

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PALLADIUM. ON MAN.

As lonely by myself I walk'd,
Viewing creation's plan,
I mused upon a sinful world,
The fallen race of man:
I viewed him in his infant state,
His mind on folly bent,
I viewed him in childhood's days,
On pleasure's ways intent.
I viewed him in the bloom of youth,
For happiness he sought,
Though he possess'd all India's wealth,
It cannot here be bought.
I viewed him in manhood's prime,
Aspiring to be wise,
His bosom with ambition fir'd,
For noble enterprise.
I viewed him in declining age,
His locks were bleached white;
He ey'd the children of his love,
With pleasure and delight.
I view'd him in his latest stage
Of infancy again,
His mind was fraught with many cares,
His limbs were full of pain.
I view'd him on a dying bed,
His friends stood weeping by;
I view'd him numbered with the dead,
For death had clos'd his eye.
I view'd him carried to the tomb,
(The course of nature's plan);
I view'd him low laid in the dust,—
This is the end of man.
O! man thy days on earth are short,
No mortal power can save;
Then let us seek true happiness,
That lies beyond the grave. E. C.

ADDRESS TO A HUSBAND. By Miss Porter.

O grant my prayer, and let me go,
Thy toils to share, thy path to smooth;
Is there a want, a wish, a woe,
Which wedded love can fail to soothe?
At morn when sleep still seals thine eyes,
My hand thy temple's meal shall spread;
At night my smiles shall check thy sighs,
And my fond arms support thy head.
And if thy vexing cares should dart
Some heavy word, my zeal to chill;
Still this unchanging tender heart,
The sacred vow I made shall fill.

THE ARABIAN STEED. BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

Ada was the daughter of a powerful rajah, who, in the reign of the emperor Akbar, dwelt in a superb palace on the banks of the Jumna. The rajah was proud of his beautiful child, and loved her, as far as his stern nature was susceptible of such a passion. But the duties of his situation, and his warlike pursuits, called him frequently from her; and much of the dark-eyed Hindoo's time was spent in dreary solitude amid the gardens of her father's palace. Beautiful as those gardens were, sparkling with gilded pavilions, the air cooled with silver fountains, and rendered fragrant by the odours of every rare plant, still this perpetual solitude wearied her, the society of her female attendants failed to interest her, and as she reclined beneath the pendant branches of a date tree she felt more like a prisoner in a cage, than a princess in the pleasure-garden of her palace. She had dismissed her attendants, and lay thoughtfully leaning her head upon her hand, when a rustling amid the branches of an orange tree, attracted her attention, and she started to her feet in an instant, with an exclamation of alarm or surprise, as she distinctly saw among the clustering leaves and blossoms the bright eyes and dark glowing features of a man. The branches hastily parted and a young Mahomedan rushing forward, knelt before her. 'Who art thou?' she exclaimed, 'mercy, mercy, I am defenceless, spare me!' 'Mercy!' replied the Moor, 'tis I must crave mercy of you—I am defenceless, fair lady. I am at your feet, and in your power.' 'What brought you here?' she replied. '—Know you not the danger?' 'A danger I have braved too often to heed for an instant now.' 'Often! what mean you?' 'Daily at this hour, the hour of your solitary ramble, I entered these gardens; daily have I lurked behind the shrubs that surround your favourite bower, daily have I gazed on you unseen.' 'For what purpose?' 'My purpose? madness—death!' 'Death? to me who never wronged you, who never injured a human being?' 'To you lady—no—no—not to you. I would not harm you for the world.' 'Death to whom, then?' 'To myself.' 'Why—what brought you here?' 'Accident, or perhaps idle curiosity first brought me, and I looked on you for the first time; need I say why daily, after I had once beheld you, I came again?' 'Oh, if you are seen,' cried Ada, 'nothing can save you from my father's rage; you know the barrier, the awful impassable barrier that divides your race from mine—madman, begone!' The young Moor, whose face and form were such as might have been

