

## MISCELLANY.

Written for the Palladium.

### SERENADE.

O! wake, lady wake, I pray thee arise,  
The moon is fast climbing the star-spangled skies;  
And I am here waiting to guide thee away:  
Come haste thee, sweet lady, O! do not delay,  
But robe thyself quickly and haste to my side,  
This night, or O never! thou must be my bride.  
The world is fast locked in the arms of sweet sleep,  
Old Neptune repose out on the calm deep,  
The lily and willow are telling of love,  
The soft zephyr whispers the notes of the dove,  
Soft echo now woos thee, O come to my side,  
This night I will make thee, sweet angel, my bride.

No clouds to obscure the moon's silvery light,  
Whose shadow might start thee, as phantoms of night;  
The path is all beaten, my boat's at the shore,  
And when we are seated all danger is o'er.  
Then fear not fair lady, while I'm at thy side,  
For I will protect thee my sweet lovely bride.  
With speed to the Island our bark we will steer,  
Where the rose never fades, the sky's ever clear,  
Where the Goddess of love holds festival day,  
And where the whole year is one fair month of May.  
Then haste, while I woo thee, O haste to my side,  
This night, and forever, I'll make the my bride.  
The night is receding, the day will soon dawn,  
The morn is approaching and I must be gone:  
O come, lady come, I wait but for thee,  
I'm bound for the Island that's far on the sea,  
Then robe thyself quickly, and haste to my side,  
This night, or O never, thou must be my bride.

LANCASTER

Oct. 4, 1830

Written for the Palladium.

### OHIO RIVER.

Majestic Ohio! with wonder I view,  
Thy vast rolling waters and distant hills blue;  
How thy waves gently dashing the current repels,  
While o'er thee the steamer her proud bosom swells.  
In high Pennsylvania thy waters first meet,  
Through low Mississippi they mingle and sweep:  
They source, is the mountain, the hill and the plain—  
Thy end, the great ocean, the gulf and the main.  
A son of the back-wood can view with delight  
Such grandeur and beauty—untired of the sight:  
His mind, with reflection, rever's to the past,  
When these shores were wild and with gloom overcast;  
When, in times well remembered, the savage was feared,  
As down the lone valley the emigrant steered;  
Where then rose the forest that shaded his bunting,  
Where swift sped his arrow, or tuned his war-dance,  
Behold! now the meadows and fields—boundless wealth!  
And Lawrenceburg vills, of beauty and health.

L. N.

### LOVE AND WAR.

War and Love have various causes;  
War sheds blood, and Love sheds tears;  
War has swords, and Love has darts,  
War breaks heads, and Love breaks hearts.  
War makes foes, Love makes friends;  
War's soon o'er, Love never ends;  
War makes wrath, Love makes strife,  
War's wealth, and Love takes life.  
War moves bold, Love moves shy;  
War makes us rave, Love makes us sigh;  
War's rul'd by men, Love's rul'd by the fair,  
War needs many soldiers, Love needs but a pair.

Selected

The writer of the following report of a "Kentucky election," Mr. Prentice, has issued proposals for a newspaper at Louisville, and is, by agents, soliciting the patronage of that very people he has so shamefully insulted.

"I have just witnessed that strange thing—a Kentucky Election—and am disposed to give you an account of it. An election in Kentucky lasts three days, and, during that period, whiskey and apple-toddy flow through our cities and villages, like the Euphrates through the ancient Babylon. I must do Lexington the justice to say, that matters were conducted here with tolerable propriety, but, in Franklin, a place which I had the curiosity to visit, on the day of the election, drunkenness stalked triumphant. A number of runners, each with a whiskey bottle poking its long jolly neck from his pocket, were busily employed in bribing voters, and each party kept half a dozen bullets under pay—genuine specimens of Kentucky Alligatorism—to flog every poor fellow that should attempt to vote illegally. A half hundred of mortar shells scarce fill up the chinks of skulls broken on that occasion. I barely escaped, myself. One of the runners came up to me, and slapping my shoulder with his right hand, and a whiskey bottle with his left, asked me if I was a voter. 'No,' said I. 'Ah—never mind,' quoth the fellow, pulling a corn-cob from the nose of his bottle, and shaking it up, to the best advantage, 'just take a swig at the cretur, and toss in a vote—I'll fight for you, damme!' Here was a temptation, to be sure, but after looking alternately at the bottle and the bullies, who were standing ready with their sledge-hammers to knock down all interlopers, my fears prevailed, and I lost my whiskey. Shortly after this, I witnessed a fight that would have done honor to Mendoza and Big Ben. A great, ruffian looking scoundrel, with arms like a pair of cables knotted at the end, and a round black head that looked

