

Indiana Palladium.

EQUALITY OF RIGHTS IS NATURE'S PLAN—AND FOLLOWING NATURE IS THE MARCH OF MAN.—BARLOW.

Volume II.]

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From the New-York Mirror.

The Prophecy.—“One might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion,” and as the prophecy is now “all the go,” we suppose we would be entirely “out of the fashion,” were we to suffer the Mirror to be issued without expressing our opinion upon the all-important subject. We beg leave, notwithstanding, to decline the privilege, as it is out of our power to guard the wicked town of Gotham from the calamity about to befall it; but we will gratify the credulous by inserting the following copy of a handbill containing the facts, which finds as ready a sale in this community as play-tickets.

*Solemn sounds of voices rare,
And figures floating in the air.*

Of birth celestial, now appear,

To harrow up the heart with fear.

To all the fearful inhabitants of the city of New York, and those who may visit our devoted city, this wholesome counsel is addressed:—

“As it is known to you, then, that this spot of earth is singled out, according to information given, it is said, by two of the guardians of our city, as well as sundry strange sounds, for some time successively heard on its eastern side, and on Long Island, we feel fearfully apprehensive that some dreadful calamity is about to take place. It has been solemnly declared, however, we are informed, that two watchmen, in the course of their nocturnal rambles, discovered a strange phenomenon, descending to the earth, which proved to be neither more nor less than a CELESTIAL MESSENGER, specially deputed to inform the inhabitants of this wicked city, that on the nineteenth of January, instant, the great Babylon of the West was to be destroyed—not by fire and brimstone, nor by the sword of Titus, nor by a mammoth horse—but by an EARTHQUAKE! Horrible! And is the city of New-York, the great emporium of the west, to be overthrown? And are its inhabitants to be drowned, as were those of the ante-diluvian world? So it is said. But still greater wonders are on the eve of taking place. It is asserted, we know not by whom, except by the aforesaid informants, after the destruction of the city, when nothing but one expanse of water shall appear where New-York stood, Governor's Island will solemnly recede from its present situation, and, with all the pomp of a floating castle, take its situation where the Park now is; and, strange to relate, within an iron railing. Then succeeds the grand exhibition—an artificer is to be produced, who will cast, from cannon, &c. on the Island, a great iron preacher, whose stentorian organs of speech will be operated upon by steam—the sound of whose artificial voice will be heard far on the beautiful plains of Long Island, on the romantic hills of Jersey, Staten Island's remotest inhabitants will hear his warning voice—continually “crying aloud, and sparing not,” to those who formerly resorted to the fallen city for the sake of gain—who dealt with her merchants, and became wealthy by their traffic, not altogether in pearl, and dyes, and fine linens, but in the more substantial articles of LIFE—brandy and potatoes and Bergen cabbage.”

ROBERT EMMET.

“How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
With all their country's honors blest.”

Poor EMMET! we exclaim, as we lay down his martyrdom of this unfortunate Irishman. Born in affluence, and of highly respectable parents, he was destined for the law, together with his affectionate brother, the highly distinguished advocate at the New-York bar. But warmed with an ardent zeal for his beloved country, which was then suffering under the persecuting spirit of British hirelings, he forsook the law and joined the society of United Irishmen, and shortly became the leader of that powerful body of Patriots, who had sworn to protect the home and firesides of the oppressed people, & expel tyranny from the land. Our hero, besides the two Shears and a few others were filled with indignation, and whose hearts burned with the holy flame of patriotism, determined to revenge the wrongs inflicted on an innocent and injured people, became the rallying point for what the royalists then termed the rebels of Ireland. Companies were formed, ammunition provided, and officers appointed to command this force, which under divine Providence, they intended should unravel the chains which had bound them so long in an ignominious slavery, and Ireland be proclaimed a free and in-

