

POETRY.

"Come Inspiration from thy hermit seat,
"By mortals seldom found."—

FAREWELL TO THE DEAD.

Come near!—ere yet the dust
Soil the bright paleness of the settled brow,
Look on your brother, and embrace him now,
In still and solemn trust!
Come near! once more let kindred lips be pressed
On his cold cheeks—then bear him to his rest.

Look yet on his young face!
What shall the beauty from us gone,
Leave of its image, e'en where most it shone,
Gladdening its heart and race?
Dim grows the semblance on man's thought im-
press'd!
Come near! and bear the beautiful to rest.

Ye weep, and it is well!
For tears befit earth's partings!—Yesterday
Song was on the lips of this pale clay,
And sunshine seemed to dwell
Where'er he moved—the welcome and the bless'd!
Now gaze, and bear the silent to his rest.

Look ye on him whose eye
Meets yours no more, in sadness or in mirth;
Was he not fair amongst the sons of earth,
The beings born to die?
But not where death has power, may love be bless'd!
Come near, and bear the early-call'd to rest.

How may the mother's heart
Dwell on her son, and dare to hope again!
The spring's rich promise has been given in vain!
The lovely must depart
Is he not gone, our brightest and our best?
Come near, and bear ye the belov'd to rest.

Look on him—Is he laid
To slumber from the harvest or the chase?
Too still and sad the smile upon his face,
Yet that e'en that must fade!
Death will not hold unchanged his fairest guest!
Come near, and bear the mortal to his rest.

His voice of mirth hath ceased
Amidst the vineyards; there is left no place,
For him whose dust receives your last embrace,
At the gay bridal feast!
Earth must take earth to moulder on her breast—
Come near, weep o'er him, bear him to his rest.

Yat mourn ye not as they
Whose spirit's light is quenched—for him the past
Is seal'd. He may not fall, he may not cast
His brightest hope away!
All is not here of our beloved and blest!
Leave ye the sleeper with his God to rest.

MISCELLANY.

EDWARD AND MARY. CHAPTER II.

It is hardly necessary to state, that the promise, mentioned in our last, was kept to the letter. Edward found, in the performance, peculiar satisfaction: whether it arose, however, from the consciousness of having done his duty in keeping his word, or other motives, the reader must determine. Certain it is, that his visits to the cottage from that period, to the one we are attempting to describe, were frequent and long.

On the morning of the day mentioned in the beginning, Colonel Bremer had left his quarters with a few brother officers, on a hunting expedition, with the particular intention of killing some of the wild bulls found in the forests of Germany: and Edward had departed some hours after on a visit to the cottage.

The animals not being easily found, the Colonel's company became dispersed in the search: near mid-day the Colonel found himself alone upon the declivity of a stupendous mountain, in the neighborhood of the valley, whose summit was lost in the clouds. Impatient of ill success, and wearied with the toils of the morning, he dismounted from his steed, fastened him to a neighbouring bough, and reclined beneath the ample shade of an aged sycamore, which flung its umbrageous foliage over an extent of many hundred feet, covering a carpet of the richest verdure unbroken by a shrub.

As he lay musing, suddenly the well known roar of the mountain-bull was heard above him. He sprung up in an instant for his horse, but the beast, alarmed at the approaching sound, had broken the bridle and fled down the mountain. Bremer saw at once that his dependence was now his well tried lance; accordingly, he stationed himself at the foot of the tree, and calmly awaited the approach of this terror of the forest.

The bull, meanwhile, having descried his enemy in the distance, came thundering along; and, regardless of obstructions, broke down shrubbery, underbrush, and young trees, as they had been reeds, leaving behind him, as his wake, a pathway of vegetable desolation.

He now reached the open space described, and seeing his antagonist so fairly in his power, with a tremendous roar of defiance sprung boldly forward. Bremer, however, was well prepared for this. He poised his lance with an unshaken hand, and carefully aiming at the head, with his best force he hurled the deadly instrument at his foe: but with a dexterity unparalleled, the wily animal met the advancing spear with his

horns, tossed it to an immense height, and it fell harmless to the ground, a long distance in the rear.

The bull, as if conscious that his opponent was disarmed, here paused, and surveyed him with fierce exultation: his glowing eyeballs shot at once lightning and terror to the heart of his victim. For a moment he pawed the earth with his black hoofs, shook high his mane of snowy whiteness, lashing his tremendous sides with his tail, then, rearing upon his hinder feet, he—fell to the ground, pierced through the heart by the lance of Edward! who bounded in at the moment upon his charger, and placed himself between Bremer and the animal.

The savage, foaming in blood, redoubled his terrific roar, and in the impotence of his rage; tossing mounds of earth into the air, he brandished his black horns at his conqueror, menacing annihilation with the most appalling ferocity: then, with a deep, hollow groan, without a struggle, stretched himself in death.

Thus, by a fortunate coincidence, did Edward preserve the life of one whose friendship and influence were, to him, invaluable: it was the second smile of fortune. In this instance, as in the preservation of the recluse and his daughter, chance led him to the spot at the moment his services were so much needed, and in both cases his lance was, fortunately, fatal.

