

MISCELLANY.

From the Trenton Emporium.
AUTUMN.

The smiles of the Summer are past,
The labours of Flora are o'er;
Ah! seasons too charming to last,
And almost too fleet to deplore.

Of late like the sailor so gay,
Who sings in the top of the shrouds,
The lark from on high tun'd his lay,
Now seen, and now lost, in the clouds.

Of late how the banks were array'd,
Wherever you rivulets run!
Of late, and the swains sought the shade,
To hide from the rays of the sun.

The seasons are past—O how frail!
Like dews of the morning they fly—
The flow'r has forsaken the vale,
The tenant of ether, the sky.

What wars the wild elements wage,
Chill Autumn has taken his stand,
And seems as he howls, to presage
The horrors of Winter at hand.

Ah me! how august how sublime
A lesson for wisdom is here!
How swift are the foot-steps of time,
How transient the dates of the year!

Our Summer of life must decay—
Its Autumn at farthest is near;
Then let us be wise while we may,
Ere time steals a march on our year.

Let us husband, with care, lest it die,
The taper of life, while it burns,
And learn to improve as they fly,
The days which can never return. IDEO.

THE COTTAGER'S DAUGHTER.

A SKETCH.

Mary Irving was the daughter of a humble cottager, who earned his daily bread by the labor of his hands and the sweat of his brow. She was his only child the light of his old age, and the comfort that, in health, was the delight of his heart, and in sickness the minister of every restoring gift. All the village knew her for a dutiful daughter, and wondered not at the extreme fondness of the old man for his child. Now that her mother was dead, and her brother far away from the land of his birth and the home of his infancy, having enlisted as a soldier early in life, where could a father's preference be bestowed more justly, than on one who sacrificed everything to make him happy, and who seemed alone to draw delight from the silent smile that ever sat on his countenance. But, alas! the spoiler came, and robbed the nest of domestic felicity.

Albert Jones was a young man, the son of a neighboring farmer. He was a youth of a happy, light, and careless turn of mind, and possessed a warm, friendly heart, at least such was every one's opinion, and every one could not be wrong. But alas! every one was wrong in that instance, and the fatal termination of the whole told a fearful tale of human fatality.

Albert Jones wooed Mary Irving, and pressed his suit with all the warmth and assiduity of a young enthusiastic lover. Having gained her heart, he soon won over the scruples of the old man, who wished to see his daughter settled in life, ere he departed hence; and his few white hairs, and his wrinkled brow, warned him that the period was not far distant.

Mary Irving became the wife of Albert Jones, and every one said they were a couple made for each other; but the honey-moon was scarcely over and gone ere Mary saw that her husband was far from what she had dreamed him to be.

Every village boasts its alehouse,—every village has its due quantum of choice spirits, as they are called,—and every village has its little club that meets at nights to discuss politics, and something stronger than small beer.

Here, then, did Albert Jones flourish, and here did his happy spirits kindle beneath the influence of spirits of a more exalting, and sometimes too of a more humiliating nature. He had a heart formed to make a homely hearth happy, but early estrangement from such it would seem, had poisoned the sweeter current of his mind, and turned the waters that might have flowed in calmness, to enlighten and endear his domestic moments, to gall and bitterness.

Many an evening had Mary to sit up till midnight, waiting the return of her husband, and when he did appear, reeling with drink dissatisfied with every thing, she would wipe the tears from her eyes, but her heart forbade her to rail and be angry; she gave her gentle rebuke, hoped he might reform and pitied him. Months passed on, but no change for the better on Albert Jones; and Mary felt herself a mother. She was delivered of a daughter; but instead of rejoicing at the circumstance with the fullness of a mother's joy, she was sad, downcast, for she saw nought but want staring her in the face, and trouble and distress around her.

The babe was but four days old, and the mother had not recovered from her weakly state, when one evening as usual, she was waiting the return of her husband, and was propped up in blanket by the side of the fire, for she could but barely move about. The night was cold

