

RICHMOND PALLADIUM.

Two Dollars—advance.]

Be just and fear not: Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's, thy God's, and truth's.—Henry VIII.

[Three Dollars—expiration.

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FAMILY SECRETS:

The Husband Reformed.

BY MRS. ELLIS.

In a small apartment on the ground floor, opening by an old-fashioned lattice through a perfect bow of roses and sweet briar, upon a little orchard green, where, his children were accustomed to play, sat Dr. Frederic Bond, accusing himself for the thousandth time, of having, through malpractice, superinduced by his besetting vice of tipping, caused the death of a worthy lady, in whose case he had recently been called to prescribe. Oppressed with the anguish of his mind, he at last threw open the window and looked out. He had heard young voices speaking in their pleasant tones of innocence and joy, and he now beheld his children with their mother, seated around a little breakfast table, under one of the old trees which grow near the house.

It was a beautiful picture, but it did not escape his eye that they were all eating the coarsest bread, served in the humblest manner, tho' they had every appearance of enjoying their meal as much as if it had been of the most costly description. For a long time he had leaned against the side of the window, and gazed with fixed attention on this scene without the little party being aware that he was a spectator, but no sooner did one of them make the discovery, than it was whispered to the rest, and almost instantaneously something like a shadow fell upon them all. Their cheerfulness subsided, their laughter died away, and the pleasant schemes they had been forming for all that was to be done in their mother's absence, and the promises they were making her, sunk into silence on their lips; while they ate the remainder of their breakfast without a word or a smile.

Frederic Bond shrunk back into his room; he would willingly have shrunk into the centre of the earth.

"I am so horrible a monster," he exclaimed, "that I cannot look upon my own children without withering their joy!"

As he said this, he caught a glimpse of his figure in the glass, and his wonder, if he had any, might well have ceased. His face was sallow, his cheeks had fallen into deep hollows, his eyes were red and glaring, his black hair was matted into separate locks that seemed as if started from his head. He was wrapped in a loose dressing gown, and all his movements were accompanied by a certain degree of muscular distortion, especially his face, which was once handsome, but which had lately been disfigured by convulsive twitches, at which his younger children laughed, while the older ones were afraid.

"No wonder," said he, "they shun and hate me. I envy them the power of escaping from such a monster; but how shall I escape from myself?"

He then swallowed his accustomed morning draught, and before his wife had come to take leave of him, he had begun to feel more the master of himself.

"Frederic," said Eleanor, returning again after she had bid him good-bye, "this is the first time I have left you and the children alone; for their sakes, for mine, may I ask you one kindness?"

"What is it?"

"Will you abstain—will you endeavor to be your better self, until my return?"

"Impossible! Heaven knows I gladly would if the power was in me; but you know, Eleanor, it is impossible."

"All things are possible with God, Frederic.—Will you not ask him to help you?"

"I dare not."

"Of what are you afraid? Surely there is more to dread in the daily violation of His holy law, than in the simple act which he himself has enjoined—the act of pardoning for the past, and his aid in resisting temptation for the future."

"But my sins are beyond all hope of pardon."

"They are, while persisted in; not otherwise."

"You forget that I am a murderer."

"I do not forget that you believe yourself to be so. Yet, even for the murderer, there is hope of pardon. Do not, dear Frederic, attempt to measure your culpability by the opinion of man. I have heard you say, yourself, that it is the simple nature of sin, as such, which makes it hateful in the sight of God; and though some sins may be more offensive and injurious to society than others, all are equally forbidden by the divine law. If, therefore, you would in reality take the Bible as your guide, we must believe that the murderer is not more guilty than the man who appropriates his neighbor's goods; the drunkard, than he who cherishes in the secret of his heart the spirit of envy and revenge."

"Take courage, then, dear Frederic. Some of us are sorely beset with temptations of many kind. You have one prevailing temptation.—Direct, then, all your efforts against this deadly enemy, and when once effectually conquered, it will be conquered for life. Farewell, dear Frederic, if you find yourself lonely when I am gone, remember that God is near you, waiting to be gracious. And now, once more, farewell. Take care of the dear children; and may their Heavenly Father bless and protect you all."

