

MISCELLANY.

THE MAID OF TORO.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

O, low shone the sun on the fair lake of Toro,
And weak were the whispers that waved the
dark wood,
All as a fair maiden, bewildered in sorrow,
Sorely sighed to the breezes and wept to the
floods.
"O saint! from the mansions of bliss lowly
bending,
Sweet virgin! who hearest the suppliant's cry,
Now grant my petition in anguish ascending,
My Henry restore, or let Eleanor die!"

All distant and faint were the sounds of the
battle,
With the breezes they rise, with the breezes
they fall,
Till the shout, and the groan, and the conflict's
dead rattle,
And the chase's wild clamor came loading the
gale.
Breathless she gazed on the woodland so
dreary—
Slowly approaching a warrior was seen;
Life's ebbing tide marked his footsteps so
weary,
Cleft was his helmet and sad was his mien.

"O, save thee, fair maid, for our armies are fly-
ing!
O, save thee, fair maid, for thy guardian is low!
Deadly cold on yon heath the brave Henry is
lying;
And fast through the wood land approaches the
foe!
Scarce could he fault the tidings of sorrow,
And scarce could she hear them, benumbed
with despair;
And when the sun sunk on the sweet lake of
Toro,
Forever he set to the Brave and the Fair!

PRIZE TALE.

EVERARD GRAHAM.

Written for the New York Amulet.

BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK, OF PHILADELPHIA.
"Take back the bowl—take back the bowl—
Reserve it for polluted lips—
I would not bow a stainless soul,
Beneath its dark and foul eclipse!"

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THERE are evils in the earth, upon
which the eloquence of the Orator,
the lyre of the Poet, and the deep and over-
wrought touches of the pencil and pen,
have dwelt almost in vain. In their de-
scription, the wealth of language is
turned into penury;—the darkest dream
of anguish and distress, but faintly
shadows forth the stern and moving re-
ality. The strong and emphatic lan-
guage of Holy Writ; the burning words
of David and Solomon, are almost im-
puissant when they are employed in
painting the awful horrors of infidel un-
belief, and that destruction of the body
and soul which follows in the train of
Protean Drunkenness. They are more
dire than the fabled Furies; the abysses
they open, are fiercer than Cocytus or
Plegathon;—their grasp is more power-
ful than the serpents of Laocoon:—
The burthens which they impart are
more wearisome than the stone of Sys-
iphus or the wheel of Ixion; and their
ascendency is unbroken, until the un-
derstanding is bewildered, and the
clouded eye becomes tearless; until the
heart becomes as adamant, and the
spirit is goaded and restless beneath
the dominion of Remorse; till the ear
tingles with theadder-bisses of coward
Conscience, and the unnerved bosom
writhes in the emotions of regret which
pierce like a scorpion's sting.

Infidelity and Intemperance go hand
in hand. They bid the spirit of youth
bow down at an unholy shrine; and the
sweetest affections, the dearest hopes
and fondest visions of earth are offered
up as incense to the mysterious divinity
of Unbelief.—This is no ideal picture;
the wide world is full of the afflictions
that are summoned up like clouds
around the devious pathway of the
Blasphemer and the Drunkard.—The
red wine brightens alluringly in the
goblet; the shadowy illusions of the
sceptic come but for a little season with
a soothing unction to his mind; but
anon there steals to the one, the worm-
wood dregs of bitter regret; to the
other, the clouds which obscure the
sunshine of hope; which spread a
mournful curtain over the beautiful
scenes of human existence, & create un-
utterable forebodings of that undiscovered
country beyond the land of Death.

I have little hope that the Tale
which I am about to relate, will cause
any to release the delusions which they
have grasped; but I am never without
hope. I would that my pen were dipped
in the empyreal fire of heaven, that I
might show the light which they reject
who turn from the word of inspira-
tion. I would I might gather upon
cannass, the darkness of the midnight
cloud, and the fierce lightning of the
tempest; I would form a panorama of
terrors, which should shadow forth to
the mad votary of Bacchus, and the
victim of Unbelief, the abyss of des-
truction upon which they are rushing;
which should say to them, "Turn ye
at my reproof, and heed not the song
of the charmer, charm he never so
wisely."

