

MISCELLANY.

Written for the Palladium.

Sacred to the memory of the immortal Warriors, who fell in the arms of glory at Tippecanoe.

While memory bleeds to pause o'er human woe,
And turns to where the crimson rivers flow
From dying patriots' pure and noble veins,
So long shall tears bedew the blood-stained plains;

Where brave and gallant Harrison gave command

To martial heroes, 'gainst the furious band

Of ruthless fiends, tho' clad in man-like form:

Where hideous yells awak'd the battle's storm:

Infortunate demons rode on leaden wings,—

Death darted venom from a thousand stings!

Far roll the echoes of that deathful night,

When the faint stars grew fainter at the sight

Of fiery ruin, poured in burning showers,

Bu'd by the magic of infernal pow'rs;

Fame's brilliant star arose o'er the heroes brave,

And shone with glory on their gloomy grave.

But Oh! those thunders, rolling dark and drear,

Have waked full many a fiery flowing tear,

Of weeping friends, whose troubled aching hearts

Alone can tell how keen were sorrow's darts;

And who don't weep, to think sweet freedom fair,

Should lose such sons as fell in glory there?

Parental ties that awful scene did sever,

Love's tide was parted into streams forever,

Till beauty's germs rise glorious from the tomb

In flow'ry gardens endlessly to bloom:

Full many a mother has in silence wept

O'er sons, whose dust has there unconscious slept;

Full many a father's sighs have warm'd the air,

Full many an orphan pin'd in chill despair,

Full many a sister mourn'd o'er brother lost:

And Oh! how many tears that scene has cost.

But Ah! how swell the sounds of sorrow's moans,

To think how long those heroes' bleaching bones,

Expos'd to tempests rude, of wintry skies,

And savage gaze of Indian's flashing eyes:

The wolf long howl'd near honour's hallow'd head,

And screaming panthers played o'er virtue's bed,

The driving snows, the rattling hail were poured

Upon the sacred dust our land ador'd.

But cease ye hollow winds to sigh around

That blood-stained, yet that ever-hallow'd ground!

And friends, O! loving friends, now cease to weep,—

Those heroes' bones in peace now quiet sleep;

Nor sleeps their fame: green laurels o'er them wave,

And patriots proudly point to Daviess' grave;

Brave Owen's memory lives in many a soul,

Spencer and Randolph have reach'd honour's goal,—

A shroud of glory wraps bold Warwick's dust;

A nation's praise to all's a common bust.

A. W. A.

From the Forget-me-Not, for 1831.

The test of true love.

From the Italian—By Mrs. Abby.

I sought for true and faithful love,
Young Hope and Joy my footsteps guided;

And soon I reach'd a flowery grove,
Where two fair rival boys resided.

The one was laughing playful, wild—

Smiles grazed his lips, bright wreaths entwined him;

The other—thoughtful, timid, mild—

Approached with look downcast behind him.

Hope on the first enraptur'd glanced;

Joy beat his knee in fond devotion;

When, lo! a pensive nymph advanced

With mournful brow and measured motion:

A cyprin wad she waiv'd on high—

She touched the boy—his roses vanis'd,

Tears quench'd the lustre of his eyes,

And all his frolic wiles were banis'd.

I turn'd, and on his rival gazed;

Oh! with what charms my eyes were greeeted!

While, as I stood entranced, amaz'd,

The nymph these warning words repeated:

"Passion the guise of truth may wear—

The spells of Hope and Joy may borrow,

But faithful Love alone can bear

The sure unerring test of sorrow

ceeded, and they attempted to make their way to the Patriots who were under arms in the plains carrying with them the document furnished by the Colonel. They were pursued and overtaken, and the paper found in their possession. It was traced to Policarpa, and she denied nothing but the means by which she had procured it. Suspicion, however, fell upon the Colonel, and he was arrested and imprisoned. Having nothing to rely upon for his safety but the courage and fidelity of a young and inexperienced female, he gave himself up for lost. He did not know the determined spirit and uncompromising integrity of his fair accomplice. She might have sacrificed him, and thus have saved her own life, and perhaps that of her lover. Love and life with all their blandishments were before her. But what was their price? The destruction of him she had instigated to commit an offence, that, according to military usages, admitted of no palliation, and which the sanguinary Spaniard, who commanded, would assuredly not pardon. In this awful juncture, the firmness of a hero might have been tried; but Policarpa wavered not; she resigned herself to her fate, and that's only of saving the Colonel. To effect this, she sent him, ingeniously concealed in a basket of fruit the follow line,—"Say always that you have never known me, and you will be safe." He followed her advice, and as nothing could be proven against him on his trial, he was acquitted.

Policarpa, her lover and his comrades, after a very summary process, were condemned to be shot in the public square as traitors. She heard her sentence unmoved. The day, and the hour of execution arrived—she was summoned to prepare for death—the summons found her not unprepared, and she at once obeyed it. On her way to the square, her steps were firm, her countenance severe and composed; and whilst all around her was agony and despair, she alone was tranquil and unperturbed. She contemplated the bloodstained *banquilla*, (the bench on which criminals were seated to be shot,) and the murderous array of soldiers before her, without emotion. She proceeded, (says the historian,) "to the place of execution with a firm step, upbraiding the Spaniards with their barbarous cruelties, and exhorting her companions to meet death with the fortitude of freemen, and proclaiming in a loud voice that her blood would soon be avenged by the deliverers of her country." The signal was given—the soldiers fired, and Policarpa was no more. I asked where was the monument upon which was recorded the story of her devotedness; her virtues and her heroism? I was answered that there was none. But though not commemorated by monument, or "storied urn, or animated bust," the memory of them will be embalmed in the heart's core of her countrymen, as long as the recollection of the late fierce and sanguinary struggle shall endure.

