

## MISCELLANY.

From the N. E. Palladium.  
NATIONAL ODE.

TUNE—Scots wha ha' w' Wallace bled.  
Descendants of a Pilgrim Band,  
Sons of those who freed our land,  
Braved the tyrant's lifted hand,  
And bled for Liberty:—  
Ye, who independence prize,  
Let the grateful song arise,  
Let the anthem rend the skies,—  
'Tis Freedom's Jubilee.

When once oppression revel'd here,—  
And minions ruled our hemisphere,—  
And vainly sought a throne to fear,  
In sovereign sway to reign,—  
The spirit of our fathers spoke,  
Freemen scorned a tyrant's yoke,  
Oppression's galling chains were broke,  
In Freedom's fair domain.

Myrmidons beat our shore,  
The foe was met and triumphed o'er,  
The blast of war was heard no more;  
Forever we are free:—  
Foes in vain may threaten wars,  
Strength is in our righteous cause,  
Just and equal are our laws;  
Here is Liberty.

Let the strife of Europe rage,  
Let her potentates engage,—  
Eternal wars let tyrants wage,  
Far across the deep:  
Peace shall dwell within our land,  
Plenty smile with open hand,  
Freedom shall forever stand,  
Its temple we will keep.

Honor to the remnant few,  
Those who first to battle flew,  
Heroes who the sabre drew,  
And still survive the fray;  
Let them rest in rosy bowers,  
Crown their brows with civic flowers,  
Peace attend their waning hours,  
Who fought and won the day.

Hail to thee enduring Sage,  
Nestor of a patriot age,  
Bright shall be thy storied page,—  
Sage of CARROLLTON:  
A nation's gratitude is thine,  
Fame for thee a wreath shall twine,  
Millions shall their prayers combine,  
To cheer thy setting Sun.

### THE RUINS OF TIME.

The car of victory, the plume, the wreath,  
Defend not from the bolt of fate the brave,  
No note the clarion of renown can breathe,  
To alarm the long night of the lonely grave,  
Or check the headlong haste of time's o'er-  
whelming wave.—Dr. BEATTIE.

Once more the earth completed her circuit around the burning and brilliant luminary of heaven. The wheels of time still roll on and bury every moment in the dust, the wrecks of former revolutions. The monuments of arts and genius, the temples of ambition, pride and vanity, every moment spring up and are hurled to the earth in the path of man, and serve to remind him of the mutability of all human greatness and all human grandeur. To him how pregnant with the wrecks and ruins and revolutions of time. They are the oracles of ages—they speak like a trumpet from the tomb. They speak with a voice of thunder to the heart—a voice more impressive than the tongue of Tully, more symphonious than the harp of Homer, more picturesque than the pencil of Appelles. I feel in my soul the grandeur of my exalted theme. I see the venerable shade of time as he stands for a moment on the pedestal of years; his white locks streaming in the winds of winter; his aged hand pointed to the ruins of empires, and his trembling form bending over the tombs of oriental genius where the lamp of glory still burns and the light of immortality streams.

Roll back the billow tide of time,—unroll the mouldering record of ages!—What scenes are presented to the startled imagination of man. He beholds his own destiny and the doom of his noblest achievements. He builds the colossal temple of his own renown—he dedicated it to other ages—it stands on a rock and bathes its high battlements in the blue clouds of heaven; but behold, triumphant time hurls it with all its grandeur to the dust. So it is with man himself, whose hot and hurried existence precipitates the hour of his own dissolution. And so it is with the empires of the earth—they rise, flourish, and pass away as if they had never been.—Where now is ancient Egypt, the land of science and sacred recollections?—Where are her thousands of cities—her Thebes, her Memphis, her oracle of Ammon? The red arm of the Goth and Vandal have levelled them with the dust: the serpent now inhabits the temple where the worshipper once knelt the knee of adoration—the oracle hath been silent for ages, and the priestess long since fled from her falling shrine. And where are the cloud-capt pyramids of Egypt, the wonder of the world? Alas, they still stand as mournful monuments of human ambition. But where are the kings who planned, and the millions of miserable slaves who erected them? Gone down to the grave; the rank weed waves over the sepulchre of their mouldering bones. And such shall be the fate of those pyramids which have stood for ages as the beacons of misguided ambition; the wave of time shall roll over them and bury them for ever in the general mausoleum of ages.

