

MISCELLANY.

For the Palladium.

Temperance Ode,

BY E. N. ELLIOTT.

For the Rising Sun Temperance Society.
Look not upon the tempting waves,
Whose lucid foam the goblet bathes,
Though bright and clear it seems:
For though the depths so bright may flow,
A spell of darkness lurks below
The surface of the stream.

This draught, they say, will banish care,
And raise the prospects bright and fair,
Beyond the longing eyes:
But yet within the flowing bowl,
There is a poison for the soul,
Which when it drinks, it dies.

The draught that seems so cool and bright,
Will drown the soul in endless night,
And never ceasing pain.
Then dash the brimming cup aside,
And spill its purple flowing tide,
And never taste again.

LOVE.

"When I loved you I can't but allow,
I had many an exquisite minute,
But the hatred I feel for you now,
Hath even more luxury in it.

Thus, whether we're on or we're off,
Some witchery seems to await you,
To love you is pleasant enough,
But oh! 'tis delicious to hate you."

TOM MOORE.

It would be very sweet I swear,
Nay more 'twould be delicious,
For me to hate that lovely fair,
Whose very eyes are vicious.

Yes, vicious I will say again,
For such I well can prove them,
They've caused me to me a direful pain,
And yet for all I love them.

'Twas but the other day that Kate
Did beat me most severely,
Still I call her my gentle mate,
And love her most sincerely.

I wish I could like Moore, above,
Both love and hate at leisure,
So should I ever cease to love,
In hating find some pleasure.

A changing mood like that of his,
Would now exactly fit me,
When Kate was loving like a kiss,
And hate her when she'd hit me.

For all Kate's form is made to please,
Her heart's as hard as flint—her
Words are blasphemy, she says,
She does not like

A PRINTER.

A Parody.

Turkies! who on Christmas have died,
Turkies! who on corn have fed,
Welcome to us now you're dead,
And in the frost have hung.

"Now's the day and now's the hour,"
Thro' the market how we scour,
Seeking turkeys to devour,
Turkeys old and young.

Who would be a turkey hen?
Fed and fattened in a pen—
Killed and eat by hungry men—
Can you tell me pray?

Lay the proud old turkey low,
Let the young ones run and grow,
To market they're not fit to go,
Till next Christmas day.

The Married Man's Story.

I had the pleasure, a few days ago, to meet unexpectedly, a friend, from whom I had been many years separated. We had been mostly educated together, having passed our boyhood at the same school, our youth at the same university; but our fortunes were different. He, born to wealth, left college to mix with the world at home and abroad, while I turned to the profession I had long since made choice of, and began to lag my weary way towards independence.

We were both a good deal changed. My friend had lost much of the gay buoyancy of manner; much of the merry, happy, careless flow of spirits for which he had once been remarkable. I was less grave than I had been reckoned during our former acquaintance; yet I am a man of business, and married. We had much to say of the different chances that had occurred to us; and I found, that though altered in manner, in habits, and in character, we met the same to each other as we had parted. It was getting late in the day, and I asked my friend if he would go home to the small house I occupied, and dine quietly with my wife and me. He agreed instantly, shook hands with me in his own lively way, as he thanked me for asking him, and we turned into the street in which we lived. I must own I felt some little uneasiness at the thoughts of introducing my friend to my wife. I had often spoken of him to her, and I dreaded, lest she should not find the portrait faithful. In fact I mistrusted my own judgment till it should be confirmed by hers; not that in words she would tell me that we differed, but I knew her too well in look and manner to be deceived. I did not feel quite easy either at the idea of presenting my wife to my friend. His admiration would in no degree

alter my sentiments towards her; but I thought I should be ill satisfied unless he thought her, in the course of one short evening, all I had found her during the three happy years of our union. My heart beat as I ran up the steps—I coloured as I pulled the bell. The door was opened by my only man servant, and I myself ushered my friend up stairs.

My wife was dressed with extreme neatness, though she expected we were to dine alone; and she was sitting, as usual, at her work-table, when the sound of my step upon the stairs made her raise her head. She came forward to meet me; and when I named my friend, she turned to welcome him with a grace and gaiety that made him sure of his reception. She placed him beside her on the sofa, and I was soon at ease to first impressions. We had not far to go dinner. The lower part of the house being occupied by my chambers of business; our public rooms are confined to a small drawing room on the first floor, and a still smaller library opening out of it. In this small library we dined. The dinner was ordered with neatness and taste, and served without display in an apartment simply furnished. My wife is not one of those who, to make parade upon the occasion, lessen the comforts of every-day life. She has never, since we married, set before me a dinner I might not have brought a friend to partake of; nor has she ever appeared before me in a dress she could not have worn on occasions of ceremony. Yet our expenses do not, by any means, come up to our limited income. It is true, our wants are few; but we increase our luxuries as we go on. We do not live in the world, but we live very much in society; society that we like, and that likes us, and assimilates with us. All this, and more, in the warmth of my heart, I told my friend over a bottle of my best wine, when my wife rose and left; and we were still upon the same theme when we joined her again at the tea-table. He began to rally us upon our way of life, and tried to persuade her that, I had played the inconstant among our circle of beauties, being fond to admire, and fickle to change. I saw that in his then mood it were vain for me to dispute his assertions; so to divert the time, and, may be, to prevent my wife from thinking of any other, I pleaded guilty to one serious attachment, and offered to tell my story.

