

MISCELLANY.

From the Delaware Gazette.

A Dream of Spring.

I slept, and o'er a frozen stream
I pass'd a skater in my dream:
The surface frail, beneath my weight,
Bent and crack'd as the sounding skat.
Pass'd o'er, and far beneath my feet
Roll'd one deep silent silver sheet
Of waters o'er the silver sands
Glittering like some far distant lands,
Beneath a golden sky, and gave
Beauty to danger, and the grave.
How like I said,
The stream of time, that bears in bloom
Its thousand skaters to their doom,
While some in safety o'er it glide,
Others beneath the treacherous tide
Sink with the dead.
And not more like the stream of time
Than the dread theatre of crime,
O'er which the guilty skater goes,
Tho' at his feet perdition flows;
And tho' he sees a thousand sink
From virtue's arms, o'er ruin's brink,
Still ventures on with fatal tread,
The wild wave closes o'er his head.

There was a change
Came o'er the color of my dream;
For now it seem'd it was the stream
Of time, and o'er its face a form
Envil'd in dark clouds and storm,
Came gliding swiftly—from behind,
His white locks floated on the wind;
And when his strange
Long fingers touch'd the objects round,
Lock'd were the lakes, and stiff the ground.
All nature withered at his look,
And her green grassy grove forsook;
But as the hoary demon pass'd,
On to the South, amid the blast,
There came from distant flowery isles
Three fairy maidens, enwreath'd with smiles,
The first was melancholy, wild,
The second one a tearful child,
The third the flowery foulder May,
Shook odors on her rose way,
Beneath their eyes delicious beam
Green shores appear'd, the icy stream
Dissolv'd and nature dress'd in flowers,
Sung anthems in her shady bower;
While o'er the hills,
And from smiling fields and floods,
And from the wilderness and woods,
And from the rills,
Glad sounds of sweet rejoicing thrill'd,
And Nature's solitude was hil'd.
I woke and found the Winter pass'd,
And the first morn of March at last.
Hail beautiful Spring, I joy to meet thee
And with the Muses smile to greet thee.

MILFORD BARD.

Scottish Courtship.

In a pastoral district of Dumfrieshire, there lived, about ten years ago, a young shepherd, whom, for the sake of particularity, I shall call Robert Thompson. His father rented one of the large sheep farms into which that part of the country is divided; and his son was entrusted with the "looking of the hill," and care of his several sheep-herds.

Robert was young, and, from the age of seventeen, his time passed joyfully along, under the influence of a first love. The object of his attachment was half a year younger than himself, and a truly beautiful creature.

No fabled Sylvia or Delia ever had any right to compare with her for sweetness of temper, a handsome form, dark locks, and darker eyes, and a face which made every other maiden envious who beheld it. Her name also was a sweet one, at least to a Scottish ear—Agnes Hawthorn. She lived at a distance of four miles into what may be called the interior of the pastoral district, where her father rented also a large sheep farm, bordering, on the one side, with that of Mr. Thompson. Houses are always scattered in a country of that description, but those of farmers in particular; and, with the exception of one that intervened about midway betwixt them, Mr. Hawthorn and Mr. Thompson were nearest neighbors to each other.

Two high mountains, with a valley between, reared themselves in opposition to Robert's nightly visits to his fair one; but he was an adept in the art of surmounting such obstacles, and aware of the endearment that awaited him beyond them, he valued not the mosses, the streams, or the rocks that laid in his path, or whether the night was a clear or a gloomy one.

No place can be desert where a beautiful woman resides; and upon this principle, though the houses around the dwelling of Agnes Hawthorn were "few and far between," hardly a night passed over her head on which her dwelling was not beleaguered by a host of wooers. But Robert Thompson was the "apple of her eye." To him alone she would withdraw the curtain of the window, in order to whisper that her parents were not yet sleeping sound enough to permit her to unbar the door, or to ask him if no other youth was lurking near, who might discover her exit from, or his entrance into, the house. This was a most necessary precaution, and one which Robert never failed to use upon every visit—always encompassing the house once or twice before he approached the window, and never pausing upon the glass until he had satisfied himself that no human eye was privy to his movements. But men see not, like cats or owls, in the dark; and Robert, with all his vigilance, was one evening so unfortunate as to be discovered, by a party of three other shepherds, who though all come a-wooing for their "ain hand," had clubbed together for the purpose of watching, when they found their several efforts

to gain admittance, or even an answer to their entreaties, in vain.