chosen by a sculptor who wished to represent the perfection of eastern beauty, spoke not, moved not; he continued kneeling before the agitated girl, while his dark brilliant eyes fixed upon her countenance, seemed to read its varying expression, that memory might have a store of sweet thoughts to live upon, when the reality should no longer stand before him. Ada could not bear the earnest gaze of those fond eyes; where was her anger, her indignation at the intrusion of the stranger? gone! She called not for her attendants; no, she trembled lest they should come. 'I await my doom,' at length muttered the intruder. 'I scorn to fly; my dream of secret love is over; my stolen watchings, so dear, though so hopeless, are at end; you will call your father's guards, and I shall die.' 'No, no—you shall not die—not if Ada can save you; I will not call them, no—I dread their coming.' 'Then you forgive my boldness?' 'Yes—only begone—save yourself.' 'Shall we meet again?' 'Never!' 'Then I will stay and die; better to die here, at your command, in your presence, than to go hence and linger out a life of hopeless love, never beholding you again.' Poor Ada had never been addressed before in love's own language. Her hand had been sought by princes and nobles, who, secure in her father's sanction, had addressed her in terms of admiration, but whose looks, and accents were cold and spiritless, when compared with the ardor of the youthful lover who knelt before her. 'For my sake, if not for your own, go,' she cried. 'Then we may meet again?' 'Yes, only leave me now, you know not half your peril. To-morrow is the annual festival in honor of Vishnu, I shall be there, and will contrive to speak to you—hark!' She pointed to the orange-trees. A footstep was heard at a distance. The Moor grasped her hand, pressed it to his lips, and was lost among the orange blossoms, just as the chief officer of the rajah entered to inform Ada that her father desired her presence. She cast one anxious glance round her, breathed more freely when she found that her lover lay unsuspected in his fragrant ambush, and followed by her attendant, returned to the Palace. There was no festival in Hindostan so splendid as that celebrated annually in honor of Vishnu in the province over which the rajah governed. The gardens on the banks of the Jumna were splendidly decorated for the occasion, and at noon were filled by crowds of persons, all eager in their various situations either to see or to be seen; to pay due reverence to Vishnu, or to be duly revered. Kettle drums sounded, golden armour glistened, downy feathers waved in costly turbans; cavaliers bearing silver battle axes, rode proudly on their milk white steeds, and princely ladies borne in glittering palanqueens on the backs of Elephants. Ada was there, pale and sad; her stolen, mysterious interview with her unknown lover, was so recent, so unexpected, so unlikely to end happily, that she lay on her rose colored cushions, fanned by her favourite slave, without taking the trouble to draw aside the amber curtains of litter, to look upon the festivities which surrounded her. Towards evening the gardens were illuminated with thousands of many coloured lamps; she raised herself and looked around her, but glancing over bright vistas and radiant bowers, her eyes rested on a wide spreading tree beneath whose overshadowing branches a comparatively dark space remained. She there saw the form of her unknown lover; he was leaning against the tree, with his eyes fixed upon her: she told her slave with assumed levity, that she had vowed to gather a cluster of the blossoms of that tree, alone to gather them, and desiring her to await her return, she hastened beneath the canopy formed by its boughs. Selim was indeed there. 'Speak not,' she earnestly whispered, 'I must not stay for an instant—I dare not listen to you—but mark my words, and if you love me, obey them. I do not doubt your love, I do not doubt your constancy, but I shall appear to doubt both when you hear my request.' 'Speak, lady, I will obey you,' said the Moor. 'Go,' whispered Ada, 'buy the swiftest of Arabian steeds, ride across your plain three times in every day; in the morning, at noon, and in the evening; and every time you ride him, swim the Jumna on his back.' 'Is that all?' said Selim; 'It shall be done.' 'It is all,' replied Ada, 'to prove your love you will readily do it, but to prove your constancy, or rather ensure our safety, it must be done three times every day for the space of one year.' 'A year!' 'Yes, and at the expiration of the