"Some years ago," said I, "when it became the fashion to take shooting-quarters in the Highlands, I formed one of a large party who had engaged an extensive tract of moorland for the season. The game-keeper and the dogs we sent off early in July, and it was settled we were all to dine together at the farm house we rented with the ground, upon the 10th of August. My friends agreed to proceed northwards in a body; but as I dislike exceedingly travelling in that sort of company, I declined forming one of it, and set out by myself, some weeks before, on a tour through a range of my native country I had never yet seen."

At this part of my story, my wife laid down her work, and looked up anxiously in my face, I smiled and proceeded.

"After an interesting and somewhat fatiguing journey, I arrived early on the morning of the 10th of August, at one of the principal towns of the north Highlands. It was market day, and the streets were filled with crowds of well dressed people, thronging in every direction. Several handsome equipages were driving along among the crowd, while gentlemen on horseback and foot passengers picked their way carefully through the groups of country people and their wares, who stopped every regular passage. I alighted at a very comfortable inn, and having ordered some refreshment, I sat down very contentedly to look over a newspaper which lay upon the table of the parlor I had been shown into, when, chancing to raise my head, my eyes fell upon a mirror which hung upon the opposite wall, between the portraits of General Washington and Mr. Pitt, I was struck with horror at my own appearance. Hastily ringing for the waiter, I inquired whether there were any hair-dressers in the town on whose skill I might rely. I was told I was within a few doors of the first artist in the county. A man don't like to trust his head to a bungler; but the first step I took in Mr. Blank's shop convinced me the waiter had not been wrong in his assertion. When the operation was over, I surveyed myself with much satisfaction in a small hand-glass, obligingly held to me for that purpose; but not feeling myself at liberty to indulge my contemplation so publicly, I returned as quickly as possible to my hotel, to consult at leisure the mirror, which hung on the opposite wall, between the portraits of General Washington and Mr. Pitt. I was perfectly enchanted with my good mien. I was cut and curled in the most becoming manner."

Here my wife laughed aloud; my

friend too, smiled; but I took no notice of their interruption.

"The inn stood back from the street, in a large court-yard, the projecting walls of which, on each side, prevented any view beyond. Across this court-yard numbers of people were constantly passing. I sat down at the open window of my parlor to watch the various groups thus flitting before me. One, in particular, at once engaged my attention: it consisted of an elderly lady in gray, a child in a frock and trowsers, a young lady in white, with pink upon her bonnet, and the captain of a recruiting company quartered in the town. He was apparently saying something extremely amusing, for the young lady was laughing violently; and, looking up in her mirth, she threw on me, as I sat perched at my window, a pair of the most beautiful black eyes I had ever then seen. I fancy mine must have told her so, for she had not gone many steps before she raised those eyes again. Again they met mine; and, this time we both blushed. She withdrew hers quickly, and turned to the recruiting officer; he bowed, as in the act of speaking. The lady in gray appeared to join in the conversation, and they all walked leisurely on towards the projecting wall. Will she look up again? I pushed my well-curled head as far as I possibly could out of the window. She held hers, I thought, resolutely down. I followed them with my eyes, as they stepped along across the pavement. They reached the wall. The little child ran quickly out of sight. The lady in gray was half concealed. The young lady turned to reply to some gallantry of the recruiting officer, and once more her eyes were fixed on mine. In another moment she was gone. I drew my head in hastily, flung my hands before my face to exclude all light, and again, in fancy, those beautiful eyes beamed brightly upon me. After a few minutes I looked up. Crowds of gay passengers still moved on the pavement below, and talked, and looked, as they passed me.—Will she come again? I took out my watch, it was only three o'clock. Again I glanced at the projecting wall, and I followed eagerly, each succeeding group, as they emerged from behind it. Many a voice turned the corner to disappoint me. Four o'clock: she will not come. I rose from the window in despair. As I stood, the sound of a voice I had heard before arrested my attention. There was a laugh, and a stamp, and a jingling noise, and the end of a sword-scarabard pointed out beyond the wall. It was the recruiting officer. Did he come alone? The little child ran forward; the lady in gray put out a foot; and again the eyes from the pink bonnet sought the window. We blushed crimson. The young lady turned to her never failing resource, the recruiting officer, I darted forward, seized my hat, rushed down stairs, and followed her. They had reached the hair-dresser's shop, and they had stepped before it to examine some of its curiosities. The lady in gray took the little child by the hand and walked on. The young lady prepared to follow her; but as she moved away, she cast one glance towards the window of the inn; it was quite deserted. I neither stirred nor spoke, but I saw from her heightened color she was aware who stood beside her. She held a small nosegay in her hand. She began to pull to pieces the flowers which composed it; and she scattered the leaves upon the pavement. I stooped to gather them. A carriage was in waiting at the end of the street; it drew up as the party approached. A footman opened the door, and let down the steps, and the recruiting officer handed the ladies into it. He laid his arm upon the door, and stood and talked for some minutes. It was an open carriage; the young lady was leaning thoughtfully against one of the cushions. The officer talked longer; at length he bowed, and they drove away. I was standing before a druggist's shop, supporting myself on the brass railing that protected it. As the carriage whirled rapidly past, I ventured one last glance at the pink bonnet. She was still leaning back against the cushions, and the remains of her nosegay were beside her. As she passed she extended the hand, whiter than snow, which held it, over the side of the open carriage, pressed it for an instant to her breast, her lips, and dropped it gently at my feet. I started forward to receive the precious gift."