dependent nation; but the fates decreed otherwise. Dissatisfaction and disunion reared their Hydra heads, treachery and treason stalked forth uncovered in their ranks, and the intrigues which British gold effected, soon disarmed this noble band of the terrors, in which Old England viewed it, and as on a latter and more inglorious occasion, became the watch word. Of course all who assisted in this affair, and the cause in which these unfortunate men were engaged, were stigmatized as traitors conspiring to overthrow the government, and the strong arm of the law was raised to punish the conspirators and abettors. Young Emmet, then, but twenty one years of age, was arrested and confined in prison, until the day of trial, during which we venture to assert, the Four Courts never witnessed more excitement in the breasts of an injured people, nor never were the feelings of the heart more aroused than on this occasion. The insulting and impudent interference of the Court during the trial, and the more particularly when he delivered his dying speech after the judgment had been pronounced, must have harrowed his soul. Hundreds who have taken shelter under our blessed government were witnesses to this last effort of expiring greatness; and when he closed the outpouring of a heart, burning with *amor patriæ*, and which had been devoted to the sacred cause of ameliorating the condition of his fellow countrymen, with that sublime exclamation, “When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written,” every cheek was bedewed with the soft tear of sympathy. A strange union of tenderness, enthusiasm, and fortitude was the characteristic of young Emmet. He was violently in love with the daughter of Mr. Curran, his able advocate and defender. The day previous to his trial, he was observed by his keeper, gazing steadfastly at a tress of hair suspended over his table on a fork. On the keeper's approaching him he said, “See how innocently I am engaged, this little tress has long since been dear to me, & this I will wear in my bosom on the day of my execution.” What love & tenderness for the object of his affection! On the day, of that awful event, there was found on his table an admirable likeness of his own head severed from his body, lying near the scaffold, with all the frightful paraphernalia of high treason execution. The fortitude of young Emmet during the daring conspiracy, during his trial, as well as in prison, never forsook him. The greatest consolation during affliction, and consoling thought in the hour of death, was that he had done his duty to his country and his God.

THE KEAN RIOT IN BOSTON.

From the Galaxy, Jan. 6.

[The following account of an affair which happened lately in this city, is about as accurate a statement of the facts as any that has been published; and as such we recommend it to our friendly editors in distant places, requesting them to lay it before their readers—particularly to all who feel an interest in promulgating the truth, and defending the character of our city.]

DEAR ISAAC—I suppose you have heard before this time of the grate row that was had at the Boston theatre one night last week—and a pretty considerable row it was, that let me tell you. But you can have heard the whole matter—the newspapers here have been pretty darned still about it ever since, because as they say was a disgrace to the city, and folks you know don't like to tell of things that make for their own disgrace. Having nothing to do to-night, I sit down to write you a history of the proceedings. You may depend on all I say for sacred truth. I had been here above a week, and was kept so darned close to the store I'd hardly been out of an evening—after sun-down there's always some tarnation thing or other to be done before we shut up—so that I don't half the time get home and get my supper before I'm as sleepy as ever Deacon Dockroot was after drinking a mug of pepper and cider in dog days. Well—every body was goin to the theatre that night to see that play actor that made so much noise—he that went off that night that Uncle Jerry come eighty miles to see him and didn't see him. A parcel of chaps here said when he come again he'd have to make a confession for runnin away, or he shouldn't act. He printed a piece in New-York afore he—others say, that he was killed that come to let folks know he was a comin. When he come there was a tarnation fight—armed with pistols and dirks—and I be-

in to get tickets in the morning to go see him at night. About middle the forenoon there was more folks round the place where they sell 'em than I ever see at a muster—some said there was a thousand, but I guess there warn't less than two. One black seller I see setting on an iron that was put up for a lamp, pullin up another by his collar to let him reach over the heads of the others, and when he got him up he held him by the waistband of his breeches till he had got his tickets. Another seller got all his cloze torn off but his shirt collar, and that I suppose he would have lost, if it hadn't been made separate from his shirt. The tailors here sell shirt collars ready made. A good many got their coats tore and lost their hats and some had their legs broke. Mr. —— give me a ticket and I went into that part of the house that they called the pit—and a pit it was to be sure. Ide rather be caught lying up garret six in a bed the night after independence than get another such squeezing. I hant time to tell how the theatre looks, but its no more like our meetinhouse as I thought twas than a saw mill is like a cradle. When I first got in I thought I was in bedlam or among a flock of blackbirds. Such a clattering and thumping and whistling you'd thought it beat all nature. Lydia Larkspur's great quilting party last winter was a tool to it. After a while one fellow came on to the stage and said

