

MISCELLANY.

For the Palladium.
ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

Ah! why are set those eyes, whose gentle beam
Had shed such softness on thy morning dream;
That woke at Fancy's touch, at Hope's bright ray,
And pictured pleasure on thy coming day?
And why that cheek so pale with lines of care,
As if some hidden grief was wasting there?
And why that form, that every grace possessed,
That youth and fancy once so fondly dressed,
Now cold and careless to each foreign aid,
Leaving the social walk to seek the shade?
Sure some uncommon woe or pain has passed,
And 'cross thy way its sombre mantle cast;
Some dark, unfriendly fate has lent its power
To blast thy blossom in the opening hour.
But still, within, thy generous soul can live,
And wield a power no mortal power can give;
And still that form each parted gift reclaim,
Kindle with joy, and wake a kindred flame.
Those lips can yet thy manly thoughts declare,
And sacred truth and unstained honor bear.
Then leave the lonely haunt, the silent shade,
For musing sceptics and for dulness made;
Catch the fond lyre, that's lain so long unstrung;
Let taste and beauty hear the notes it sung
When youth was buoyant, in its tiptoe hours,
And life was filled with fragrance and with flowers.
Come, dress the wreath that early science wove,
And Joy shall bind it on the brow of Love.
Think of thy honored line, without a stain;—
O, wake thyself to manly life again.

X ***.

For the Palladium.
THINK OF ME.

Oh! think of me, love, in the festal hours,
When thy footsteps tread on mimic flowers
In the glittering dance.
When mingled voices, by the blazing hearth,
Swell in sinless glee in the hour of mirth,
Then think of me.
When in the bright and virent bowers,
You cull the sweetest of summer's flowers,
Then think of me;
When the rose's breath, on the floating air,
Is caught in thy respiration there,
Then think of me.
When winds' and waters' blended sound,
Borne from afar, is breathing round,
Then think of me.
When thy soul's in thy prayer to the God above,
My first, my last, my only love,
Then think of me.

X ***.

From the London New Monthly for October.
Anti-Innovator.

Plague take the world! why cannot it stand still, and go on as it used to do when I was a boy? What do the people mean by the progress of events and the march of intellect? What good ever came by change? How is it possible that any man can be wiser than his father? Where can a man get his wisdom from, but from his father? and his father cannot give him more than he has got to give. Ah dear! ah dear! I remember the time when the parish beadle was a man of some consequence, when a lord was a thing to be stared at and a sight to be talked about—and the King! why no man in his senses ever thought of the King, but with the profoundest respect. Every day after dinner as soon as my father had said grace, he poured out a bumper of port and drank "Church and King." It did one's heart good to see and hear him; it was as good as a sermon. The wine itself seemed conscious of the glory of its destination to be swallowed not unblest, and it looked bright in the glass and seemed to dance with eagerness to meet his lips. But now o' days if I venture to toast Church and King, I am forced to do it in a hurried, irreligious sort of a way, with a kind of a sneer, as much as to say, it's all in my eye; or my boy Tom will laugh at me and drink the majesty of the people. The majesty of the people indeed! I should like to see it. There used to be some reverence shown to lords in former times, but how are they treated now? Snubbed at in the newspapers, elbowed in the streets, quizzed in epigrams, peppered with pamphlets, shown up in novels, robbed of their boroughs, and threatened with annihilation. People call that the march of intellect—I call it the march of insolence.—When I was a boy, all the books we had in the house were the Bible and Prayer Book and the Court Calendar; the first two contained our religion and the last our politics: as for literature, what did we want of it? It is only the means of turning the world upside down, and putting notions into people's heads, that would never get there without.