It was a stormy evening in January,
18—, when my friend EVERARD GRA-
HAM and myself, were seated by our
comfortable grate, in the seminary of
G—. The coal was reddening
behind the bars of its prison; and the
cheerfulness of our little room was en-
hanced by the storm without. We had

but lately come up from recitations and
prayers in the chapel; and had for
some time been seated in silence, each
indulging in our respective thoughts.
The snow came pattering gently
against the windows; and by way of be-
guiling the time, I arose and breathed
upon a pane, and wrote thereon my
humble initials.—Without, the scene
was troublous and uninviting. The
wide stretching inland was obscure by
the thick wing of the wintry tempest;
the wild anthem of the night-wind was
loud and dissonant; and I soon found
that the shadows of the scene around
me, were gathering over my mind. My
thoughts went forth amidst the curtain-
ed skies of Evening; and mighty ideas
of infinity and boundless space—the
mystery of the air—the distance
whence the little motes of snow had
fallen;—& was absorbed in meditation.

I was roused from my reverie by the
entrance of a lad bearing a letter. I
stepped forward;—it was for my friend.
His large hazle eye was lit up pleasant-
ly, and a kindly smile of unwonted de-
light passed over his brow and cheek.
He had for some days been moody and
restless;—and I marked his emotions
of pleasure with a lively enjoyment, to
which an instant before I was a stranger.

"This is the most lucky moment to
receive a letter that I ever experi-
enced," said Graham, indulging in that
laugh which comes from the heart.
"You see," said he, "that it is from a
woman;—the *prima mulieris* of my af-
fections. But I belie her; she is not a
woman; in the general acceptance of
the term—she is an angel."

I glanced at the letter as he extended
it to me;—and the direction was really
most beautiful. The blue surface of
the epistle seemed to have just passed
from beneath the hands of the copper-
plate printer. "You see," said Gra-
ham, "that it is beautiful; now let me
read it; and as you are my confident, I
will show you the Alpha and Omega of
it." He broke the seal; it began with
"Dearest Everard," and closed with
"Forever yours."

EMILE BARTON.

"You are not entitled to further free-
dom," said my friend: "Now, go me-
diate, and let my greedy eyes devour
up her discourse;" or, seeing your curi-
osity is awakened. I will give you her
picture, 'for you to look upon,' as the
Primer hath it."

He drew from his bosom a mini-
ature, suspended by a golden chain:
"There," said he, "is one half of my
heart. It is the most beautiful half by
far; and I dare be sworn, the most in-
nocent. Now if you admire it, let your
admiration be *unspeakable*; for I shall
not be at home, during the next half
hour to any body. To save inquiries,
however, I will say a word or two to
you respecting her. She is my *intend-
ed*: I first knew her at the Saratoga
cotillions;—her father is an English-
man; but her mother is one of our cis-
atlantic daughters of Eve. It is the
long lapse of time since I have heard
from the dear girl, that has given me
the blues so of late."

I took the miniature; and never shall
I forget the unsullied and perfect beau-
ty that then dawned upon me. The
stainless brow was shaded with rich
clusters and braids of hair, of the col-
our of gold in shadow; the eye was
mild and blue; but about the sweet
lips, that seemed the balmy prison gates
of delicious kisses, and the dimpled
and rose-leaf cheek, there played such a
pure and sanctified smile, that the pic-
ture seemed to be instinct with the
life of heaven. I was dumb with ex-
quisite admiration;—and I seemed to
be surrounded by the perfect presence
of Venus. Little did I imagine, as I
gazed upon that delicately moulded
face, that the clouds of early sorrow
would so soon overshadow the fair
brow; that the white-robed bosom
would so soon yearn with the pangs of
unrequited affection; that the azure
eye and matchless cheek would be
dimmed and stained with tears shed
in secret;—that they would be deluged
with the bitter waters of a bursting
heart! But let me not anticipate.

Half an hour passed without a word
having been spoken by either of us. The
reflections which the picture had con-
jured up, kept me silent; and Graham
read and re-read his letter, without
noticing my pleasurable reverie. At
length he said—"Well, you seem half
intoxicated; are you dizzy with rapt-
ure? I assure you, if you feel any
sensation from that little counterfeit,
how could you gaze on the original? You
would become an enthusiast and a
worshipper at first sight, as I did. But
I am too jocose for so sacred a theme:
and my pleasure is already damped
by the reflection, that my *spirituelle* has,
ere this, left America. A vast estate
has fallen to her father, there; and he,
with his whole family, have repaired from
Barton Hill to Ludgate Hill, or some other
hill of London. Cruel girl! She was too
affectionate to endure the emotions of a
farewell, and wrote me late, in conse-
quence. She has quoted Scripture to

me in her epistle;—something odd for
her; but it is certainly expressive. She
is not aware that I eschew the whole
of that Book which she holds so
sacred. But we will not jar each other
on that topic.—I shall see her by
June, in the British metropolis! I
might as well make my couch on that
ardent grate, as to remain where she
is not."