year, at this festival, on this very day, if neither courage nor constancy have been wanting, meet me again on this spot. I can wait for no reply—bless you, bless you.' Ada, with a few leaves of the tree in her trembling hand hastened back to her palankeen, and Selim again alone, gazed from his shadowy hiding place on the gay festival, in which his eyes beheld one form alone. How brief seems the retrospect of one year of happiness! How sad, how interminable seems the same space of time in anticipation, when we know at its close some looked for bliss will be obtained, some cherished hope realized! Selim bought a steed, the whitest and the swiftest of the province, and he soon loved it dearly, for it seemed to be a living link connecting him with Ada. He daily three times traversed the valley, and thrice he forded the deep and foaming river; he saw not his love, he received no token from her; but if his eyes did not deceive him, he occasionally saw a female form on the summit of her father's tower, and a snow white scarf was sometimes waved as he speeded rapidly through the valley. To Ada the year passed slowly, anxiously; often did she repent of her injunction to the Moor, when the sky was dark and stormy, and when the torrents from the mountains had rendered the Jumna impetuous and dangerous. Then on her knees on the Rajah's tower, she would watch for her lover, dreading at one moment, lest fear should make him abandon both her and the enterprise, and then praying that he might indeed forsake both rather than encounter the terrors of that foaming flood! Soon she saw him speeding from the dark forest; he plunged fearlessly into the river; he buffeted with its waves; he gained the opposite shore; again and again she saw him brave the difficulty, again he conquered it, and again it was to be encountered. At length the annual festival arrived, the gardens were adorned with garlands, and resounded with music and gladness: once more, too, Selim stood beneath the shadow of the wide spreading tree. He saw crowds assemble, but he heeded them not; he heard the crash of symbols, and the measured beat of the kettle-drum. The Rajah passed near him, with his officers and armed attendants, and these were followed by a troop of damsels; then came Ada the Rajah's daughter. She was no longer the trembling and bashful girl he had seen at the last festival. Proudly and self possessed she walked the queen of the procession, her form glittered with a kingdom's wealth of diamonds. Selim's heart sunk within him. 'She is changed, she will think no more of me! he involuntarily exclaimed. But at that moment her dark eye glanced towards his hiding-place. She spoke to her attendants, and the procession paused as she approached the tree alone, and affected to gather some of its leaves. 'Are you faithful?' said she in a low tone, 'say I wrong you by the question; I have seen that you are so; if you have courage, as well as you have constancy, you are mine, and I am yours—hush—where is your steed?' Selim held its bridle rein. 'Then in your hands I place my happiness,' she added; 'these gems shall be our wealth, and your truth my trust—away! away!' Selim in an instant bore Ada to the back of his Arabian, and ere the Rajah and his attendants were aware she had quitted the cavalcade—swift as the wind he bore her from the gardens. The pursuit was instantaneous, and uttering curses and indignant reproaches, the Rajah and a hundred of his armed followers were soon close at the heels of the fugitives. 'Follow! follow!' cried the foremost, 'we gain upon them, we will tear her from the grasp of the Mahomedan. They approach the river's bank! and turbulent as it now is, after the storm of yesterday, they will either perish in its waters, or we shall seize them on its bank.' Still they gained upon them; the space between the pursuers and the pursued became smaller and smaller, and the recapture of Ada seemed certain. When, lo! to the astonishment of those who followed him, Selim's well trained steed plunged into the foaming torrent, battled bravely with its waves, bore his burden safely through them, and bounding up the opposite bank, continued his flight! The pursuers stood baffled on the river's bank; their horses having been trained to no such feat as that they had just witnessed, it would have been madness to have plunged amid the eddying whirlpools of the swollen Jumna. Every tale should have its moral. What then will be said of mine, which records the triumph of a disobedient child in a secret, unauthorized attachment!—A temporary triumph which so rarely leads to happiness! For this part of my story I have no apology to offer; but from this little history of Se-

lim and Ada, this small grain of moral inference may be extracted: Ladies will do well to try the integrity and prove the constancy of their lovers ere they marry, and lovers should endure trials and delays with fortitude, and thus prove the unchanging truth of their affection. **Plate Tax.** An order was made in the house of lords in May, 1776, "That the commissioners of his majesty's excise do write circular letters to all such persons whom they have reason to suspect to have plate, as also to those who have not paid regularly the duty on the same." In consequence of this order, the accountant-general for household plate sent to the celebrated John Wesley, a copy of the order. John's answer was laconic:—
"Sir,
"I have two silver tea-spoons in London and two at Bristol. This is all the plate which I have at present; and I shall not buy any more while so many round me want bread.
I am, Sir,
"Your most humble servant,
JOHN WESLEY."
The Portland Clock.—In the Portland Courier is advertised a clock of a new and curious construction. Besides keeping correct time, it will ring a bell at any stated periods of each day, and Sunday will toll the bell at the hours of church. Might it not be improved still further, so as to play the organ, set the psalm, name the text, whip out the dogs, and wake the sleepers?
Constellation.
Pope's Willow.—The first weeping willow in England was planted by Alexander Pope, the poet. He received a present of figs from Turkey, and observing a twig in the basket, ready to bud, he planted it in his garden, and it soon became a fine tree. From this stock, all the weeping willows in England and America originated. [Selected.]
Advance of Fortune.—The present Lord Mayor of London was formerly a journeyman printer; by those gradations in wealth and rank which industry & honesty always beget, he became proprietor of a newspaper, and hence through all other advances, to the highest office in his native city. [London Paper.]
A Serious Charge. One of the candidates for Governor in the State of Rhode Island is Dr. Messer late President of Brown University. One of the Providence papers opposes his election because he milks his own cows and retails a portion of the milk. The editor of the Boston Gazette thinks the candidate ought not to be blamed for that, as the salary of Governor in Rhode Island is so insignificant, that he must of necessity milk his own cows, if he have any, or do some other small business to enable him to support his station with dignity.
Coming to the Point.—"Madam," said an old toper, "have you any water in the house, that you can give a poor man a drink of beer, though I like cider best, and should like a little whiskey. I very seldom get no cider at all at home; my orchard is very small consisting of only one scattering tree."
N. Y. Constellation.
Among the acts passed by the Massachusetts legislature, is one changing the names of about one hundred and fifty applicants. Nabby is turned into Frances—Isbosheth into James—Moses, the son of Medad into Lafayette.
Look to your Fruit Trees. We are requested to inform all persons who feel an interest in preserving their fruit trees, that there is now to be seen on all the trees, a small web or nest, more than an inch in length, which contains a caterpillar—that these nests can now easily be removed and destroyed, but if left till May, the trees will be over run with destructive caterpillars. We hope this brief hint will not be lost.
Thirty boys belonging to a boarding school in the vicinity of Roanne, were skating on the Loire a few days since, when the ice gave way, and all were drowned—the next day the master blew out his brains in despair.