All the evil that is in the world came by innovation; and there is no part of the world free from innovation, neither the heavens above nor the earth beneath, nor the waters that are under the earth. What business have men in the air with balloons? What good can they get there? What do they go there for, but merely to come down and perhaps break their necks? They would be much safer upon dry ground. Our ancestors used to be content with the sun, moon, and stars, and four or

five planets, now forsooth the impertinent ones must be poking their telescope up to the sky and discovering new planets almost every night, as if we had not got as many planets already as we could do with.

Steam Engines—I do not think we should ever have heard a word about Parliamentary Reform, if it had not been for steam engines. I hope Mr. Colburn will not have his magazine with this article printed with a steam press, for if he does I shall not dare to read it for fear of being blown up. What did we want with steam engines? Did not we beat the French without steam engines? To be sure we did. I hate innovations. I should just like to know what is to become of all the hackney coach-horses, if we are to have steam carriages. They poor beasts look half starved as it is; they will be ten times worse if they are to be turned out to make room for steam engines, and what shall we do for dog's meat if there are no horses to cut up? Then must we have Macadamized roads too! our ancestors did very well without Macadamized roads. They took their time in travelling from one place to another, and if they happened to be too late for the stage, they had nothing to do but run after it and catch it. Let them try to do so now.

Buildings too! did ever any mortal see such an overgrown place as London is now? There is not a dirty ditch within five miles of London that has not got some Paradise Row, or Mount Pleasant, or Prospect Place stuck into it. Why can't the citizens live in the city as they used to do and stick to their shops? There is no such place as the country now, it is all come to London. And what sort of houses do they build? Look at them—a huddle of matches for timbers and a basket of bricks for the walls.

Rail-roads—a pretty contrivance forsooth! to pick the pockets of the good old wagon horses, and the regular legitimate coach horses that had stood the test of ages. Pray what is to become of the farmers if there are no horses to eat their oats? And how are the rents to be paid, and the tithes, and the poor rates? who is to pay the interest, of the national debt? and what will become of the Church if horses do not eat oats to enable the farmers to pay their tithes and feed the clergy? Manchester and Liverpool were quite near enough without the assistance of a rail road, and if the building mania goes on much longer there will be no need of a road from one to the other, for they will both join, and the people may be in both places at once. People are talking now of rail roads superseding canals, the good old canals, half of which are already three-quarters full of duck weed and cats.

What did the Wellington ministry mean by opening beer shops? Why could not they let the good old gin shops alone, and stick to the regular legitimate public houses? Our ancestors could get as drunk as heart could wish, at the genuine licensed old fashioned pot houses.

Look at the population too! People go on increasing and multiplying as if they never intended to leave off. Hundreds and hundreds of people are coming into the world who have no right to be born. The world is as full as it can hold already; there is positively no room for any more. There was nothing like the number of children to be seen about the streets, when I was a boy, as there is now. I have sometimes half a mind to ask those lubberly boys that I see about the streets, what right they had to be born; but perhaps they would make me some impertinent answer for they swagger about as if they thought that they had as good a right to be born as any one else. I wish they would read Malthus's Essay on Population, they would then be convinced that they have no right to be born, and they would be ashamed of themselves for existing to the manifest inconvenience of gentlemen and ladies to whom they are exceedingly annoying.

Look at the Reform Bill, that sink of innovation, to speak metaphorically; that climax of novelty, that abominable poke in the ribs of our Constitution, that destroyer of all that is venerable. Its opponents have been accused of talking nonsense against it. Very likely they have talked nonsense, for they have been so flabbergasted at the innovation, that they have not known what they have been saying. The constitution is gone—quite gone! Lord John Russell has purged it to death.