The Colonel warmly embraced Edward, and they proceeded into the valley, in search of refreshment: here we found them at the commencement; and we will now proceed without further digression.

Edward advanced to meet the approaching pair, and after saluting Mary, took her father by the hand and introduced him to the Colonel of his regiment.

The recluse cordially met the extended hand of Bremer, and was about to address him, when, catching a full view of his face, he started back as if he had received the sting of an adder. Recovering himself, he apologized for such seemingly strange conduct, and attributed it to some sudden slight indisposition.

The dark, suspicious eye of Bremer, told that he was but half-satisfied with the excuse, though the cause was explicable: however, in common courtesy, he could do no less than admit the explanation. With his resumed ease, he prepared to salute Mary, to whom Edward was about introducing him; but no sooner did he confront her, than recoiling in a manner that made all start, he exclaimed, wildly, "Julia!"

The recluse stepped quickly between Bremer and his daughter, saying, "her mother's name."

"And you—" said Bremer.
"I am her guardian," returned the recluse.

Bremer fixed his keen eye upon him, but the disguise baffled his utmost skill; and he muttered—"no—'tis not—it cannot be he—but how?" continued he aloud—"how say you? her mother? she disappeared that night?"

"What night?" quickly interrupted the recluse.

"What night?" echoed Bremer; "why so eager?—I repeat, she disappeared suddenly, and, as report said, was killed."

"She was not killed!" again interrupted the recluse.

"Then the report was false," said Bremer calmly; though his countenance belied the firmness which his tones imparted.

"As false as he that told it!" returned the recluse.

"Fiends and devils!" exclaimed the startled Bremer; "who have we here?" and with his drawn dagger he advanced in a threatening manner towards the recluse.

Edward threw himself between them, and seized the arm of Bremer, exclaiming, "Colonel, is it possible?"

The opposition still more inflamed him—"Boy," he replied fiercely, "stand by."

"Never with life!" said Edward firmly.

"With death, then!" and he aimed a blow;

but Edward seized the dagger, and dashed it to the earth. He half drew his sword—Edward, with the handle of his spear, struck his arm to his side, benumbed, and useless.

"How sir!" exclaimed the Colonel, with a look that, if possible, would have crushed Edward to the dust.

"Thus, sir!" replied Edward: and he presented to him the ring upon his finger—"Remember this pledge! Remember your oath! But now, you pledged your life and fortune for my safety—you redeem it by aiming a dagger at my heart! For shame, sir! respect yourself!" and he turned from him in disgust, and supported Mary, who was alarmed at this scene.

Bremer was abashed, and returned—not indeed, to reason, but to something as near it as his nature allowed. He muttered a dozen unintelligible apologies, and retired in confusion, commanding Edward to follow him; who, after a hasty farewell to his friends of the valley, obeyed the orders of his officer.

The moment they were gone, Mary begged of her father to explain the mysterious

conduct of the Colonel; but he declined doing so at that time, saying, the agitation of both required rest; and taking her arm affectionately, they returned to the cottage.

The Colonel for a time pursued his course alone—muttering—"The face was Julia's—where she fled that fatal night, I know not—her absence was mysterious to me—'tis plain she fled in safety, for the powers of heaven and hell combined, dare not tell me this girl is not her child. Who is he?—her guardian!—it may be so—eighteen years may have altered—but not so altered—ha! I would rather encounter the breath of pestilence—the shafts of death—or the glare of hell, than a look from—but why talk thus?—did not the roaring of the Danube drown his last—" he stopped as Edward approached. They pursued their walk in silence for a time—Bremer in gloomy meditation, and Edward in studying the cause of his strange and inconsistent conduct.

The Colonel at length addressed Edward in a peremptory, and, at the same time, interrogatory manner:

"Edward, you love this girl?"

"And if I do, sir?" returned Edward, hesitatingly, as if at a loss how to understand the unexpected address.

"You must love her no longer."

"Who forbids it?"

"Her uncle!"

"Her uncle?" echoed Edward in astonishment—"you mistake, sir: her father is her only remaining friend."

"Mistake!" said Bremer, sarcastically; "mayhap my eyes are not fellows, nor my senses my own!"

"Be that as it may," replied Edward pointedly—"I have repeated the truth. Mary has never known but two friends; her father, who yet protects her, and her mother, who died but two years since."

"Perhaps you know their story," said Bremer, eagerly.

"Perhaps I may not reveal it," returned Edward, with an air that showed opportunity on that head was useless.

The Colonel was baffled at all points; and remained silent, but his countenance indicated a rising storm that threatened its unfortunate object.

They now reached the camp, and, without a parting word, separated for their respective quarters.

Courtship.—Louisa was the only child of a gentleman, who, blessed with affluence, had spared no pains to improve by a liberal education the graces which nature had lavished upon his daughter. In short, Louisa was an heiress; and, like other heiresses, had a numerous train of suitors.