something, but there was such a tearing noise nobody heard what it was. Then there was another chap came on, and acted as if he wanted to say something, but they made more noise than ever.—A whole lot of brass balls were flung at him, as big as your fist, such as they put on their iron fences. Somebody threw about twenty junc-bottles at him, they all had aqua fortis in 'em, and as the bottles hit him, they broke and let the stuff run all over him. Somebody else flung a whole parcel of rotten eggs at him—I should think as much as three hundred which all hit him, and broke and smelt worse than brimstone. After this he cleared out, and another gentleman came on and hollowed like thunder, but all I heard was something about the heart and sole, and then he went and led on tother one again. The people made more noise than ever, and acted as if the Old Harry set 'em again. Another grist of rotten eggs, five times as many as before, came down upon the stage, after that about five cart-loads of apples and potatoes. Somebody threw an awfull great pumpkin which made a pretty darned smashing I can tell you, for the inside all bounced back upon the men in the pit. Six of 'em had their eyes put out by it, and one was so kivered with it, that he looked as yellow as pumpkin pie. The two men on the stage didn't seem to mind it at all till somebody tossed a cannon ball at 'em, that they said weighed about 40 pound, and I guess it did, for it broke a hole through the flour and killed three fiddlers who had gone under it to save their baken. I begin to feel a little as if I should like to be somewhere else, but there I was and couldnt get out no more than if I had been in a steel-trap. O Isaac—I woulda given ten dollars as quick as a wink if I could a got once more into the street.—The people up in the galleries tore up the seats and threw them down upon the folks below. I dont know how many were killed, but I counted about a dozen, dead as Methuselah.—Several had their eyes put out with hot oil spilt from the lamps, and one had his throat cut from ear to ear by a piece of broken glass that came from a window when the mob broke it in. Another was hit by a little brass ball on the nose, which drove it into his face about an inch beyond the surface, so that his nose which once stood out an inch or more from the flat of his face is now half an inch or more sunk in, and looks just like the nose of a mud-turtle when drawn into the shell. The bloody-minded mob got three or four cannan, such as our artillery used to drag about on musterdays, and fired against the walls of the theatre, which soon laid 'em level with the ground. Those who were not killed by the falling down of the walls had then a chance to get away, a chance which I took the advantage of quicker than ever a tom-cat licked his ear.—What become of the play actor that they made all the clutter about I don't know—some said he hid himself in a garret nigh by and staid till next mornin—some said he went off to New-York in women's cloze and his face blacked out by about forty fellows who went

believe this is true. They roasted his spare-ribs, and cut up his thighs into slices which they broiled like ham, and had a grand feast. His blood they drank, and his skin they sold to a man that keeps a museum, who is going to stuff it and keep it for a show. Every body says that the Mare might have stopt all the mischief if he would—but other folks say if he'd gone to stop it he'd been handled rufier than he was when he undertook to stop 'em from pulling down Tintpot row. Them people that owned the theatre went to work next day and put it up again as well as ever and had a play there again last Monday. I did not know how they managed to build it up so quick without the devil helped 'em, which I dare say he did, for it was all levelled with the ground a Thursday morning, and afore Saturday night it was as good as ever. I dont know as I shall ever go into it again I was so darnly scared. Two or three more such scrapes and I guess a good many would rather stay at home than be caught in 'em and be obliged to jump out of the three story windows and break their necks. I hope you will excuse my writing any more to night for I'm confounded tired. I hope you will excuse my bad spelling and all other mistakes. I hope you will write to me soon, and give a long letter and tell me how you get on in your courting. Give my love to all inquiring friends.

Yours till death
JOHN JUMPLITTLE.

A visit to the Cock-pit.—Some time ago our police put an end to cock fighting in the Liberty-street pit, which, by the bye, was erected in a garret. These occasional interferences of the police, tho' somewhat vexatious, have not, it seems, damped the ardour or affected the taste of the cognoscenti, who, it seems, built a very handsome pit in the Bowery.—The ring was neatly ornamented, and filled with a fine smooth substance, seats in an amphitheatre form, cushioned, were raised in numbers calculated to accommodate a large audience. The usual fashionable precaution of door keepers, ivory tickets, horse tails towards the tea water pump, &c. &c. were adopted, but the police respecting none of those unchartered privileges, went in force on Saturday evening, and took up ten or eleven gentlemen, managers, &c. In the garret were nearly thirty tea-chests, each curiously arranged and containing a bantam fowl, well fed and furnished. These were put into a bag, and with the fancy gallanted to the watch-house, but the crowing defiance of the gallant birds during the night, awoke the watchmen who had been relieved, and they rose from their bunks and very fairly cut off the heads of the cocks, leaving their trunks for a breakfast!—*bonne bouche*.

The gentlemen, at the usual hour, gave bail, and were discharged, but about noon, a contrymen walked solemnly into the Police, & stalked up to the bench, on which was the magistrate for the day:—“Mout your name be Mr. Ovutson?” “Ovut is my name, sir.” “Pray sir, did you take up a number of cocks last night?” “Yes sir, and some cock-fighters also?” “Where mout the birds be?” “They are dead.” “Dead! the devil.” “Don't swear, neighbor, we fine every man for swearing.” “Well, I won't sir, but it's a d——d hard case, ten of those cocks were mine, Sir; I sent them from the country to board at that place, and I paid seven shillings a piece a week for their board.” “Mercy on me, seven shillings a week? Why you, yourself, can board for that sum.” “I knows it, sir, but my birds were more valuable ner I, they were your real things, full of fight; I physicked 'em myself.” “What? physicked the Cocks?” “Yes sir, doctored 'em, gave each of 'em a half a grain of mercury, and puk'd 'em occasionally, and fed 'em on corn and a little water, so that they got to be bony and sinewy, and were full of vigor; and would fight any thing; you see my hand, sir, all pecked and scratched: I only held up my fist to little Bonapart, and he fly'd at me like a tiger.” “Well, I am sorry friend, that in these unlawful games, you have lost your property.” “No I hasn't sir, I'll sue the landlord, that I will; I wouldn't take ten dollars a piece for the birds, so I'll summon him, so I will; he is answerable for my fowls.” So saying, he bristled out of the Police with wrathful expeditio—*N. Y. Nat. Adv.*