If things go on changing at this rate for the next hundred years as they have done of late, we shall scarcely have a relic of the good old times left. The weather is not what it used to be when I was a boy. Oh! those were glorious old times when we had sunshine all thro' the summer, and hard frosts all through the winter, when for one half of the year we could bathe every day, and for the other half could skate every day. There is nothing of that sort now. If a man buys a pair of

skates in the winter, it is sure to thaw next day; and if a boy buys a pair of corks one day, there is sure to be a hard frost next morning. There is nothing but wet weather all through the winter, and no dry weather all through the summer. Formerly we used to have an eclipse or two in the course of the year, and we used to look at it through smoked glass, and very good fun it was, only it used to make our noses black, if we did not take care to hold the glass properly. If we look into the almanac for an eclipse, we are sure to see that it is invisible in these parts; and even if it is visible we can never see it, for there is always cloudy weather. I scarcely know any thing that is now as it used to be when I was a boy. Day and night have not quite changed places, but night and morning have. What used to be Sunday morning when I was a little boy, has now by a strange mutation become Saturday night. I wonder why people cannot dine at dinner time as they used to do; but every thing is in disorder; a wild spirit of innovation has seized men's minds, and they will do nothing as they used to do, and as they ought to do. Things went on well enough when I was a boy; we had not half the miseries and calamities that one sees and hears of now. What an absurd and ridiculous invention is that nasty, filthy, stinking gas! The buildings where it is made, look like prisons withoutside, and like infernal regions within; and there always is some accident or other happening with it; people have their houses blown up, and it serves them right for they have no business to encourage such newfangled trumpery. The streets used to be lit up well enough with the good old fashioned oil lamps, which were quite good enough for our ancestors, and I think they might have done for us; but any thing for innovation! I must confess I liked to see the good old greasy lamp-lighters and their nice flaming torches, they were fifty times better than the modern gas light men with their little hand lamps like so many Guy Fawkes.

And what harm have the poor old watchmen done I wonder that they must be dismissed to make room for a set of new police men and blue coats? The regular old legitimate watchmen were the proper and constitutional defenders of the streets, just as regular as the King is the defender of the faith, and a more harmless set of men than the watchmen never existed; they would not hurt a fly. Things went on well enough when they had the care of the streets.

But innovations are not confined to land, they have even encroached upon the water. Were not London, Blackfriars and Westminster bridges enough in all conscience? What occasion was there for Waterloo bridge, a great overgrown granite monster that cost ten times more than its worth? And what occasion for Southwark bridge and Vauxhall bridge? Our ancestors could go to Vauxhall over Westminster or Blackfriars bridge. But of all the abominable innovations none ever equalled the impudence of New London bridge. It was not at all wanted. I have been over the old one hundreds and hundreds of times. It is a good old bridge that has stood the test of ages, and it ought to have been treated with respect for very antiquity's sake. As for people being drowned in going under the bridge, nonsense!—they would never have been drowned if they had done as I did—I always made a point of never going under it; and besides, if people are to be drowned, they will be drowned elsewhere if they are not here.

Talk of innovations, what can be a more outrageous innovation than steam boats? They have frightened the fish out of the rivers already, and if they go on increasing as they have done of late, they will frighten the fish out of the sea too; and I should like to know where all the fishes are to go to. We shall be in a pretty mess if they all come ashore. Besides, the sea is obviously made to sail upon, or else what is the use of the wind? And if we have nothing but steam boats, what will become of the sail makers? People in these revolutionary times care nothing about vested interests. I hate innovation. I hate every thing that is new. I hate new shoes, they pinch my feet; I hate new hats, they pinch my forehead; I hate new coats, they put me in mind of tailor's bills. I hate every thing new, except the New Monthly Magazine, and I shall that if the editor rejects my article.

ANTI-INNOVATION.

An eccentric preacher, in his address to his congregation, lately observed, that "there is as much chance for a drunken man to inherit the kingdom of heaven, as there is for a pig to climb up an apple tree and sing like a nightingale."

France, in 200 years, constructed 900 miles of canal—England in 70 years 2752 miles—the United States in 14 years 2500 miles.

CURIOUS CIRCUMSTANCE.

