" implored the kindly nurse. "It's impossible, my dearest Madam!" "But he's dying, Sir!" insisted she. "Very good: bathe must not die till I see him; I've a positive engagement with my particular friend, Wilson, who is leaving town for his country house at Islington. The resiged old gentleman would think me particularly unfeeling if I did not see him off." "Well, but my dear Sir—Mrs. Shufflebottom," said Charles, with mock earnestness and solemnity of manner, "it is impossible. Good morning, and my compliments as before!"—(Gone.)

Mrs. S. looked all astonishment, and then quietly shutting the door, and then opening it again, to look once more at the author of her wonderment, she shut it and went up stairs to poor Jones, who was more sick with impatience than any other complaint, and told him what a strange gentleman Mr. Harry Cane was. "The man must be a brute, to trifl with a dying man!" vociferated Jones, as he pushed his patient nurse out of the room, and half way down the stairs. "If I had ever treated any man so, I should have wanted, contenting himself with the hope deserved this!"—and then he kicked his

rheumatic and venerable valet into the ante-chamber.

At eight o'clock Charles returns: the knock, the Mr. S. and the "Well, how's Jones?" again occur: to which the nurse, who had not yet recovered from the rudeness with which she had been thrust out of the bed room, answered,—"Ah, Sir, poor Mr. Jones is certainly mad, and will not outlive this day!" "Exactly so," replied Charles, coolly playing with his cane; "then I'll call to-morrow; for I have promised to meet the very best fellow in the world, my friend Jackson. Good morning, Mrs. Shufflebottom," (bottom,) he would have said, but the good nurse at that moment remembering the push she had had down stairs,—or else impatient at the supposed Mr. Hurricane's prevaricating putting off, shut the door in his face, and went off in a huff.

At nine he returns, and rings, for he was afraid the lion's head would not answer his inquiries, as it was by this time muffled in white leather, and looked totally sick and silent; but the wary Mrs. S. saw through the blinds that it was her old troubler, and perhaps out of a momentary spirit of revenge for the violence which had been done to her sacred office and more sacred person, refused to open. At ten, therefore, he sends a tick-ett-poster, with instructions to ring long and loud: this succeeds, and down descends the surly nurse, looking as if she could wring his nose as long as he had rang the bell. "Ho—a gentleman wants to know whether Mr. Jones could see Mr. Hurricane some time next week?" Jones heard this message and losing the little patience he ever possessed, bawled out, "tell the rascal to come here immediately, or I'll have him arrested for embezzlement, and teach him what it is to trifle with a dying man!"

The porter departs growling, and at 12 another comes to say, that "the gentleman would wait on him to-morrow, as soon as he had seen Mr. Simson, his tailor." At one, a third inquires how Mr. Jones was at twelve; at two, the same porter comes to know how he was at one; and at three Johnson himself re-appears, and ringing louder than before, Jones is heard in the distance swearing like a cat-purse. "Tell the barbarous Barbadoes rascal to come up stairs, or I'll send the contents of a blunderbuss after his heels!" were the last words of Jones, as his man opened the door, with an "Ah, how do ye do, Mr. Johnson?" "How's Jones now?" asked Charles, with a negro-bullying, West India sort of voice, that seemed to be half choked with raw rum, raw sugar, and suffocating cigars. A this critical juncture, Mrs. Shufflebottom appeared from side parlour, and Jones at the stairhead, in his bed gown and velvet cap. This was an unexpected development.

Charles was now compelled to enter; and being asked his motive for such an unseasonable frolic, and having explained, "that it was to teach him, who had been insensible to the sickness and patience of another, the cruelty of being trifled with, and the pain which is worse than sickness, of seeing man indifferent to the sufferings of his fellow man;" (here he produced the poor chase-mender's receipt for his five guineas,) Jones saw, with a blush, the cruelty of his neglect of the needy creditor, and taking Charles by the hand pressed it with more than his usual warmth, forgave him the manner of his lesson, forgot his megrims; and patiently waiting the arrival of his agent, (who came the next day with the immense revenues of his estate,) is now a man of great wealth—gives liberally to all who want, that don't deserve to want!—is kind and considerate to all whether poor or rich; and loves his friend above all men, as the man who taught him the true value of wealth, and that it can only give happiness where it bestows the means of making those happy who are less the favorites of Fortune.

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the subscriber by a book account or note, are requested to call and make immediate payment or give a judgment and save cost, as no further indulgence can be given.

