

MISCELLANY.

THE BACHELOR.

The Bachelor lonely depress'd
No gentle one near him—no home to endear him;
In sorrow to cheer him, no friend and no guest:
No children to climb up—'twould fill my rhyme up,
And take too much time up to tell his despair—
Gross house keeper meeting him, cheating him, beating him,
Bills pouring—maids scouring, devouring his fare.
He has no one to put on a sleeve or neck button,
Shirts mangled to rags—drawers stringless at knee;
The cook, to his grief too, spoils pudding and beef too.
With overdone, underdone—undone is he:
No son, still a treasure, in business or leisure—
No daughter, with pleasure new joys to prepare;
But old maids and cousins, kind souls, rush in dozens,
Relieving him soon of his bachelor's fare.
He calls children apes, (the fox and the grapes,)
And fain would he wed when his locks are like snow,
But widows throw scorn out, and say he's worn out,
And maidens, deprecating, cry "No, my love no!"
Old age comes with sorrow, with wrinkle and furrow;
No hope in to-morrow—none sympathy spares:
And when, unfit to rise up, he looks to the skies up,
None close his old eyes up: he dies, and who cares?

EPITAPH ON A WATCHMAKER.

Here lies, in an horizontal position,
The outside case of
Peter Pendulum, watchmaker,
Whose abilities in that line were an honor
To his profession.
Integrity was the main spring,
And prudence the regulator,
Of all the actions of his life.
Humane, generous and liberal,
His hand never stopped
Till he had relieved a distress.
So nicely regulated were all his motions,
That he never went wrong,
Except when set a going
By people
Who did not know
His key:
Even then, he was easily
Set right again.
He had the art of disposing his time
So well,
That his hours glided away
In one continu'd round
Of pleasure and delight,
Till an unlucky minute put a period to
His existence.
He departed this life
Wound up
In hopes of being taken in hand
By his Maker,
And of being thoroughly cleaned, repaired,
And set a-going
In the world to come.

THE DRUNKARD'S FAREWELL.

Farewell to the drops which my soul never
cherished,
Farewell to the glee of the wine maddened
crowd:
In the Tuppier's dread cup, how my prospects
have perished,
And the sun of my manhood gone down in a
cloud.
When Science urged me unflinching to climb
Her ascent that leads to the region of day,
I rushed to the care-killing bowl to drown time,
And thus flew my moments in madness away.
The rich roses of life in my pathway were
strewn,
And they gave the full promise of joy and de-
light:
But intemperance came—every hope was sub-
dued,
And the vision of glory was snatched from my
sight.
In its place she presented the withering form
Of affection all blighted by penury's breath;
And the pale sickly flow'rets that, nursed in
the storm,
Seemed fit only to bloom in the Garden of
Death.
Farewell! and when once thy fell influence is
past,
The soul in the glow of its brightness may
reign:
Be restored to the joys of existence at last,
And the landscape of life become brilliant
again.

GROWING RICH BY MISTAKE.

The following extracts are taken
from the Williamstown Advocate, an
able paper, lately discontinued for want
of support. The anecdote of Lord
Timothy Dexter is familiar to New
Englanders. He was emphatically a
man who blundered into wealth. An-
other story is told of his making a spec-
by mistake.

A mechanic whom he had employed
to build a ship informed him that mate-
rials were wanted for stays. As whale-
bone was used for making stays for the
ladies, Lord Timothy very naturally
supposed that was the article wanted
for the ship. He accordingly purchased
all the whalebone to be found in the
market; but unluckily it was not the
material wanted, and he had it lying
on his hands. But here again his good
star prevailed. Whalebone soon came
into great demand, and Lord Timothy
having a monopoly, sold it at a large
advance, and thus realized a very
handsome sum out of his mistake.