like a forty-four pound cannon shot, swaggered up to the polls, and threw in his bit of paper, and was walking off in triumph. "Stop friend!" exclaimed one of the Salt River Roarers, stepping deliberately up to him, "are you a voter?" "Yes by—!" replied he of the bullet head. "That's a — lie!" rejoined the Roarer, and you may jest prepare yourself to go home an old man, for I'll be — if I don't knock you into the middle of your ninety ninth year!" "A—ah," said the other, "come on then—I'll ride you to h—ll, whipt with a sea serpent!" They had now reached an open space, and the salt river bully, shaking his fists a moment by way of feint, dropped his chin suddenly upon his bosom, and pitched head foremost at the stomach of his antagonist, with the whole strength of his gigantic frame. Bullet-head, however, was on his guard, and, dodging aside with the quickness of lightning, to avoid the shock, gave the assailant a blow that sent him staggering against a whiskey table, where he fell to the ground, amid the crash of bottles, mugs and tumblers. Nothing daunted by this temporary discomfiture, the bully gathered himself up, and with a single muttered curse, resumed his stand in front of his foe. Several blows were now given on both sides with tremulous effect, and in a few moments, the Salt River boy, watching his opportunity, repeated the manœuvre, in which he had first been foiled. This time he was successful. His head was planted directly in his antagonist's stomach, who fell backwards with such a force, that I had no expectation of his ever rising again. "Is the scoundrel done for?" enquired the temporary victor, walking up and looking down upon his prostrate foe. Bullet Head spoke not, but, with the bound of a wild cat, leaped to his feet, and grappled with his enemy.—It was trial of strength, and the combatants tugged, and strained, and foamed at the mouth, and twined like serpents around each other's bodies, till at length the strength of the Bullet Head prevailed, and his opponent laid struggling beneath him. "Gouge him! gouge him!!" exclaimed a dozen voices, and the topmost combatant seized his victim by the hair, and was preparing to follow the advice that was shouted in his ears, when the prostrate man, roused by desperation, and exerting a strength that seemed superhuman, caught his assailant by the throat with a grasp like that of fate. For a few moments the struggle seemed to cease, and then the face of the throttled man turned black, his tongue fell out of his mouth, and he rolled upon the ground as senseless as a dead man. I turned away—a confirmed believer in the doctrine of total depravity."

### FATAL FROLIC.

About twenty years ago, a gentleman, remarkable for strong nerve, was at a party consisting of a few friends; where ghosts and supernatural agency became the subject of conversation. After a few remarks by some of the party, the young gentleman's opinion was asked, when he firmly declared he had no belief whatever in such nonsense, and that he would as soon meet a herd of ghosts as a flock of sheep, and that he would no more mind passing a night in a reputed haunted house, than by his own fire-side. One or two of the party determined to try his nerve, and one gentleman in particular, offered to wager him a dozen of wine that he would be afraid to sit up all night with a corpse. He instantly accepted the bet, provided he was allowed a fire, a pair of pistols, and a glass of grog, and his own house being made the scene of the trial of his nervous faculties. These terms being agreed to, the parties separated, and the next evening was to be the time appointed for the decision of the bet.

The next evening came, and every thing being in readiness, pistols, fire and grog, the corpse was brought in by the party that laid the wager, assisted by a friend, enveloped in a large sheet, and placed in a coffin, and set down in the middle of the room. At this instant, the young hero was called down from the room to speak to a person upon some trifling business, which he instantly despatched, and returned up stairs. The parties who brought the corpse in, after wishing him a good night, were on the point of departure, when he earnestly said,—

"Now if any tricks are attempted to be played with me, I will fire at the corpse, if one is, for I strongly suspect it a living being." They made him no further answer to this threat than these ominous words,—

"Remember twelve o'clock!"

