

MISCELLANY.

We cheerfully give place to the following selection, by a fair reader. There are few pieces in our language which, for beauty of style or affecting simplicity, can vie with the appeal of—

THE ORPHAN BOY.

Star, lady, stay, for mercy's sake,
And hear a helpless orphan's tale,
Ah, sure my looks must pity wake!
'Tis want that makes my cheek so pale.

Yet I was once a mother's pride,
And my brave father's hope and joy,
But in the Nile's proud fight he died,
And I am now an Orphan Boy!

Poor foolish child, how pleas'd was I,
When news of Nelson's victory came,
Along the crowded streets to fly—
And see the lighted window's flame!

To force me home my mother sought—
She could not bear to see my joy;
For with my father's life 'twas bought—
And made me a poor Orphan Boy!

The people's shouts were long and loud,
My mother, shudd'ring, shut her ears;
'Rejoice, rejoice,' still cried the crowd,
My mother answer'd with her tears!

"Oh, why do tears steal down this cheek,"
Cried I, "while others shout with joy;"
She kiss'd me, and in accents weak,
She call'd me her poor Orphan Boy!

"What is an Orphan Boy?" I said;
When suddenly she gasp'd for breath,
And her eyes clos'd I shriek'd for aid
But ah, her eyes were clos'd in death!

My hardships since, I will not tell;
But now no more a parent's joy,
Ah, lady, I have learnt too well,
What 'tis to be an Orphan Boy!

Oh, were I by your bounty fed!—
Nay, gentle lady, do not chide,
Trust me, I mean to earn my bread,
The sailor's Orphan Boy has pride.

Lady, you weep, "what is't you say?"
You'll give me clothing, food, employ,
Look down, dear parents, look and see
Your happy, happy Orphan Boy!

A. OPIS.

FAME.—BY BEATTIE.

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines
afar—

Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of malignant star;
And waged with fortune an eternal war!
Checked by the scuff of pride, by envy's frown,
And poverty's unconquerable bar;
In life's low valley remote has pined alone;
Then dropt into the grave unnoticed & unknown.

Pauline Buonaparte.—The second of Napoleon's sisters, Maria Pauline, drew her birth at the same place as the rest, Sept. 20, 1780.

Pauline was but a child (in her thirteenth year) when the Buonapartes first settled at Marseilles; but when the success of her brother drew the family to the capital, she was blooming in all the pride of womanhood. As her personal charms were of a superior order, she had many offers of marriage. The preference was given to the infamous Freron; and the union was about to be celebrated, when who should arrive but the wife of that revolutionary ruffian, a woman whom he had abandoned, and whom he doubtless repented not having silenced by the guillotine, as he silenced some thousand others in his time. This was awkward enough; but she had soon a husband provided her in General Leclerc, whom, however she cordially hated. She refused to accompany him in an expedition to St. Domingo, when, by the command of her brother she was forcibly carried on board, and thus compelled to go. To her great joy, he fell a victim to the climate, and the beautiful widow returned to the dissipations of Paris. Her conduct, in fact, was so loose, that, in hope of her reformation Napoleon procured her another husband, Prince Camillo de Borghese, a Roman Noble. But this expedient had no good effect; she continued dissipated and worthless as ever.

The hotel which Pauline inhabited in Paris was capacious enough for her real wants, but not for her inclinations. She learned that the apartments of the adjoining house were exactly on a level with her own, and requested the proprietor either to sell her the whole or let her a part of it. She even offered a sum far beyond its actual value. As his circumstances were easy, and as he was attached to a residence in which his life had passed, he refused. The subject was dropped, but not forgotten by her. The first time he went into the country, she caused a communication to be opened between the first floors of the two houses; piled the old gentleman's furniture on the stairs, laid on an arm chair the address of her notary; carefully closed every communication with the rest of the house, and took possession of her new apartments. On his return the owner was not a little surprised to find himself thus forcibly dispossessed of his own house. In a fury he resolved to try what justice he could obtain from the laws, but the lawyers hinted to him, that to commence proceeding against the sister of the Emperor would be highly imprudent. After some reflection, he concurred in their opinion, waited on the notary, received a sum which he had every reason to be satisfied with, and signed the contract of sale.

