

MISCELLANY.

SELECTED.

THE MAID'S SOLILOQUY.

A Maid alone—Milton in her hand. She opens at the passage “Hail wedded love, mysterious law,” &c. She then soliloquises: It must be so! Milton thou reasonest well: Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,

This longing after matrimony?

Or whence this secret dread, this inward horr—

Of dying unespoused? why shrinks the heart

Back on itself and startles at celibacy?

‘Tis reason, faithful reason, stirs within us;

‘Tis nature’s self that points out an alliance,

And intimates a husband to the sex.

Marriage! though pleasing, and yet anxious

thought!

Thro’ what new and various changes must we

pass!

The married state in prospect lies before me,

But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.

Hero will I hold!—If nature prompts the wish—

And that she does is plain from all her works—

Our duty, interest, pleasure, bid indulge it,

For the great end of nature’s law is bliss,

But yet—in wedlock—the woman must obey—

I’m weary of those doubts, the priest shall end

’em.

Nor easily do I venture loss and gain,

Pleasure and bondage meet my thoughts at once;

I wed—my liberty is gone forever,

But happiness itself from this secured!

Love first shall recompense my loss,

And when my charms shall all have faded,

Mine eyes grown dim, and stature bent with

years,

Thou, virtuous friendship, shall succeed to love:

Thus pleased, I’ll scorn infamy and death.

Renewed successively in another’s race.

From the N. Hampshire Patriot and State Gaz.

CHAMBERLAIN AND PAUGUS.

Among Lovewell’s men, at his famous Pigwacket fights, was a New Hampshire settler of the name of Chamberlain. He was one of those rugged spirits, that in the rude period beyond the “old French War,” moved from the thickest settled seaboard, and penetrated into the wilderness of this province. The Indian passed his log house, on his scouts to surprise the frontiers, and near it were the haunts and dens of the less savage beasts of prey. The Smoky rafters were hung about with *gammons* of the bear, that had tumbled from the white pine at the summons of his long rifle, and he lay at night on the fur of the dun Catamount.

He was tall—higher than the stately Indian; strong, four of them were no match for him with their tomahawks against his heavy hatchet;—he was swift of foot, he could outrun the moose in full trot, sagacious and eagle eyed—he entrapped the Indian in his ambush, and surpassed him in that sort of instinct, which guides the savage and the keener brute through the wide and pathless woods.

The red men passed cautiously and harmlessly by the dwelling of Chamberlain; and a score of them would lie still, where they watched in ambush, and suffer him to go on unmolested, lest their rifles might miss what they deemed his charmed body, and bring him in vengeance upon them; for he valued them as lightly as Samson did the men of Ashkelon.

Around the shores of Winnipisegoe: then wild and unknown, but now navigated, celebrated and beautiful lake, there dwelt a powerful tribe of Indians. Their chief was Paugus. He was a savage of giant stature and strength, swift, cunning, deadly with his rifle and tomahawk, cruel—vengeful beyond the native vengeance of the Indians, and the terror of man, woman and child along the frontiers, and even among the infant cities, that had then begun to spring up on the very edge of the sea. This audacious chief was supposed to have ventured into their streets in the dark nights to learn their councils concerning the Indians, and even to take off from among them the astonished captive.

Bands of soldiers had penetrated to the shores of the Winnipisegoe, to find out the retreat of this terrible savage, and if possible to slay him or take him prisoner. But he was too sagacious, and always eluded their search,—though they came, at one time, so near him, that he saw the blaze of his wigwam, as they set it on fire, and the smoke of it curling among the tree tops, that were then above his head.

Often had Chamberlain sought, in the Indian skirmishes he was engaged in, to find out the form of Paugus—to make him the mark of his rifle, or to encounter with his hatchet the tomahawk of this fearful warrior.—But they never had chance to meet, although Paugus had learned of his tribe the character and prowess of the settler.

A small body of determined men under Capt. Lovewell were on their way eastward, through the wilderness where Chamberlain dwelt, and some of them saw his smoke in a valley near P——, on the Penitewasset. He learned their destination and immediately joined them on an expedition against the Winnipisegoe and Pigwacket tribes—who had recently committed some daring and destructive assault upon the frontier, under the leading of Paugus. Chamberlain was welcomed by the gallant Lovewell, and he was considered by them all towards the deep descent, “would be a great accession to the strength of the very spot for the innocence that had not tried the world, or the philosophy that had tried it, and found all vanity.”

