

MISCELLANY.

For the Palladium.
Temperance Ode,
By B. N. ELLIOTT,

For the King 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 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'd I could like Moon, above,
Both love and hate at leisure,
So should I never cease to love,
In hating find some pleasure.

A changing mood like that of his,
Would now exactly fit me,
When Kate was loving take 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 bled,
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 secur,
Seeking turkies to devour,
Turkies 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 to wards 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 inconsistent 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, chance to 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. Black'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 friend. 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 fluttering 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 her 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 towards the projecting wall. Will she look up again? I pushed my well-curved 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-scabbard 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 bairdresser'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 stired 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 streets; 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—

In October last there were eleven thousand eight hundred and seventy-six revolutionaries, 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 Montgomerians 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 supernumerary 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.

gad 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 run stricken bargain, exclaimed—'Why, how now, you bigger 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 vagabond, and make the gentleman a bow for his generosity.'

Norfolk Herald.

GOODWIN & WEISTACHE,
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 Retreat Jan. 7, 1831.

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.
" 53d regt. on Saturday, Oct. 6.
" 60th regt. on Friday, Oct. 5.

By order of the brigadier general.
ISAAC CHAMBERLIN, Aid.

Look at This!!!

A LL 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. Pitching necessity compels him to adopt the most rigid means to close his accounts.

JABEZ PERCIVAL.

Lawrenceburg, Oct 21, 1831. 42-31.

RECORDEER'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, easements, articles of agreement, &c. &c. for those who may think proper to employ him, on moderate terms.

THOMAS PORTER.

Feb 19, 1831. 7—16. 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. 8—3*.

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

ELIZABETHTOWN, 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. Brown	15 do.
" Do. Dark (men's wear)	15 do.
London Brown & Bottle Green	18 1/4 do.
" Drab of different shades	10 do.
" Light Smo. (men's wear)	12 1/2 do.
" Filling & 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 colored & pressed	4 do.

JAMES RADCLIFFE.

October 22, 1831. 42-16.

Rags! Rags!

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

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