and tempestuous. The rain was pouring down in torrents, as the wind, which had been high in the afternoon, and kept the clouds apart, had now gradually fallen and calmed. Mary Irving trimmed the lamp that stood by her side on a small oaken table, and stirred the fire into a more kindly and cheering light. She again threw herself back into the chair, and keeping her eye fixed on the warm glow of the fire, her thoughts involuntarily wandered back to the fire-side of her father's cottage, and to the many happy evenings she had spent there. How different,—indeed how strikingly different were the two in comparison—her present home from the one that had watched over her infancy! But she still, amidst all her imperfections look back to the days when he came as a lover, and sung the songs of Scotia's delightful bard, wooed, and won her simple heart. The favor of a first love is too deeply felt ever to be erased or succeeded by another; for the heart, young and untutored, riots on and revels in the luxurious feelings that then haunt the mind and soul. And she had felt all these, and though times were now different with her, indeed, yet still they shone in her chaste memory like the softened twilight that succeeds a brilliant sunset. She was indulging in such dreams, and endearing her husband had as he was and had been, more to her heart, when suddenly she was started from her musings by the door bursting open, and her husband reeling in worse than ever, and staggered forward to a chair. "You look worse to-night, Albert, than I have ever seen you," said Mary, as she approached where her husband sat and looked him kindly in the face. "No wonder, Mary," said he, in broken accents, but softer than usual; "only look here—here's for you—see what John Williams has done," and pulling off his hat, the blood gushed out from a fearful wound in the back of his head. Mary screamed out with terror when she looked on the wound, and no wonder, it was an awful one. "Albert! Albert!" was all she could articulate; but Albert heard her not—he had fainted. She used every effort which in her haste her ingenuity could devise, but Albert was beyond the reach of human aid. By her screams she brought her neighbors to her assistance; the village doctor was procured, but too late to do any good; he was carried into his bed, and laid down for the last time. When Mary saw and felt that she was a widow, and that Albert had gone to his last account in that fearful condition, it was more than her brain could bear.—They had barely laid him down, ere she started up suddenly from her chair into which she had thrown herself but a moment before, and rushed no one could tell why, to the cradle where her sleeping infant lay, and snatching it up, hurried out of the house into the rain and darkness. All present petrified by the suddenness of the action, and struck dumb and motionless by the portentous looks of the distracted mother, could only gaze in each other's faces, in silent astonishment. However, when a few of them were again restored to recollection, they went out in search of her, and of course their steps were first directed to her father's cottage. There, in truth they found her, but too late to proffer their friendly aid in consoling her distresses—she was past them all.

The old man had been roused from his sleep by a fearful knocking at the cottage door, and the voice of his child calling for God's sake to open; he had jumped from his bed unlocked the door, and lifted the latch, when Mary rushed in with her half-naked child in her arms, and flung it on the bed. She had then turned to her father, clasped her hands distractedly together—screamed and fallen forward on the floor. Her father knelt down and half-uplifted her—her eyes only opened once, but their expression was wild and unearthly—Albert's name faintly passed her lips, and then her too full heart had broken.

Their graves, side by side, lie peacefully together in the little churchyard of —. Sometimes in the evening, a little girl, dressed in plain and homely apparel, enters there, and approaches them, and, fearless of the setting twilight, seats herself on the middle one, weeps, as an orphan child weeps over the grave of its departed parents. She hears the whisper of the neighbors, and knows a little of her history, and has gleaned thus much from their friendly talk, that her father was not as he should have been, that her mother was the light of their home, and the delight of every one; and that her grandfather had died with grief for the loss of his only child, and left her the little that maintained and supported her among friendly neighbors.

[From the Berkshire American.]
ADVERTISING GRATIS.
Q. Good morning, Mr. Printer. How goes business about these times?
Pr. Why, so, so.
Q. Is that all? Why, then, I think as now I can help you a little. Here is a bit of an advertisement: I'll get you to put in your paper, if so be, supposing you'll do it for nothing.

Pr. Indeed! that's rather below the usual price of advertising.
Q. Very true—but then I thought as how, being a new beginner here, as there a little advertising, gratis, might be better than nothing. And I always feel disposed to help my fellow creatures, as far as I'm able—I think its no more than a christian duty, I do.

Pr. How long do you suppose it would take to fill an empty purse, by advertising gratis?
Q. Why, I don't know as to that particular—but one thing I'm morally certain of; it helps a man amazingly to get into business, to do it for nothing. Now as to my own particular, I have a good deal of advertising to do, and if so be you'll do it for nothing, you shall have all my custom in that way.
Pr. Thank you sir!
Q. Not at all—you are as welcome as the flowers in May. Ah! one thing that I had forgot—I shall expect you to send me a newspaper now and then, (gratis of course) which you know, you can very well afford to do, to a good customer—besides, you know, I don't take your paper.

Pr. Very true—and, as one good turn deserves another, I could not possibly refuse you a paper, after advertising for you for nothing.
Q. No I think not. But as to the present particular, I—
Pr. One thing, I had forgotten—you have a little money to let, occasionally, if I mistake not.