With these words Eleanor departed, and her miserable husband was left, as it appeared to him, without one consolation, or one hope. Tormented with perpetual restlessness, he went into the little parlor where he was accustomed to breakfast, and he found his eldest daughter seated at her sewing. She started up at seeing him enter, and immediately brought in his breakfast. It was a choice and savory repast, such as Eleanor always had in preparation for him, whenever he chose to partake of it; and he could not help this morning comparing it with the homely meal he had seen his wife and children eating in the garden some hours before. As soon as his little daughter had placed it on the table, she sat down to her sewing again, and only looked up occasionally, to see whether her father wanted anything she could bring.

Gladly would Frederic Bond have sharpened his appetite this morning, by adding to his coffee the usual portion of brandy with which he was

accustomed to strengthen it, but there seemed to him, in the presence of the quiet little girl who sat beside him, endeavoring to supply her mother's place, a sort of sacredness which he was not yet so hardened as to violate.

"Mary," said he, "do you always eat that brown bread which I saw you eating this morning?"

"Yes, always."

"And have you always those wooden bowls for your milk?"

"Oh, yes; we like them better, because they never break."

"And does your mother always eat brown bread with you?"

"Yes, when she eats any thing; but she sometimes goes almost without breakfast at all."

"Do you think she likes the bread and milk?"

"I don't think she does like it much; no more did Henry and Isabel at first, but we are getting to like it now; and mamma is always trying to persuade us to eat the simplest and cheapest food, because she says we will have to do some time, and it is better to do it now while we are young and healthy and happy, than to wait until we are forced, and may neither be so strong nor so well able to eat coarse food."

Frederic now recollected that his children never dined with him, and the idea struck him that perhaps they lived through the day on the same hard and homely fare. He recollected that his wife generally made excuses when she sat down with him, that she had previously dined with the children, thinking it best to keep order amongst them by her own presence; and he recollected too, that his own little board was always spread with dainties—with the game that was in season, or with some choice viands cooked so as to tempt his failing appetite, and always served up in such a manner as to avoid reminding him that he was not a gentleman still.

"And these poor creatures," said he to himself, "have been all the while living like the paupers of the parish!" He could scarcely swallow the morsel he had put into his mouth; and if ever man loathed himself, he did so at that moment. By way of diverting his thoughts, however, he made an effort to change the subject of conversation.

"Who are you working for, Mary?" he inquired.

The child blushed deeply, while she answered, "I am making a shirt."

Her father had asked the question with the most perfect indifference as to any answer she might make; but her embarrassment awakened his curiosity, and he went on.

"Is it for me, or for your brother?"

"Oh, it is too large for George," said Mary, endeavoring to smile away her blushes.

"It is for me then, I suppose. Why don't you answer me, Mary?"

This child burst into tears. "It is a secret," said she; my mother charged me not to bring this work into the room where you were; but I felt sure you would never notice it, and so I disobeyed her command, now she has hardly been gone an hour and my judgment has come upon me."

"But what secret can you have, Mary, about a shirt?"

"Oh, don't ask me, father. I dare not tell a falsehood, and yet I must not betray my mother's secret; she has kept so long."

"Poor child!" said Frederic, in a voice so kind, and so unselfish, that Mary's little heart was melted; and looking up through her tears she said, "I am sure you'd like my mother better if you knew, and yet I hardly dare to tell you."

"Well, Mary, I will leave it to you. If your mother has charged you not to tell me—if you have promised that you would not—I cannot urge upon you to break your trust."

"No, she never charged me at all; she has never even mentioned the subject directly, but she has been so studious to keep it from you, that we all knew her wishes; and ought we not to regard them as such as her word?"

"Certainly you ought; but in this instance I do beg you will tell me the whole truth! it may be of the utmost consequence both to your mother and to me."