I returned to him the treasure he had
shown me; and if I indulged in unming-
led encomium upon its pervading
loveliness, I trust it was not undeserved
or hypocritical. The eye of my friend
glistered with gratification.

"There is never a sweet without its
bitter," he said, "often when that be-
loved girl and I have walked along the
vernal shore of the lake which stretches
along by the mansions of her father, as I
gazed upon her speaking eye and sun-
less brow, I have thought myself utterly
unworthy of her affection. She is
too full of ethereal purity for my guilt-
tainted soul. You know, what she does
not, that I am a sceptic. Her ductile
and elastic spirit is full of praise to God
when she looks upon his works. Often
has she spoke to me of the mercies of
heaven, in making us so supremely hap-
py in our love; and like all her sex, her
woman's heart seems to forbode evil
from the transitory nature of the things
of this world. How many times, as we
have reposed beneath the trellised vines
of her father's garden, have I pressed
her to my throbbing bosom, and kissed
away the tears which sensibility had
drawn to her cheek! But I am half-
moralizing! It is a sombre theme, with
all its delight; and I'll give it up for
something more exhilarating.—Do you
love Bargundy?"

As he made this interrogation, he
went to his closet, and drew forth a bot-
tle of the material therefrom; he cut
the wax from its top, and drawing the
long cork from a *locum tenens* which it
had held while in the south of France,
and while tilted upon the Atlantic, he
filled a glass and presenting it to me,
filled another for himself. I refused
his offer to renew my draught, and soon
after retired.

When I awoke in the morning, the
room was full of the smoke of the lamp;
and Graham had not been in bed. The
wine had disappeared from the bottle,
and the lamp was upset upon the min-
iature which he had laid upon the
table, and it was broken. Graham was
stuffed with wine, and his face looked
feverish and sick.—The loss of his min-
iature was a source of deep regret;—
and he lamented it as a fearful omen for
the future.

Three months from that morning
Graham sailed for England. His edu-
cation was by no means complete; but
he was the idol of an indulgent & wealth-
y father; who had long favoured his
determination of making the tour of Eu-
rope. If I ever parted from a friend
with regret, it was from EVERARD GRA-
HAM. He had his faults; but manure
them all, I loved him. We vowed mu-
tual and abiding friendship, and a con-
stant correspondence; and as my design
of visiting England was well known and
approved by my parents, I hesitated
not to pledge myself to meet him in the
British metropolis, as soon as my mi-
nority should have expired.

Two years after, during which time
I had not heard a word from my friend,
I was in London. I will not attempt to
describe my feelings as our majestic
vessel glided up the Thames. It was
a beautiful day in September, when I
first saw at a distance a great cloud of
smoke which overhung the British cap-
itol. Oddly enough, the weather was
clear; and the yellow sun lit up the
countless sails that were passing to and
fro, with a singular beauty. In a short
space, I found myself in Picket-street,
in the neighbourhood of Waterloo
Bridge and Temple Bar; anon, I was
mingling with the restless crowd that
moved along Fleet-street to Ludgate
Hill. I soon saw St. Paul's—that
mighty edifice, whose towering dome
looks down upon the riches and poverty
—the happiness and misery of nearly
two millions of immortal souls.

I pass over the pleasure and the new-
ness of enjoyment, with which I looked
upon the wonders of London, after my
letters of introduction had been deliv-
ered and my check had been honoured
by my banker. It was to me a kind of
epoch, when I first saw the *pave* of Re-
gent-street Quadrant, and when I walked
up Great Russell-street to Drury
Lane Theatre.—The inquiries I had
made among my friends for Graham,
however, had all proved nearly ineffec-
tual. He had brought introductory
letters to some of them, and was known
as a lounge at the New-England Caf-
fee-House, previous to his leaving Lon-
don for the Continent.