Q. Why, yes, a cool thousand or two, occasionally.
Pr. I should be glad to borrow a thousand dollars, or more if you like, on your own terms.
Q. Well, now that's clever—I like to see men willing to pay for a thing? My terms are 20 per cent, and you may have one or two thousand dollars, just as you like, on good security.
Pr. You mistake me, sir. When I said I should like to borrow money on your own terms, I meant the terms you proposed to me in advertising.
Q. Lend money for nothing? a thousand dollars of money, gratis! a pretty money making business, truly!
Pr. Precisely like advertising gratis.

Q. Lend money for nothing! Why, do you think I'm a natural fool? But the presumption of some folks is astonishing—Lend money for nothing! free gratis! quotha?
Pr. Why, having considerable use for money I thought I could no less than offer you my entire custom, in the borrowing line, on the very liberal terms you were pleased to offer me for advertising.
Q. Excuse me, sir; I never lend money in that way, not I. Good bye to you, Mr. Printer.

Jephthah's Daughter.—It is astonishing how little has been written or spoken upon that most exalted of all the sacrifices ever made by mere mortals, which is recorded in the eleventh chapter of the Book of Judges. The divine historian has not even given us the name of the fair victim. Jephthah returning from the slaughter of twenty cities, and the complete conquest of the enemies of Israel, vowed, "that whatsoever should come forth of the doors of his house to meet him, should surely be his daughter, and should be sacrificed with fire."—His daughter, an only daughter of Jephthah the Gileadite, indeed an only child gay to all the loveliness of youth and beauty, and animated to enthusiasm by the prospect of her brave father's approaching triumph, came out to meet him with timbrels and with dances unconscious of the awful doom to which she was destined! When, in all the agony of regret and sorrow he announced to her the vow which he deemed irrevocable. How dignified her composure, how unsophisticated her refusal! She resorted to no sophistical evasions to avert the blow that impended over her untimely fate. "My father, if thou hast opened thy mouth unto the Lord, do to me according to that which hath proceeded out of thy mouth forasmuch as the Lord hath taken vengeance for thee of thine enemies, even of the children of Ammon." All she requested was that herself and the companions of her infantile pleasures might be permitted to wander for two months upon the lonely mountains, to prepare herself for a death more glorious than that of the most celebrated hero of ancient or of modern ages. Compared with this how trifling the boasted sacrifice of Iphigenia, a story, indeed, which, from the silence of Homer who could neither have forgotten nor dispensed an incident so suited to his state, and so capable of embellishing his poem, we ought to regard as altogether fabulous.

Sweet simplicity of the patriarchal ages, enabled by self-devotion more sublime than that of Codrus and of Curtius! It is the business of a soldier and a king to die in the field of battle, but what could a poor rural girl feel of martial enthusiasm or expect of future fame.

Old Maids.—A certain lady living, as some say in a state of single blessedness; but who was quite anxious to change it; attended a holy meeting, where she heard one of your real old fashioned preachers hold forth. On her return home, in remarking upon the services, she observed she liked the minister much, as he prayed particularly for her. "How," said one of the family—I do not recollect anything that you particularly refer to. Why, yes, replied she, for after mentioning the parish the sick the dying, the widow and the fatherless, he prayed for those who had "unmentionable troubles."—I am sure if there are any who come under this description, it is us poor old maids.

Pr. Indeed! that's rather below the usual price of advertising.
Q. Very true—but then I thought as how, being a new beginner here, as there a little advertising, gratis, might be better than nothing. And I always feel disposed to help my fellow creatures, as far as I'm able—I think its no more than a christian duty, I do.

COLLECTOR'S LAST NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given to all those delinquent in the payment of their TAXES, that the time limited for paying in the revenue into the STATE TREASURY has elapsed, and I am by statute of the necessary funds to enable me to discharge the state debt against me, for the year 1826. It consequently involves me in a percentage which will be very injurious to me, and render it absolutely necessary that I should coerce payment by means more forcible than mere persuasion. You say, that the times are hard and money difficult to procure, I admit that it is even so, for I daily experience the truth of it. But is it as hard for each man in the country to pay for himself one or two dollars tax, as it is for me to pay for five or six hundred, and if you cannot pay the small sum against you, how do you expect that I will be able to discharge the amount of the duplicate, and let you pass unnoticed until it suits your own convenience to pay. It is not my wish to distress the people for their taxes, and they ought not, and cannot in justice let me suffer. I am continually losing by being too indulgent. One man comes to me and tells me that if I do not sell his land, he will upon the honor of a gentleman pay his tax on or before a certain day; this is the last I hear of him, until I again call on him. Another whose tax I have paid for three or four years, comes to me and asks a few more days of grace, and then he will be able to settle his taxes. The next news I hear of him he has moved out of the State, and by that means defrauds me of the money which I have paid out of my own pocket for him. For the above reasons, all those indebted to me for TAXES must pay the same on or before the FIRST day of JANUARY next; for I am determined to collect. If the taxes due, so as to enable me to pay the amount of the duplicate together with the percentage, charged against me, I further give notice that I will on the FIRST MONDAY in FEBRUARY, 1827, offer for SALE all the LANDS and LOTS that the taxes are not paid thereon previous to that time, and continue to sell from day to day until all are offered, by their number of Town, Range, Section or part thereof as they stand charged on the duplicate for the year 1826, and for all former years that I have been collector. I also notify all persons that are indebted to me for fees, notes and accounts to pay the same on or before the first day of January, as aforesaid or I shall take the necessary steps to recover the same.

