

RICHMOND PALADIUM.

HOLLOWAY & DAVIS, Publishers. Volume XVIII

BE JUST AND FEAR NOT: LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIMST AT BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GODS, AND TRUTHS.

TERMS:—Two Dollars, in Advance.

Richmond, Wayne County, Indiana, September 6, 1848.

Number 37.

MISCELLANEOUS READING.

THE LITTLE INVALID.

A STORY OF ROBERT AND BESSIE.

By S. C. Merritt.

Charlie was a prattling boy of five and played with his father's plume and gilded bell, when, on the morning of his last look on home, the faithful husband was summoned away to be a butcher of his fellow-men, in his brave heart thinking it his duty to do so to serve his country.

After the children were far off in the fields, and Charlie had set long in silence, twining the flowers then brought him in two wreaths, which would bring enough to buy his dear little sister—a year younger than himself—a pair of shoes, he put them aside in a dish his mother brought him, and began to weave a little wicker basket, lining it with many mosses, to make a nest for the great plums and currants, red and white, and black, of which the children had brought him many a craft.

He met as joyfully as if their separation had been for days, and not simply the intervening half-hour since school was out. They hushed their gay laugh instinctively a moment, as they came swarming up around little Charlie, whose thin, pale face, and spiritual eyes, showed the invalid; and with sweet smiles they gave him their greeting, and some brought faint, and many flowers, and all brought a sweet will to the helpless child, as he sat smiling and weeping on them, under the shade of a great rock maple, that shadowed all the house.

When the berries began to ripen, Bob and Ellen picked them, and Charlie put them into baskets, and they carried them to the market-stand, and the mother brought back all the proceeds in money, or what things they needed, and would take nothing for his trouble.

Before the careful market-man arrived, fifty plump baskets of sweet waterberries stood arranged along the bench for him; and little Charlie, who had seen the work with pleasure, spite of bodily pain, had been removed to his cot in the house.

Arrived in town, the kind neighbor disposed of the berries at three cents a basket, the baskets to be returned; and a handsome lady seeing him offer the flowers, took them, and doubled the demand for them in the sun she gave, and desired more to be left at the house every week, and gave her number to the carrier.

Little Charlie, helpless and alone, sat in his shady nest, and looked out, smiling sweetly under the green bough, on the joyous group; and if he envied them anything, it was their good hearts that could prompt them to find their happiness in serving others.

The full-hearted mother, busy with her needle, looked from her seat on the cottage door, on the blithe group, and on her smiling boy; and two bright tears trembled in her eyes, as she wondered if no pang touched him, that he could not bound away with them in their happy sport-task. And perhaps a memory of the past came gliding over her, of the brighter days when Robert Downlee kept his strong arm between the cottage and want when little

done to the boundless delight of the girl of four. With tears and laughter, and the deep-quiet gaze of Charlie, too deep-souled for either tears for laughter, that house enfolded a blest family.

The kiss of the kind angel, Death, brought a slight flush to the hollow cheek of little Charlie, but a flush that kindled no delusive hopes; for the mother's heart had learned to trust his prophecy, and the father knew too well the hectic bloom that, when heaven's gate is opening to the pure, is sometimes flung from the near glory upon the faded cheek.

The patient mother knew his Autumn too had come, and was resigned; so centered were her grief and trust, that smiles and tears would mingle on her face; and every morning she would thank God that he was here, then murmur that he was going hence.

What so strangely unpalatable was there in that last sweet plum, that it should fall back with the falling hand so suddenly from the half-satiated lip of the stranger? What in words or look of the good farmer that they should draw so inquiring a gaze from the eye of the pilgrim? The driver opportunely noted it not, and the stranger resumed his countenance again, but the eagerness of his questions, and his earnest attention to their answers, showed that an unwelcome interest had been kindled; and another would have noticed a hot tear rolling in the stranger's eyes, and good John would not seem to see it if he did, told of the patient, suffering, happy little Charlie.

At length the big market wagon of neighbor John halted before the gate of the poor widow, a little, pleasant boy saw one after another of the little treasures their articles had procured handed out to their smiling mother, and then he laughed with a quiet little gleam, as the good neighbor drew a bright half dollar from his pocket, saying, and this is for Charlie's moss-basket, and his mother, Mrs. Davilee, if I guess right, he stopped aside to let the impatient stranger come forward from the back part of the wagon, and in a moment more, with a shriek of recognition, the astonished wife was in the arms of her husband.

When he saw them safely through their first well transport, neighbor John drove to his home, a man tried blessed for his kindness.

Robert Downlee knelt by the chair of his invalid son, and pressed him to his heart. The boy showed no frantic demonstration, but an intense joy shone in his spiritual eyes, as he looked up his thin arms around his father's neck.