And hath all the glory and grandeur of the world thus yielded to the victorious tooth of time? Go seek an answer amid the wrecks of Palmyra, Balbec and Jerusalem. Behold the city of God hath fallen—through her tottering temples & ruined battlements, the shade born beetle wheels his dreary flight, and the roaring lion of the desert hath made his lair in the sepulchre of the Saviour. The musing traveller in vain searches for the splendid temple of Solomon; its crumbling columns are beneath his feet—its sublime imagery is pictured in the landscape of imagination, but the glory of the world hath departed forever. O! where are the millions of once active beings, who once inhabited the sacred city, and whose voices once made the temple vocal with songs of praise! Alas, they are lost amid the undistinguishable wrecks of time. Their bones are beaching on their native hills, even more desolate than their once celebrated city.

Time like death is an impartial conqueror. The monuments of genius and the arts fall alike before him in the path of his irresistible might. He hath uprooted the firm foundations of greatness and grandeur, nor, less hath he desolated the gardens of oriental genius. Methinks I see him pointing with triumph to the tottering temples of Greece, and smiling at the ruins of Athens & Sparta, the home of that illustrious philosopher, who gave learning to the imperial son of Philip, and where S. Ion and Lycurgus gave laws to the world. But these cities are in ruins—their philosophers are dumb in death; the academy, the Porch, and the Lyceum, no longer resound with the doctrines of Plato, Zeno, and their illustrious competitors.—Their name alone has survived the general wreck. What a lesson is this for the growing empires of the earth. Greece, the glory of the world, the bright luminary of learning, liberty and laws, prostrate in the dust; her light of genius and the arts quenched in the long night of time; her philosophers, statesmen, heroes and poets, mingling with the fragments of her fallen grandeur. Go to the temple of Diana at Ephesus and the oracle of Delphos and ask the story of her renown, the story of her dissolution. Alas! that temple hath long since perished as a flood of flame, and the last oracle hath died on the lip of Æolus. But she fell not before the flaming sword of Mahomet without a struggle. It was the last expiring struggle of a brave & illustrious nation; and her fall was like that of the Colossus at the Rhodes—she was recognized alone by the fragments of her renown.—When the conquering arm of Rome spread the Imperial banner above her walls, her literature & learning survived the fall; but when the second time she fell beneath the Tartar horde, the last gleam of Grecian glory was extinguished in Byzantium's tomb.

Mournful to the mind of man, are the records of departed greatness. Where is the imperial city of the Cæsars, the once proud mistress of a sujugated world. She lies low, but still mighty in the dust. Methinks I am seated amid the melancholy ruins of Rome. Around me are strewn the crumbling fragments of other ages, and before me are the tumbling temples once hallowed by the footsteps of the Cæsars. But where is the cottage of Romulus, the golden palace of Nero, and the shrine of Appollo and the Muses! They are mingling with the wrecks of other times. And where is the great Roman Forum where the thunders of Cicero's eloquence struck terror to tyrants. There the shepherd boy roams, and the fleecy flocks feed. There where the Tribunal and the Rostrium, the Comitum and the Curia once stood, the lean lizard now crawls, and the rank grass waves in the night breeze. Those walls are now silent, where Tully once thundered, and the applause of listening senates reverberated. And where is that stupendous pile, the Colosseum, which stood in ancient days like a mountain of marble, and where the strong armed gladiator bled, and the untamed tigers of the forest died! Behold it still stands tottering to decay, but the thousands of spectators have departed, and the thunders of applause have died in echoes along the ruined arches. The red sun now goes down, and sheds his last ray upon its grey battlements, and the mellow moonbeams glimmer through the ivy crowned walls and the gloomy galleries. The footsteps of the solitary traveller now echoes alone where the mighty Cæsars applauded, and the clash of the combat sounded. But is this all? Alas Rome is eloquent even in ruins—the city of the seven hills is strewn with the fragments of other ages. Go muse over the fallen forums of Trajan, Nerva and Domitian—a few pillars of Parian marble alone remain to tell the world that they once have been. Go and gaze on the ruins of the palace of the Cæsars—descend into the catacombs, and ruminate amid the bleaching bones of the early christians, persecuted by the demon of superstition even to death.—Go climb the lofty towers of Rome, and survey the melancholy mementos of other times and other men. And was this the mighty Rome that once stood against

