

## POETRY.

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

### AN ODE

Written by Mr. Samuel Woodworth, at the request of the printers in this city, and printed on a moveable stage during the procession in honor of the Canal Celebration.—N. Y. Mir.

'Tis done!—'tis done!—The mighty chain  
Which joins bright Erie to the Main,  
For ages, shall perpetuate  
The glory of our native State.  
'Tis done!—Proud ART o'er NATURE has prevail'd!  
GENIUS and PERSEVERANCE have succeeded!  
Though selfish PREJUDICE assail'd,  
And honest PRUDENCE pleaded.  
'Tis done!—The monarch of the briny tide,  
Whose giant arm encircles earth,  
To virgin ERIE is allied,  
A bright-eyed nymph, of mountain birth;  
To-day the Sire of Ocean takes  
A sylvan maiden to his arms,  
The goddess of the crystal lakes,  
In all her native charms!  
She comes! attended by a sparkling train;  
The Naiads of the Western nuptials grace:  
She meets the scepter'd father of the main,  
And in his heaving bosom hides her virgin face.  
Rising from their watery cells,  
Tritons sport upon the tide,  
And gaily blow their trumpet shells,  
In honor of the bride.  
Sea-nymphs leave their coral caves,  
Deep beneath the ocean waves,  
Where they string, with tasteful care,  
Pearls upon their sea-green hair.  
Thetis' virgin train advances,  
Mingling in the bridal dances;  
Jove, himself, with raptur'd eye,  
Throws his forked thunders by,  
And bids Apollo seize his golden lyre,  
A strain of joy to wake;  
While Fame proclaims that Ocean's Sire  
Is wedded to the goddess of the Lake.  
The smiling god of songs obeys, [lays.  
And heaven re-echoes with his sounding  
"All hail to the ART which unshackles the soul!  
And fires it with love of glory!  
And causes the victor, who reaches the goal,  
To live in deathless story!  
"Which teaches young Genius to rise from the  
On Fancy's airy pinion, [earth,  
To assert the claims of its heavenly birth,  
And seize on its blest dominion.  
"The ART which the banner of truth unfurl'd,  
When darkness veil'd each nation,  
And prompted Columbus to seek a new world  
On the unexplored map of creation.  
"Which lighted the path of the pilgrim band,  
Who braved the storms of Ocean,  
To seek, in a wild and distant land,  
The freedom of pure devotion.  
"Which kindled, on Freedom's shrine, a flame  
That will glow through future ages,  
And cover with glory and endless fame  
Columbia's immortal sages.  
"The ART which enabled her FRANKLIN to prove,  
And solve, each mystic wonder!  
To arrest the forked shafts of Jove,  
And play with his bolts of thunder.  
"The ART which enables her sons to aspire,  
Beyond all the wonders in story;  
For an unshackled PRESS is the pillar of fire  
Which lights them to Freedom and Glory  
"Tis this which call'd forth the immortal decree,  
And gave the great work its first motion;  
'Tis done! by the hands of the brave and free,  
And ERIE is link'd to the Ocean.  
"Such strains—if earthly strains may be  
Compared to his who tunes a heavenly lyre—  
Are warbled by the bright-haired Deity,  
While list'ning orbs admire.  
"Such strains, shall unborn millions yet awake,  
While, with her golden trumpet, smiling Fame  
Proclaims the union of the Main and Lake,  
And on her scroll emblazons CLINTON's name."

## MISCELLANY.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE WAVERLY NOVELS.  
MEG MERRILIES.

It is impossible to specify the exact date of her nativity, though it probably was about the year 1670. She was born at Kirk-Yetholm, in Roxburghshire, the metropolis of the Scottish gipsies, and was married to a gipsie chief, named Patric Faa, by whom she had 10 or 12 children. In the year 1714, one of Jean's sons, named Alexander Faa, was murdered by another gipsy, named Robert Johnson, who escaped the pursuit of justice for nearly ten years, but was then taken and indicted by his majesty's advocate for the crime. He was sentenced to be executed, but escaped from prison. It was easier, however, to escape the grasp of justice than to elude the wide spread talons of gipsy vengeance. Jean Gordon traced the murderer like a blood-hound, followed him to Holland, and from thence to Ireland; where she had him seized, and brought him back to Jedburgh. Here she obtained the full reward of her toils, by having the satisfaction of seeing him hanged on the Gallow-hill. Sometime afterwards, Jean being at Sourhope, a sheepfarm on Bowmont-water, the good man said to her, 'Weel, Jean, hae got Rob Johnson hanged at last and out o' the way?' 'Ay, gudeman,' replied Jean, lifting up her apron by the two corners, and a' that fu' o' gowd hasna done't.' Jean Gordon's apron fu' o' gowd may remind some of our readers of Meg Merrilies' poke of

jewels; and indeed the whole transaction forcibly recalls the stern picture of that intrepid heroine.