"Oh! don't believe him," cried my wife, interrupting me, "it is all a romance; it is indeed, I never looked—I never meant—I—"

I interrupted her in my turn, and seizing the hand she had extended in the energy of the moment, I pressed it, as she had done the nosegay she gave me.

In October last there were eleven thousand eight hundred and seventy-six revolutionary, and 3,863 invalid pensioners.

Alabama in want of ladies.—The following article is of interest to the fair of the North.

FREE TRADE.—A steamboat load of Northern Beauties, was recently shipped to Montgomery, Alabama; and the Montgomeryans rushed down upon the fair freight, like the Romans among the Sabines, and each took his lot to his liking—and all the ladies found homes and husbands to theirs! We therefore admonish the superannuated Spinsters of the North, to go and do likewise—and make Leap year of every year; and so far take an interest in politics, as to make their election sure.

What does Paul say? A country clergyman about repairing to church on Sunday morning, was informed by his wife that they had no meat for dinner; whereupon he despatched his black man Cesar to a neighbor of his, generally known by the name of Paul, to borrow a piece of beef—after which he was directed to repair to the church. The black fellow went for the beef, was refused on the ground that his master had already borrowed very often, but had neglected to pay. Cesar repaired to church, the refusal of the meat still running in his head—and it so happened that just as he was entering the door, his master was dilating on the words of the apostle, and thus addressed his hearers—"What does Paul say? Cesar supposing himself interrogated, answered—"What do Paul say? Why, he say, he cant let you hab any more meat, till you pay up the ole score!"

Odd and Even. A sailor having purchased some medicines of a celebrated doctor demanded the price.

Why says the doctor I cannot think of charging you less than seven and six pence.

Well, I'll tell you what, replies the sailor, take off the odd, and I will give you the even.

Well returned the doctor, we won't quarrel about trides.

The sailor laid down six pence and was walking off, when the doctor reminded him of his mistake.

No mistake at all, sir; six is even and seven is odd all the world over, so I bid you a good day.

Get you gone, said the doctor; I've made four pence out of you yet.

Weddings and funerals of the Scotch.

The lower people of Scotland are not so much accustomed to convivial entertainments as the English; but they have one institution, which is at once social and charitable, and that is, the contributions raised for celebrating the weddings of the people of the inferior rank. At these the company consists promiscuously of the high and low; the entertainment is as decent as it is jovial. Each guest pays according to his inclination or ability, for which they have a wedding dinner and dancing.—When the parties happen to be servants in respectable families, the contributions are sufficient to establish the young couple in the world.

In Scotland, the common people retain the solemn decent manner of their ancestors at burials. When a relation dies in town, the parish beadle is sent round with a passing bell; but he stops at certain places, and with a slow and melancholy tone announces the name of the party deceased, and the time of his interment to which he invites his countrymen. At the hour appointed, if the deceased were beloved, vast numbers attend. The procession is sometimes preceded by the magistrates and their officers, and the dead body is carried in a coffin, covered with a velvet pall, to the grave, where it is interred without any oration or address to the people, or prayer, or ceremony, other than the nearest relation thanking the company for their attendance.—The funerals of the nobility and gentry are performed in much the same manner as in England, but without any burial service.—The Highland funerals are generally preceded by bag pipes, which play certain dirges, and these are accompanied by the voices of the attendants of both sexes.

View of the World.