Mary looked anxiously at her father, and then began her story.

"Well, then, we take in a great deal of plain sewing; my mother, and Eleanor, and Isabel, and I. We all get up at five every morning, and a shirt is sometimes made before your breakfast."

"And do you do this for pay?"

"Oh, yes; and mamma tells us all about house-keeping, and how it saves to eat such and such things, and to wear our common frocks; until sometimes she smiles, and says she is afraid we shall become lovers of money."

And what do you do with all that you make and all that you save?"

"Why, first, there is George's schooling, about which mamma thinks a great deal, and all the housekeeping; and Isabel's doctor's bill; and the wages of the servant—all these take a great deal of money to pay, and there is also another thing which mamma keeps a secret."

Frederic was afraid to pursue the subject further; but the child having once plunged into her mother's secrets, thought it just as well to tell the whole as a part. She therefore went on:—

"I am sure you will love mamma as we all do, when I tell you that for years she has been trying to afford to keep a pony for you, for she persists in it that you are not in good health, though we think you are a great deal better than she is herself. Yet she says it would do you much good to ride out every day; that it is a hard thing for a man who has been accustomed to riding to do without a horse; that it would give you more respectability in the neighborhood; and many other things that we don't quite understand; however, we all work for this great object; and last year we had nearly accomplished it, when there came in at Christmas that long, long bill from the cruel wine merchant, for things which my mother never knew of, but which she said must be paid before we thought of the pony. I shall never forget how she cried that day. Indeed, we all cried to see her so distressed; and the worst was, poor George could not go to school for a whole quarter, because there was not money enough to pay his

master and the wine merchant too; so he grew quite idle and mischievous, and lost more than he gained for three months before."

And thus the child went in her simplicity, disclosing more and more of the details of her mother's economy, little dreaming that every word she uttered went like a dagger to her father's heart. He had dropped his knife upon his plate, his coffee remained untasted, and he sat with his elbow resting on the table, and his forehead shaded by his hand, apparently occupied with a pattern of a napkin, which he was folding and unfolding, wholly unconscious of what he did.

"You may take away these things, Mary," he said, when he felt that he could bear no more. And as soon as the child had disappeared, he rushed into his own room, and bolted the door.

"Have I then been such a wretch!" he exclaimed; "Yes, I have eaten my children's bread, and reduced my wife to the lot of a common beggar! She who was so elegant in all her tastes, and who ought to have been cherished as the only treasure of my life."

"If they had shut me in dungeons, and fed me with loathsome food, I could have borne it; but I have been a pampered ingrate, fattening on the luxuries which want has purchased!—Where, where shall I find an ocean that will wash me pure from this pollution!"

The shadows of evening were far advanced that day while the miserable man was still pacing the round of his little chamber. Mary had knocked gently at his door many times the last few hours, and she now knocked again, to say that her younger brother was undressed, and going to bed, and wished to bid his papa good night.

Frederic opened the door, at the same time looking anxiously around the apartment, as if he had expected to find his mother.

His father kissed him and bid him good night, but still he did not feel satisfied to go.

"What does the child want?" asked the father.

"He has been accustomed," replied Mary, "to say a little prayer before going to bed, and he always says it in this room, perhaps you will let him kneel beside you, just for a few moments; he will not stay long."

It was a novel situation for such a parent to be placed in; but Frederic almost mechanically seated himself in the old nursery chair, and the child knelt down at his feet, with his little rosy hands folded on its knees, its blue eyes raised, and its golden tresses thrown back from its snow-white temples, over the infant neck and shoulders, which its half undress had left uncovered.

The prayer of one whose experience has been long in this world is necessarily clogged with so many interruptions of thought, it seems at best but a struggle and the soul to make itself heard. But the prayer of a child is like the unsoftened voice of nature, passing from its pure bosom at once into the skies.

