

MISCELLANY.

THE QUILTING.

The day is set, the ladies met,
And at the frame are seated;
In order plac'd, they work in haste,
To get the quilt completed.
While fingers fly, their tongues they ply,
And animate their labors,
By counting beaux, discussing clothes,
Or talking of their neighbors.
"Dear, what a pretty frock you're on—"
"I'm very glad you like it."
"I'm told that Miss Hicomium
"Don't speak to Mr. Micate"
"I saw Miss Bell the other day,
"Young Green a new gig adorning—"
"What keeps your sister Ann away?"
"She went to town this morning."
"Tis time to roll"—my needle's broke—
"So Martin's stock is selling?"
"Louisa's wedding gown's bespoke—"
"Lend me your scissors, Ellen."
"That match will never come about—"
"Now don't fly in a passion;"
"Hair puffs they are going out—"
"Yes—curls are all the fashion."
The quilt is done, the tea begun—
The beaux are all collecting;
The table's clear'd, the music heard—
His partner each selecting;
The merry band in order stand,
The dance begins with vigor—
And rapid feet the measure beat,
And trip the dizzy figure.
Unheeded fly the moments by,
Old Time himself seems dancing,
Till night's dull eye, is op'd to spy
The steps of morn advancing,
Then closely stowed to each abode,
The carriages go tilting,
And many a dream has for its theme,
The pleasures of the Quilting. [Selected]

From the Saturday Evening Post.

CONSTANCY.

A TALE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Ellen Roberts was esteemed the fairest female who resided upon the winding shores of the river Pedee. Her father, who was a man in moderate circumstances, had unfortunately lost his wife some eight or ten years before, and forsaking the busy world, had removed with his daughter and an only son, then in his twelfth year, to his farm on the banks of the Pedee. At the time our story commenced Ellen was in her eighteenth year; tall in her person, and with a figure which would have vied with the elegant symmetry of the dark-eyed Georgian. Her hair was of the most dazzling black, and escaping from under the slender confinement of her ribbon braid, fell in a profusion over her finely turned neck and shoulders. At the first view a stranger might, perhaps, have fancied that he discovered a degree of haughtiness or pride lurking within her dark eye, but a more intimate acquaintance would have convinced him that it was more the effect of levity and playfulness, than of affectation or reserve. Ellen Roberts had been bred up in seclusion, and by being early removed from the vices of this life, had grown up as artless as she was beautiful. When engaged in the performance of the little wants of her aged parent, she was entirely happy and contented; and when rewarded by an affectionate kiss, she felt that she was more than compensated for all her trouble and solicitude.

Connected with her in her earliest sport, and the companion of her earliest childhood, was Charles Stewart. His father's plantation adjoined that of Mr. Roberts', and from this circumstance they were almost inseparable. Often in the heat of the sultry summer day, had they reposed beneath the shade of the thick hazel tree, and often had they chased the gay butterfly from flower to flower, as it sported upon the green hills of the Pedee. There is something in the affections of man which is hidden and mysterious. Impressions which are made upon our hearts while in youth, do not unfrequently go with us through a long series of years, and by gathering strength as they advance, ultimately terminate in a lasting and deep rooted affection. Such was the case with Charles Stewart. He had loved Ellen when a child, and though years had gone by since he had called her by the endearing name of sister—though she had grown up to the estate of a woman, and was no longer the rosy faced girl as when he first knew her, still his affections were the same, and he only waited for a fitter season to unite their destinies and fortunes into one.

At this period, the war which the colonies and the mother country had for several years been waging in the North, blazed forth in the Southern States. Early in the spring of 1780, the royal army, under Clinton, invested the city of Charleston, and compelled that town to surrender. From this period to the close of the struggle, perhaps in no part of the country was the war carried on with more unrelenting barbarity than in the Southern States. Stimulated by a set of anti-republicans, who were at that time styled Tories, they descended to the lowest deeds of rapine & oppression, and freely indulged in all the excesses of the most barbarous warfare. Many of those who were captured in defence of the rights of their country, were publicly condemned and execu-

ted. Repeated acts of cruelty and oppression aroused the patriotic feelings of the peaceful inhabitants of South Carolina, and urged them on to revenge. Headed by such officers as in the exigency of the moment they were enabled to select from among themselves, they successively embodied themselves into companies and regiments, and took the field. Among the first of those recruits was Charles Stewart. He had requested an interview with Ellen, and they had met at their favorite place of meeting, previous to his having enlisted. It was a clear moonlight night when Ellen sat in tearful silence, listening to the voice of her lover, as he recited the numerous evils under which their bleeding country was labouring.

"The Almighty," said she, mildly, as he finished his recital, "will protect the weak; but is there no other alternative but that you should enlist?"