"How often on the one hand, do we
see the brightest prospects of the sober
and industrious blasted by sickness, mil-
dew, storm, or fire; while on the other
riches are poured into the lap of such
as live in comparative indolence. Of
this latter class was the self styled
"Lord" Timothy Dexter of Newbury-
port. He was probably as destitute of
foresight as any man could be and carry
on business; having accumulated a
few hundred dollars, he asked advice
of some traders as to the best way of
turning it to advantage. They told him
to lay it out in warming pans, which
he was assured would find a ready mar-

ket at a high price in any of the West
India Islands. These islands, as every
body knows, lie nearly under the equa-
tor, and enjoy perpetual summer;—a
cargo of warming pans, therefore, ac-
cording to all human probability, would
be about as likely to sell with profit
there, as would a cargo of ice in Nova
Zembla. Relying, however, on the
good faith of his advisers, Dexter pur-
chased and shipped his warming pans;
they arrived in the sugar season, and
the pans were sold for ladles, and their
lids for skimmers, at about 200 per cent
advance on the cost. By a series of
similar speculations, Dexter acquired a
princely fortune, which of course he
attributed mainly to his own superior
sagacity and industry."

The following story is one of strong-
er interest, and shows on how trivial a
circumstance a man's fortune some-
times depends; and how that which
was deemed a misfortune at the first,
turns out in the end to have been the
source of prosperity and happiness.

"Mr. H. was a native of Oxford, in
the county of Worcester in this state.
By inheritance and industry he became
comparatively rich, and was highly re-
spected and honoured. But unexpect-
ed losses thwarted his schemes; his prop-
erty diminished by degrees; he be-
came dispirited; his pretended friends,
one by one, fell away; and, having no
fixed principles of virtue, it is by no
means wonderful that he became dissipa-
ted in his habits, and his wife and
family consequently unhappy. About
this time he ascertained that his debts
were much more than he could pay,
and that his creditors were about to
administer upon what property he pos-
sessed. Under these circumstances he
determined to abscond, and in such a
way as to prevent detection. Accord-
ingly he privately procured a new suit
of clothes, selected a horse from his sta-
ble, and, having deposited his ordinary
clothes and hat on the beach of a pond,
(to induce his creditors to believe he
had committed suicide) protected by the
darkness of an autumnal night, he
precipitately and silently left his native
village. He had determined to seek a
home in the western wilds where his
character and resources were unknown,
and shaped his course to that region.
Late one afternoon he arrived at an
inn in a village on the west bank of the
Hudson, with only a single dollar in
his pocket.

At the inn where he stopped there
happened to be an agent of the state of
New-York, disposing of the lands in
the south western part of that state at
public auction. Being dressed in the
garb of a gentleman, his fellow lodgers
took him for a land speculator, who
had, like themselves, come to purchase
at the sale; and he determined
to maintain the character with
which they had so unceremoni-
ously invested him, but to be so cau-
tious in his bids as not to incur a re-
sponsibility which he had not the means
of meeting. He commenced bidding
indiscriminately, and contrary to his in-
tention and expectation, a large tract
in what is now called the "Susquehan-
nah country, was struck off to him.
His thoughts were now directed to the
invention of a plan by which he could
get rid of his bargain without confess-
ing his poverty. Finally he determin-
ed to wait till the inmates of the house
were wrapped in slumber, & then mount
his horse; and by taking French leave,
get rid of his bargain and tavern bill
together. With this intention he told
the agent that as it was late he would
attend to making the deed and paying
the ten per cent. of the purchase mon-
ey in the morning. This course being
assented to, he retired to his chamber,
but not to rest. Like many other peo-
ple he abhorred poverty worse than
crime, and could not bear the idea of
exposure among those with whom he
had passed as a wealthy man. After
the house became still, he cautiously
descended from his chamber to carry
his plan into execution; but what was
his chagrin and mortification to find
that his valise was locked in the bar
and his horse in the stable, and to ob-
tain either of them was utterly out of
his power.

With feelings which may perhaps be
imagined but cannot be described, he
returned to his chamber, where he pass-
ed a night of intense mental suffering
and sleepless agony. As might have
been expected, he deferred leaving his
lodgings much beyond the ordinary
hour, vainly endeavoring to devise a
way of escape from his dilemma, when
his reverie was broken by the intelli-
gence that two gentlemen, who had just
arrived, wished to speak with him.
Here was a new source of trouble; he
had no acquaintance in that part of the
world, and he had no doubt but his
creditors in Oxford had discovered his
flight, pursued him, and were now
about to strip him of the little property
he had brought away, or to carry him
back in disgrace. So intensely were
his feelings excited, that two or three
messages were sent before he could
muster resolution sufficient to leave
his chamber. At length finding he
could invent no excuse for a longer de-

lay, with a palpitating heart he de-
scended.