He was then left alone. He stirred his fire, sipped his grog, and made himself as comfortable as he could possibly do. At length the solemn hour of midnight arrived. As the last stroke vibrated on his ear, he distinctly saw the corpse begin to move—he snatched a pistol from the table advanced to the coffin, and exclaimed, "If you stir another step, I will fire!" To this in

junction he received no answer, the supposed corpse rose up in the coffin, and stepped out. He repeated his threat—it still advanced—he fired, and the bullet was thrown back in his face by the corpse. He fell to the ground with a piercing shriek, and rose a lunatic, in which wretched state he remained till his death, which happened about a year after this tragic and truly heart-rending scene occurred.

A more lamentable instance of cruel folly perhaps never occurred. Had but its victim for a moment reflected, he would have been saved; but the idea of the bullet being returned, or perhaps that of shooting a fellow creature, took such an effect on his nerves, that reason forsook her empire, never more to return. A moment's forethought would have saved him.

During the time he was called out of the room to speak to the person who wished to see him, (who was a party concerned,) the bullets were drawn from the pistols, and given into the hands of the corpse, who was likewise one of the party who was present when the wager was laid. The occurrence is never thought of by either of the actors in this fatally foolish affair, but it occasions a sigh or pang of remorse.

*Yankee Character.* A late Massachusetts Journal says,—"The following is a domestic specimen of brother Jonathan as he is. Brother Jonathan had met an old acquaintance, and amidst much talk the following occurred:—

"I got to be about five and forty and tho' I'd get married—and I got married; I used to like fourth proof, you know; but after I got married my wife wouldn't let me have no fourth proof, and I suffered dreadfully, I tell ye. One morning I got up with desperate dry tooth-ache, and I felt dreadfully, and I asked my wife if she hadn't got no fourth proof to give me, and she said she hadn't and I felt dreadfully. And I tho' I'd go over and see Patience Hildreth—and now Patience—she's a willin critter. So I went in and she gave me a chair, and she asked me how I did, and I told her I felt desperately. And I said Patience! and she said what—she's a willin critter—and I asked her if she hadn't got no fourth proof, and she said she guessed she had; she went down to the settle and she brought up a decanter that held I guess as much as three pints; and I took it, and I shook her, and she bear a head, I tell ye. And I said Patience! and she said what—now she's a willin critter, and always ready to hear what I have to say—and I asked her if she hadn't got no tumbler to give me, and she said she guessed she had. And she went down to the settle, and she brought up a tumbler that held I guess as much as two pints. And I took it up and I shook her again—and she bear a head. And I turned out as much near upon as four fingers—and I said Patience again, & she said what, and I asked her if she hadn't got no water; and she said she guessed she had—but I told her I guessed it didn't make no matter, for I did not see no where for nobody to put none—and I drank her down at one swig, and she went like ile. And when I got so I could speak, I said Patience, and she said what,—and I told her if my mother had given such milk as that, I'd have kept a stream of it running down my throat, as big as the nose of a teapot a thousand years."

*RUM COLOUR.*—In one of one New England parishes since the commencement of the reform in temperance, at a meeting held for the transaction of business, a proposition was introduced and carried for painting the meeting house. Of course it was necessary to decide what colour it should be painted. One gentleman proposed white, another green; another yellow; another red; and reasons were offered for each. At last says one, "Mr. Moderator, I move that it be painted rum colour: And I will give a reason. There is Col. —, who sits near you, has had his face painted rum colour these 15 years and it grows brighter and brighter every year?" *Andover Journal.*

*Crochet Outdone!* At the April term of the Circuit Court for the county of — in this state, a young limb of the law, in reply to E-q. —, who had concluded his argument in favor of his client, broke fourth in the following strain of sublime and impassioned eloquence: He said that "it would be as easy to follow a *catfish* up though the Muscle Shoals; pursue an *eel*, side lined through the Suck, sail up the Mississippi on a straw; set the Universe on fire with the tail of a *lightning bug*, or extinguish the Sun! as to follow the gentleman's argument, abounding as it was in the most abstruse legal learning metaphysical subtleties, and legal fictions!"

"Coincidence." King Charles X. has now become an X King. "He also wears the *Cross* before, which once he wore behind." [Boston Centinel.]