"None," said Stewart, firmly. "I had never properly known my rights until I have seen them invaded; but I am now prepared to meet every difficulty, sooner than submit to such base oppression."

"And my father," said Ellen, tremblingly, "will he forgive the man who raised his arm against his son?—Robert is in the royal army."

"I will seek him out myself," said Stewart. "I will convince him of his error, & reclaim him to the service of his country. When the war has ended, and peace has again visited our happy land, I will again revisit this spot, and re-claim the hand of my Ellen, as the reward of my patriotism. Until then, Adieu." He pressed the maiden to his bosom as she pronounced a short prayer for his safety, and then kissing her forehead he bade her adieu, and leaping into a boat was carried by the current beyond the point which made out into the river.

When Ellen saw the boat which contained her young soldier gradually doubling the first headland, and then disappearing from her view, she stood for a moment, as if combating with the natural feelings of her sex, until becoming overpowered by her emotions she burst into tears. Like most females of her age, she had given herself up entirely to the purifying affection of love, and when the event arrived which deprived her of the object—which sent him upon a dangerous expedition, and which even placed his life in jeopardy, it was more than her unpractised mind could sustain. Slowly did she retrace her steps to her father's building, and amid the diversity of her employment, endeavored to forget the danger of her youthful soldier.

In the mean time, the British had obtained possession of Georgetown, the village near which she resided, and thereby cut off all communication with her lover. Days, weeks and months rolled on, and still she was uncertain of his fate. The royalists had included her father's dwelling within the lines of their sentry, and like the confined bird, she was compelled to seek for pleasure within the narrow circle of her place of confinement.

The summer had by this time passed away, and was succeeded by the warm sultry days of September. It was near the close of one of those oppressive evenings that Ellen had strayed beyond the usual limits of her walks, and was returning home by a path which led along the brink of the river. She had arrived at the spot where she had taken leave of young Stewart, and was musing upon that event, when a beautiful pointer dog crossed the path immediately before her, and plunged into the thickest part of the shrubbery. This was instantly followed by the report of a gun, which so terrified the timid Ellen, that she screamed with an involuntary emotion of terror. She rather flew than ran along the path which led to the building. Another turn was yet to be made before she arrived at the little wicket which opened into the garden, and when she arrived at this turn she discovered the man who had been the cause of her fright standing near the garden gate, and carelessly engaged in reloading his gun. He was a man apparently of middle age, rather low in stature, and with a keen, dark and penetrating eye. He was dressed in a suit of green hunting cloth, and his anxiety pouches hung carelessly from his shoulder. Ellen saw at the first glance that he was a stranger; and, from his dress and appearance, concluded he was a man of rank and standing.

"I fear, Miss, I have occasioned you a fright," said the stranger to the trembling Ellen, and proffered his services to conduct her safe home. Ellen who by this time had become more collected, assured him that it was but a momentary terror, occasioned by the report of his gun, and now that the cause was explained, felt herself perfectly reassured and composed. The stranger, however, who had marked the paleness of the young lady's cheek, and observed the delicate tremor of her nerves, refused to accept her apology, but pressed her to accept the assistance of his arm. There was something entirely prepossessing in the appearance of the young stranger, and Ellen yielding to the warm solicitations of his request, accepted his arm, and took the path which led to the building. The aged parent, who had become uneasy at his daughter's lengthened stay,

taking his cane, had gone in pursuit of her. It is but reasonable then to suppose that he thanked with unfeigned sincerity the kindness of the stranger, when he met them at the junction of the walks. The young stranger was invited to the house, and treated with refreshment after the exercise of his sporting. Like most old men, the events of the present day had made but a slight impression upon the brain of the aged sire. Such circumstances as transpired whilst he was young, and of course such as those in which he was personally engaged, were the themes upon which he was wont to dwell with almost tiresome pertinacity. These were, of course, of but little interest to the youthful stranger. Bred in a school, however, in which the infirmities and weak parts of man were carefully studied, he forbore to express his impatience, and appeared to listen to the old man's thread-bare stories with eager attention. Once or twice the young man reverted to the present state of affairs in the south, but as these observations were mostly directed to Ellen, they did not draw forth a corresponding reply from the old man. It was not until Mr. Roberts had knocked the ashes from his fourth pipe that the stranger arose to take his leave.

"I shall endeavor to do myself the pleasure of again calling to inquire after the health of my young charge," said he, addressing Ellen, who was sitting by the table, busily employed in plying her needle. A timid glance thrown to the spot where the stranger was standing, and a slight blush for a moment tinged her delicate neck, was the only corresponding reply. The old man, however, grasped him by the hand as he left the room, and bidding him remember there was such a place as the pine cottage, and that but a short mile from Georgetown, leisurely reentered himself by the fire.