During Napoleon's residence in Elba Pauline visited him and became his most ready and useful instrument in accomplishment of the designs he had formed. She it was too who waited on some of the most active agents, and concerted with them the leading events which followed. She exhibited more attachment to her fallen brother than she had ever done in his most prosperous state. She returned him a magnificent chain of diamonds with which he had presented her when the wealth of Europe was within his grasp; she insisted on his accepting her most costly ornaments, to defray some of the expenses attending his rash enterprise; and even after his exile to St. Helena, she continued to send him proofs of her affection. This is the more creditable to her, when contrasted with the selfish indifference exhibited towards the fallen chief by others of his relatives, who were much better able to serve him.

Madame Borghese detests her present husband as much as the first; indeed she could never love the man whom she was required to obey. She is, however, as cordially execrated in return. She occupies one wing of his palace at Rome, the greater part of his time is passed at Florence, and he has caused all communication between the two sides of the palace to be closed, that he may not be cursed with the sight of his wife when he visits the Eternal City. Still she is not unnoticed by the fashionable society of the place. Her vivacity, her manners, her rank, and above all, the friendship of the late Pope, have apparently destroyed all remembrance of her former irregularities, especially in a country where conjugal infidelity is scarcely considered a crime. That a Pontiff so good as Pius VII. should have deigned to notice such a woman, might occasion much surprise, were it not known that during his residence, or rather imprisonment, at Fontainebleau, she showed him frequent attention, and loaded him with many personal obligations. This she did, not, if report be true, from pity, and certainly not from devotion, but in the hope of securing a protector in case of her brother's ruin. "Who knows what may happen?" was her only reply to a lady who once ventured to ask the reason of her conduct in this case. She seems to have shared all along in the ominous apprehensions of her mother Letitia, and to have considered the Emperor's power fully as precarious as it was splendid.—*Family Library.*

MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

In Appin, there is a public house called "Tigh-phort na croise." To this house a red-coat came one day. He was ushered into a room where the landlord happened to be taking a dram with two or three jolly neighbors; and the "red-coat," being a man of wars and travels, highly entertained them with stories. At length one of the inquisitive Highlanders asked him what was the most revolting sight that he had ever seen in his life. He answered that he had seen many a revolting sight, but that something connected with the massacre of Glencoe, beat them all!—that there, he saw 16 men bound hand and foot, then placed side by side upon the bench, and 16 musket balls fired through their stout hearts! Upon this the landlord took occasion to go out, and beckoned to one of his neighbors to follow. "I now understand," says he, "that this red coat was about the murder of my father, for he was one of these sixteen men. I am resolved to run him through with my dirk, this instant." "Agreed my brave Donald," said his neighbor, "but first may we not allow him to entertain us with more of his adventures?" They went in together, and sure of their prey, requested the red coat to continue his narrative. "About dawn," continued the narrator, "we were under orders to quit Glencoe. Passing a brook, we heard the scream of a child, a little up the hill. The captain who rode at our head, said to myself by any other, 'Go, Duncan, run through that child if it be a male, but if a female spare it.' I climbed up and found a decent looking woman with a blanket about her, and forcing a corner of it into a male infant's mouth, to prevent its crying, and to evade discovery. My heart melted with pity. I went back, and though at the risk of my life, I told the captain it was a female child." Upon this the landlord exclaimed, "I was that infant in my mother's lap—often has she told the tale with tears of gratitude! I had a little while ago resolved to kill you; but now put off that red coat, and be as one of my brothers forever!"

Galic Journal.

We find the following retort courteous in the Harrisburg (Penn.) Intelligencer of Friday. It is part of a Legislative debate:—

"Mr. Craft, a young man of considerable promise, from Allegheny county, having thought proper to answer Mr. Martin, of Philadelphia county, on the subject of connecting an important object with party feeling, Mr. Martin thought proper to answer Mr. Craft, by saying that he would quote the following poetry for the gentleman's instruction:—

"Large vessels can—may venture more,
But little Craft must keep the shore."