## CINCINNATI PRICES CURRENT.

[CORRECTED WEEKLY.]

ARTICLES.	FROM	TO
Ashes, pot, ton,	\$ 95.00	
Pearl "	100.00	
Bees' wax	1 lb	16
Candles, dipped	1 lb	8
Mould	1 lb	10
Castings	per ton	60.00
Cigars, Amer. 1st qual	1000	75 100
Spanish	"	10 00
Coffee best qual per lb	"	14 15
Cotton per lb	"	9 10
Coal, bushel,	"	10
Corn, do.	"	18
Meal do.	"	20
Cotton Yarn, Nos. 5 to 10 lb	"	23
Feathers live geese & ducks	1 lb	27
Flaxseed bushel	"	40 45
Flour sup. fresh from wagons bbl	"	3 50
Fine	"	3 60
Ginseng per lb	"	10 12
Gunpowder Lexington Ky keg	5 50	6 00
Dupont's	"	7 50
Hay, ton,	"	5 7
Hemp per lb	"	2 3
Hops, lb.	"	12 15
Led pig and bar	1 lb	4 0
Leather sole, Eastern tan	1 lb	23 25
do. Cincinnati	"	25 28
Calf skins dozen	"	18 00 26 00
Upper do	"	26 00 28 00
Iron, Juntas hammered ton	"	130.00 155.00
Puddled	"	80.00 100.00
Hoop 6 8 & 10d	"	130.00
Nail rods	"	126.00
Mackerel No 1 per bbl	"	10 00
No 2 & 3	"	9.00 7.50
Molasses, New Orleans gal	"	35
Nails, own's 4d & 10d lb	"	8
Juntas	"	9
Pittsburgh common	"	6 7
Oats, bushel,	"	12
Oil, Tanners per bbl	"	22 23.00
Linseed gal	"	55 90
Paints, White lead, in oil, keg	3 25	3 30
Do. do dry	"	15
Red do do	"	15
Spanish Brown	"	4 5
Whiting	"	3 4
Porter, Pittsburgh, bbl	"	6 9 0
Cincinnati	"	8 00
Provisions, Pork Mess bbl	"	9 00
Prime	"	7 00
Lard in barrels lb	"	45 5
in kgs.	"	5
Hams, city smoked lb	"	6 7
Rags, lb.	"	3
Shot per bag 25 lbs.	"	1 50
Salt, Tufts island bush	"	75 87
Kenwana best	"	50
Conemaugh	"	50
Sugar, N. Orleans lb	"	9 10
Country	"	7 9
Havana white	"	15 15
Loaf and Lump	"	18 12
Spirits, Cog brandy 4t. p'f gal	1 50	1 78
Peach do do	"	66
American do do	"	37 75
Jamaica Rum do 1 40	"	1 62
Holland Gin do	"	1 56
Whisky new do	"	21 24
Teas, Gunpowder lb	"	1 45
Imperial	"	1 37
Young Hyson	"	80 to 90
Tobacco, Ken. manufactured lb	"	3 4
Cincinnati o. "	"	7 8
Fallow, dried	lb	5 6

## LAW NOTICE.

STEPHEN C. STEVENS

AND EZEKIEL WALKER,

HAVING entered into partnership in the Dearborn circuit court, offer their services to the public in the practice of law. Their office is kept a few doors East of the Clerk's office in Lawrenceburg, the same that was formerly occupied by Arthur St. Clair Esq. All professional business entrusted to their care will receive their joint and undivided attention.

Lawrenceburg, April 1830. 17—

## MRS. SARAH SUTTON,

WISHES to inform the citizens of Lawrenceburg and its vicinity, that she has opened a

## MILLINERY SHOP.

on the right hand side of High Street, a few doors below the market house, in the brick building formerly occupied by William V. Check; where she will carry on the business in all its various branches—making Silk or Satin Bonnets, or trimming Leghorn hats, all tentering & trimming old ones. From her experience in the business she hopes to give general satisfaction to all who may favor her with their custom. All orders in her line of business will be punctually attended to in the most fashionable manner, as she has an opportunity of receiving the newest from Cincinnati weekly.

August 29, 1830. 94—tf.

## GENERAL LAND OFFICE.

23d August, 1830.