A sailor's Frolic.—During all our cold weather, jack tars, discharged from the United States vessels lately arrived in port, have been drifting about, all hours, by day and by night, half seas over, three sheets in the wind, &c. &c. neither regarding cold, nor wind, nor rain, but cracking their jokes, singing their songs, and bidding defiance to the foul fiend. On Monday there was a great crowd of people collected at the foot of the market, it being a "hiring day" for servants for the New Year. A whimsical son of Neptune twiggling what was going on in the crowd, grappled a messmate (who was near foundering from having taken in an over dose of grog,) and hauled him into the midst of the ring, at the same time vociferating to the by standers—"Holloa! shipmasters—what will you give for this here lubberly good-for-nothing son of a sea cook—warranted to get drunk as often as he can get liquor?" A peal of merriment broke forth from the crowd at this queer interruption, and a rag-

ged wit answered the challenge by a bid of "a second hand chew of tobacco." Upon which Jack, casting a look of withering contempt upon his rum stricken bargain, exclaimed—"Why, how now, you beggerly rascal, do you hear that? at the same time pushing him away with the utmost disdain. But his good humor was quickly restored on hearing some one call out, 'I'll give a glass of grog for him,' and he drew back the passive object of his mirth, exclaiming 'That's something like—now turn round, you dirty rascal, and make the gentleman a bow for his generosity.'"
Norfolk Herald.

GOODWIN & WELSH, CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS, No. 3, Upper Market, (or Fifth) Street, at the old sign of the

GOOD SAMARITAN, Cincinnati, Ohio. Wholesale & Retail dealers in
Drugs, Medicines, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, DYE-STUFFS, Window-Glass, &c. &c.
July 23, 1831. 29—6 mo

BRIGADE ORDER.
Tenth Brigade of Indiana Militia.
Printer's Return Jan. 7, 1832.

THE several regiments composing said brigade shall be mustered at such place as their respective commandants may direct, as follows:

"The 3d regiment on Thursday, Oct. 4
" 14th regt. on Saturday, Oct. 13.
" 15th regt. on Wednesday, Oct. 3.
" 44th regt. on Saturday, Oct. 20.
" 55th regt. on Saturday, Oct. 6.
" 60th regt. on Friday, Oct. 5.
By order of the brigadier general,
ISAAC CHAMBERLIN, Aid.

Look at This!!!

ALL persons who know themselves indebted to the undersigned, are hereby requested to come forward and make settlement immediately, either by note or payment. Those who neglect this notice, will receive the next from an officer, without respect to persons. Purchasing necessity compels him to adopt the most rigid means to close his accounts.

JABEZ PERCIVAL.
Lawrenceburg, Oct. 21, 1831 42-36.

Recorder's Office.

THE Recorder's office, of Dearborn county, is kept in a room adjoining the residence of col. John Spencer, in the town of Lawrenceburg. The undersigned proposes executing all manner of writing, such as acknowledgments on deeds & mortgages, conveyances of land, powers of attorney, leases, articles of agreement, &c. &c. for those who may think proper to employ him, on moderate terms.

THOMAS PORTER.
Feb'y 19, 1831. 7-11 Recorder.

TAKE NOTICE,

THAT I forewarn all persons from buying or trading for a note of hand, given some time in the latter part of April or May, in the year 1829, for the sum of twenty eight dollars, payable to one Robt, one year after the said note was given, for a clock, which clock was insured to run and keep time for one year, or no sale; and said clock is of no force.

I therefore, forewarn all persons of taking the said note on my account, as I am determined not to pay it, as I consider it a fraud.

WILLIAM LAKE.
Jan. 21, 1832. S-3*W.

Cloth-Dressing.

THE subscriber informs the public that his Cloth-Dressing works at NEW BALTIMORE, OHIO, are in complete operation for the execution of work of every kind in his line. From his long experience, and the care which he takes to accommodate customers, he hopes to receive a share of public patronage. He has made arrangements for the reception of Cloth at Mrs. Mary Radcliffe's Carding Works in

DEARBORN TOWN, OHIO, and for its return there when finished. The following are his prices for work, per yard.

For Black cloth	15 cents
" Navy Blue	15 do.
" Smo't Brown	15 do.
" Do. Dark (men's wear)	15 do.
" London Brown & Bottle Green	18 1/4 do.
" Drabbs of different shades	10 do.
" Light Smo't (men's wear)	12 1/2 do.
" Pulling & pressing any home colour	6 1/4 do.
" London Brown Flannel	12 1/2 do.
" Green do.	12 1/2 do.
" All other colours	10 do.
" Flannels coloured & pressed	4 do.

JAMES RADCLIFFE.
October 22, 1831. 42-11.

Rags! Rags!

TWO cents per pound in Cash will be given for any quantity of clean Cotton and Linen Rags at this office.

INDIANA PALLADIUM,

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
DAVID V. GURLEY,
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.