Mr. Craft replied, that when the gentlemen offered argument, he would condescend to answer him, but as he had been pleased to amuse the house, with poetry, he would add the remainder of the couplet:—

"The noble swallow seeks the sky,
The foolish Martin can but try."

A Military Execution.—A correspondent of one of the London Journals says:—

I went to-day (Friday) to see a military execution which took place in the rear of the Ecole Militaire, opposite the Bois du Boulogne. The culprit Fournet, a soldier of the fourth regiment of Guards, in a fit of revenge and jealousy, had shot his sergeant. He was a very fine looking young man, about 25 years of age; & if any thing could palliate the dreadful crime of which he suffered, the circumstances of provocation which hurried him into it might be deemed some excuse. He had for a considerable time been treated with great harshness by his sergeant, who imposed upon him the severest military duties. The immediate cause, however of the fatal act of revenge, for which he suffered the last penalty this morning, was an attempt upon the part of the sergeant to deprive him of the affections of a young woman to whom he was attached. Upon ascertaining this fact, he sent him a challenge, which was refused and the challenge subjected to punishment in consequence. Upon being restored to liberty he went to the sergeant's quarters, sent a person to say that he wished to speak to him, and upon his coming out, shot him through the heart. He made no attempt to escape, but delivered himself up immediately saying that he knew he should suffer death, but that, having deprived his enemy of life, he should suffer with pleasure. It is a singular fact, that he would have been entitled to his discharge, his period of service being nearly expired, in a fortnight after the time which he selected for the commission of the offence; and the reason which he alleged for having chosen that particular time was, that if he deferred his vengeance until after his discharge he would have been tried by the civil power, and condemned to the guillotine, instead of dying the death of a soldier. His conduct at the place of punishment was in conformity with this declaration. The execution was to take place at one o'clock P. M. At a quarter to one, the culprit, accompanied by his confessor, & attended by two of the gens d'armes, appeared in a fiacre upon the ground. He descended with a firm step, and walked to the fatal spot. He was dressed in the grey undressed coat of his regiment, with his sword belt across his shoulder. Upon taking his station, the commanding officer approached him, and read the sentence of the court martial which condemned him to death. The officer then retired, and the culprit deliberately took off his coat, waistcoat, and black stock, folding his shirt collar back, and knelt down, his eyes being uncovered. The priest who accompanied him then stooped over him, and having spent a few minutes in prayer with the unhappy man, kissed him on both cheeks, and bade him farewell. The soldiers who were to perform the office of executioners, twelve in number, having received the word, raised their muskets, in the act of doing which the prisoner crossed himself, and the word being given, the fatal volley was fired, and the sufferings of the poor wretch terminated. He fell flat on his face, and a quivering of the limbs being perceptible, one of the soldiers advanced and fired his piece into his ear. The whole of his regiment was present, and about five or six thousand spectators, amongst whom were a number of females.

He refused to have his eyes covered, and to the last moment kept them upon the party who were to fire at him. Such an instance of cool undiminished courage, without the least appearance of bravado, I never beheld; and one could not help regretting that its possessor had not been reserved for a different fate, or suffered in a better cause.

FAITH AND GOOD WORKS.