They traversed the woods and encountered an overwhelming body of Indians, on the peninsula of Lovewell’s pond, and their fight has given celebrity to every portion of the surrounding wilderness. After the thickest and most desperate of the conflict was over, Chamberlain, weary with fighting, thirsty and faint under the hot sun, had retired to the edge of the pond to drink and to wash out his gun, which had grown so foul with frequent firing that he at last could not make her go off. He pushed his way through a copse of willows to a little beach by the pond, when, from the thicket, at a short distance from him, emerged the stately figure of Paugus, covered over with dust and blood; making his way to the water. The warriors at once knew each other. Chamberlain’s gun was useless and he thought of rushing upon Paugus with his hatchet, before he could level his rifle, but the Indian’s gun was in the same condition with his own, and he too had come to the edge of Lovewell’s pond to quench his thirst and hastily scour out his foul rifle. The condition of the rifles became immediately, by some means or other, known to the enemies, and they mutually agreed to a truce, while they washed them out for the encounter. They slowly and with equal movements cleansed their guns and took their stations on the outer border of the beach. “Now Paugus,” said Chamberlain, “I’ll have you”—and with the quickness and steadiness of an old hunter, sprung to loading his rifle.—“Na—na—me have you,” replied Paugus, and he handled his gun with a dexterity that made the bold heart of Chamberlain beat quick, and he almost raised his eye to take his last look upon the sun. They rammed their cartridges, and each at the same instant cast his ramrod upon the sand.—“I’ll have you Paugus,” shouted Chamberlain, as in his desperation he almost resolved to rush upon the savage, with the breach of his rifle, lest he should receive his bullet before he could load. The woods across the pond echoed back the shout. Paugus trembled as he applied his powder horn to the priming. Chamberlain heard the grains of his powder rattle lightly upon the leaves beneath his feet. Chamberlain struck his gun breech violently upon the ground—the rifle primed herself, he aimed and his bullet whistled through the heart of Paugus.—He fell, and as he went down, the bullet from the mouth of his ascending rifle touch’d the hair upon the crown of Chamberlain, and passed off without avenging the death of its dreadful master, into the bordering wilderness. The hunter, after recovering from the shock of such a fearful and imminent encounter, cast a look upon the fallen savage. The paleness of death had come over his copper colored forehead.—He seized upon his rifle, bullet pouch and powder horn, left him on the leafy sand, and sought again the lessened ranks of the whitemen, as they weakly defended themselves against the encircling savages. He shouted to them of the fall of Paugus. The Indians looked about them.—The tall figure of the chief was no where in sight.—In grief and despair they ceased their firing and withdrew into the woods, leaving Chamberlain and his band the remains of the fallen Paugus, to retrace their way to the distant settlement.

Chamberlain, it is said, long afterwards killed three of the descendants of Paugus, who came into the village where he dwelt, to slay him in his old age, to avenge upon him the fall of their ancestors.

White Hills, N. H. May 10 1828.

A LION-FIGHT.

From “Salathiel, a story of the Past, Present and Future.”

Dismounting, for the side of the hill was almost precipitous, I led my panting Arab through beds of myrtle, and every lovely and sweet smiling bloom to the edge of a valley that seemed made to shut out every disturbance of man. A circle of low hills, covered to the crown with foliage, surrounded a deep space of velvet turf, kept green as the emerald by the flow of rivulets, and the moisture of a pellucid lake in the centre, tinged with every color of the heavens. The beauty of this sylvan spot was enhanced by the luxuriant profusion of almond, orange, and other trees, that in every stage of production, from the bud to the fruit, covered the little knolls below, and formed a broad belt round the lake.

Parched as I was by the intolerable heat, this secluded haunt of the spirit of freshness looked doubly lovely. My eyes, half blinded by the glare of the sun, and even my mind exhausted by perplexities of the day, found delicious relaxation in the verdure and dewy breath of the silent valley. My barb with the quick sense of animals accustomed to the travel of the wilderness, showed her delight by playful boundings, the prouder arching of the neck, and the brighter glancing of her bright eye.