The circumstance in 'Guy Mannering,' of Brown being indebted to Meg Merrilies for lodgings and protection, when he lost his way near Derncleugh, finds a remarkably precise counterpart in an anecdote related of Jean Gordon: A farmer, with whom she had formerly been on good terms, though their acquaintance had been interrupted for several years, lost his way, and was benighted among the mountains of Cheviot. A light glimmering through the hole of a desolate barn, that had survived the farm-house to which it once belonged, guided him to a place of shelter. He knocked at the door, and it was immediately opened by Jean Gordon. To meet with such a character in so solitary a place, and probably at no great distance from her clan, was a terrible surprise to the honest man, whose rent, to lose which would have been ruin to him, was about his person. Jean set up a joyful shout of recognition, forced the farmer to dismount, and, in the zeal of her kindness hauled him into the barn.—Great preparations were making for supper, which the gude man of Lochside, to increase his anxiety, observed was calculated for at least a dozen guests. Jean soon left him no doubt upon the subject, but inquired what money he had about him, and made earnest request to be made his purse-keeper for the night, as the 'bairns' would soon be home. The poor farmer made a virtue of necessity, told his story, and surrendered his gold to Jean's custody. She made him put a few shillings in his pocket; observing, it would excite suspicion were he found travelling altogether penniless. This arrangement being made, the farmer lay down on a sort of shake down, upon some straw, as will easily be believed slept not. About midnight the gang returned with various articles of plunder, and talked over their exploits in language that made the farmer tremble. They were not long in discovering their guest, and demanded of Jean whom she had there! 'E'en on the winsome gudeman o' Lochside, poor body,' replied Jean; he's been at Newcastle seeking for siller to pay his rent, honest man, but do' il-be-licket he's been able to gather in, and sae he's gawn e'en hame wi' a toom purse and a sair heart.' 'That may be Jean,' replied one of the banditti, but we maun ripe his pedches a bit, and see if it be true or no.' Jean set up her throat in exclamation against this breach of hospitality, but without producing any change in their determination. The farmer soon heard their stifled

booty and the vehemence of Jean's remonstrances, determined them in the negative. They caroused and went to rest. So soon as the day dawned, Jean roused her guest, produced his horse, which she had accommodated behind the hallen, and guided him for some miles till he was on the high road to Lochside. She then restored his whole property—nor could his earnest entreaties prevail on her to accept so much as a single guinea.

It is related that all Jean's sons were condemned to die at Jedburgh on the same day. It is said the Jury were equally divided, but a friend to justice, who had slept during the discussion, waked suddenly and gave his word for condemnation, in the emphatic words, "hang them a'." Jean was presented and only said, "The Lord help the innocent in a day like this."—Her own death was accompanied with circumstances of a brutal outrage, of which Jean was in many respects wholly undeserving. Jean had among other demerits, or merits, that of being a staunch Jacobite. She chanced to be at Carlisle upon a fair or market day, soon after the year 1746, where she gave vent to her political partiality, to the great offence of the rabble of that city. Being zealous of their royalty, when there was no danger, in proportion to the tameness with which they surrendered to the Highlanders in 1745, they inflicted upon poor Jean Gordon no slighter penalty than that of ducking her to death in the Eden. It was an operation of some time; for Jean Gordon was a stout woman, and struggling hard with her murderers, often got her head above water and, while she had voice left, continued to exclaim, at such intervals, "Charlie yet! Charlie yet!"

Durable candles, manufactured and sold by Messrs. Rush and Wick, Tallow-Chandlers, Gutter Lane, Candlewick Ward.—These candles are warranted never to gutter, flare, smell want snuffing, or to burn out; and, provided the mice be kept from them, they will keep any length of time in cool climates. To insure these superior and desirable qualities, it is only necessary to use one precaution which is, never to light them.—Sold, for ready money only, in any quantities not less than a dozen pounds.