JOHN SPENCER, C. D. C.
December, 23, 1826.

DANIEL J. CASWELL,

COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
Office on Front Street, Cincinnati, near the Hotel.
HE will practice in the counties of Hamilton and Butler, and in the District and circuit courts of the United States, for the District of Ohio; also, in the county of Dearborn, and in the Supreme court of the state of Indiana.
April 15, 1825. 15

N. G. HOWARD,

COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Lawrenceburg, Indiana, will faithfully attend to professional business entrusted to his care. He will attend the courts in the 3d circuit, also the Supreme and U States courts at Indianapolis. Office on High Street, opposite the Clerk's Office.
Feb. 25 1826. 8—1f.

DOCTOR PINCKARD

Oil is his professional services to the citizens of Lawrenceburg and Dearborn county, Indiana, and to those of Boone county, Ky. and Hamilton county, Ohio. Residence Lawrenceburg, at Mr. Hunt's Hotel. Office on High street below the Market house.
Lawrenceburg, May 11 1826 91—1f

DOCTOR H. J. BOWERS

OFFERS his professional service to the citizens of Lawrenceburg and its vicinity, to practice
PHYSIC, SURGERY, AND MIDWIFERY.
Any calls in the line of his profession will be punctually attended to. Office on High Street, opposite the Palladium Printing Office.
October 28, 1826 42—1f

GUNSMITHING.

WHEREAS, I some time since gave notice, that I had established the above business in the town of Lawrenceburg: I now give notice that so many calls are made upon me in that line, it is impossible for me to attend to them. Those interested will please to act accordingly.
JOHN B. CARRINGTON.
December 9, 1826 48—Sw.

STRAY MARE.

TAKEN UP by JOSEPH TEISTER, Loughery township, Dearborn County, on the 9th of Oct last, an estray Mare, of a bay color, supposed to be four years old, next spring, right hind foot white, one small saddle mark on the left side, about fourteen and a half hands high, no marks or brands perceptible. Appraised at TWENTY SEVEN dollars by George Haines, and John Wester.
DAN'L BARTHOLOMEW, J. P.
Aurora, December 6, 1826 48—3u*

TO BE LET,

ON the most reasonable terms my lucrative TAVERN and FARM in the town of Napoleon in Ripley county. It consists of a large HOUSE, BARN, STABLES & SMOKE HOUSE, together with eight acres of highly improved Land, an orchard now bearing of 200 fruit trees. The Tavern stand is one of the best in the state, being at the intersection of eight public roads leading to every part of the state. To an industrious man the rent will be extremely moderate. Possession to be had the first day of March next. Application to be made to
Wm. WILSON,
Postmaster.
Napoleon, Dec 8, 1826 49—1f

PUBLIC NOTICE.

ALL persons are hereby notified not to receive an assignment of a note of hand, signed by me for the sum of six dollars and thirty seven and a half cents, payable to John Fuller, dated the twenty ninth day of August, 1826, and witnessed by John W. Kierman, as said note was obtained from me by fraud and misrepresentation, and I am determined never to pay it.
WILLIAM GOLDEN.
Dec 5, 1826 48—1p

STRAY MARE.

TAKEN UP by ALEXANDER COCHRAN, in Loughery township, Dearborn County, an estray Mare, of a light brown color, supposed to be four years old next spring, about 14 hands high; no other marks or brands perceptible. Appraised at TEN dollars by Edward Fairchild and Joseph W. Wickley.
DAN'L BARTHOLOMEW, J. P.
Aurora, December 6, 1826. 48—3u*

MASONIC NOTICE

At a meeting of the Union Lodge, No. 68, Winchester, Vt. Nov. 15, 1826, it was unanimously resolved, that HUGH STEEL, a master mason, be forever publicly expelled from all the privileges of free masonry, for gross unmaasonic conduct.
SAM REED Sec'y.