“Here,” thought I, as I led her slowly

towards the deep descent, “would be a great accession to the strength of the very spot for the innocence that had not tried the world, or the philosophy that had tried it, and found all vanity.” Who could dream that within the borders of this distracted land, in the very sight of the last miseries that man could inflict on man, there was a retreat; which the foot of man, perhaps never yet defiled; and in which the calamities that afflict society might be as little felt as if it were among the stars.”

A violent plunge of the barb put an end to my speculation. She exhibited the wildest signs of terror, snorted and strove to break from me; then fixed her glance keenly on the thicket below, shook in every limb. But the scene was tranquility itself; the cameleon lay basking in the sun, and the only sound was that of the wild doves murmuring under the broad leaves of the palm tree.

But my mare still resisted every effort to lead her downwards, her ears were fluttering convulsively, her eyes were starting from their sockets; I grew peevish at the animal’s unusual obstinacy, and was about to let her suffer thirst for the day, when my senses were paralyzed by a tremendous roar. A lion stood on the summit which I had just quitted. He was not a dozen yards above my head, and his first spring must have carried me to the bottom of the precipice. The barb burst away at once, I drew the only weapon I had, a dagger,—and hopeless as escape was, grasping the tangled weeds to sustain my footing, awaited the plunge. But the lordly savage probably disdained so ignoble a prey; and continued on the summit, lashing his sides with his tail, and tearing up the ground. He at length stopped suddenly, listened, as to some approaching foot, and then with a hideous yell sprang over me, and was in the thicket below at a single bound.

The whole thicket was instantly alive; the shade which I had fixed on for a seat of unearthly tranquility, was an old haunt of lions, and the mighty herd were now roused from their noon-day slumbers. Nothing could be grander, or more terrible than this disturbed majesty of the forest kings. In every variety of savage passion, from terror to fury, they plunged, and tore, and yelled; darted through the lake, burst through the thicket, rushed up the hills, or stood baying and roaring defiance against the coming invader; the numbers were immense, or the rareness of shade and water had gathered them from every quarter of the desert.

While I stood clinging to my perilous hold, and fearful of attracting their gaze by the slightest movement, the source of the commotion appeared, in the shape of a Roman soldier issuing spear in hand, through a ravine at the further side of the valley. He was palpably unconscious of the formidable place into which he was entering; and the gallant clamor of voices through the hills, showed that he was followed by others as bold and unconscious of their danger as himself.

But his career soon closed; his horse’s feet had scarcely touched the turf, when a lion was fixed with fangs and claws on the creature’s loins. The rider uttered a cry of horror, and for the instant, sat helplessly gazing at the open jaws behind him. I saw the lion gathering up his flanks for a second bound, but the soldier, a figure of gigantic strength, grasping the nostrils of the monster with one hand, and, with the other, shortening his spear drove the steel at one relentless thirst, into the lion’s forehead. Horse, lion and rider fell, and continued struggling together.

In the next moment a mass of cavalry came thundering down the ravine. They had broken off from their march, through the accident of rousing a strangling lion, and followed him in the giddy ardor of the chase. The sight now before them was enough to appal the boldest intrepidity. The valley was filled with the vast herd; retreat was impossible, for the troopers came still pouring in by the only pass, and from the sudden descent of the glen, horse and man were rolled head foremost among the lions; neither man nor monster could retreat. The conflict was horrible, and the heavy spears of the legionaries plunged through bone and brain. The lions, made more furious by wounds, sprang upon the powerful horses and tore them to the ground, or flew at the troopers’ throats, and crushed and dragged away cuirass and buckler. The valley was a struggling heap of human and savage battle; man, lion, and charger, writhing and rolling in agonies, till their forms were undistinguishable. The groans and cries of the legionaries, the screams of mangled horses, and the roars and howlings of the lions, bleeding with the sword and spear, tearing the dead, darting up the sides of the hills in terror, and rushing down again with the fresh thirst of gore, baffled all conception of fury and horror. But man was the conqueror at last; the savages scared by the spear and thinned in their numbers, made a rush, in one body towards the ravine, overthrowing every thing in their way, and burst from the valley, awaking the desert for many

The 26th of June.—Among the people in Saco, (Maine,) a superstitious notion prevails, that the waters of the ocean possess some mysterious virtue on the 26th of June; and the Saco Palladium states that on that day the beach becomes like the pool of Bethesda, thronged with invalids of all ages and complexions.—The custom is said to have had its origin from the circumstance of an Indian woman having directed a mother to dip her sick child in the salt water on that day, which effected its recovery.

