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STANZAS.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.
Matron! the children of whose love,
Each to his grave, in youth have past,
And now the mould is heaped above
The dearest and the last!
Bride! who dost wear the widow's veil
Before the wedding flowers pale!
Ye deem the human heart endures
No deeper, bitterer grief than yours.

Yet there are pangs of keener woe,
Of which the sufferers never speak,
Nor to the world's cold pity show
The tears that scald the cheek,
Wring from their eyelids by the shame
And guilt of those they shrink to name,
Whom once they loved, with cheerful will,
And love, though fallen and branded, still.

Weep, ye who sorrow for the dead,
Thus breaking hearts their pain relieve;
And graceful are the tears ye shed,
And honoured ye who grieve.
The praise of those who sleep in earth,
The pleasant memory of their worth,
The hope to meet when life is past,
Shall heal the tortured mind at last.

But ye, who for the living lost
That agony in secret bear,
Who shall with soothing words accost
The strength of your despair?
Grief for your sake is scorn for them
Whom ye lament and all condemn;
And o'er the world of spirits lies
A gloom from which ye turn your eyes.

DEATH.

Ye may twine young flowers round the sunny brow
Ye deck for the festal day—
But mine is the shadow that waves o'er them now,
And their beauty has withered away.
Ye may gather bright gems for glory's shrine,
Afar from the cavern home—
Ye may gather the gems—but their pride is mine,
They will light the dark cold tomb.

The warrior's heart beats high and proud,
I laid my cold hand on him;
And the stately form hath before me bowed,
And the flashing eye is dim.
I have trod the banqueting room alone—
And the crowded halls of mirth,
And the low deep wail of the stricken one
Went up from the festal hearth.

I have stood by the pillars domes of old,
And breathed on each classic shrine—
And desolation gray and cold—
Now marks their ruins mine.
I have met young Genius, and breathed on the brow
That bore it mystic trace—
And the cheek where passion was wont to glow
Is wrapt in my dark embrace.

They tell of a land where no blight can fall,
Where my ruthless reign is o'er—
Where the ghastly shroud, and the shadowy pall
Shall wither the soul no more.
They say there's a home in yon blue sphere,
A region of life divine;
But I rock not—since all that is lovely here,
The beauty of earth—is mine.

MISC ELLANEOUS.

From the New York Mirror.

MATSON'S "PAUL ULRIC."

This novel is from the press of the Harpers, and is another contribution to the stores of American fictitious literature, from the pen of native American. The requisition for domestic literature is on the increase, as well as for every other article of home production, and we are happy to find that our writers are bestirring themselves to meet the demand. The author of "Norman Leslie," is engaged in another work of a deep and thrilling interest, vastly superior in effect and capabilities to his last effort; the public is now occupied with Mr. Simms's admirable tale of "The Partisans," in our opinion, the best of his works; and we have here before us a new candidate for literary distinction in the person of Mr. Matson, with "Paul Ulric" in his hand, to lay upon the altar of public favor, and fair and candid criticism.

This author is already favorably known as the translator of a German work, entitled "Hours of Devotion," which met with a very large sale; and has become a standard book. "Paul Ulric" is his first attempt in this walk of literature, and we are disposed to look upon it in a very favorable light. It necessarily partakes of those defects incident to a first appearance, which every succeeding day will remove; and when the author shall have derived confidence from experience, and has ascertained from impartial criticism wherein his strength consists, we anticipate something decidedly excellent from him. In the present case he has evidently been apprehensive of giving a free rein to the discursive flights of his imagination, and has pruned all redundancies of description and sentiment with an unsparing hand. His reflections are dealt out with the sententious brevity of the seven maxims of the Grecian sages, and his narrative is continuous, uninterrupted by digression, adhering to the story with the precision of a right-angle, and abstaining from that rich mosaic work of fancy, sentiment, description and philosophy so thickly incrusted upon the elaborate workmanship of the writers of the modern school. In his future efforts, we would recommend Mr. Matson to fling the reins upon the neck of his Pegasus, and let it carry him wherever it listeth within reasonable bounds, as abundance is always preferable to dearth, and we are never disposed to quarrel with an excess of any thing, provided the quality is in proportion to the quantity. Paul Ulric is an enthusiast, who passes through sundry moving incidents by field and flood, and will reward the reader for a perusal. The following extracts will give our friends an opportunity of judging for themselves. The hero has taken it into his head to set up in life for himself, and has made up his mind to make his debut in the drama of life on the stage. In order to succeed, he reflects upon the best means of qualifying himself, and in the author's language.