I was one day returning to my Hotel,
after a visit to the famous Abbey of
Westminster, when the thought struck
me that I would return to the river. I
accordingly chartered a small boat
near Westminster-Stairs requesting to
be "set down" at Waterloo Bridge.
Through the dulness of my Gondolier,
who seemed a half-intoxicated, song-
singing varlet, I was taken even past

Blackfriars, and left at the foot of an
obscure lane, leading into Thames-
street, whose lamps, already lighted,
were twinkling in the distance. The
first large and heavy drops of an ap-
proaching thunder shower incited me to
haste; and the vivid flashes of lightning
that ever and anon darted athwart the
gloom, were "spurs to prick the sides
of my intent." I hurried on; but the
storm had already burst above me; and
in a moment of hesitation, I paused and
knocked at the low door of an obscure
and dingy dwelling, whence the only
light issued that I had witnessed, since
I left my tuneful Arion of the Thames.
It was opened by a bloated, fierce look-
ing female, who in a gruff voice, asked
me what I wanted? A loud peal of
thunder drowned my reply. I pointed
without; and the action seemed to con-
tent her. She marshalled me into a
low back-room, requesting me to step
lightly as I entered. I followed her on
tip-toe, and seated myself on a broken
bench, by the dying embers of a flicker-
ing fire.

The apartment presented a cheerless
picture of poverty and desolation. One
or two mutilated chairs stood near a
scantily-furnished table in the centre of
the room. In one corner, on a low mat,
lay a poor emaciated form, apparently
groaning in a troubled sleep. I drew
near, and as the woman re-entered
with a lamp, I was struck with astonish-
ment. The face was pale, but inter-
esting; the eye-lids were of a dark pur-
ple, and the cheek hollow. Pressing
his lips as if to nerve him to some im-
aginary conflict, he opened his eyes full
upon me, as the light shone over his
lowly pallet. Never shall I forget that
look! The blood rushed rapidly to his
high forehead—it retreated again to his
heart and left him a deadly pale. He
reached forth his hand, and in faltering
accents pronounced my name. I looked
for a moment: he pronounced the
name of Everard Graham. My head
grew dizzy—my sight failed me, and I
was insensible.

When I recovered, my once high-
souled and honourable friend was a life-
corse before me. The struggle had
been too powerful for him to endure,
and life had ceased its mighty influence.
I made enquiries of the unseemly being
under whose roof I had taken shelter;
and learned that he had for the past
two months, been an inmate of her mis-
erable dwelling. His last half crown
had been paid her the day before; and
there remained no effects to compen-
sate her for her attentions, if he had
lived longer.—There was only a pack-
et in his hat, she said; and that she had
made him a solemn promise to take to
the London Post Office. She took
down the hat, and handed me the pack-
et. It was sealed with black, and bore
my direction, with a line to the over-
seer of the London Post Office, request-
ing it to be sent to America. Finding
my efforts ineffectual to persuade the
woman that the packet bore my name,
I purchased it from her at the price of
a guinea; and leaving her a sufficient
sum to defray the funeral obsequies of
Graham, and promising to call early
the next day, I departed on the cessa-
tion of the storm.

On reaching my Hotel, I dismissed
my valet from my room, and throwing
myself on a sofa, I opened the packet,
and devoured its contents. It was smoky
and mutilated; but I overcame the
interfluences, and read as follows:—

LONDON, October, 18—.

"To you, my dearly-cherished friend,
now that all hope of seeing you has
passed away forever, may I now con-
fide the secrets of the last two years of
my awful life. I shudder to look back
upon them; but there is no alternative.
If this faintly-written record should ever
reach you, let it be to you the beacon
of a mighty warning. I am dying in a
foreign land, surrounded by many to
whom I might apply for relief, were I
not a midnight murderer, shunning the
day & an irreclaimable sot. The weight
of my crimes has recoiled back upon my
heart, with a keen and undying retribu-
tion. I have sown the winds of intem-
perance and unbelief—I am reaping
the whirlwinds of unutterable monition.
The fires of agonizing remorse are
burning in my blood; the monitory
voice of a struggling conscience is thun-
dering in my ears, and I experience
the enkindled pangs of a mental hell.
Oh, God! with what direful punishment
have my iniquities overwhelmed me!
But I must on.

