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By David V. Culley.

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From the Boston Statesman.

The principles acted upon by South Carolina, would at once set bounds to all improvements, arrest the course of civilization, and stop the progress of knowledge, saying "thus far shall ye go, and no farther." There can be no improvement without changes. Was not Commerce once the pride of the North? the source too of her honor and her profit?—Look at the once goodly cities of New England—behold them now with their wharves desolate—their ware-houses empty—their habitations tenantless—with their commerce departed like the spoil to the lion's den—*vestigia nulla retrorsum* leaving no returning footsteps. "Are these our joyous cities, whose antiquity is of ancient days? their own feet have carried them afar off to sojourn;" they who once went down to the deep in ships, are now peopling the wide wilderness of the far West—filling the vast valley of the Mississippi—crossing the eternal snow-clad summits of the Rocky Mountains—wandering on the fertile banks of the Columbia—pitching their tents around the Cataracts of the green Oregon—halting only, in their unconquerable enterprise on the far distant shores of the Pacific Ocean.

If the cities of the South would meet with a manly spirit, the reverses that have alike visited us and them, let them "go, and do likewise"—let them follow the footsteps of the spirit of the North—let them drive the wild beast from their lair—let them fell the forest in their march—let them subdue the earth, and have it for their heritage, and the heritage of their children and their children's children.

Have none but the cities of the South felt the oppression, which the changes wrought by the folly of other governments and the counsels of our own, have produced? The ancient metropolis of New England has not escaped the scourge. But the question was not, (with her) "how it came," but "how shall it be averted?" If she has asked, "who hath taken this counsel against Tyre, the crowning city, whose merchants were princes, whose traffickers the honorable of the earth?" it has not been in the spirit of the complaint, but humility; and her answer has been, "the Lord of hosts hath purposed it." New England has met her fate with the spirit worthy of her origin. Her language and her motto have been, "nay do not please sharp fate," to grace it with your sorrows; bid that welcome which comes to punish us, and we punish it, seeming to bear it lightly.

She has turned her wealth, and her enterprise and her industry into new channels, and prosperity has rewarded her labors. But enough—enough. The only essential difference between the North and the South is this: that here, it is disgraceful for a man to be idle; there, it is more disgraceful to be employed! They complain that the grass grows upon their wharves—show it. They "sell their last ship, to a denizen of the sand banks of 'Nantucket,' and while he is compassing the deep (on a three year's voyage and hurling his harpoon at its monsters, from pole to pole) to collect a cargo of blubber, they remain at home all the while, blubbering!"

If the South is so mad as to suppose she can eat her bread on any other condition than Adam ate his, when expelled from paradise—(the sweat of his brow,) let her if she can, regain paradise. But we warn her that Nullification is the wrong road to it; and that rebellion will behold more flaming swords to encounter, than were ever brandished from the gate of Eden. The Union—it must be preserved.

From the Working Men's Shield.

FEMALE LABOR.

An old maxim says, that *precaution is better than a cure*. It is certainly more easy to avoid evils, than to correct them after they exist. Should their cure even be effected, like the ravages of the small pox, the mark is indelibly fixed, which cannot be obliterated even by time. The present low prices of female labor lead to evils that few casual observers take into consideration; in which there is not only great injustice, but bad policy. There are in Cincinnati, and elsewhere, many poor widows, who are destitute and suffering for the common necessities of life, because they cannot obtain work or a fair compensation for their labor. Must they starve or freeze during the coming winter? or shall they resort to beggary? or be driven to theft? or fall victims to prostitution? By their labor, as now paid for, they cannot earn a living. The people here are benevolent and warm-hearted—their charities extend to the widows and orphans, and their calls are never disregarded, when attended with sorrow or distress. It seems difficult to devise any method to afford per-

manent relief—yet, we think it might, in some degree, be effected, at all events their condition might be ameliorated, and that, too, without the aid of charity or even the semblance of it.—Give to laborers just hire, for they are worthy of it. Women labor harder, and certainly longer in the day than men, and yet are paid only in proportion of *four to one*—for instance, a man receives one dollar, whilst the woman only gets 25 cents, and yet the woman probably has the greater number of children, dependent on her daily exertions. What matter is it to the community whether these children are supported by man or woman, if they are decently provided for, kept from being a public charge, and are properly instructed? If a proper equivalent is allowed to female labor, the poor taxes would be lessened, and the condition and morals of the rising generation greatly improved.