A peat stack, as is common in such places, was built against one of the gables of the house; and upon a *daiss* of it, which was brought a good way down by frequent subtractions for the fire, the watchful triumvirate slyly perched themselves. The color of the peats and of their clothes happened to be so similar that discovery was almost impossible; and there they had the pleasure, or rather the mortification, of seeing their successful rival in a short while make his appearance, and, after completing his customary search, gain admittance at the door. They had no certain knowledge, however, of the person whom they had seen, for a plaid totally concealed him, from the crown of the head to the knees. But whomsoever he might be, they were resolved for once to turn the sweets of his courtship into bitterness.

No sooner had the door been cautiously closed, and all within sunk into perfect stillness, than the whole three, with a heavy *tramp*, advanced to the window; and, wetting the tips of their fingers, and rubbing them repeatedly along the glass, kept up a squeaking noise—so loud as to be heard at a considerable distance. The lovers were, by this time, seated at the parlour table with a candle burning before them. A large oaken press, displaying on its front the rude carving of former times, stood behind them in a corner, from which the young and innocent Agnes had taken, in the open simplicity of her affection, a new silk handkerchief, on which, with nice art, she had sewed the name of her Robert; and this she had just presented to him, and breathed a wish that he would wear it for her sake.

Robert had pressed the sweet lips by which the wish was uttered, and was cradling her head upon his breast, and vowed how much, for her sake, he valued the present, when the sound of the spies without interrupted him—"Do you hear that?" said Agnes starting. "Can it be the tread of men, or do you think it is some of the cattle that lie without?"

"I saw nobody when I came in. It must be some of the cattle." The loud squeaking upon the glass of the window instantly resolved their doubts. "You have been observed," said Agnes, alarmed. "Some men were here before you came, and tapped long at the window without my answering them; and they have no doubt been watching, and now mean to be revenged."

"It can only be me that they wish to molest," replied Robert, with an encouraging smile; "and," added he, rising and casting his plaid over the left shoulder, and knotting it beneath his right arm, "if I can only get out to the *bent*, they'll be fleeter than any person I have yet seen if they catch me."

"Stay," said Agnes, clinging to his arm—"They may cause a stone, or perhaps a shot to overtake you, if their feet fail them in the chase. And who knows but they may be ready at the door to seize you, the moment it is opened?"

"But then your father and mother will be awakened; and I would rather run the greatest risk without, than be taken by them within."

"I have many a bye corner where I can hide you till all danger is past. Do stay, I beseech you!"

"No, no. The consequences to you might be worse than you are aware of; and I will never seek my own safety at the hazard of yours. I will make my escape in spite of them."

Agnes had no time to reply, for the noise which the fellows were now making without, had already caused a stir in the bed-chamber of her father and mother. "What's a' this din about?" had been twice demanded, in a half-sleeping tone, by Mr. Hawthorn, and Mrs. Hawthorn was heard to be out of bed, and rumaging about in search of a candle.—Robert pressed the hand of his Agnes in silence, and snatching his thick hazel staff, proceeded to the door, which he quietly and quickly opened, and was out upon the hill side in an instant. The three spies, who expected no such thing, and who were congregated around the window at a short distance from the door, stood for a moment gazing upon one another with astonishment, before they recovered presence of mind to start in pursuit.—"He's out! he's out!" was their first exclamation; when away they darted after him, each casting over his shoulder the end of his plaid, and holding his cudgel horizontally by the middle of his right hand. A low hill, with a gentle acclivity, lay before the house of Mr. Hawthorn, over which was the path that Robert, every night, trod to visit his daughter; and in this direction he now led out his pursuers, in his way homewards. He had gained about twenty paces on his first starting, and it was evident, as he ascended the hill, that he was capable of still increasing the distance.