He would also inform the public that he still continues to carry on the

Tinning Business

in all its branches, at the old stand on High Street, south west of the market house, Lawrenceburg, and that he will be able at all times to accommodate customers and others with new work or repair old with despatch.

WILLIAM KELL.

Oct. 25, 1828. 4—6w.

Military Notice.

THE Court of Assessment of fines not being held on the 1st Monday in November 1828, This is therefore to notify all persons whom it may concern that the Court of Assessment of fines for the 55th Regiment of Indiana Militia, directed to be held at the house of H. Dils, on Saturday the 22d day of November, 1828, agreeably to the 45th section of an act regulating the Militia, approved January 20th, 1824.

The Court of Appeals will be held at the house of Henry Dils, on the first Monday in December next. The field officers & captains will attend, to alter company bounds and set off new companies on the last mentioned day.

JOHN SPENCER, Col Comdt.

55th Regt. I. M.

November 19th, 1828.

Blank Deeds

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

LOOK OUT DELINQUENTS.

THOSE indebted to me for taxes, fees, notes, and accounts, are specially requested to call and pay the same on or before the 1st day of December 1828, as no longer indulgence will be given. I have called time and again, by advertisement and otherwise, to little effect; but now the time has come when my situation requires immediate payment from all indebted to me. It is impossible for me to pay off the amount of the duplicates of taxes and my other debts, without recovering the same of those from whom it is due. I am at a loss to know the reason why those charged with taxes neglect to pay; from the negligence of many it would seem that they think the money is mine, or that I have funds to discharge the taxes due the state, and that I can wait with them until it suits their convenience to pay. The money is not mine; neither have I the funds to settle the amount of the duplicate. My only resort is to collect; in doing so, I should be sorry to have to resort to the authority given me by law for the recovery of the same. It should be the first object of every good citizen to pay his taxes, for it is in that way government is supported. Why are taxes assessed unless they are collected? Depend upon it I shall proceed to collect agreeably to law—so govern yourselves accordingly.

John Spencer,

Shff & collector, D. C.

FOR NEW-ORLEANS.

THE Steam Boat PIONEER, will leave for New Orleans the first rise of water. She will take in tow a large bull built for steam boat, which is well calculated to carry stock. Such persons as wish to ship Horses, Sheep, Poultry, &c. will apply soon to the Master, on board, or to

B. HAYDEN & Co.

No. 7, Commercial Row.

Cincinnati, Oct. 21, 1828. 43-1f

Estray Colt.

TAKEN UP,

By Simon Peters, Sports town ship, Dearborn county, a sorrel mare colt, supposed to be one year old last spring; large of its size; with a light colored mane; tail; left hind foot white, and a small star in the forehead. Appraised at twenty dollars. By Eliot Coffen and Moses Musgrave, the 11th day of November, 1828.

JONATHAN VAIL, J. P.

Sparta, Nov. 17, 1828. 46-*

Administrator's sale.

NOTICE is hereby given, that I shall expose to sale at public vendue, on the premises, at the late dwelling of Thomas Cooke of Laughery township, Dearborn county, deceased, various articles of personal property, consisting of

One Horse, Cattle, Hogs, & Household Furniture

of various kinds, all of which will be exposed to sale on Saturday the 29th of November present—where the terms of sale will be made known.

And I hereby further notify the public, that the said estate will be insolvent, and I shall claim the settlement of it as such; and I notify all persons holding claims against said estate to present them properly authenticated to me within one year, and those indebted to pay immediately.

ABRAHAM NORRIS, Adm'r.

Nov. 7, 1828. 44-3p

Dr. John S. Percival,

INFORMS the public that he has removed his residence

to a house on Water street

fronting the Ohio, and adjoining

Lawrenceburg.

Nov. 8, 1828. 44-1f

TAKEN UP

On the 22d of September, 1828, by J. B. Buffington, of Laughery township, Dearborn county, Indiana, a ROAN MARE, three years old past—about 14 1/2 hands high—a blaze in the face—both hind feet white—hip shot—no other marks or brands perceptible.

Appraised at fifteen dollars by Henry Miller and Benjamin Brian. Given under my hand and seal, this 4th of October 1828.

WILLIAM FLAKE, j. p. [seal]

44-3w

Land for sale.

I OFFER for sale the undivided half of the superior tract of land, situated immediately below the mouth of Tanner's Creek, and fronting on the Ohio River, containing about 250 acres, 80 acres of which is under cultivation, and having two tenable houses, &c. A liberal credit may be given. Apply to

W. W. GREENE,

Of Cincinnati, O.

Lawrenceburg, Nov. 13, 1828. 45-7w

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