**PROSPECTUS OF
The Ladies Museum,
And Western Repository of Belle Letters.**
EDITED BY J. T. CASE.
This publication is intended for those who desire a work, which shall present instruction and entertainment in the same articles—which in the form and nature of its contents, shall be more elegant and durable than the newspapers of the day, without being filled with deep scientific and critical articles which are so dull & uninteresting to the generality of readers. The sciences shall by no means be excluded, but only such parts of them as are abstruse. Poetry, sober truth—the flights of fancy and feeling, with occasional sallies of wit and humour shall agreeably diversify our columns. It shall be the endeavor of the editor, to admit such articles into the Museum, and such only, as will instruct both old and young, both male and female; such pieces as will cultivate in the young a taste for reading and improvement, and give to the older information and amusement. To cultivate and raise the female mind, shall our unwearied exertions be given. We hold that the stations of an editor—an instructor, and a mother, are the three most important in the community—most influential over private happiness and public prosperity. Whatever will have a tendency to make our females better daughters, better companions, and better mothers shall be cheerfully inserted, and to accomplish this purpose, we ask the aid of persons of each sex. Arrangements have been made to procure all the most valuable publications of our country, and although from these, and from the new and valuable books to which we have access, a great variety of interesting matter may be selected, yet original compositions are anxiously desired and confidently expected. Nothing shall find its way into our columns offensive to morals or modesty—and nothing shall be admitted which when once perused, will not be suitable to be preserved for future perusal. There are as yet few publications in the West, which are worth binding on account of the advertisements with which their columns are filled. The editor pledges himself never to admit more than two squares of advertisements into the Museum, and those shall be of such a nature as not to injure the work. The Museum shall embrace in its general subjects, Poetry, Popular Moral Tales, Historical, Biographical, Geographical and Literary sketches with a brief summary of the news of the day. A department will be allotted to Natural History, and to furnish this, the editor has the promise of assistance from a person who has devoted considerable attention to this truly interesting and instructive study.
Perhaps it might not be inappropriate to explain the relations of the editor to the Western country. This is his "native land," and on it he has placed his only hope for future prosperity.—Although he is indebted to the east for his education, still his feelings are truly western. To the west he is partial—partial to its merits but not prejudiced—partial to its majestic streams—to its fertile valleys and to its generous, freehearted inhabitants. Born and reared among them, he is acquainted with their manners and customs, he knows their wants, their wishes and their feelings, for he has shared in them all. He feels that the interests of the western country are interwoven with his own; and in advancing those interests are all the best feelings of his heart enlisted. Whether his hopes shall be realized—his feelings of kindness returned, and his humble effort to promote the welfare of his country be successful, remains for a liberal and generous public to decide.
CONDITIONS.
This work is printed on a fine medium sheet quarto form, and issued every other Saturday. The price is \$1.25 per annum in advance; \$1.50 if paid within six months, and \$1.75 if payment be delayed to the end of the year. These terms will be strictly observed. If, hereafter, published weekly, the price will be double that required when issued semi-monthly. At the end of each year, a neat Title page and Index will be printed and forwarded to each subscriber.
LAW NOTICE.
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AND
EZEKIEL WALKER,
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LEMUEL MOSS.

February 1830.

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L. M.