With what joy did Agnes behold

him, as he stood trembling in the threshold of the door, stretching away, like a deer, before his pursuers, and setting their cries and menaces at defiance! The house looked towards the south; the moon had about an hour previous risen opposite to where Agnes was standing; and, by her pale cloudless light, the anxious maiden was enabled to mark, with considerable precision, the motions and progress of her lover, and of those who followed him. But as they neared the sunn' of the hill, which formed her horizon, the figures of the whole became more indistinct, and their respective distances less discernible. The hill was level for a short breadth on the top; and as Robert, from the moment of his setting foot upon the edge of this table-land, appeared, at a distance, to be standing while passing over it, Agnes beheld, with inexpressible anguish the forms of his three foes, emerging in the weather-gleam, and apparently approaching him, until at last the whole group melted away like apparitions before the horizon.

"He's caught! he's murdered!" was her first exclamation, as she sprang from the door, and ran with unconscious speed towards the summit of the hill. Her parents were by this time afoot, with two shepherds and a female servant, who rushed out also on hearing the wild cry of Agnes, whom they fancied to be in bed. But their surprise, and the bewilderment of mind which people feel, on being suddenly roused from profound slumber, prevented them from perceiving the course which the hapless girl had taken, until a distance rendered her invisible. Then, while rejoicing at the recovery of their daughter, and though Mrs. Hawthorn once or twice endeavoured to knit her brows, and utter something of a "serious and weighty nature," she was obliged to content herself with remarking: "Weel, weel, baums, young folk maun ha'e their daill out; an' if ye like aneither as ye say, dinna keep ye're meeting any langer secret to be rinnin' ye'reselv's into *plikits* of this sort again." Her advice was gratefully received and faithfully followed; and in a few months more, Robert had only to remain by his own fireside when he wished to enjoy the company and conversation of his Agnes.

"Curse you for a murderer!" exclaimed their companion across the lime, while the loud plunge of the hapless wights half drowned his voice, "You have killed them! Their blood be on your head!"

"I have only ducked them well, as you should be," replied Robert in a half-merry and half-angry tone. Then snatching up his Agnes, who was not yet so far recovered as to know what had passed, he made for the top of the hill with all possible speed. When there, a cry or two brought the whole of Mr. Hawthorn's distressed family around him, to whom, as they proceeded towards the house, he related the whole of the adventure, and frankly avowed his love for the fond and faithful Agnes. The parents were unable to reprove the romantic pair, while rejoicing at the recovery of their daughter; and though Mrs. Hawthorn once or twice endeavoured to knit her brows, and utter something of a "serious and weighty nature," she was obliged to content herself with remarking: "Weel, weel, baums, young folk maun ha'e their daill out; an' if ye like aneither as ye say, dinna keep ye're meeting any langer secret to be rinnin' ye'reselv's into *plikits* of this sort again." Her advice was gratefully received and faithfully followed; and in a few months more, Robert had only to remain by his own fireside when he wished to enjoy the company and conversation of his Agnes.

A PROCLAMATION.

To all to whom these presents may come, greeting: Know ye, that whereas it has

been represented to us that several ladies, spinsters, females, maidens, girls, unmarried women, &c. within our dominion, have not only a willingness to consent, but even an ardent desire to leave the state of celibacy, and take to themselves or to be taken to husbands; and whereas, it is supposed by many that the bachelors, young and unmarried men of these our realms, do not know who among the maidens, &c. would or would not be so willing, or so desirous to marry, and it seems proper and fitting that the ladies, spinsters, females, maidens, girls, and unmarried women as aforesaid, should put on some mark of dress as a token by which their willingness or desire in the premises should be made particularly known, we have issued this our PROCLAMATION, giving leave, ordering, and commanding, that the said ladies, spinsters, females, maidens, girls, and unmarried women, may and do make sleeves to their dresses large in proportion to their desire to be married. Thus, those who most exceedingly desire soon, and can't well delay the happy hour much longer, may say so, saving their blushes consequent on such occasion, by putting, over and above what is necessary for comfort or comeliness in their sleeves, seven yards of silk, chintz, calico, or other stuff. If they simply desire prettily considerably to be married, they may reduce the quantity to five yards. If they merely wish to be modestly uniformly courted, if a lad to suit them shall present himself—they are in that case confined to wearing their sleeves the size of a two bushel bag, or only so large as to hide a moderate sized lover, &c.

Village Record.