There are few hearts so hardened as to resist the impressions made by this innocent and artless appeal; and Frederic Bond was peculiarly disposed on the night we have described, to be softened into more than common tenderness.—He laid his hand upon the shining tresses of his child. He bent his head over him, and his lips also uttered an involuntary prayer, against which the gates of mercy were not closed.

He slept not the whole of that long night; yet restless, anxious, apprehensive as he was, he was enabled in the midst of a host of midnight horrors to abstain from his besetting sin. The next morning he breakfasted with his children around him; and if he did not join them in their humble fare, it was simply because, after many unavailing attempts, he had lost the power to do so. This day appeared, if possible, still longer than the night. He could not read. He could not even think to any purpose. He could only feel, and feeling had lately been the base of his life. His children were all busy with their different occupations. He knew not what to do; but still he was able to abstain.

On the following morning he was so fortunate as to form a scheme, with which all the young spirits around him were so elevated that he could not refuse to rejoice in their gladness. He projected an excursion to a neighboring hill, a dinner in a wood, and a walk home in the cool of the evening. All this however was only happiness for others. This brought little satisfaction to him. The remembrance of Lady Monford's death came freshly back upon him with the first dawn of the morning, and haunted him through the whole day. Still however, he resisted, for though he believed it would be impossible, with this bad upon his mind, to support the burden of consciousness through the whole of his future life, yet having already passed three days without his accustomed stimulus, he determined to await the return of his wife, and thus to prove how much his affection for her could enable him to accomplish.

In this manner his weary life was passed, sometimes hoping, sometimes even praying; but far more frequently sinking into a state of utter despondency and horror, until nearly the expiration of the time his wife expected to be absent. It wanted now but one day to that of her return, and the children rose early with the happy word "to-morrow" perpetually upon their lips. Even he himself felt a secret spring of joy, as he walked with them in the little garden which surrounded their cottage, and watched them plucking out the weeds that might otherwise offend their mother's sight, sweeping away the leaves from her favorite walk, and peeping with expectant eyes at the fruit which they hoped would be fully ripened by the hour of her return.

In this manner they were all engaged, when their attention was attracted by the sound of a carriage wheeling down the lane, and round by the corner of the garden, until it stopped at their own cottage door.

"It is my mother. It is herself come a day sooner," was echoed by all the happy voices at once. And so indeed it was. She sprang from the chaise, embraced as many of the children as her arms could contain at once, and walking up to her husband, looked again and again into his face; for the eye of affection is not easily deceived, and she could not but perceive that some blessed change had taken place.

"Come with me, Frederic, will you?" said she "and help me to unfasten my trunk."

They went together into the bedroom. She then bolted the door, and placing her arm affectionately over his shoulder, and in a voice of subdued ecstasy, said, "I have seen Mr. West and I have welcome tidings to tell you. The good man is on his death bed. In a few days I might have been too late. We had a long conversation about you. He was surprised and shocked at your suspicious manner, and bade me assure you, in the most solemn manner, that you had nothing whatever to do with the death of Lady Monford. 'Indeed,' said he, 'I took care myself that no injury should be done, for when I saw the situation your husband was in, I undertook the operation myself. But the case was worse than we had anticipated, and her previous habits—her spirits having been for some time almost entirely supported by stimulants—would under any circumstances, have rendered her recovery doubtful.'

"Tell your husband," he added, he has nothing to fear from the past. It is with the future that he has to do. And may God in his mercy strengthen and protect him for the time to come."

Frederic Bond had listened to this intelligence with clasped hands, and eyes upraised. He uttered not a word; but sinking on his knees beside the bed, with his wife pressed close to his bosom, he breathed a solemn vow that if God would mercifully grant him the power to resist, he would never again transgress his holy law, by touching again that which had been the bane of his past life.

This vow, made as it was without presumption and without self-dependence, he was enabled to keep. He did not, as many thousands have done venture to play with the poison he had sworn, but renounced it wholly and forever.

The effects of this resolution, so far as they related to temporal affairs, were soon visible in the happiness of his family, in the restoration of his respectability, and in peace of mind.