the legions of Carthage, led on by the victorious Hannibal? It is the same, though fallen. And where is Carthage? Buried in the vortex of oblivion. Could the shades of the Immortal Cicero, Horace and Virgil, revisit the earth, and stray through those scenes which they have immortalized in song and eloquence, how would they be struck with the mutability of all human grandeur.

O time, mighty is the strength of thy arm! The wonders of the world have fallen before thee. Witness ye walls of Babylon, covered with ariel gardens, and thou great statue of Olympian Jove. The most celebrated cities of antiquity have been buried beneath the irresistible waves of time! Go read an example in the fate of Syracuse, the city of Archimedes, whose single arm repelled the hosts of Rome, and dared to move the world if he might have foundations to his feet. That splendid city is in ruins—her philosopher sleeps in the dust; and where are his mighty engines of war.—They are swept from the recollection of man. Go and read another example from the fate of the far famed Troy.—Seek there for the palaces of Priam, once illumined with the smiles of the fickle, though beautiful Helen, for whom Sparta fought and Troy fell. Alas, those palace halls are silent, and the towers of Ilium lie level with the dust. Old Priam hath long since departed from the earth, and the graves of Paris and his paramour, are unknown. The mighty Hector too, the brave antagonist of Achilles is no more. The glory of the House of Priam hath departed forever. The invaders and the invaded sleep together in the common mausoleum of time, and their deeds live only in the tide of Homer's song.

Such are a few instances of the ravages of time. Nor less hath our own loved land been the scene of desolation. Here may be seen the ruins of an Indian empire, more extended than the empires of the East—and though they were children of the forest, and though they left no monuments of sculpture, painting and poetry, yet great were they in their fall, and sorrowful is the story of their wrongs. They once had cities, but where are they? They are swept from the face of the earth. They had their temple of the sun, but the sanctuary is broken down, and the beams of the defiled luminary extinguished. It is true, they worshipped the Great Spirit, & the Genius of Storms and darkness—the sacred pages of revelation had never been unrolled to them—the gospel of the Saviour had never sounded in the ears of the poor children of the forest. They heard the voice of their God in the morning breeze—they saw him in the dark cloud that rose in wrath from the west—they acknowledged his universal beneficence in the setting sun, as he sunk to his burning bed. Here another race once lived—here, along these shores the council fire blazed, and the war whoop echoed among their native hills. Here the dark browed Indian once bathed his manly limbs in the river, and his light canoe was seen to glide over his own loved lakes. Centuries passed away and they still roved the undisputed masters of the western world. But at length a pilgrim bark deep freighted from the east came darkening on their shores. They yielded not their empire tamely, but they could not stand against the sons of light.—They fled. With slow and solitary step they took up their mournful march to the west, and yielded with a broken heart their native hills to another race. They left their homes & the graves of their fathers to explore western woods where no human foot had ever trod, and where no human eye ever penetrated. From time to time they have been driven back, and the next remove will be to the bosom of the stormy Pacific. Unhappy children! the tear of pity has been shed over your wrongs and your sufferings. What bosom but beats with sympathy over the mournful story of their woes. As a race of men, they are fast fading from the face of the earth, and ere many circuits shall have passed, they shall have been swept from the annals of ages. Ere long, the last wave of the west will roll over them, and their deeds only live in the traditions they shall leave behind them. The march of mind has been to them the march of the grave. Every age they have rapidly declined, and a lingering remnant is now left to sigh over the ruins of their empire and the memory of their brave progenitors. The golden harvest now waves over the tomb of their fathers, and the forest that once echoed to the war dance is now covered with the rising city. Where the wigwam once stood, the tall temple dedicated to God, now glitters in the setting sun; and the river, unrippled but by the Indian canoe, is now white with the sails of commerce. And when they shall have passed away—when the last Indian shall have stood upon his native hills in the west, and shall have worshipped the setting sun for the last time—perhaps some youth may rove to the green mound of Indian sepulture, and ask with wonder, what manner of beings they were. How must the poor child of the forest weep, and how must his heart throb with anguish, when he muses on