The two gentlemen who had request-
ed an interview met him, and he felt
greatly relieved on finding them to be
perfect strangers to him. They imme-
diately entered on their business, by in-
quiring of Mr. H. whether he was the
gentleman who bought a certain tract
of land on the evening previous.—On
his replying in the affirmative, they in-
formed him that they had just returned
from viewing the land; that they intend-
ed to have been at the sale but were
detained one day on the road by an ex-
traordinary storm; and concluded by
asking him if he was disposed, for a
suitable consideration, to relinquish his
right to the tract?

This conversation had an astonishing
effect on the feelings of Mr. H. He
saw that instead of being pursued by
merciless creditors, the door to fortune
was thrown open to him; and it was
with the greatest difficulty he subdued
his rising emotion enough to reply, that
he was not particularly anxious to sell,
but if they would pay him two thou-
sand dollars in cash, they should have
the privilege of taking the tract from
off his hands. No sooner said than
done; the bargain was concluded, the
money paid, and the purchasers satisfi-
ed that they had made the best trade.

With his newly acquired money, Mr.
H. purchased another tract of land to
which he immediately proceeded.
The purchase was a good one, and by
selling a part and clearing a part for
his own use, he soon became the most
wealthy man in that section of country.
In three years from the time of his clan-
destinely leaving Oxford, Mr. H. re-
turned a wealthy man,—honourably
paid his debts,—made an acknowledg-
ment to his wife and family, and re-
moved to his new land. He after-
wards enjoyed the confidence of his fel-
low citizens, and for several years fill-
ed an important judicial office. He
died about two years since, leaving a
numerous and happy family to attest
the truth of that passage of scripture
which says, "the heart of a man devis-
eth his way, but the Lord directeth his
steps."

From the New York Standard.

THE WHITE WEASEL.

AN ORIGINAL TALE.

By a gentleman of New York, for his
little Grand Son to emulate.

In the reign of King George III. there
lived a boy in London, who was born in
the neighborhood of St. Paul's Cathed-
ral, by the name of Curtiss. He was
left an orphan child at the age of ten
years—destitute—not a penny in the
world. The question was with him, al-
though so young, what shall I do? He
resolved that he would run of errands
for any one who would employ him;
early one morning he sallied forth
from the house where he had slept the
night before, in quest of employment.
He walked but a few minutes in the
street, near Somerset House, when a
gentleman met him, who accosted him
thus, "My lad, would you oblige me
by carrying this note to Chancery
Lane?" at the same time handing him
the note with an English shilling say-
ing I will give you this shilling for so
doing. Curtiss instantly took the
money, and punctually delivered the
note to whom directed. On his return
he met a poor woman near Temple Bar,
who apparently was in great distress,
and although but a boy she solicited
charity from him. Curtiss asked the
suppliant what it was she had under
her arm; to which she replied by show-
ing him a little white kitten; he immedi-
ately offered her all the money he had
for it, being the shilling he had just earn-
ed, with which she was highly pleased.
Curtiss then set off with his kitten for
Charing Cross; on his way thither a gen-
tleman met him near Exeter Change, not
far from the Adelphi, who espying the
kitten asked the lad what it was he had
under his ragged blanket? Curtiss
told him it was a kitten. The gen-
tleman requested to look at it, which he
did and examined it most critically,
then said my lad, you are very much
mistaken, it is no kitten, but a white
weasel; will you sell it? Yes sir, says
Curtiss; what will you give for it? Five
Guineas, said the gentleman, the kitten,
then sir, is yours; Curtiss received the
money delivered over the kitten to the
stranger, then walked off with his
guineas in his pocket. The day fol-
lowing, Curtiss (who, by the way was a
very handsome little boy) hastened to
Cranbourne Alley to procure for himself
proper and respectable clothing, so that
he might appear as well dressed
as any of the respectable boys in Lon-
don, which he fully accomplished with
two guineas. Being thus genteelly
equipped, and hearing the bells ringing
for divine service at White Hall, where
King Charles the first was beheaded by
that arch hypocrite and tyrant Oliver
Cromwell, he repaired thither and paid
strict attention to what fell from the
lips of the Lord Bishop of Durham, who
on that occasion delivered an eloquent
sermon. On leaving the Royal Chap-
el a lady apparently of great distinc-
tion dropped her white cambric hand-