Important Discovery.—We understand that a Mr. Kays, of Preston, has invented a mode of spinning flax by machinery, which bids fair to work a complete revolution in the linen manufacture, and to give this country advantages in that manufacture which it has not hitherto possessed. We are not acquainted with the particulars of Mr. Kays' invention, but we are informed on very good authority, that, from an inferior description of flax, and with very little heckling, he is enabled to spin 200's yarn without difficulty. Some idea may be formed of the value of this discovery, when it is known that the price of linen of this degree of fineness, in the neighborhood of Valencienne, where it is used for the manufacture of the finest thread lace is about 1200s. (or nearly £50 sterling) per pound weight. We understand that instead of heckling his flax, Mr. Kays steepes it in a liquid that dissolves the glutinous matter by which the fibres are connected together, and thus, without injuring the flax, he gives it a degree of fineness not attainable by any other process. He has, we believe, secured his invention by a patent; and several cotton spinners at Preston have paid considerable sums for the privilege of exercising it.—*Manchester Guardian*.

Remedies for hunger and thirst.—That smoking of tobacco gives relief to those habitual pains of the stomach which appear to arise from the irritation of the gastric secretions, is well known. The like effect is sometimes produced by increasing the flow of saliva. Doctor Percival relates the case of a gentleman who used to masticate for many hours daily, a piece of lead; which being neither hard, friable, nor offensive to the stomach, suited his purpose, he thought, better than any other substance. He continued the custom for many years, deriving great ease from it, and suffering no sensible injury from the poisonous quality of the metal. On mentioning the fact to a navy surgeon, the Doctor was told, that the sailors, when in hot climates, are want to mitigate thirst by rolling a bullet in their mouths, when a scarcity of water occurs at sea. Dr. Franklin has advised that mariners should bathe themselves in tubs of salt water: for in putting the amusement of swimming, he observed that however thirsty he was before immersion, he never continued so afterwards; and that though he soaked himself several hours in the day, and several days successively in salt water he perceived not, in consequence of it, the least taste of saltiness in his mouth. He also further suggests, that the same good effect might perhaps be derived from dipping the sailor's apparel into the sea, and expresses a confidence that no danger of catching cold would ensue.

PAWTUCKET, Dec. 31.

More Effects of Burning Charcoal. A small party of ladies and gentlemen met last Saturday evening, at a house at Central Falls, (about half a mile from this village) for the purpose of enjoying Christmas eve, and went into a room where an iron stove had just been placed without a pipe, in consequence of which there was no ventilator. It was thought expedient to burn charcoal, in preference to wood, to prevent smoke from troubling them, and accordingly a small quantity was put into the stove and set on fire. In a very short time the whole company were violently seized with spasms and sickness of the stomach and nearly all of them became speechless. Their situation was discovered and they were carried out of the room entirely helpless, and a physician immediately called. We have seen several who were present, and who state that the effect was different on nearly all of them. With one its operation was similar to the effect of exhilarating gas, while others indicated that they were suffering with a violent pain in the head, and the lives of several were thought to be in eminent danger, but through the exertions of Dr. Gardner, all of them were restored in a few hours.

Singular.—There are living in one house in Lexington, (Mass.) 3 families, consisting of 3 husbands and 3 wives, 4 children, 2 grand-children, 2 fathers, 2 mothers and 2 grand-fathers, and only 6 persons in all.

Mr. Nathaniel Kidder, in a letter to the Hockock, Maine, Agricultural Society, furnishes the following simple method for preventing cows from kicking over the milk pail: Noticing the position of a cow when kicking, which was, to drop the head and crook the back, he tied her up in the stanchions, and fastening a rope to her horns, passed it over the girl, which was about two feet higher than the top of the stanchions, and about the same distance in front, and secured it to a stud. After practising this method two or three times, she gave him no more trouble. He also considers, that by keeping the cows' back hollow, she cannot hold up her milk.