The stranger was Colonel Redman Lecompt, of the British forty fifth. He was a young man of polite and polished manners, yet he had indulged too freely in the excess of a British court. He had accompanied Clinton from New York, and was now stationed with his regiment at Georgetown.

"You must have been unusually successful, Colonel," said a young man to Colonel Lecompt, who was sitting at breakfast sipping his tea, the morning after his adventure. "You must have been unusually successful in your sporting excursion, if we may reckon from the time you were out."

"Why, Frank," said the Colonel, in his gayest manner, to the young man who interrogated him, "to be candid with you, I must acknowledge I was not employed the whole time in shooting snipe and woodcock. Near sun down I had the good fortune to spring a covey of a somewhat different nature."

"Ha!" said his companion, "then, if I understand you aright, a female was engaged."

"The same," said the Colonel, "and may I inquire the termination of your adventure?" continued his companion.

"It is quickly told," said the Colonel. "My singular good fortune terminated in placing her under the protection of an old father, who was a greater boor than perhaps any you would find in Yorkshire on Devon." "Indeed," said the young man, "and did he not reward you for your attention to his daughter?" "Yes," said the Colonel, drily—"he spun as many long yarns for me as would have hung all the swamp rats in Marion's army. But I shall see the daughter again," continued he; "and hark ye, Frank, let my movements be kept a secret."—The young man made the desired promise, and they arose from the table.

The plantation of Mr. Roberts' was, as I before said, within a short mile of Georgetown, and from this circumstance he had frequent opportunities of visiting Ellen, of which he saw proper to avail himself. In one or two of these visits he was accompanied by her brother, Captain Roberts, but frequently he came alone. His visits were at first received with the studied formality due to a stranger, but after repeated visits he was admitted now upon the footing of an intimate acquaintance. He was at all times studious and attentive to Ellen, and strove, by every effort in his power, to gain her esteem and confidence.

Ellen was devoted to the cause of liberty, and even this the young Englishman did not fail to turn to his own account. When he discovered her sentiments, he noted the subject of the present struggle as sacred ground, upon which he never set his foot unknowingly. Aided by such movements as this, as well as possessing a fine person, with polished and accomplished manners, he could not fail to gain upon the heart of the unpractised Ellen. She had set out with a full determination to admit nothing beyond a strict friendship for the young officer, yet, when she had time to reflect upon her emotions, when she decomposed her friendship, and examined the different items of which it was made up, she might perhaps have discovered something of a warmer nature than this holy principle would have admitted. But then Ellen was without a counsellor. She had no mother to direct her young feet in the path of propriety, nor any friend to re-

mind her of the early vows she had made to Charles Stewart. Her heart was tender and unsuspecting, and entirely open to the secret operations of the young Englishman.

The winter had now passed away, and spring with its mild breezes and sunny flowers had begun to put forth before Ellen had time to release herself from her new bonds, and to make some inquiries respecting her lover. The operations of the two belligerent parties had been carried on gradually through the winter, and the warm sultry weather, which was now approaching was but to re-heat the blood of men who were already sufficiently embittered against each other.

Ellen was sitting one day engaged with her needle, whilst the Colonel was sitting at her back, carelessly employed in playing with one of her long glossy curls, when a paragraph in a paper which was laying before her caught her attention; and reading it more closely, she discovered that the royal troops, in a rencounter made a few days before, had captured a number of prisoners, who were then confined at Georgetown. From among this number, a certain part had been selected as the victims of military rigour, and as rebels, condemned to be shot. Among this number she discovered the name of Charles Stewart. She saw no more; but, throwing down the paper, she hastened to her room, and there burst into tears. This was the first time for several months she had given way to the feelings of nature. With a simultaneous force, every incident connected with their early lives rushed upon her memory. The scenes of their early childhood—the plighting of their mutual vows, and their solemn parting on the Pedee, were all recalled, and passed in quick review before the mind of the unhappy Ellen. She now discovered the true state of her feelings. She saw that, although she had banished Stewart so long a time from her mind—although she had been flattered and pleased by the attention of another, still she was in reality devoted to the object of her first choice. There is something in the affections of the female heart which is mysterious and undefinable. Impressions which it receives when young, are of all others the most lasting and deep rooted. Other objects may succeed, and they may be pleased for the moment with the attention of the polite & polished, but that pure, holy, and undefined feeling is still wanting; and after wandering for a short time in the sunshine of diversity, will return to its first love, more wise, more constant and more devoted. Thus was the case with Ellen. She now dried her eyes, and began to think of some way to assist her lover. The thought that Colonel Lecompt would assist her, flashed across her mind and the project was immediately embraced. But, alas! she was unacquainted with the true nature of the man whom she had trusted. When Ellen rejoined him in the garden, and with tears besought him to exert his influence in averting the unhappy fate of young Stewart, he evaded the request, and requested that she would grant him until another day to reflect upon it.