kerchief which Curtiss observed as it
fell. He instantly picked it up and ran
to the carriage just as it was going to
drive off, & presented to the owner, her
handkerchief (who proved to be her
grace the Duchess of Devonshire.) The
politeness and gallantry of the boy was
highly pleasing to her grace, and she
directed him to take a seat in her car-
riage, that she might inquire into his
situation and circumstances. The
boy most readily accepted of the kind
offer, and had the honour of remaining
in her Grace's Palace until she placed
him in the Westminster school—where,
by her bounty and goodness he receiv-
ed an excellent education. As he
grew up, he was distinguished for
talents and worth, so much so as to be-
come a member of Parliament where
he did himself great honor particularly
in advocating the abolition of the Af-
rican slave trade. In the recess or Par-
liament Mr. Curtiss visited the water-
ing place at Margate, where by mere
accident he fell in company with a most
beautiful and accomplished young lady
about twenty years of age—by the
name Deodama, who possessed every
grace and virtue that man could wish or
desire, to make him happy. On declar-
ing to the fair one his passion, Deodama
was equally pleased with Mr. Curtiss,
who was of elegant form, graceful man-
ners, and of the most manly beauty. It
was agreed between them that the mat-
ter should be made known to the lady,
which was done. The father not only
gave his consent to their union, but also
settled upon his daughter twenty thou-
sand pounds sterling, and appointed Mr.
Curtiss her trustee. On the day of her
marriage he put a diamond ring on the
finger of his beloved daughter, of the
value of two thousand guineas, as a token
of his love and affection, which ring
had some time previously been present-
ed to him by the great Catharine Em-
press of Russia.—To Mr. Curtiss he
presented a Bank Note of the Bank of
England of five thousand pounds, observ-
ing at the same time, "Mr. Curtiss, I
verily believe that you have the great-
est love and esteem for my beloved
Deodama (my only child) and she hav-
ing signified to me her attachment
for you—I give her to you to wife.
But, first, I must tell you Mr. Curtiss,
that independent of your great worth
and talents—you had stronger claims
on me for my beloved daughter, than
any other gentlemen whomsoever.
The facts are these, when Deodama
communicated to me, that an attach-
ment subsisted between you and her, I
immediately applied to her grace the
Duchess of Devonshire, your friend
and patroness, to make some inquiry
of her grace into your history and char-
acter. The Duchess gave me, with
other matters perfectly satisfactory—the
most irrefragable proof of your be-
ing the identical boy of whom I pur-
chased the White Weasel near Exeter
change in the strand; out of which I
made my fortune, as follows:—I dis-
posed of the White Weasel to the great
Bashaw of Egypt in Exchange of ten
bagsheads of opium, which I sold in the
old city of Byzantium which was built
by a colony of A heuians (now vulgarly
called Constantinople) to a great tea
merchant of Canton in the East Indies,
and received of him teas and spices of
that country in payment for the opium
—my teas and spices I shipped, and
brought them safe to London (the queen
of all cities) where in a short time af-
ter my arrival, I had the good fortune
to sell them to the London East India
Company for one plumb, alias, one hun-
dred thousand pounds sterling—which
was paid me in specie, at the bank of
England. Under all these circumstan-
ces Mr. Curtiss I could not refuse you
my beloved daughter, and at my death
I shall leave you and her all my fortune,
which is considerable.—Go! and be
happy.