Some days since a worthy and respectable old gentleman, residing not far from Ellicott's Mills, ten miles from Baltimore, received a letter, telling him that on or before a certain date, he must enclose \$800 in a letter, addressed to B. L., Baltimore Post Office, and threatening that if he did not do so, he should be put to death. The letter also informed him that should any attempt to ascertain who it was that should call for the letter, he should certainly meet the same fate. Information of the receipt of this letter, together with the instrument itself, were given to the Chief Judge of the City Court, who employed Mr. Riggs to ferret out the matter. A letter was written, directed to B. L. and made to pass through the office at Ellicott's Mills, and Mr. R. put himself on the watch. On Wednesday a well dressed very genteel looking man, presented himself at our Post Office and asked for a letter directed to B. L. After some questions, on the part of the clerk, the letter was delivered, the postage paid, and the person retired, putting it in his pocket. He had scarcely left the door when he was accosted by Mr. Riggs, who demanded his name, which was given, after some remarks as to the nature of the request from an entire stranger. To this the officer replied by asking if he had not just taken out a letter directed to B. L., which was answered in the affirmative. Mr. R. then asked if he knew who B. L. was, telling him that he must be conducted to him.

The person stated that an individual whom he had met at the tavern had requested him, as he was going down street, to call at the Post Office and take out a letter which he would find directed to B. L., which he had done, but he hoped he would not be accountable for the letter, as he was a man of respectability, and referred to several persons of standing to whom he was known, with some of whom he was connected. The officer told him that if he could show him B. L. it would be well, and that he would accompany him in search of him; but that if he did not do so he should be put in prison. He then went with the person to one of the best taverns in the city, and after waiting a long time for the real or pretended B. L. and having informed the Judge of what had passed, conducted his prisoner to jail.

On Thursday morning the gentleman who had been threatened attended with some friends at the City Court room, at 10 o'clock, A. M. when an examination was commenced, and after some time, was postponed until half past ten yesterday forenoon. After due deliberation the prisoner was released on giving bail to appear before Baltimore County Court, on the second Monday in April next.

The person suspected has hitherto stood high for integrity and correct deportment, and is very respectably connected. His present place of residence is in Frederick County, where he has enjoyed an extensive professional patronage; but he was formerly of Baltimore. We do not deem it proper, at present, to give names.—*Balt. Minerva.*

Advantage of Tight Lacing.—A very influential physician in a populous town in Massachusetts, was once appealed to by a gentleman to have him use his influence in bringing to disuse the practice of tight lacing which was carried to a great extent by the ladies of the town. The doctor heard the appeal very quietly, and then returned for answer that he could not conscientiously engage in any undertaking of the nature, for said he, "I think this practice a great public benefit." "A great public benefit!" exclaimed the astonished philanthropist, "why, how can that be, do you not see that a great many of our young ladies are ruining their health, and losing their lives by it?" "Yes yes," returned the doctor, "but my dear fellow, do you not see that it kills off only the fools, and we shall all be wise ones by and by?"
Fitchburgh Gaz.

Parliamentary Qualifications.—A candidate by the name of Chadwick, in standing for a seat in the British House of Commons, sums up his qualifications thus:

"I am no man of family; I am no man of business—I have never been used to it; but I can shout, laugh, hawk, spit, cough, stamp, hiss, hoot, and huzza; and what more can be wanted from a member of Parliament? I do not doubt but my stamping, shouting, &c., would have as much effect in the House of Commons, as most speeches generally have."

"*Sub Rosa.*" The Rose was dedicated by Cupid to Harpocrates, the god of silence, to engage him to conceal the secrets of Venus; hence it has ever since been considered as the symbol of silence; for which reason it was customary to hang a rose over the banqueting table, to signify that what was said there should be kept private, or "under the rose."

DEARBORN COUNTY.

DEARBORN CIRCUIT COURT.
September Term, 1831.