At the present prices of sewing, a woman can rarely realize more than *forty cents* per day; out of this must be deducted her boarding, clothing, washing, &c. If she has a family, which is often the case, out of this small sum how is her house rent to be paid? How her daily allowance of provision and clothing for herself and family to be supplied?—It cannot be done. The consequence is, she is thrown upon the charity list,—her children go uneducated who often, very often, become in time burdens to society, vagabonds and criminals, spreading their contagion among others, like a pestilential atmosphere. Now we would most earnestly recommend a general raise of female wages and prices of labor. Those who give out sewing work from their shops would not be the *losers*, they would lay on an additional price; like taxes on liquors or merchandise, the consumers would pay the difference,—it would be a trifle on each article; yet in the aggregate, amount to a great deal to individuals who *sew* for their living.

By adopting this generous, yet just course, another evil of the greatest magnitude would, in a measure, be obviated. Women, in general are much more virtuous in their nature than men—are not so easily led into scenes of dissipation and vice, yet temptations will overcome them at times, particularly when assailed by the iron hand of poverty, and where their education has been defective. They have their various wants that can only be obtained with money. This they are willing to work for, upon just principles, and if they cannot obtain their wants in this way, their virtue falls a sacrifice, and they become outcasts from respectability, and end their days in wretchedness and infamy. This is not, however, the case with all, yet, unfortunately it is with some. Here we introduce some judicious remarks from the able pen of MATTHEW CAREY of Philadelphia: he says, "The difference between Great Britain and America consists more in the number of the sufferers than in the intensity of the suffering—for it is a melancholy, a heart-rending, a disgraceful and dishonorable truth, that there are, in this blessed country, thousands of women usefully employed, who cannot possibly, by their utmost skill and industry, earn enough to support human nature.

"Let not our citizens lay the flatteringunction to their souls, to palliate or justify the callous indifference displayed on this subject, that this is an exaggerated picture. Would to Heaven it were! But unhappily it is a shocking reality. Coarse muslin shirts and duck pantaloons are made at various prices, at 6, 8, 10, and 12¹ cents each. More I have reason to believe, are made below, than at, 12¹ cents. The Provident Society in Philadelphia, and the Commissary General, it is true, pay 12¹ cents—but the shirts for the army are, I am informed, made in New York for 10 cents—the House of Industry in Boston pays but ten—and ten, I am persuaded, is a high average throughout the United States.

"Among all the persons I have seen, ladies and gentlemen, there has been but one uniform sentiment—that of strong sympathy for the distressed women. All exclaimed against the cruelty and oppression under which they labor. For a time I deluded myself into a belief that the object in view would be accomplished; but I regret to say that I was miserably disappointed. With all my efforts, I have not been able to secure, in New-York, Boston, or Philadelphia, *one active, zealous efficient co-operator!* Yet tens of thousands can be raised, in a few hours for the relief of distant nations. Are not the souls of American women, whom penury and distress drive to desperation and crime, as precious in the sight of Heaven as Hindoos, or Japanese?

"Baltimore has done herself great honor in this affair.—She has set a handsome and laudable example. Her impartial Human Society, conducted by a number of benevolent and benevolent ladies, aided by a few respectable citizens, pays 18¹ cents for making coarse muslin shirts and duck pantaloons, which is fifty per cent. more than our Provident Society gives, nearly double what is given by the House of Industry in Boston, and nearly double the price paid in New York for work for the army. Some of the tailors in Baltimore, I have been informed, have generously followed the example. It is easy to conceive what masses of misery and wretchedness this arrangement must prevent if generally followed—how much happiness it must confer—and how many will probably rescue from those wretched courses which lead certainly to perdition

here, and often, it is feared, to perdition hereafter.