A sailor having purchased some medicine of a physician demanded the price? "Why," says the doctor, "I cannot think of charging you less than seven and sixpence." "Well, I'll tell you what," replies the sailor, "take off the odd and I'll give you the even." "Well," returned the doctor, "we wont quarrel about trifles." The sailor laid down sixpence, and was walking off, when the doctor reminded him of his mistake—"No mistake at all, sir; six is even, and seven odd, all the world over, so I wish you a good day." "Get you gone," said the doctor, "I've made four pence out of you yet."

Edwards relates in the history of the West Indies, that a negro, who had been sent as a courier to a considerable distance, threw himself down as soon as he had delivered his packet, and immediately fell into a profound sleep. When the answer which he was to take back, was ready, a domestic shook him and said, "Massa says you must not sleep, you must get up." Raising his head, the negro muttered, "Sleep hab no massa," and relapsed instantaneously into a nap.

Stopped on a suspicious person, on Sunday last, about one o'clock, a baker's oven, of about forty bushels size, containing one hundred and twenty-six pans, more or less, full of pigs, geese, joints of all sorts, puddings, pies, and other savoury, and sweet dishes, all ready to be drawn. Any baker having lost his oven, or persons their Sunday's dinner, are desired to apply to the beadle of the parish of St. Lawrence on the Gridiron.

N. B. If not owned in fourteen days, the whole will be sold to pay the expenses.

In a French publication of this year, entitled the "Journey of General Lafayette in the United States of America, in 1824," there is an entire translation of Mr. Rogers's discourse, before the American Philosophical Society, on the occasion of the general's attendance, in which the following ludicrous error of translation occurs. The lines of Shakespeare,

"Man is a creature holding large discourse,  
Looking before and after,"  
are thus done in French:  
"Man is a creature who makes long speeches,  
Who looks to the future and the past."

A watch was stolen in the pit of the Opera in Paris; the loser complained in a loud voice, and said, "It is just seven; in a few minutes my watch will strike, the sound is strong, and by that means we shall instantly ascertain where it is." The thief, terrified at this, endeavoured to escape, and by his agitation discovered himself.

### La Mott's Cough Drops.

IMPORTANT MEDICINE FOR  
COUGHS AND CONSUMPTIONS.

THIS Elixir is not offered to the public as infallible, and a rival to all others, but as possessing virtues peculiarly adapted to the present prevailing disorders of the breast and lungs, leading to consumption. A timely use of these Drops may be considered a certain cure in most cases of Common Colds, Coughs, Influenza, Whooping-Cough, Pain in the Side, Difficulty of Breathing, Want of Sleep arising from debility; and in Spasmodic Asthma it is singularly efficacious. A particular attention to the directions accompanying each bottle is necessary.

The following certificates from respectable gentlemen, physicians and surgeons, are subjoined, to show that this composition is one which enlightened men are disposed to regard as efficacious and worthy of public patronage.

Having examined the composition of Mr. Crosby's improvement upon La Mott's Cough Drops, we have no hesitation in recommending them to the public, as being well adapted to those cases of disease for which he recommends it.

Doct's JONATHAN DORN, dated Albany, December 4th, 1824; JAMES POST, of White-creek, February 14th, 1825; WATSON SUMMER and JOHN WEBB, M. D. of Cambridge, Feb. 20th, 1825; SOLOMON DEAN, of Jackson, January 10th, 1825.

Mr. A. Crosby—I am pleased with this opportunity of relating a few facts, which may serve in commendation of your excellent Cough-Drops. For ten years I was afflicted with a pulmonary complaint; my cough was severe, my appetite weak, and my strength failing I used many popular medicines, but only found temporary relief, until by a continued use of your valuable drops, I have been blessed with such perfect health as to render further means unnecessary. Rev EBENEZER HARRIS.

Salem, (N. Y.) January 12th, 1825.

Prepared by A. CROSBY, sole proprietor, Cambridge, (N. Y.) whose signature will be affixed in his own hand writing to each bill of directions. Be particular that each bottle is enveloped in a stereo or check label, which is struck on the same bill with the directions.