A clergyman catechising the youths of his parish, put the first question in Heidelberg’s Catechism to a girl—“What is your only consolation between life and death?” The poor girl smiled, and no doubt felt queer, but did not answer. The priest insisted—“Well then” said she, “If I must tell, it is the little shoemaker that wears a striped jacket.”

To view Passaic Falls, one day, A Priest and tailor took their way; “Thy wonders, Lord” the parson cries, “Amaze our souls—delight our eyes!” The tailor only made this note:

“Of what a place to sponge a Coat!”

FULLED,

AND

Cloth Dressing,

At Samuel Bond’s Mill, on White Water.

THE subscriber wishes to inform his friends and the public generally, that the works are in complete order and ready for business; and that he is now ready to receive Cloth, which he will warrant to be FULLED, DYED & DRESSED, in the best manner, and with despatch, at the following prices, or as low as any other’s customary prices:—London Brown, fulled, fine dress 25 cents; Women’s wear, ditto, 11 cents; Snuff, Bottle Greens, London Smokes, Olives, Browns, Blacks, and Navy Blues, fulled, fine dress, from 18 3 4 to 20 cents; Women’s wear of the above colours, from 10 to 12 1/2 cents per yard, Light and dark Drabs, Leads, fulled, fine dress, 8 to 12 cents; Coloured cloth, fulled and pressed, 6 1/4; if sheared once or twice, 8 cents, finest dress 10 cents; and all other work in the above business, done at the same rates at the above Mill.

MILES KELLOGG.

White Water, Aug 4th 1828. 811f.

La Mott’s Cough Drops,

For Coughs, Consumption, Colds, Influenza, Whooping Coughs, Spasmodic Asthma, Pain in the side, Difficulty of Breathing, and want of Sleep.

THE proprietors of La Mott’s Cough Drops have refrained from any advertising but little in commendation of this preparation—being confident that its value would prove a sufficient recommendation; from the increased demand for the article, and the great celebrity which it has gained in every part of the United States where it is known—and in order to render it as extensively useful as possible, they feel confident in offering it to the public as an Approved Medicine in those diseases which it professes to cure, and one which has rendered the most entire satisfaction to all those who have had an opportunity of observing and testing its salutary effects. In confirmation of which they now present it to the public under the sanction of the following certificates from Physicians, Druggists and Merchants in different parts of the country.

CERTIFICATES.

We, the subscribers, have sold La Mott’s Cough Drops, as agents for the Messrs. Crosby & Son. The Medicine has obtained the approbation of the public, by effecting many cures of the diseases for which it is recommended. We have therefore no hesitation in recommending LA MOTT’S COUGH DROPS as an excellent medicine.

Witness my hand, this — day of —, in the year one thousand eight hundred and twenty-eight.

Before me, —, a — for the County of —, in the State of —, personally appeared, this day, — and — of the said county, who did severally make oath that —, by whom the foregoing declaration was made and subscribed, is well known to them to be the person therein described, and that he is generally reputed and believed to have been a — in the Army of the Revolution, in manner as therein stated; and that the said declaration was made and subscribed by the said —, in their presence, on the day of the date thereof.

Witness my hand, this — day of —, in the year one thousand eight hundred and twenty-eight.

I, —, Clerk of the Court of the County of —, in the State of —, do hereby certify, that —, before whom the foregoing affidavits were sworn, was, at the time, — for the said County, and duly empowered to administer oaths.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and affixed the seal of the said Court, this — day of —, in the year one thousand eight hundred and twenty-eight.

August 23—Wm. FERRIS.

Lawrenceburg, July 5, 1828. 26—lyr.

EDWIN G. PRATT

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR.

OFFICE in Lawrenceburg at the house of JOHN SPENCER.

May 1, 1828. 17f.

Flour, Corn Meal, Pork, Beef, Chickens, Potatoes,

Wood, and most kinds of country produce, will be received at this Office in payment of papers or other debts, until the first January next, at the highest cash price.

Sep. 13. GREGG & CULLEY.

Lawrenceburg, Sept. 12th, 1828.

EDITORS.

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