For the more lasting effects of that resolution, which divine mercy prompted him to make, and enabled him to keep, we must look to the regions of eternal rest, and count one blessed spirit the more, amongst those who dwell forever in purity and light.

THE SAUKS AND FOXES.—The Government has recently made an attempt to make a treaty with these powerful tribes of Indians; which proved abortive. The Agent on the part of the Government made a proposition to the Indians to this effect:—The Indians were to cede all their lands to the United States. The Government on being assured of such cession promised to convey the Indians to the north, and give them a place on the land recently purchased from the Sioux by Gov. Doty. For their safety Government promised to erect three Forts and man them; it also promised to erect for each family a house to cost \$150 with six acres of land, fenced and ploughed; the chiefs to have each a house at double the cost, with 12 acres attached. They were also to be furnished with agricultural implements; a school-master was likewise to be provided and a school house erected. The Indians took several days to consider the proposition; when they finally declined to accede to it. Keokuk was the principal orator, and he ridiculed with great effect the idea of building houses and establishing schools among them. He said they were free and wished to remain free.

The intelligent editor of the Burlington Hawkeye thinks, notwithstanding the refusal on the part of the Indians to sell now, that before next summer the Government will be able to purchase on much better terms than those offered.

Ind. Journal.

From the Democratic Review.

THE FIRST MEETING OF JEFFERSON AND BURR.

The following anecdote was related by Mr. Jefferson to the writer, while on a visit to Monticello, in the 1823. It was told in illustration of an opinion advanced by the former in relation to physiognomy, that although it was but folly to attempt a system of judging character from any particular conformation of features, yet the eye was an unerring index of the soul, and no training on the part of its possessor could prevent it from disclosing his true moral nature to a skilful observer. I will endeavor to repeat the anecdote in the exact words of the illustrious narrator.

During my attendance on one of the earliest sessions of the Continental Congress at Philadelphia, said Mr. J., I chanced one day to dine at a public house, where several distinguished gentlemen from abroad, all entire strangers to me, had just arrived in the city. Among these was a gentleman who became seated directly opposite to me at the table, and soon attracted my observation by his peculiar and remarkable appearance, and especially by his singularly restless and subtly quivering eye, which to me threw off an expression extremely sinister; for I had ever noted that an eye of this character indicated moral obliquity of the heart, and this kind of eye he possessed in a more eminent degree than any I had ever seen. So strong indeed, were my impressions in the case, that I felt no hesitation in making up for myself a decided opinion of the true character of the man before mentioned, then unknown to me, even by name.

After retiring to the private room of the friend at whose invitation I had dined there, he asked me, with an air of curiosity, if I noticed the gentleman who sat opposite to me at the table we had just left, and if so, what was my opinion of him?

I replied, that I had only noticed the man, but formed a decided opinion of him, and that was, that his true character might be expressed in three words—coolness, cunning, and perfidy.

"Well, sir," said my friend, in great surprise, "you cannot know the man of whom you are speaking; it is Mr. Burr, the greatest lawyer in New York."

"I will not alter my opinion for all that," I remarked, "I have never known such an eye as his in an honest man's head, and whatever may be his present eminence and fair reputation, I will

venture the prediction that he will yet be known as a villain.

In after times, continued Mr. J., to me, I had frequent reasons to recall my first impression as of the true character of Aaron Burr.

D. P. T.
MONTPELIER, Vt., Sept., 1841.

[This interesting and remarkable anecdote which has never before, to our knowledge, been published, is communicated to the Democratic Review, by a gentleman of high respectability, on whose statement its truth is unquestionable.—Mr. D. P. Thompson, of Montpelier, Vermont, formerly for many years, a neighbor and friend of Mr. Jefferson.]

ED. D. R.