"It is frequently said, in order to silence complaint on this subject, 'why do not these women become domestics?' These are scarce.' The fact is not exactly so. There are as many domestics generally as there are situations for them. Some of them, it is true, are worthless—but the number of this description is greatly exaggerated. Some masters and mistresses are hard to please—and make constant complaints on the subject—and hence the class of domestics is liable to imputations as a body which it does not merit. But be this as it may, there are thousands of women, who are unfit for this kind of employment—some from age,—some from feebleness of constitution—some from having small children to support, whom they cannot bear to part with. And are there not hundreds of widows among them, who have formerly lived in ease and affluence, and held their heads as high as those to whom the appeal is now made in their favor, whom no honorable man would wish to reduce to the state of domestics? Ought not all of these to receive such wages for their steady industry as will afford them adequate means of subsistence?

"Should it be asked, what is to be done in this case? I answer—A few of those in each of our great cities, who are blessed with a portion of that divine spirit, which leads to commiserate—and not merely to commiserate, but, when practicable, to relieve, the sufferings of their fellow mortals, ought to meet, and to appoint committees to investigate the subject, to appeal to the humanity and justice of the employers—to try to contrive additional means of employment—to raise funds for the establishment and extention of houses of industry—where fair prices will be paid;—in a word, to devise whatever means may be practicable to alleviate the sufferings of the ill-fated women in question."

The foregoing remarks are as applicable to Cincinnati as to other cities, and we hope that the subject will be diligently investigated. The task, we acknowledge, is of great magnitude, but when we take into serious consideration the beneficial results that may follow, we ought not to shrink. We cannot always dive into the hidden springs of domestic or individual misery. We cannot view the workings of the human heart, or pry into their sorrows, neither can we tell to what an extent moral anguish or mental suffering one must endure to drive the unfortunate to desperation; yet we do know there are bounds beyond which the agonies of human nature cannot pass. It is in the power of the philanthropist to avert much of the present evils which exist in society.

There is another class of unfortunates, still more wretched than the widow, justly entitled to all our sympathies, yet, from their situation in life their claims are weakened, and our charities must be delicately administered, still they are deserving our commiseration and pity. She who is cursed with a worthless husband, (no—degraded beast—*husband* is an inappropriate term,) with a large family of children, is infinitely in a worse condition than the lonely widow. Like the widow, she is compelled to support her children and herself—and often the worthless wretch not only eats his daily bread from her hard earnings, but the means are snatched from the mouths of their famishing children to furnish the incendiary poison for this odious brute. We have known women thus circumstanced, who have supported their families with considerable decency and credit, by their own hard labor, yet they could do it more effectually, and educate their children better, if female labor was placed upon a just footing. This subject we intend to resume at a future day.

PROMPT ARREST.—The partner of a Sco'ch Banking house charged with the commission of several forgeries, took passage in the Wm. Byrnes, under a fictitious name, for this port which vessel sailed on Nov. 17th. The necessary documents proving the facts were transmitted by the George Washington which sailed on the 24th and arrived before the Wm. Byrnes. The consequence was that the delinquent before landing was arrested by a Sheriff's officer and carried to prison. This event should admonish persons who commit crimes in the old country that fleeing to the new world does not afford a secure refuge from injustice.—N.Y.P.

From Rotterdam.—We are informed by Captain AMES, of the ship Philadelphia, arrived last knight from Rotterdam, that on leaving the port he was made heave to and examined by one of the English fleet, seven of which were in sight.

Police-Office.—Messrs. Homan, Sparks and Merritt, having received information from some black boys whom they had arrested upon a charge of stealing, that their stolen articles had been sold in a cellar 50 Orange street, kept as a kind of old iron and junk shop by Thomas Mullin, proceeded there night before last for the purposes of searching this premises. On their arrival Mullin, strictly protested that he was an

honest man, and carried on an honest business, but the doubting officers proceeded nevertheless to examine the house, where, in a kind of upstairs store room they found lots and loads of cloaks, coats, umbrellas, boots &c. &c., including a large collection of defaced and broken up silver, all of which they caused to be taken to the Police Office.

In the course of yesterday they found claimants for a portion of the articles, and succeeded by dint of industry in matching two or three dozen silver table and tea spoons, the marks on which had not been so certainly defaced as to render the initials unintelligible. Three or four coats, three cambric cloaks, some ladies dresses, and a quantity of broken fragments of spoons, with other articles still remain in the office for claimants.

N. Y. Enq.

Foreign News.

LATE FROM EUROPE.