"Among the rest young William bow'd,
But never talked of love."

He was a young man of inestimable worth and talents, which Louisa was not the last to discover; but he possessed no small share of that diffidence usually attendant on true merit. Their eyes had long professed a mutual flame before he could muster the courage to disclose his passion. Chance threw in his way a golden opportunity. They were alone.—After an awkward silence of some minutes, he advanced, took her hand: "Louisa!"—his voice faltered—he could not utter another word; but his eloquent countenance spoke the rest. Louisa understood him; and, overwhelmed with confusion, stammered out, "Go—ask my father!"

Required Love.—What words can be more delightful to the human ear, than the unexpected effusions of generosity and affection from a beloved woman. A gentleman, after great misfortunes, came to a lady he had long courted, and told her his circumstances were so reduced, that he was actually in want of five guineas. "I am very glad to hear it," said she—"Is this your affection for me?" he replied, in a tone of despondency; "why are you glad?" "Because," answered she, "if you want five guineas, I can put you in possession of five thousand."

Voyage to the Moon.—Dr. John Wilkins, bishop of Chester, in the reign of Charles II. had attempted to show the possibility of a voyage to the moon. The duchess of Newcastle, who had written thirteen volumes upon speculative subjects, meeting the bishop one evening at a concert, accosted him thus: "My Lord, suppose you were able to carry me to the moon, where am I to bide in my way thither?" "Madam," said he, "of all people in the world, I should not have expected that question from you, who have built so many castles in the air, that you might sleep every night in one of them."

Flip.—A Frenchman stopping at a tavern, asked for Jacob—"There is no such person here," said the landlord. "Tis not any person I want here; but de beer make warm wid de poker." "Well," answered the landlord, "that is flip." "Ah! yes, you are in de right; I mean Philip."

Religion.—Philosophy may enable us to talk of fortitude, but religion empowers us to exercise it.

Valuable Medicine.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the public, that he is in possession of a medicine, which, if there are any such, justly claims the title of specific in curing *Schirous* and *Cancerous* affections—so far as he has had an opportunity of witnessing its effects, it has never failed when the disease was not very far advanced, or situated on some part difficult of application.

Notwithstanding the great improvement made in the healing art, within the last few years, this *proteus* disease, when excision and extirpation are neglected in the incipient stage, for the most part, baffles the skill of the ablest and most experienced of the medical faculty, when treated in the usual manner with arsenical preparations.

Respecting the composition of this invaluable medicine, it might be proper to state it is prepared from a vegetable in a very condensed form; yet so mild when found in its native situation, as to be eaten by graminivorous animals, with impunity, as an article of food. From its action being confined almost entirely to the diseased surface, it is incapable of producing those disagreeable effects on the constitution consequent to the use of arsenical applications; which from the action of this mineral on the sound as well as diseased part—together with its general operation on the whole system, through the medium of the absorbents, must not unfrequently produce serious objections to its use, admitting it to be a certain cure.

Persons laboring under this disease, can have an opportunity of testing the benefits of this medicine, by putting themselves under the care of the proprietor, J. L. Watkins, who has imparted a knowledge of this preparation to Dr. W. LINDSEY; whose advice and attention can likewise be had when necessary. Their place of residence is Lawrenceburgh, Indiana.

JOHN L. WATKINS,

Late from Princeton College.

Lawrenceburgh, July 15, 1825. 28—

N. B. Many certificates could be obtained from persons who have experienced the salutary effects of the above medicine, but I shall only cite the public to the following recommendation from a physician who has had considerable practice in it.

Hamilton, Butler county, (Ohio,) July 7, 1825.

Having been for several years acquainted with, and in the habit of using the same remedy for *Schirous Tumors* and *Cancers*, which is prepared and used by Mr. John L. Watkins; I have no hesitation in pronouncing it the most certain in its effects in removing those affections, of any remedy which has heretofore been discovered; provided the disease be in a part of the body to which this medicine can be conveniently applied.

ALEXANDER PROUDFIT,
Practising Physician.

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Dry Goods and Groceries;
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PAINTS, (all kinds) & LINTSEED OIL;
SALT AND CASTINGS.

Together with a very extensive Assortment of Juniatta Bar Iron, Steel, & Nails.

All of which he will sell low for cash or country produce, at his Store in Lawrenceburgh or Hartford; or at the Store of MYRES & BROWN, in Wilmington. The articles taken in exchange for Merchandise, are—

Pork, (delivered in the fall.)
Wheat, Whiskey, Flour,
Country Linen, Feathers,
Ginseng, Bees' Wax, Rags,
and Beans.

Daniel Brown.

Lawrenceburgh, Aug. 10, 1825. 32—tf

ARTHUR ST. CLAIR,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

HAS removed to Lawrenceburgh, Indiana, where he will attend to any business confided to his care. His office is on High street, near the court house.

Lawrenceburgh, March 1, 1825. 9—tf.

Rags Wanted!

CASH will be given for any quantity of clean linen and cotton RAGS at this Office.

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