You know the secret of my early
love. You know the embarkation of
Emile Barton for England, and that I
followed her soon. Oh, that I could
describe to you the Eden of happiness,
that dawned upon me the first summer
I spent in England. We were married;
and time went by with his wings glit-
tering in the pearls of hope, and his
brow clothed in sunshine. We made a
delightful tour on the Continent, and
returned with joyful hearts to our me-
tropolitan home; and a lovely daughter
was at last the pledge of our affection.
But in an evil hour, I surrendered my-
self to the demon of Drunkenness, and
he bound my bosom in fetters of iron.
I became a frequenter of the *Hells*, in

St. James'; a tippler of Johnson's spirits;
at the Surry Theatre, and a stranger to
my home. I wasted all my patrimony,
and the splendid estate of my kind
Emile, in one short week, at the gaming-
table. I reviled the Scriptures in her
presence; I neglected our darling child;
—in short, I became a madman.

I returned home one night and found
the Bailiffs at my threshold. Our man-
sion in town was sold, and we rented a
pleasant cottage in Hampstead. Here,
if I would not have been more remorse-
less than the grave, I should have paused
upon my dark career. But I was
too much depraved. I became more
and more estranged from the angel of
my youth; I repulsed her overflowing
affection and saw her fading away un-
der the influence of my cruelty. She
had renounced fashionable life for my
sake, and it had been our intention to
return to America, whither her parents
had already gone, expecting us soon to
follow.

Let me be brief. As I opened, one
moonlit evening, the little gate that
led up to our Hampstead residence, I
saw my Emile leaning upon the shoul-
der of a young man, apparently weep-
ing. A hellish suspicion that she had
dishonoured me, rushed upon my brain;
and stealthily approaching, I drew a stu-
letto from my bosom and stabbed her
to the heart. She turned and fixed
upon me a look of alternate surprise,
reproach, and forgiveness—shrieked,
and fell lifeless at my feet.—It was
her BROTHER.

I cannot long proceed. Since that
fatal hour, I have been scorched with
the lightnings of reproachful thought;
I have been a scathed and skulking
fugitive in the house of a miserable fish-
woman. I have quaffed deeply of the
delicious cup of intoxication; I have
found its dregs to be gall and
wormwood. My health is wasted—my
hopes are dead;—and the earth seems
yawning to clasp me to its icy bosom.
Would that I were dead! Would to
God, that I could find that annihilation
in which I once believed, but for which
I have long ceased to hope! Twice
have I swallowed poison; the potent
drug has lain harmless within me; and
God still bids me live and suffer. My
wife is buried in a quiet church-yard at
Hampstead; and my weakness has at
last prevented me from indulging the
mournful office of weeping at midnight
over her peaceful grave. My child still
lives; and is the fair and sunny image of
her sainted mother. If she ever visits
America, and this should reach you, do
not—oh! do not acquaint her with the
unhappy fate of her parents; of that fa-
ther who was a wretch,—of that spot-
less mother who loved me 'not wisely,
but TOO WELL.' Fear—"

Here the MS. ended. I gave it to
the reader as I received it. The next
day the remains of Graham were inter-
red in the Potter's Field of one of the
Alms-houses, in Kingsland Road.

The little daughter of my lost friend,
is with the parents of her mother, in
America. She is a counterfeit of her
that bore her;—and like her mother in
her youth beloved by all, and caressed
with enthusiasm. She is the only light
thrown upon the sombre history of her
mother's sorrow, and her father's guilt.

Unruly Sheep. A grave deacon, up
the river, had set out from home to pur-
chase some sheep. Not readily meet-
ing with the article, he travelled on,
inquiring of one and another, whom he
saw, if they knew of any body who had
any sheep to sell? He at last came to
a man who recommended him to Mr.
Poundtext a neighbor of his, who he
said had a large flock, that he would
be glad to dispose of at almost any price,
as he understood they were so unruly
there was no keeping them in order.
On this the deacon went, & called upon
Mr. Poundtext. "Is your name Pound-
text?" said he. "Yes, sir." "Under-
stand, Mr. Poundtext, you have a flock
of sheep." "Well, sir, what of them?"
"Why I heard they were so unruly that
you would be glad to dispose of them."
"I should, indeed, for that matter; but
some rogue has probably imposed upon
you—I am not a farmer, but the clergy-
man of this town." "O Lord!" exclaim-
ed the deacon, "a clergyman, are ye?
Then keep your sheep, keep your sheep,
Mr. Poundtext, they will never do for
me."—A. Y. Constellation.

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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 su-
per 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 expira-
tion of six months.

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