The news-schooner *Eclipse* of the Courier & Enquirer office, boarded yesterday morning the Liverpool packet ship *SOUTH AMERICA*, Capt. MARSHALL. We have received by her London dates of the 4th December, and Liverpool of the 5th.

ANTWERP.

LONDON, Dec. 3.

On Friday morning last the citadel of Antwerp which all along has been acknowledged even by the Dutch themselves to belong to Belgium, was summoned to surrender to its lawful owner—the King of Belgium, and replied to by a cannon-shot from the military representative of the King of Holland, who has no claim, and pretends to no right of possessing that fortress. The question, therefore, which has agitated Europe for the last two years, and which ought long ago to have been decided by the treaty of the 15th November, 1832, is now to be settled—not by diplomacy, but by arms.

LONDON, Dec. 3.

The accounts brought from Holland, dated Saturday by the Atwood steam-boat, arrived in the river this afternoon, contain little beyond the announcement of the bombardment of the citadel of Antwerp by the French army. That the hostilities will be protracted to a much greater length of time than was at first imagined no doubt is entertained. The orders given to the Dutch Commandant from the Hague on the arrival of the French army, were that he should hold out to the last, under the expectation that something might turn up to give a new face to affairs. Probably King William anticipated an interference in his favor on the part of the Prussians; but they are as yet very tardy in their movement, and in the latest Journals from Berlin, and likewise the private advices by the continental mails of to-day, it does not appear that the army of observation on the frontiers of Belgium has materially altered his position. In the letters, politics in general are avoided from motives of prudence.

ANTWERP, Nov. 30.

Nine o'clock.—The important moment has passed: the summons has been delivered to General Chasse for the evacuation of the citadel: he has refused. The cannon of the citadel have been directed against the French soldiers while working in the trenches, and several have been killed. The conditions offered by the commandant of the citadel for the neutrality of the town have been declared inadmissible by the French authorities.—A second *parlementaire* has been sent to the citadel. During the evening the shots have been widely distant from each other. The weather is rainy and dark. The French soldiers are said to be still working although from the citadel it is impossible to deserv their movements. To-morrow, it is expected there will be a great advance made not only towards the completion of the two parallels, but towards the establishment of several batteries, whence the assailants in return will be enabled to annoy the citadel. An attack is expected to night on the forts held by the Dutch on the left bank of the Scheldt, to whose commander a summons was also sent this day at 11 o'clock. Who can therefore, wonder if the excitement and anxiety of the people here is of the greatest?

The details of the delivery of the summons, as I have been enabled to obtain them, are, at an early hour, some state 6 o'clock, the summons was entrusted to a superior officer of Marshal Gerard's staff who proceeded at day-break to deliver it. I hope to have the document, to which one may refer. The answer of General Chasse was, that he could not suppose his country to be at war with England or with France and that he would not yield until his means of defence were exhausted, or until he had the orders of the King of Holland to surrender the fortress; and as to the neutrality of the city he proposed several conditions, which have been considered as inadmissible—such as that the Scheldt was to continue free for all communications to the citadel, and that the forts on the left bank were not to be attacked, and that no use should be made against the citadel of the batteries erected in Fort Montebello and within the compass of the city. The officer brought back the reply to Marshal Gerard with an intimation that if the French persisted to work in the trenches after mid-day the citadel would fire upon them. As the works were continued, the firing commenced at a quarter past 12 o'clock.

The conduct of the commandant of the citadel and of the garrison itself appears inexplicable; the French worked during the night, yet not a shot was fired at them, and at mid-day they had completed without injury what they had expected to have cost 2,000 men if an active resistance had been given. At 10 o'clock last night the Belgian posts were relieved all round the citadel, as well in the town as in the country. At midnight several volleys of musketry were fired off from the citadel, in order to clear the atmosphere and to allow the garrison to see if the enemy was near. The French, though under arms ready to begin their work, preserved a strict silence. The garrison went "to sleep," until the summons awoke them from their slumbers and they saw the French soldiers at work within hail: the soldiers and officers continued to look on impassively until mid-day.

All preach humility, none practice it. The master thinks it is doctrine for his servants; the worldlings for the clergy: and the clergy for their congregations.

The difference between happiness and wisdom, is, that the man who thinks himself most wise is generally the very reverse.