"And to-morrow is the day of execution," sobbed the agonized girl. Lecompt saw his advantage, and was base enough to make use of it. He began in as gentle terms as the case would admit to enumerate the many difficulties he should have to contend with, and concluded by claiming as the price of his reward, the prostitution of all the principles in which Ellen had been bred.—That she should forsake her father and accompany him to England.

"And is this the language you would hold out to me?" said Ellen, as she drew herself up and darted upon him a keen look of contempt. "Is this Colonel Lecompt who insults the sister of his friend?—Base man!" said she, "I will never, never look upon you."

As she spoke these words, she forcibly released herself from his hold, and ran with breathless haste to the building. The Colonel was in a measure prepared for such a reply, but the reality far outstripped what he anticipated. Like a man who has worked his feelings to bear with fortitude an approaching stroke, feels twice the pain as one who receives it entirely unexpected. He returned to Georgetown, then, entirely foiled in his attempt.

It was a cold cheerless evening in the month of April. A slight snow had fallen in the early part of the morning, which, having melted, had but added to the dreariness of the evening. The streets of Georgetown appeared lonely and deserted. A solitary sentinel was here and there seen wrapped in the ample folds of his heavy riding cloak, and appearing as if his animal spirits had partaken of the heaviness of the atmosphere. About ten o'clock at night, a solitary figure was seen to land from a small boat, and advance up the street which led to the prison. A light from a single window continued to gleam, and by this the stranger appeared to be directed. Arrived at the door, he requested admittance in such plaintive and moving terms, that the rough turnkey, forgetting the stern inflexibility of his station permitted his better feeling to get the advantage of him, and admitted him into the interior of the building. A narrow flight of stairs conducted them to an upper apartment, and seated by a table, with no other furniture than a lamp, a chair, and a bible, sat Charles Stewart. He was pale and emaciated in his appearance, and his looks indicated the sufferings of his mind, but his countenance was still sanguine, and his heart was still warmed by the sacred fire of liberty.

The stranger was Ellen Roberts. She had visited in the garb of one of the hardier sex, and was now standing before her lover. The attention of Stewart was aroused from the book he was reading, and as Ellen entered the room made a motion to rise. His sight appeared to have suffered, and he placed his hand over his eyes to assist those organs, when Ellen suddenly removed her hat, and her long black tresses fell in ringlets over her neck and shoulders.

"Ellen!" cried Stewart, as he caught the almost unconscious maiden in his arms and pressed her to his bosom. "This was kind in you, but you should have spared me this pang. I had made my peace with God, but you have entirely unmanned me." Ellen made no reply, but continued to sob for some moments upon his bosom.

"And are there no hopes?" said she, wildly, as she began to collect her scattered reason.

"None," said Stewart.

"Then I will again implore the man," said she, "who treated me so unkindly. I will again sue for pity where I fear the fountains of pity are dried up. But there is an alternative yet," said she. "It is a bitter one Charles, but I will submit to it."

"Name it," said Charles, with eagerness.

"To give my hand to Colonel Lecompt," said the trembling girl.

"Never!" said Charles, with firmness—"Sooner would I die ten thousand deaths than purchase life with such a ransom."

And Charles Stewart was to die. The soldier, who had entered into the service of his country with high and noble feelings, was to breathe his last before a body of murderous British Infantry. The bosom which had beat only for its country's prosperity, and the blood which had freely been spilt in the defence of his country's rights, was now to be hushed forever. The first streak of light was the forerunner of his fate, and the first beat of the drum was the signal of death. Ellen was at the window tremblingly counting the moments until day, and yet fearful to look up lest she should see the first streak of morning. At this moment she fancied she heard a slight noise, and the next moment the report of a musket confirmed her in her belief. Stewart sprang to the window, and for a moment they listened in breathless impatience. A sound was now heard as of a body of men advancing, and this was followed by a quick discharge of musketry and fire arms. Cries of the assailants were now heard mingled in the warfare, and then every thing was hushed in stillness. Whilst they were conjecturing as to the cause of the affray, which appeared to be in the lower part of the town, the door of the prison was suddenly burst open, and a band of American soldiers rushed in. "You are free," said they, then bore Stewart out in triumph upon their shoulders. "Colonel Lee has surprised the town, and taken the whole garrison prisoners."

The next year the British relinquished their hold upon these fair possessions. Peace was once more restored to our distracted country, and Charles Stewart claimed the hand of Ellen Roberts as the reward of his patriotism.

J. J.

Dr. Thomas White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops.

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