the ruins of his race, and the melancholy destiny of his children. The ploughshare hath passed over the bones of his ancestors, and they sleep in the land of strangers, and of the conquerors of their dying race. Methinks I see the stately Indian, as he bends from the brow of the misty mountain, and surveys with a swelling heart, the once extended limits of the Indian empire. The grief of years is in his soul, and he bends his knee in meek submission before the Great Spirit in the clouds. Unhappy child—my soul mourns over the ruined hopes of your fading race.

MILFORD BARD.

## Cheap! Cheap!

ALANSON HILL  
INFORMS the public that he has just received in addition to his former stock, handsome assortment of

**Dry Goods**  
AND  
**GROCERIES.**  
**Queens-ware, &c.**

Which may be had on very reasonable terms for Feathers, Rags, Linen, Bees' Wax, Ginseng, Oats, Corn, and Cash will not be refused.

He also informs the public that he still continues to carry on the Tailoring Business, at his former stand on High street, Lawrenceburgh. Aug. 1, 1829 30

Left a few days since at the post office a silk handkerchief, which the owner can have by applying for the same. Lawrenceburgh, August 1st, 1829. 30.

## CIRCULAR.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,  
Patent Office, June 29, 1829.  
ALL persons having business with the Patent Office, are requested to direct their communications directly to the Superintendent of that office, instead of the Secretary of State, the latter mode being attended with considerable inconvenience and sometimes risk. All such communications are free of postage, and will receive immediate attention. JOHN D. CRAIG, Superintendent. 30.

DOCTOR C. R. McFALL,  
WOULD respectfully inform the citizens of RISING SUN and vicinity that he has located himself in the above place, where he intends devoting himself entirely to the practice of

## Medicine and Surgery.

He hopes that by a persevering and undivided attention to business to merit a share of the public patronage; his charges shall be moderate.—His office is in part of the house occupied by Mr. C. Campbell as a tailoring shop, where he may at all times be found, or at Mr. S. S. Scotts, where he boards, unless professionally absent. July 25, 1829. 29-3mo

## JOHN McFALL,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW.  
Office in Lawrenceburgh, on the corner of High and Short Streets.

## Law Notice.

AMOS LANE & ARTHUR S. CLAIR,  
Attorneys and counsellors at law, will practice in partnership, (commencing the 1st of July 1829) in the Dearborn circuit court, and the superior courts at Indianapolis.—All professional business intrusted to their charge shall be punctually and perseveringly attended to. Mr. St. Clair can be consulted, at all times, at his office on Main street, in Lawrenceburgh, Indiana. Mr. Lane at his family residence, near Hunt's Hotel, on every Saturday in each week, and at each court.—Mr. Lane will also attend to any professional business in the several courts in the city of Cincinnati, Hamilton county, Ohio. Office on 2d street, between Main and the Mayor's office in Col. Carr's building.— July 1st, 1829. 27.

STRAYED AWAY from Chester Harrell's, living 10 miles above Brookville, on the 21st of July, 1829, a BAY MARE, 15 hands 3 inches high, 5 years old, last spring, both hind feet white, and shed all round. Any person taking up said described mare, will confer a favor on the subscriber, and will be amply rewarded and all charges paid, by letting him know by letter or any otherwise at New Castle, Henry county Ky. JAMES HARRELL. 29

## Sheriff's Sale.

BY virtue of an execution to me directed, from the clerk's office of the Dearborn circuit court, I will expose to sale, a part of in lots No. 35 & 36 in New Lawrenceburgh, at the court house door on the 15th day of August next, between the hours of 3 and 4 o'clock on said day to satisfy a judgment in favor of Amos Beeson against Jason Pierce and others in said court. JOHN SPENCER, sh. d. c. 29

N. B. I have loaned several books, a map of Indiana, a pair of trace chains and some other articles, which I would be pleased to have returned, or information given where I can get them. J. S.

## CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC,

Against a man by the name of JAMES THOMAS, formerly a salesman in the house of Mr. M. Newkirk of Philadelphia, who is travelling through Kentucky and other Western states, upon the good credit of the house he formerly did business for, swindling all he can deceive. We that have suffered from his ingenious rascality, deem it a duty due to the public, to give publicity to the scoundrel's acts. B. SHACKELFORD & Co. THOMAS C. OREAR, J. POSTLEWAITE. July 1, 1829.

## Collector's Notice.

HAVING received the duplicates of taxes for the year 1829, I am now prepared to receive them. Those concerned will pay the same, on or before the 1st day of September next.

I will sell lands and town lots for taxes on the 2d Monday in November next, agreeably to law.

Those indebted to me by note, fees, or otherwise, will please pay the same, on or before the 1st day of August next.

I will give in receipts for tax, or any debts due me, 37 1-2 cents per cord for cutting 1000 cords of wood and heaping the brush, on my lease on the lands of David Nees's heirs.

I will attend at the court house in Lawrenceburgh on Saturdays for the purpose of performing my official duties and other business.

JOHN SPENCER, C. D. C.

July 11th, 1829.

## Teacher Wanted!

A Man qualified to teach a common English school would meet with good encouragement by making immediate application to the trustees of the Cambridge Academy. July 25, 1829.

## NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN

TO the electors of Lawrenceburgh township, that an election for a Justice of the Peace to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Dele Elder, will be held at the court house on Saturday the 29th of August 1829. By order of the township trustees.

THOMAS PALMER, township clerk

July 24, 1829.

## CAUTION!!

THE public are cautioned against taking an assignment of certain notes or due bills given by me to Mary Lewis, amounting in all to \$6.50, as the same were obtained from me by fraud, she having imposed herself on me as a doctress. I shall resist all payment of the above named notes or due bills to the extent of the Law. JAMES B. PIKE. 23-3w

July 13, 1829.

## ARTHUR MARTIN, Auctioneer.

WILL continue his services to the citizens of Cincinnati and the public generally, to sell at auction, HORSES, CARRIAGES, or any kind of PERSONAL PROPERTY, or REAL ESTATE, in any part of the city, or the county of Hamilton. He will attend to the

## Purchasing of Horses,

For all those who may think proper to confide in his judgment. From his long experience in the business, he feels confident that he will be enabled to give general satisfaction. May 7, 1829. 22th.

## NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,

THAT six weeks after date, application will be made to the Register of the Land Office at Jeffersonville in the state of Indiana, for a certificate of forfeited land stock for the amount paid on the N. W. quarter of section No. 5 in T. No. 8 N. of R. No. 13 E. in the District of Jeffersonville, entered on the 22d of April 1819, and liable to revert to the United States for non payment of the purchase money agreeably to law, now claimed by me as assignee of Dexter Carpenter, under Act of Congress of May 23, 1828, entitled "An Act for the relief of purchasers of Public Lands that have reverted for non payment of the purchase money; the original certificate of the purchase of which has been lost or destroyed."

Given under my hand this 11th day of June, A. D. 1829. ALBERT FULLER. 24-6w

## I'm after Rags!

The PRINTERS at the Palladium Office, Lawrenceburgh, authorize me to offer

you for small bundles (such as I am carrying) of clean Linen and Cotton RAGS, 2 3-4 cents in CASH for a pound—and for lots of bundles and upwards \$3 per 100.

"Sweet Ladies pray be not offended, Nor mind the jests of sneering wags, No harm, believe me is intended, When humbly I request your rags."

The poorest scraps, altho' unfit To clothe the tenant of a hovel, May shine with sentiment and wit, And help to make a charming novel."

DICK RAGGER.

## INDIANA PALLADIUM, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

BY

M. Gregg & D. V. Culley, Publishers of the Laws of the United States.

## TERMS.

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

The CASH must accompany advertisements otherwise they will be published until paid for at the expense of the advertiser.