[The charges against the above named Steel were, notorious drunkenness, slander, forgery, writing anonymous letters to individuals to gratify his personal malignity; but more particularly in causing to be published in the Winchester Republican of March last, obituary notices of two respectable living individuals of an adjoining county, and in the National Intelligencer of October last, a communication under the imposing head of "Second Sight & Charms," with a view also of holding up to ridicule, where they are known, two other respectable individuals of the same county; both of which communications were forwarded under forged names to the editors of the respective papers. Said Steel is now believed to be in the State of Ohio. He is a schoolmaster by occupation, about 40 years old, sandy hair and complexion, slender made, with a shrill voice, and slovenly in his appearance.—He was formerly a printer. It is hoped that printers in Ohio and elsewhere will republish this notice, that the editorial fraternity may be protected against the impositions of his fellow in future.—Ed. Republican.]
Winchester, Nov. 17, 1826,

ADVERTISEMENT.

ADVERSE scenes in domestic life, and the cruel interference of others in my family life, compel me publicly to state, that the woman who is my wife, has been induced to leave my family. Although I cannot consent hereafter to be responsible for her contracts, yet it is far from my feelings to wage a war with woman, or add a stain to the reputation of her with whom I have lived with affection. A serpent hath beguiled my eye; a worm, contemptible in its native dust, has prevailed to condescend a flower which I once deemed fair for domestic bliss.

ISAAC DARLING.
Dec 9, 1826 48—1p

John Columbia, vs. Elizabeth D. Jones, an infant, and heir at law of John Jones, dec'd, & John Reedy her Guardian.

WHEREAS the above named John Columbia has filed in the clerk's office of the Dearborn Circuit Court his petition, praying the said court to appoint a commissioner to convey real estate therein described to him. This is to notify the aforesaid Elizabeth D. Jones and John Reedy, her guardian, who are made defendants to said petition, that they be and appear before the Judges of said court, on the first day of the next term of said court, to be held on the 1st Monday in April next, in the town of Lawrenceburg, then and there to make answer to said petition, or that the said court will proceed to act thereon in their absence.
G. H. Dunn, atty.
JAMES DILL, Clk.
Dec. 29, 1826. 51

NOTICE.

ALL persons are hereby cautioned against purchasing of John Kemp, of Randolph township, Dearborn county, a note of hand on Cornelius Miller, for thirty five dollars and twelve and a half cents, dated 25th Sept. last, drawn in favor of Caleb A. Craft, and assigned to said Kemp by me.—Also a note of hand against me for twenty-one dollars thirty-seven cents, dated about the 25th Oct last, drawn in favor of said Kemp, as the said notes were fraudulently obtained, and I am determined not to pay them until compelled by law.
JOHN B. CRAFT.
Rising Sun, Dec. 16, 1826. 51.

TAKEN UP,

BY Thomas Hiner, living in Washington township, Ripley county, state of Ind., a BROWN MARE; three years old last spring, with a star in her forehead, hind pastern and feet white, white streak in middle of the hoof, long tail. Appraised to twenty dollars this 16th day of December, 1826.
DAVID WALLACE, j. p.
Dec. 30. 51*

STRAY HORSE.

TAKEN UP by CHARLES G. DAWSON, of Logan township Dearborn county, State of Indiana, one SORREL HORSE, 14 or 15 hands high, supposed to be four or five years old; with a blaze face and a white spot on the right side of the neck; galled on the back, supposed by the saddle, no other marks perceptible. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take him away. Appraised to 30 dollars by Spencer, Lelew, Jesse Whitehead, and Martin Woldroff, before me this 8th Nov. 1826.
WM BRUNDRIDGE, J. P.
November 25, 1826 46—3*

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have taken out letters of Administration on the estate of ISRAEL NOYES, late of Dearborn county dec'd. All persons having claims against said estate are requested to bring them forward within twelve months, duly authenticated for a settlement; and those indebted to pay up immediately. Said Estate will be solvent.
ISRAEL NOYES Administrator.
NOVEMBER 25, 1826 46—3u*

RAGS! RAGS!

THE highest price in CASH or writing paper given for clean Linen and Cotton RAGS at this office.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

The PALLADIUM is printed weekly, on super royal paper, at THREE DOLLARS per annum, paid at the end of the year; which may be discharged by the payment of TWO DOLLARS in advance, or by paying TWO DOLLARS & FIFTY CENTS at the expiration of Six months. Those who receive their papers through the Post-Office, or by the mail carrier, must pay the carriage, otherwise it will be charged on their subscription.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Containing 12 lines, three insertions or less, one dollar; twenty-five cents for each additional insertion—larger advertisements in the same proportion.

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

JOB-PRINTING

OF ALL KINDS NEATLY EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE.