

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 sceptered father of the main,
And in his heaving bosom bides 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 sing, with tasteful care,
Pearls upon their sea-green hair.
Thetis' virgin train advances,
Mingling in the bridal dances;
Jove, himself, with raptured 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 Ark 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 unfurld,
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
Columbus'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 gypsies, and was married to a gipsy 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 Merrilles' 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 Merrilles for lodgings and protection, when he lost his way near Dernleugh, 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 the winsome gudeman o' Lochside, poor body,' replied Jean; he's been at Newcastle seeking for siller to pay his rent, honest man, but de' il-be-licket he's been able to gather in, and sae he's gaan 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 peddles 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

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 won't 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 mas-sa,' 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. Jagersoll'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: Jonathan Dorr, 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; S. LOMON 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—Prat and Meach, Druggists Buffalo—O. & S. Crosby, Druggists Columbus—Goodwin, Ashton & Co., M. Woolf & Co., and A. Fairchild, 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.

NEW STORE.

JOHNSON, ARMSTRONG, & CO.

WE 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, Cashmere, Cassinetts, Sattinetts, and Domestic Cloths.

Red, White, and Yellow Flannels.

Calicoes, stamped and printed.

Bombazetts, figured and plain.

Crape Robes do. do.

" Shawls 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 Shirtings & Sheetings.

Plaids, Stripes and Checks.

Irish Linens.

India Muslins.

Super Waterloo Shawls, Bore & pia.

Silk and Cotton " do. do.

Figured and Plain Silk Vestings.

Teolinette & Marseilles do.

Silk, Flag and Bandana Handk's.

Cotton do.

1 Case No. 30 to 50 Leghorns.

1 Case Fine Straw Bonnets.

Silk and Beaver Gloves.

Silk, Cotton and Woollen 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.

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NEW STORE.

MEHEKIAH SHOCK, & CO.

WE 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. 18, 1825.

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REMOVAL.

THE subscriber, who is in possession of the medicine for the cure of scirrous 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—1 yr.

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.