The doctrine of assurance, which of late has become so familiar among the valedudinarians in Scotland whether orthodox or not, is assuredly one of the most comfortable of all fearless and impudent sinners. Last summer a reverend gentleman who has most successfully expounded this doctrine, and distinguished himself for zeal in proselytising the chance visitants of his parish, happened to get into keen controversy on the subject of assurance with a ferryman while crossing one of the locks near Glasgow. John, the boatman, had a mind of his own on the question and felt proud to discuss the nice point of faith with his pastor. The latter, with his usual fervour, unfolded his views and marshalled forth his arguments, all as the satirist has it, "weel nailed wi' scripture." John found the talk all against him, and tried in vain to thrust in a word—but no; reason followed after reason, illustration clustered about illustration and quotation thundered after quotation, unceasingly.—Despairing of being heard on his native element, (they were half way across the ferry by this time,) John rested on his oars and let the boat drift a little out of its course. "Pull away," cried the minister, "the boat's drifting," "I see that," said John, but can tell you which of these oars I should pull; for one I call faith and the other good works?" The pastor smiled; and John seeing his advantage, followed up. "Indeed, sir, you may lecture about the virtues of assurance and the worthlessness of works till the sun goes down; but just look at me and my boat, I'll put the subject in a clearer light than either crooked words or book-learning has ever done. The oar in my right hand I call faith—that in my left I call good works. Now, sir, if I pull with faith alone, the boat goes round and round to one side but not an inch forward. If I take them both, however and pull with all my heart and strength, the boat cuts through the water like a steamer, and reaches the other side in a jiffy! Now for the moral application," quoth John, exultingly. "A man's soul is likened to this little boat; & before it makes any speed towards its last mooring place, it must have two oars—one of faith, and one of good works; and both must be pulled at the same time. We have seen that if either the one or the other be used singly, the boat may struggle and flounder about long enough at the mercy of the wind and wave, and yet never make any headway. It may be lost in the trough of the sea of utter destruction: but indeed, sir, it has but a small chance of ever touching the shores of salvation. Does not that knock away the feet of assurance, Mr. Pastor?"

Proof that a man is dead.—A subscriber to one of the Eastern papers, a few years ago, being sadly in arrears for the same, promised the editor that if his life was spared to a certain day, he would without fail discharge his bill. The day passed and the bill was not paid. The natural conclusion therefore was, that the man was dead—absolutely defunct. Proceeding on this conclusion, the editor in his next paper, placed the name of the delinquent under his obituary head, with the attending circumstances of time and place. Pretty soon after this announcement, the subject of it appeared to the editor,—not with the pale ghastly countenance usually ascribed to apparitions—but with a face as red as scarlet. Neither did it, like our apparitions, wait to be first spoken to, but broke silence with—"What the devil, sir, did you mean by publishing my death?" "Why, sir, the same that I mean when I publish the death of any other person, viz: to let the world know that you were dead." "Well, but I'll be c—s—d if I am dead!" "Not dead! then it's your own fault, for you told me you would positively pay your bill by such a day, if you lived till that time. The day is past, the bill is not paid, and you positively must be dead—for I will not believe you would forfeit your word—O no." "I see you have got round me, Mr. Editor—but say no more about it—here's the money. And, harkee, you wag, just contradict my death next week, will you?" "O certainly, sir, just to please you—though upon my word I can't help thinking you died at the time specified, and that you have merely come back to pay this bill, on account of your friendship for me."

An Irishman, walking along, perceived a receipt-book fall out of a gentleman's pocket just before him. Paddy picked it up, and observing a note sticking between the leaves, took it to himself, and then called very honestly after the owner, "Now, halt a bit, man! See, here's your book that ye dropped on the pavement—but somebody has stolen a fifty dollar bill out of it."

Indian Wit. A town law was once passed in Connecticut, imposing a heavy penalty on any one who should sell, or give cider to Indians. An Indian, notwithstanding the edict, was found frequently drunk. Complaint was made to the civil authority, and the Indian was brought before them, in order that he might tell where he got his cider. You know, said he, who live on top de hill. Yes? In red house—Yes, yes—Got great wood pile fore his door. Yes, yes, we know, we know who you mean. Well, no got one drop there. We do not want to know, said they, where you did not get any, but where you did. Well, I tell you, you know who live down by the brook.—Yes. Got many tree, make great deal cider. Yes. His wife little woman. Yes, yes, we know who you mean. Well, I call in there, tell his wife I want cider. The expectations of the court were now raised to the highest pitch. And what did she say? She say no, I no give you cider, you drink too much—I give you victuals, any thing you like best. I say, well, I like toast and cider. Here the complainant stretched out his neck with eagerness. And did she give you any toast & cider? No, she bad woman, she tell lie—she give me nothing but bread and cheese, I no get one drop there. Thus he went on, giving long descriptions, and leading

them to believe that they were on the point of receiving important information, but always ending with "No get one drop here," till they were obliged to dismiss the court as ignorant as when they began.—*Souvenir.*

AN ORDINANCE.