J. C. P.

From the Constellation.

New-York Pettifoggers.

New York Jan'y 20, 1830.

DEAR TIM.—In my last letter, I told you I'd managed to keep out of jail, tho' one fellor tried plaga hard to put me in. I guess I was a lawer enuff to cast him twice, tho' he was a lawer too and a pretty slippery one into the bargain. The first time he spelt my name in the writ Timbletoes, and I upset him there, cause it was no name of mine. The next time he want on the spot and the justas faulted him—so you see I've half a mind to stick up a shingle as turney at law, if there want so plagy many of them here already—they're as thick as flies round a bung-hole. When any body axes me what business Mr. Suchaone is in, and I don't know, I always tell them he's a lawer, and more than half the time I'm right.

There are good many tricks of these New York petty foggers to get business. They don't bode in any place

more than a month, but keep shifting about from one house to another.

This you see is to make acquaintances.

But my idee is the shorter time some

em stay the better—cause why? don't

they sometimes run up a long score at

their landladie's and then run off and

forget to pay her.—That's true as a

sarmunt, as my name is Enoch, and the

worst on't is you might as well try to

squees milk out of a hen's nest, as to

see these ere petty foggers and get

any thing but a judgement a darn of a

scant would I give for all the judge-

ments agin 'em.

One of these same land sharks—as

the sailors call em—came to my land-

lady's with his wife and nine children

and one at the breast—as the cate-

chism says of John Rogers' woman.

Well I guess they stade with us three

or four weeks when Mrs. Fritter told

him she wanted some money.—The

fellor was hopping mad and said he

guessed he'd leave the house if she

dunned him at that rate. The old lady stuck to him and said she'd not wait no longer, and then he said he'd pay to-morrow; but next morning he didn't come down to breakfast with his wife nor none of his children. So after waiting awhile Mrs. Fritter sent up to call them, and by the hoky! the whole concern had cleared out as slick as a whistle. However the old lady was glad on't and thought she got off plagy cheap, as she was afraid he might stick to her all winter.

EНОCH TIMBERTOES.

A Kitchen Scene. Sally, the house maid, paring apples in the corner.

Enter Obadiah, who seats himself in the corner opposite to Sally, without saying a word for fifteen minutes, but finally, scratching his head, breaks silence with.—

There's considerable imperceptible alterin of the weather since last week.

Sally—Taint so injudicious and so indubitable cold as 'twas; the theonimic has lowered up to four hundred degrees higher than zenith.

Obadiah—I think's likely, for birds of that specie fly a great quantity higher in warm days than in cold ones.

Both parties assume a grave and knowing look, and a long pause ensues. Finally Obadiah gives his mate another harrowing scratch, and again breaks silence.

Wal, Sally, we chaps are going to raise a sleigh ride, it's sich inimical good sleddin to-morrow.

Sally—You arr? Our folks are suspect company all day to-morrow.

Obadiah, I spose they'll have in-saitte slick times on't. I should be indefinitely happy if you would disgrace me with your company; I should take it as a derogatory honor; besides, we're calculating to treat the gals copious well with rasons and black-strap.

Sally.—I should be supernatural glad to disgrace you, but our folks suspect company; I can't go.

Obadiah sits scratching his head a while, and at length starts up as though a new idea had come upon him.

Wal, now I know what I'll do; I'll go home and thrash them are beens what have been lyin there in the barn a dard while. (Exeunt Obadiah.)

Livingston Register.

Longevity of animals.—A writer in the New York Times gives the following as the greatest number of years to which any of the animals have attained: the Cricket, 10 years. Spider, sometimes, but seldom more than one year. Scorpion, 1. River Crayfish, 20. Carp, 100 to 150. Crocodile, 100. Tortoise, 100. Hen, 10. Peacock, 24. Lark, 18. Sparrow hawk, 40. Goose, 50. Swan and Eagle 100. Parrot, 110. Rabbit, 9. Goat, 10. Sheep, 10. Hog, 20. Dog, 23 to 28. Cat, 18. Squirrel, 7. Wolf and bear, 30. Ox, 19. Deer, 20. Horse, 25 to 30. Ass, 25 to 30. Camel, 50 to 60. Elephant, 150 to 200.

REQUISITIONS FOR ADMISSION.

1. A certificate of good moral character.

2. A good English education.

TERMS.—The price of qualifying a person to practice, including a Diploma, and access to all the advantages of the Institution, will be \$150 in advance, or \$75 in advance, and \$100 at the close of his studies. Every advantage given, and some allowance made to those in indigent circumstances. Board will be had at \$1.00 per week, and Books at the western city prices.

Every student on entering Worthington College, will become an honorary member of the Reformed Medical Society of the U. S. from which he will receive a Diploma, and an Annual Report of all the doings and discoveries of its different members, and be entitled to all its constitutional privileges and benefits.

* * * Those wishing further information will please address a letter (post paid) to Col. G. H. Griswold, or the undersigned, and it shall receive prompt attention.

Students and others, had better beware of the slanders of the present physicians, who know no more about our institution, than they do about Botanical Medicine.

J. J. STEELE, President.

Worthington, Ohio, Oct. 1. 1830. 46-1yr.

OHIO REFORMED MEDICAL COLLEGE.

WORTHINGTON.

BY and with the advice and consent of the

Reformed Medical Society of the United

States, the New Reformed Medical Institution

has been located in Worthington, an interest-

ing and flourishing town on the White stone ri-

ver, eight miles north of Columbus, on the

northern turnpike. This site has been chosen

because it