David Palmer, *Plaintiff*
Versus
Wm. C. Vanhouten,
Hannah Vanhouten,
Cornelius W. Vanhouten,
and Isaac Vanhouten. *Defendants.*

On complaint in chancery. NOTICE is hereby given to William C. Vanhouten, Hannah Vanhouten, Cornelius W. Vanhouten, and Isaac Vanhouten; that the said David Palmer has filed his bill of complaint on the chancery side of said court, praying amongst other things, that the said defendants be compelled to make him a deed in fee simple for certain lands in the said Bill described; the defendants aforesaid will therefore take notice, that unless they be and appear before the Judges of the Dearborn circuit court, in chancery sitting; at their Term to be holden in and for the said county of Dearborn, on the fourth Monday in March next, then and there to answer to, gainsay, or deny the matters in the said bill stated, the same as to them will be taken as confessed, and the matters therein prayed for decreed accordingly. By order of the court.

JAMES DILL, Clerk.
December 19, 1831. 51—3w

DEARBORN COUNTY.

DEARBORN CIRCUIT COURT.
September Term, 1831.

Justus M. Cure, *Plaintiff*
Versus
Andrew S. Winings,
and James Winings. *Defendants.*

On foreign attachment in Debt. NOTICE is hereby given to Andrew S. Winings, and James Winings, that Justus M. Cure, the plaintiff aforesaid, has sued out of the clerk's office of the Dearborn circuit court, his writ of foreign attachment in an action of debt—and that the same has been returned by the Sheriff of Dearborn as follows, to wit: "Attached twenty acres of land part of the N. W. q. of section 15—Town 5, Range 2, West, in the county of Dearborn." Now, therefore, the said defendants are hereby notified, that unless they appear, file special bail, receive a declaration, and plead to the action aforesaid within one year from the September Term of the Dearborn circuit court, 1831, Judgment will be entered against them by default, and the land so attached will be sold for the benefit of their creditors. By order of the court.

JAMES DILL, Clerk.
December 19, 1831. 51—3w

Administrator's Notice.

PUBLIC notice is hereby given that I have taken out of the Clerk's Office of the Probate Court of Dearborn County letters of administration on the estate of Jesse Foster, late of Dearborn County deceased, all persons indebted are therefore requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against said estate will present them properly authenticated for settlement. It is believed the said estate will be amply solvent.

NIMROD W. DART, Adm'r.
Dec. 13th, 1831. 50—3w

NOTICE.

PUBLIC notice is hereby given that I shall offer for sale at the late dwelling of Jesse Foster, deceased, on the first Tuesday in January next, the following articles:

One Wagon, and Horses, one Cow,
And Young Cattle, and Sheep,
Corn, Oats, Hay, Potatoes,
Farming Utensils, Household and
Kitchen Furniture, and a Rifle Gun,
and other articles too tedious to mention.
Sale to commence at 10 o'clock on said day. Nine months credit will be given.

NIMROD W. DART, Adm'r.
Dec. 10th, 1831. 50—3w

NOTICE.

The subscriber takes this method to give general information to the public, that his

CLOTH DRESSING

works are in full operation, and having employed an experienced hand to do the business, he flatters himself that he will be able to give general satisfaction to those who may favor him with their custom. The prices will be as follows:

For London Brown full cloth	25 cts. p'r y'd
" London Smoke do.	20 "
" Snuff do.	10 "
" Green do.	20 "
" Black do.	10 "
" Navy Blue do.	20 "
" Drabbs do.	12 1/2 "

All other work low in proportion.
N. B. For the accommodation of those living at a distance, he has made arrangements with George Tousey of Lawrenceburgh to receive cloth at his store, where it will be taken by him and returned when finished; he has also made the same arrangements at Mr. Plummers store in Manchester township.

EDMUND BOND.
White-water Mills, Oct. 5th, 1831. 40—2mo

Revised Laws of 1831.

A FEW copies of the Revised Laws of Indiana, passed at the late session, for sale at this office.

Flour & Corn Meal

Will be received at this Office on subscription.

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