On Thursday last, during the exhi-
bition in Antrium, of Wombwell's col-
lection of wild animals, one of the
keepers incautiously took some free-
dom with the lion, (Wallace) which
the animal allowed him to repeat sev-
eral times during the day. However,
during another exhibition, the man
again put his hand into the cage, by
way of shewing how free he could
make with him, when the lion laid his
paw first on the hand gently, as if in
play, then further up the arm, and on
the man attempting to withdraw it, the
animal seized him with both mouth
and claws in the most terrific manner,
and endeavoured to drag the unfortu-
nate wretch through the bars of the
cage; which I think he would have suc-
ceeded in doing, had not some of the
by-standers caught the man round the
body, while others endeavoured to
force the animal to let go his deadly
grip, by stabbing him with swords and
other weapons. Their efforts, howev-
er, were of no avail, until they forced
the handle of a pitch-fork into his throat
and, by a strong effort, pried his jaws
open, so as to free the man from the
horrible situation that he had been in
for about five minutes. Owing to the
dreadful wounds inflicted by the teeth
and claws of the infuriated animal near-

ly the whole of the flesh was torn off,
and his side lacerated considerably.
Surgical aid was instantly procured,
but in vain; mortification ensued, and
death put a period to the sufferings of
the unfortunate man on Sunday evening.
Beaver Argus.

QUALIFICATIONS OF JURORS. At a re-
cent term of the court of common pleas,
at Newport, a juror was rejected be-
cause he was a freemason. We find
it thus reported in the Newport Mer-
cury.

In case, Benjamin Chase vs. J. C.
Borden, which was an action of assump-
sit for the recovery of money due on
book account, an exception was taken
to Mr. Bateman Munro, one of the
drawn jurors, as not qualified to sit as
a trier in this case. The ground of
the objection was, that Mr. J. C. Bor-
den, the defendant, was a member of a
masonic lodge in the state of Massachu-
setts, and that the juror objected to
was also a mason, and, therefore, dis-
qualified by his masonic obligations to
decide impartially between the parties
at the bar, one of whom only was con-
nected with the masons. Several wit-
nesses were sworn and examined as to
the nature of these oaths, and particu-
larly how far they are reported with
accuracy in an anti-masonic publica-
tion, called "Light on Masonry." The
question was then argued with earnest-
ness and ability, and the importance of
the decision very fully depicted by
Messrs. Pearce and Turner for the ob-
jector; and Hazard and Cranston in re-
ply to it. After adjourning to deliber-
ate, the court decided, we understand
that the objection should be sustained,
and the juror withdrawn. One of the
judges remarking, in a subsequent
stage of the proceedings, that the juror
was taken off not because he was a ma-
son, but on account of the nature of the
obligations which were in evidence be-
fore the court, and were considered to
conflict with the oath of the juror, as
imposed upon him here.

A Singular Family. There are now
living in one house, in Sterling (Mass.)
one great-great grandmother, two
great-grandmothers, two grand-moth-
ers, two mothers, two sisters, one daugh-
ter, two aunts two cousins; the eldest
of this family being 90 years old and
the youngest 74; and what is most re-
markable respecting them is, that the
whole family consists of but two persons,
a mother and her daughter.—
Worcester Spy.

The "Dorchester Democrat," of
Tuesday last, mentions that a few days
since, in a matrimonial quarrel between
a man and his wife, who kept a public
house on the Broad Mountain, in North-
ampton county, the woman charged
her husband with having killed a young
pedlar and his horse, burning his wag-
gon, and robbing him of his money and
goods. The quarrel was overheard,
the parties arrested, and upon exami-
nation were committed to the county
jail at Easton, to await their trial. It
is also stated that the body has since
been found near the tavern house, and
is supposed to be that of a young man
named Seeghison, who was last winter
traced to the neighborhood of Mauch
Chunk and never heard of afterwards.
The young man who is supposed to
have been murdered, was a brother to
Mr. Seeligson, who formerly kept a
store at Line Lexington, in Bucks
county.—[Mont. Sentinel.

From the Albany Daily Advertiser Nov. 13.
Great Fire in Rochester.—When the
stage left Rochester at 3 o'clock on
Wednesday morning, a fire was raging
in the extensive tan-works of Jacob
Graves, on the east bank of the Genes-
see river in the village of Rochester.

The buildings and a large stock were
destroyed. The loss will be between
20 and 30,000 dollars. This is the se-
cond time within a few years that the
tan works of this enterprising mechanic
have been destroyed by fire.

Since the above was in type, we learn
from the Rochester Daily Advertiser,
that the amount of insurance was 87,-
500, and that the actual loss of the
proprietor will be from 10 to 15,000
dollars.

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