A TOUGH STORY.—The Savannah Georgian of a late date gives the following for a fact:

In the Dublin Museum is the body of an *ossified* man, a Mr. Clarke, who fell asleep in the open air when in perspiration, and caught a severe cold; soon after ossification commenced and continued for several years, till the whole man changed to bone. After his teeth had grown together, and became one solid mass, his miserable existence was prolonged by breaking an aperture, through which nourishment was received until his death.

School Resumed.

THE undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Lawrenceburg and its vicinity, that he has so far recovered his health as to be able to resume his school, and that intending to devote his whole time and attention to the instruction of those confined to his care, he hopes to receive liberal encouragement. He will receive and attend to the instruction of scholars in all the different branches of education, taught in the higher schools.

ELIJAH GRIDLEY.

April 22, 1831.



Lawrenceburg & Cincinnati POST COACH.

THE proprietor would inform the public that a Post coach will be in operation, by or before the 15th of April, on the route from Lawrenceburg, via Elizabethtown, Cleves, &c. to Cincinnati.

Leave Lawrenceburg on MONDAYS at 6 A. M. and WEDNESDAYS arrive at Cincinnati, at 12, noon.

Leave Cincinnati on TUESDAYS at 6 A. M. and arrive at Lawrenceburg, at 12, noon.

The above line connects with the Indianapolis Mail stage at Lawrenceburg, on Tuesdays.

The proprietor would also inform the public that he has procured a new and elegant four horse coach, of sufficient capacity to accommodate 8 passengers, and that intending to superintend the driving in person, he hopes to give general satisfaction. The fare, in all cases, will be moderate.

Persons wishing to take passage will enter their names at the Stage Office in Lawrenceburg, at J. W. Hunter's; and in Cincinnati, at G. L. Murdoch's White Hall Hotel.

JOHN D. CUMMINS,
Proprietor.

March 26, 1831.

12-1f.

C. F. WILSTACH,
NO. 106, MAIN STREET,
SIX DOORS BELOW
THE UNITED STATES' BANK,
CINCINNATI.

Drugs, Medicines, Paints,
Oils, Varnishes,
Dye-Stuffs, &c. &c.

March 26, 1831.

12-6 mo.

Pension and Bounty Land Regulation.

WAR DEPARTMENT, Washington November 17, 1830.

THE many impositions which are attempted in relation to Pension and Bounty Land Claims, has caused the Department of War to establish a regulation, which declares that no attention will, in future, be given to applications from persons who act as Agents, unless they are known at the Department, or are vouch'd for as respectable persons by some one who is known.

Notice of this regulation is hereby given; and that all may be informed thereof, it is requested that publishers of the laws of the United States, in the respective States will insert the same, on the front page of their respective papers, for three months.

By order of the Secretary of War:
J. L. EDWARDS,
First Clerk Pension Office.

WILLIAM GORDON,
First Clerk Bounty Land Office.

February 5.

6-3m.

WOOL CARDING and Cloth Dressing.

THE subscriber wishes to inform the public generally, that he will attend the present season, to the above mentioned business, at the mills known by the name of Hinkson's mills, 4 miles above Harrison, on Whitewater. His machines are new and of the first quality of cards, and in complete operation. From his long experience in the business he will warrant all work intrusted to his care to be done in the best possible manner, and on as reasonable terms as at any other establishment in the vicinity. Wool must be well picked and all burs taken out, and one pound of clean grease must accompany every 6 or 7 pounds of wool.

All persons coming from a distance, can get their work done immediately by waiting. The grist mill, with 2 run of stones, is in complete operation, and all pains will be taken to accommodate the customers.

MILES KELLOGG.

Logan, April 18th, 1831. 16-3w

A Brick Moulder and Laborers Wanted.

THE subscriber will give good wages and constant employment, during the season, to a good brick moulder and a number of laboring hands, to work in his brick yard in Lawrenceburg.

JAMES LEONARD.

April 22, 1831. 16-1f.

7000 Bushels Flax Seed.

WANTED immediately, 7000 bushels Flax Seed:—For which the highest price will be given in cash and goods.

JOHN P. DUNN.

April 4th, 1831. 14-1f.

INDIANA PALLADIUM, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY

DAVID V. GULLEY,

Publisher of the Laws of the United States.

TERMS. 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.

Those who receive their papers by the mail carrier, must pay the carriage, otherwise it will be added to their subscription.