The first thing was to procure a competent preceptor. I took up a newspaper, and saw the advertisement of a Mr. Wire, (what a name!) who fitted young gentlemen for the stage, pulpit, senate, or bar. A wonderful man was this Mr. Wire. I hastened to his residence, and rang the bell; the door was opened by the very gentleman himself. Mr. Wire was not a lean slender man, as might be expected from his name; on the contrary, he was stout and well built, somewhat resembling his own favorite Falstaff. His eye was blue, his forehead lofty, his hair thin and curling, and his nose decidedly Grecian. By his speech, I discovered that he was a native of Ireland. In deportment he was extremely polite. Mr. Wire conducted me to a parlor on the second floor, and gave me a chair at a window looking out upon one of the principal squares.

"You are a teacher of elocution!" said I.

"I profess, sir, to be master of that invaluable and too much neglected art," pomposly answered Mr. Wire.

"Have you many pupils?"

"At present, sir, not more than twenty. I have just taught three large classes. I had ten applicants this afternoon; and expect, in another week, to have more than I can attend to. By-the-by, did you attend my exhibition at the Masonic Hall? One of my pupils, a boy only ten years old, would have astonished you. What do you think? he was encouraged three times in the recitation of Queen Mab—a thing never before known. You know that is one of the most difficult passages in the English language."

"It would afford me great pleasure," I observed, "to hear you read a passage from some favorite author."

"I never read gratuitously—never," said the dignified professor. "I once paid the great —, of London, a guinea a page for reading Alexander's Feast; it must not be supposed, therefore, that I have come to this country to make a plaything of my profession. All pupils, who would place themselves under my instruction, must satisfy themselves of my ability by the testimonials—the most satisfactory testimonials—which I am at all times ready to exhibit."

I was thoroughly convinced, that without the assistance of Mr. Wire, I should never succeed in my new enterprise, and without farther ceremony I inquired his terms.

"Oh, they are very reasonable. If you read in a class, I shall charge only two dollars a lesson."

"I made no objections to his terms, and proposed to take my first lesson immediately."

The professor led me into his class-room, where several pupils were waiting for his return. He gave me Cato's soliloquy, and desired me to read. I remarked that this was a difficult passage for a young beginner. He told me the sooner those difficulties were encountered the better. I entered upon my task, but not without frequent interruptions. I read, as a matter of course, either too fast or too slow; I emphasized not at all, or I emphasized too much; I was cold and artificial at first, but I increased in ease and simplicity as I proceeded; in short, before I finished the soliloquy, I was assured that I could read it almost as well as some of the distinguished actors.

"A more practised tyro was requested to give us a specimen of his powers. The professor remarked that the lad was not deficient in spirit; but, unfortunately, his dialect was much against him. The young Roscius, nothing daunted, commenced the reading of Hamlet's soliloquy on death; and abundantly illustrated what the professor had said in relation to his peculiarity of speech, or rather, his cockneyisms. We will quote a few lines by way of example:

"To be, or not to be—that is the question,
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The stings and harasses of houtrageous fortune,
Or to take harms against a sea of troubles,
And, by hoppings, head 'em? To die—to sleep,
No more; and, by a sleep, to say we head
The artache, and a thousand natural hills
That flesh is heir to—is a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd!"

"Bravo!" cried the professor; "you have spoken admirably! The only objection is, that you have converted arrows into harrows, and ills into hills."

Every Jack has his Gill. Ferdinand Count Fathon was not a personage of such unmitigated villainy as not feel some tender visitations, and even Toun Pipes, rude and uncultivated, and partaking much of the nature of the bear, acknowledged that he now and then felt the influence of the soft passion. Mr. Paul Ulric is a professed enthusiast. He wanted a mistress, and the author a heroine. They are both suited in the following manner:

"The young lady quitted her seat in the arbor, and sprang upon her feet a few paces before me. What a look and attitude for the painter! I would have given worlds for the privilege of transferring them at that moment to the unfading canvass. Her right hand and foot were drawn instinctively back, as if prepared to fly; her face, at first half-averted, was turned hurriedly in the direction whence the sound proceeded, while her left hand played unconsciously among the curls which clustered about her neck and shoulders. These, together with the deep blushes which mantled in her cheeks on finding herself in the presence of a stranger, formed, altogether a picture which might have been chosen for a model by Raphael himself. Her features, generally, I shall not attempt to describe. They were not so exquisitely moulded as I have seen, but there was, nevertheless, a certain witchery—a spirituality, I may say—in their expression, which the most common observer would have noticed; and showed, if the face be any index to the soul, that she was richly endowed with all the graces and perfections of our moral nature. Her eyes were hazel, but very dark; and to those might be added a complexion pure as alabaster; lips that would not have shamed the chisel of Canova; and a forehead upon which intellect had set her seal—all of which rendered her the personification of loveliness and beauty."