PRISONS OF THE INQUISITION.—Miss Sedgwick says that the Prisons of the Inquisition, at Venice, are not more than six feet square, with mud floors, and a grating a few inches in length, which opens into a gallery, into which the only ray of light that ever came, was from the torch of the Turnkey, when, once a day, he brought the Prisoner his food. The French, when they came to Venice, found a man in one of the cells, who had been there for fourteen years. They set him free, and carried him in procession through the grand Piazza. The poor wretch was struck blind from the excess of light, and died in two or three days.—Raleigh Register.

EDUCATION IN GERMANY.—Miss Sedgwick, whose interesting "Letters from Abroad" have just been published, seems to have been most favorably impressed with the German character, and gives many examples illustrative of their kindness and hospitality to strangers. Speaking of the numerous Schools she visited, she remarks that in Germany, as in Prussia, Education is compulsory. The Parent who cannot assign a good reason for the absence of his child from school, is subject to a fine. Of course, the Schools are all well attended, and the children are represented as intelligent, as early developed, and as bright as those in America. She relates the following little incident which occurred at one of the Schools for young Girls, which she visited: "The girls were examined, and went successfully through their exercises in Reading, Geography and Arithmetic. At an interval in the lessons, the Master, a grave personage some sixty years old, took from a case a Violin, and gave them a tune, which, if one might judge from the apparent refreshment of their young spirits, was an almighty well suited to them."—16

From The New York Express.

MURDER OF MR. ADAMS—Statement of Colt Accused of it.

Colt states that Adams came to his room on the fatal afternoon, to dun him for an unsettled account, about which there was some dispute. They both sat down at the table settled the various items, except \$3. About this a dispute arose between them, and high words ensued, during which Adams called him "a liar." Exasperated at this, he struck him, and a scuffle thereupon ensued. Adams being the strongest man of the two, threw and fell upon Colt, and clutched him so violently by the throat that he was in danger of his choking. Colt was then lying upon his back on the floor, and as his hand was stretched out, it came in contact with something which he at once seized, (but as he avers he knew not what it was, and finding Adams's grip still hard upon his throat, he brought his hand round and struck him on the back of the head. This it would seem was hardly sufficient to stun him, and he only rolled rather more on one side. Colt then struck him again, and the blow must have fallen on the side of the head. These wounds, dreadful as the subsequent examination proved them to be, were not sufficient to release the prisoner's throat, but even in the agony of death Adams still continued to hold firmly on, until Colt seemed to be at his last gasp, and then the dreadful blow was given on the front of the head which deprived the wretched being of life, and released the other from his grasp. Colt then arose and found Adams a corpse.

For some time, he says, he remained stupefied with dread and horror. He knew not what to do, and at length determined to make his brother acquainted with the facts. For this purpose he went to his lodgings, but he was not at home.—He then went into the Park, and walked there for some time, being unable to make up his mind as to the best course to be pursued. He at one time thought to tell some friend, but knowing that some stains rested upon his character, he refrained, lest they should not believe his story, and so deliver him up to justice. After traveling the Park for many and many a time, he at length returned to his rooms, and took the dreadful means, with which the public are already acquainted, to conceal the awful deed.

We offer no remarks on the above statement, but simply give it as given to us. The story is a very plausible and a very probable one: the wounds on the head of the deceased might well have been given in the manner described. There are, however, no witness of the dreadful tragedy—to God, and to himself the secret alone is known.

HARD MONEY CURRENCY.

Miss Sedgwick states that at Milan, in Italy, a laboring man is paid sixteen sous (18 cents) per day; a woman, ten sous; and a child seven. With this, they find themselves. Think of our white laborers, with their dollar and more, a day—their meat three times per day—their coffee, Tea, Sugar and what not—while the Milanese peasant lives on coarse bread and thin broth, and only eats meat on some Festival day. One who eats Rice every day, says the fair authoress, is opulent, and he who eats meat every day, is the Nabob of the village. And yet a certain party in this country are for establishing a hard money currency, the natural effect of which would be to reduce all our prices to a hard money standard.

There is a man in Portland who can never wear a dress coat but once—the skirts always being snapped off by his rapid manner of turning corners.