Fail us it would to tell the joy and silent blessedness of that meeting, mingled as they were with sad prophecy of bereavement, we can only catch from the deep words, and more deep looks, the simple story of the husband's return, which told that the shot which wounded him, threw him into the sea, that he floated on sliver of his vessel, till the British picked him up, he recovered, was imprisoned, and, weak and feeble, was let loose in the wilderness of London, and without friends or money, he sought a passage for America; he was disappointed and reduced to the lowest need; he toiled on the wharves, and became a porter, and strayed on till he got the money necessary for his passage, and landed, but a week before in New York, from whence he had labored on, till the good farmer found him penniless and exhausted by the road-side.

His letters had never reached their destination, and the first gleam of any knowledge of his existence came with his presence;—if indeed the premonitions of the keen-nerved Charlie were not a magnetic consciousness of his approach.

When school was done, Bob, and nimble-footed Ellen came tripping home, eager to see the product of their toil. Little Ellen ran first into the room where all were met, and seeing a stranger, shrunk to her mother's side abashed. Bob halted a moment with the sudden surprise, and glancing at the stranger and at his mother in quick alternation, his lips moved with an endeavoring tone, as he looked inquiringly again to his mother, whose answering smile made it articulate, 'Father! and the boy bounded to his arms. Then little Ellen came, bashful and wondering and doubting; and all the brief past of her life with him came back, when he swung the girl of nine years on his arm, as he had

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The Annexation of Canada.

Very strong are the political movements in the Canadas, to effect a separation of those provinces from England, and their annexation to the United States. Trade and Commerce have increased there to such an extent that their influence is beginning to be felt by those engaged in the administration of the government of the country. It is an extensive, productive country, and under a liberal government, the inhabitants would advance rapidly in improvements and wealth.

The Toronto Colonist, a paper which supports the Government of Canada, in commenting on a recent threat of the administration to cut off Canada from her best market, in case certain measures of the Government were frustrated, indicates clearly, and with a bold spirit, the sentiments of the Canadian people on the question of separation from the mother country, and lead to the belief that affairs in the Canadas are riveting the attention of the Canadian people.

We are evidently now arrived at a crisis in Canadian history; a crisis in which the Executive Council has taken a stand on certain political demands; has stated its case in plain terms, fully and unreservedly; and declared to the Imperial Government, that there is no alternative but to yield to commercial preferences, and allow Canada to glide gently into the arms of the United States confederacy.

The Government at Washington is remarking on the price which Canada shall pay for the privilege of the United States market, will be taken in instalments, amounting in the aggregate to the ultimate incorporation with the States under one Federal Government.

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Gen. Taylor and the Proviso.

All that reasonable anti-slavery men can ask a President, in relation to the extension of slavery, is that he will not interpose his own personal opinions to defeat the will of the people as expressed through their representatives in Congress, should his opinions be adverse to the popular will. This, as every one knows is all that a President can constitutionally do.

The personal opinion of the individual who may happen to occupy the Executive chair, ought not to control the action of Congress upon questions of domestic policy; nor ought his objection to be interposed where questions of constitutional propriety have been settled by the various departments of Government and acquiesced in by the people.

We would call the attention of our readers to this language. On questions of domestic policy, and where questions of constitutional power have been settled, the personal opinions of the Executive, even if they be adverse to those of Congress, are not to be interposed.

The Washington Union, the organ of Polk, Cass & Co., understands it. The Union of Aug. 3, says that "Cass will veto the Wilmot Proviso," while it is "almost certain that Gen. Taylor will not." Ex-Gov. Jones, a Tennessee Whig, has positively and publicly declared his belief that Taylor would not veto the Proviso.

A Whig Voting for Martin Van Buren.—It is like talking of a square circle. Van Burenism and Whiggism are like the two sides of a plank, and to suppose that they can both be uppermost at the same time, is supposing an impossibility.

The following story is not bad, though it is at the expense of the "first families"—a dash term, which the wits of the south, and south west have bestowed upon Virginians who have migrated thither, in consequence of the ridiculous department of too many of them.

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Influence of the Rhubarb Plant in Producing Gravel.

The fourteenth number of Bravais's Retrospect for Practical Medicine and Surgery, contains an article on this subject which is calculated to alarm those who indulge in the pies and tarts made of this palatable plant.

The substance of the article is briefly this:—The young stalks of rhubarb contain tartaric acid, and hard water contains lime; and consequently those who eat articles of food made of the plant, and drink such water, are introducing into their system the constituent ingredients of the mulberry calculus which is an oxalate of lime; and if they are dyspeptic, and unable to digest the acid, "are very likely indeed to incur the pain and the exceeding peril of a renal concrection of that kind."

This, it must be admitted, is rather startling.—The mulberry calculus is the most painful form of the concrection of the kidneys and bladder. The rhubarb plant has come into extensive use, and is generally considered a very wholesome article of diet.

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