To be captured by outlaws is rather an old incident in the construction of novels and romances, but it is an approved one, and has many authorities in its favor. It is necessary to recount the circumstances of the lady's capture, and it will be far more agreeable to quote her evasion, which occurs after the following fashion. We must premise that Paul Ulric had ascertained that his Dulcinea had been, like a new Proserpine, abducted or abducted by a Pennsylvanian freebooter, and in order to plan and mature her rescue, he determines to join the robbers as a pretended accomplice.

"A principle barrier was now removed, and it was for us to profit by the advantage we had gained. Dingee assigned to me the task of preparing Emily for flight, while he stationed himself as a lookout in the passage. He gave me a key with which I was to unlock the captive's cell, with all the necessary instructions. I groped my way in the dark, along a craggy and narrow defile; at length I reached an angle at which I was to keep to the right. This, I knew was not far from my journey's end. A short distance before me a gleam of light broke through a crevice of the rocks, and shot across a gloomy chasm, which appeared to extend a considerable distance into the earth. I hurried on, guided by this solitary beacon, impatient of delay. A few paces more, and I stood before the grating of a narrow cell. Merciful heaven! there was Emily, pale, haggard and weeping—but, oh, how beautiful! She was kneeling on the flinty rock, with her spiritual countenance upturned, and her delicate hands clasped, as if in prayer. Her lips moved not; but the fixedness of her gaze, and the earnestness of her whole attitude, betokened that she was in deep and heart-felt communion with her God. A loose undress hung carelessly about her; and her long black hair fell in wild disorder about her neck and shoulders. Oh! what a picture was here of innocence, and grace, and beauty!—a picture on which the eye might for ever have rested without producing a single unholly or impure desire. I felt that it was almost sacrilege to disturb her devotions—but her happiness, as well as my safety was at stake—and almost involuntarily, her name trembled upon my lips. She rose from her kneeling posture, and turned quickly away.

wretched open the prison door, and advanced into her presence.—I grasped her hand, but she violently withdrew it—believing me, no doubt, to be one of the outlaws, who had come to mock and insult her.

"Emily, do you not know me?" I faltered, at length, for such was my agitation that I could scarcely speak.

"The public recognized the tones of my voice, and without uttering a word, sank an almost lifeless burden into my arms.

"She awoke at length, to a state of consciousness, and looking into my face, with a faint smile playing about her lips, said—

"I am afraid you have perilled your life for my sake."

"Speak not of this," I quickly returned. "We must think only of escape! You must prepare for instant flight."

"How is it possible?" she exclaimed, in a quick voice. "We shall be murdered—murdered—we dare not move from this!"

"I explained to the incredulous girl that the robbers were chiefly absent—that I had been long and impatiently waiting for this opportunity—that there was not a moment to be lost.

"She was in some measure reassured.

"I left her for moment, and hurried to O'Donnell for counsel; but scarcely had I quitted the cell, when I saw him making his way among the rocks, bearing a torch in one hand, and some articles of clothing in the other.

"You were in such a terrible hurry," said he, "or my memory was so treacherous, that I forgot to give you a light. We must lose no time—it is a favourable moment, and every thing promises success. The doctor is asleep—Nell will not wake much before doomsday—and the porter I have engaged over a bottle of wine.—He is now the most to be feared; he is watchful and suspicious; but if the worst must come—and here Dingee drew a pistol from his belt, which he held significantly before him, as if nothing further was required to complete the sentence. He resumed—"Here is the doctor's hat and coat, which you must put on as a disguise; and the lady, too—for her greater safety after we have left the cavern—must consent to appear in a new garb. I have brought a suit on purpose. Here is cap of the richest fur—a pair of crimson velvet, and a coat and trousers, which would not mar the fair proportions of the captive herself. Over these you must throw a blanket—here, you see, is one for that purpose—covering even her head—so that she cannot be known without the closest inspection. Thus equipped, lead her into the main passage, and make your way toward the entrance of the cavern, the door of which you will find I have left open. Be cautious that you do not look either to your right or left; and should the porter accost you, pass on without heedling him, or betraying the slightest fear. I will go and drench him with another bottle of wine."

"We passed on, and reached the main passage in safety. The night-breeze, as it swept through the unlosed entrance, played deliciously about our temples, and seemed to add another link to the broken chain of our existence.