Adopting a plan for the constructing a Wharf, Harbor, and Common in the town of Lawrenceburgh, in front of New street, and between Short and Walnut streets, to the Ohio river, including each street, and for contracting for the materials and making the same.

Be it ordained by the President and Select Council of the town of Lawrenceburgh, That a graded and paved Wharf and Harbor, with a graded and gravelled common, be constructed on the Ohio river, between Short and Walnut streets, in front of New street, including each street; commencing on the margin of the river, on the upper side of Short street, at a point 491 feet from the upper side of New street, at the corner of S. Ludlow's lot—thence in a direct line to the lower side of Walnut street, to a point 445 feet distance from the corner of Balesley's lot: the river base to be secured by a good and substantial stone curb, set upon a level, with stone not less than four inches thick and two feet deep, set 22 inch below and 2 inches above the surface—And a like substantial stone curb to be set on the out side of Short and Walnut streets, with stone of like dimensions, extending from the river curb towards New street, 210 feet at a grade of elevation of 2 inches in each foot—That from such point to the upper side of New street a like substantial stone curb shall be set on each side of both Short and Walnut streets, at a grade of elevation of one half inch to the foot on Short street, & 1-3 & 1-16 inch per foot on Walnut street; that from the same point of the inside curb on the said street at the distance of 210 feet from the front curb, a cross curb shall be set to run parallel with the river curb from the upper side of Walnut to the lower side of Short street, made with stone of like dimensions, as the front and set in like manner—That the whole space from the curb on the lower side of Walnut to the curb, on the upper side of Short street and from the river to the upper curb aforesaid, shall be excavated, graded, & paved, at the same elevation per foot as the street curbs, on an even surface from street to street, except the two streets shall be graded from each side to the centre, at a depression of 6 inches with suitable & substantial stone set on edge not less than 9 inches deep above gravel—that the two streets from thence upon gravel—that the two streets from thence shall be paved in like manner, with stone of the same or similar dimensions, and with a like grade of depression to the centre as below, to the upper side of New street—that the balance of the ground between the two streets from the upper side of New street to the upper curb at the pavement, shall be filled up and graded with the same elevation per each foot as the street curbs at each end, terminating at a point of elevation level with the top of the stone foundation of David Guard's brick stable at the alley—the whole of the earth to be filled up on the top with at least one foot of coarse gravel: that the curb stone on the out side of each street to be well secured by filling up the same not less than four feet wide to the top of the curb on the outer side—that upon and in the pavement aforesaid shall be set in the most substantial manner at least 15 posts, bolts and rings for fastening boats and water crafts—at a suitable distance from each other.

Sec 2. And be it further ordained, That the President shall advertise and receive sealed proposals for furnishing the materials and constructing the work aforesaid, to be completed on or before the 1st of December next, until the 3d Saturday in March next, when such proposals shall be laid before the council for their acceptance or rejection—

Sec 3. This ordinance to be in force from and after its passage.

JOHN M'PIKE, President of the corporation of the town of Lawrenceburgh.
March 4th, 1830.

PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN

THAT the President and Select Council of the town of Lawrenceburgh, will receive sealed proposals for furnishing materials and constructing a

WHARF AND HARBOR.

in front of said town, between Short & Walnut Streets and New Street and the river, upon a plan now in the President's office, and under the provisions of an ordinance entitled "An ordinance adopting a plan for the constructing a wharf, harbor and common in the town of Lawrenceburgh, in front of New street, and between Short and Walnut streets, to the Ohio river, including each street, and for contracting for the materials and making the same," until the 3rd Saturday of March next. The contractor will be required to give bond and sufficient security.

The President and Select Council will reserve to themselves the power of altering the plan, where it may be necessary for the public convenience, the additional expense of which shall be determined by three disinterested individuals.

The work to be completed on or before the 1st day of December next.

JOHN M'PIKE, President.
March 4, 1830.

Rags! Rags!

Two cents per pound, in CASH will be paid for any quantity of Clean Linen and Cotton RAGS, at this Office

INDIANA PALLADIUM, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

BY DAVID V. CULLEY, Publisher of the Laws of the United States.

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

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