Sold wholesale and retail, by Dr. G. Dawson Pittsburgh—J. Crambecker, Wheeling—E. H. Weddell, Druggists Cleveland—Pratt and Meach, Druggists Buffalo—O. & S. Crosby Druggists Columbus—Goodwin, Ashton & Co., M. Wolff & Co., and A. Fairchilds, Druggists Cincinnati.

Each bottle contains 45 doses; Price one Dollar single; nine Dollars per dozen.

For sale, by special appointment, at the Drug Store of E. FERRIS, Lawrenceburgh. May 20, 1825. 20—1y'r

## NEW STORE.

JOHNSON, ARMSTRONG, & Co.

HAVE just received and are now opening at their old stand, corner of High and Walnut streets.

### A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF FALL & WINTER GOODS.

Among which are—

Super Broad Cloths, Ladies' Pelisse, Cassimeres, Cassinets, Satinets, and Domestic Cloths.  
Red, White, and Yellow Flannels.  
Calicoes, stamped and printed.  
Bombazetts, figured and plain.  
Crape Robes do. do.  
Shawls do. do.  
Silk do. do.  
Silks, Satins and Lustrings, fig'd & plain.  
Prunella, Satin & Morocco Ladies' Shoes.  
Men's Boots and Shoes.  
Water Proof and Castor Hats.  
Brown & Bleached Shirts & Sheetings.  
Plaids, Stripes and Checks.  
Irish Linens.  
India Muslins.  
Super Waterloo Shawls, Bor'd & plain.  
Silk and Cotton do. do.  
Figured and Plain Silk Vestings.  
Toilette & Marsilles do.  
Silk, Flag and Bandana Handkerchiefs.  
Cotton do.  
1 Case No. 30 to 50 Leghorns.  
1 Case Fine Straw Bonnets.  
Silk and Beaver Gloves.  
Silk, Cotton and Woolen Hose.  
Plaid Cloaks, &c. &c.

Together with a large assortment of Hardware, Liverpool and Queensware; Iron, Castings, Nails, Paints, Oil, Window-Glass, Dye Stuffs, &c.

Which they offer to sell low for cash or approved country produce.

For further particulars—call and see.  
October 14. 41

## NEW STORE.

HELENIAH SHOCK, & Co.

HAVE just received and have now opened in Hardinsburgh a fresh assortment of

### FALL & WINTER GOODS.

ALSO

Queensware, Hardware,  
Iron, Nails,  
Castings and Groceries.

All of which will be sold low for CASH or Country Produce.—The following articles will be received in exchange:—

Pork, Whiskey, Corn, Beeswax, Country Linen, Linsey, Feathers, Rags, and Ginseng.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY,

100 Dozen Chickens,  
for which the highest price will be given.  
Hardinsburgh, Nov. 11, 1825. 46—

### Pay Your Taxes!

NOTICE is hereby given, that I have to pay off the State Revenue on the 12th day of December next; I hope that those who have not paid their taxes, will please to pay the same on or before the 9th of Dec., for on that day I will leave this place for Indianapolis. By complying with the above request, you will confer a favor on one who is disposed to accommodate all that he can.

JOHN SPENCER,  
Collector for D. c.

Nov. 13, 1825.

### REMOVAL.

THE subscriber, who is in possession of the medicine for the cure of scirrhus tumors, and cancerous affections, has left Lawrenceburgh, and moved to Cleves, near the North Bend, Hamilton county, Ohio; where he may be found at any time, by those who wish to experience the good effects of his medicine for destroying the above disorder.

JOHN L. WATKINS.

Cleves, Sept. 26, 1825. 39—1y'r.

### TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

The PALLADIUM is printed weekly, on paper of a royal size, at the rate of Two Dollars per annum in advance—Two Dollars and Fifty Cents at the end of six months—And Three Dollars at the expiration of the year. Payment in advance, being to the mutual advantage of the subscriber and printer, would be preferred.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid off, unless at the option of the editors.

A failure to notify a discontinuance at the end of the term subscribed for, will be considered a new engagement.

Those who receive their papers through the post-office, or by the mail carrier, must pay the carriage.

### ADVERTISEMENTS.

Containing 12 lines, or less, three insertions, one dollar—25 cents for each additional insertion. Longer advertisements in proportion.

\* Letters or communications to the editors must be post paid, otherwise they will not be attended to.

Blank-Deeds for sale at this Office.