"A few more steps, and our liberty would be achieved.

"Cursed accident! Emily's foot tripped against a brass horn which was lying on the granite floor, and resounded fearfully through the cavern.

"Hark! ejaculated the porter, "hark! hark!"

"Dingee, however, did not heed his companion, broke forth into a song, a line or two of which he had only repeated, when the porter a second time exclaimed—

"Hark! hark!"

"What do you hear?" cried Dingee, in a loud and vehement tone.

"There is somebody in the passage!" was the whispered reply.

"Ha—ha—ha!" roared Dingee, as if desirous of making all possible noise. "Why, man, it is the wine ringing in your ears. Keep your seat, my ben-cull—you're too lousy to start on the look-out; I'll go and see what's the matter, myself. Ha—ha!" laughed the bandit again, putting out his head so as to command a view of the passage—"it's Nell, to be sure, looking like a ghost; and there she goes, wrapped in a blanket, with the doctor at her side—ha—ha ha! I suppose he's taking out his patient to give her an airing—eh? ha—ha—ha!"

"We stood beneath the calm, pure light of heaven. The fragile form of Emily clung to me for support. A myriad of stars were flashing in the blue expanse—and the lustrous full moon was flaunting abroad in all her grandeur and glory."

After having succeeded in liberating the lady, like Orpheus he is again separated from his Eurydice. On this occurrence he very coolly, sentimentally, and sensibly descended. We refer the reader to chapter eight, volume second, for the author's system of philosophical resignation.

Such is the *pittrice* of Paul Ulric, and from these specimens our readers can form their own judgment.

The writer certainly possesses the germ of what may, by cultivation and judicious management,

expand into a vigorous, beautiful, and prolific production of the literary garden, and we cordially wish him success; and have no doubt that he will obtain it. There are sundry unimportant anachronisms and misapprehensions inevitable to a young American when describing English scenes and subjects, but they are not worth pointing out.

STATE BANK.

Amongst the Legislative documents, which for the want of room, we are as yet unable to lay before our readers, is the interesting Report of Mr.

Merrill, President of the State Bank of Indiana. By this document it appears, that "after paying all the expenses of organization, and incurred in managing the Bank and branches, and making a reservation of \$26,176 35 cents for the surplus fund, a dividend of three per cent. on the capital paid in, was declared at the November session of the State Board. The sum of \$15,000 accruing to the State has been paid over to the Sinking Fund, and \$2,000, the tax on individual stock, set apart as a portion of the permanent fund for common schools." By a calculation made in the report from the best available data, notes and bills have been discounted, in the different branches, for 722 farmers, 339 merchants, druggists, and grocers, 272 mechanics, 134 produce and cattle dealers, 87 manufacturers, millers, and distillers, 121 persons of the different professions, 27 inn-keepers, and 266 whose employment was unknown to the officers of

the branches. The loans from all the branches,

on the 21st November, were \$1,510,965 51; the paper in circulation \$1,392,035 00; the specie in the vaults \$797,811 97—and the cash on hand, bank notes and specie \$1,369,845 64; and that

the circulation obtained by the paper, and the specie on hand, are such as have not often appeared in the operations of banking." The President enters into an interesting detail of the operations of the Bank, and urges many useful and practical suggestions with regard to the interests and trade of the country. It appears that the individual depositories in all the branches, for the last half year, have been, at the end of each month, as follows,

viz: June \$272,987 42; July \$306,673 52; August \$322,378 30; September \$312,673 90; October

\$323,407 94; and November \$379,543 00. "These accounts," says the President, "do not include the depositories made by the Government, and are larger in proportion to the capital than those of any country banks in the United States, or than most of the city banks. By the 109th section of the charter, the State reserves the power of investing its education and other funds in the banks, so as to "make them more productive," and by the 21st section the bank may receive depositories on such terms and conditions as may be agreed, yet by the present charter the funds of the State not subscribed as stock cannot be made productive nor can depositories, as they are now made, be profitable to the Depositor or an object of much consequence to the Bank. But if something like a Savings Fund institution could be grafted on the branches, if they were encouraged to pay a small interest on depositories that were left for fixed periods, and if these could be used in the purchase of business paper or other safe transactions, many of the wants and necessities which increasing business requires would be supplied by means that are without use or benefit. All experience is in favor of the happy influence of Savings Banks. They promote industry and economy—they encourage to action enterprise—and as the tendency of money is to flow to places of business, may not an amendment to the charter be devised in this respect that will add not less to the interest of the State than to the comfort and prosperity of individuals?"

APPORTIONMENT.

The following shows the provision