

## MISCELLANY.

### FOR THE PALLADIUM.

"My country take my child"—the dying sage of Monticello.

While lords and commons strove,  
To crush a nation's right;  
The tragedy of Lexington  
And Bunker's glorious height,  
Pointed a crimsoned way,  
Over heaps of gallant dead.  
Where tender youths into the field  
The aged father led.

"Twas thus the patriot rose,  
With energy and skill,  
Causing the rifles deadly aim,  
To execute his will;  
Here lay your country's foe  
Crowning his life away  
While by his side a comrade brave  
The self same fate portray.

Thus rushed to the strife,  
The mother and the child  
Here stood proud Albion, and in view  
Her children undivided;  
To sound the cause of war  
To sanction well earn'd fame,  
Come quickly, O thou friend of man!  
Tyrannic power disclosed.

The summons scarcely given,  
When Jefferson arose,  
From his learn'd pen a Declaration  
Of Independence flows!

Read, Read the sacred scroll,  
It charmed the people's ear;  
Even kings and nobles led away,  
Were pleased the same to hear.

While, hear him on his bed  
As life strove to depart,  
"My country take my child,"  
The treasure of my heart.

Thus said the conflict ceas'd,  
He lean'd his head and died;  
Virginia's mighty man of worth,  
Now Heaven ward was bled.

Can he whose toomb's within  
The patriot's generous breast,  
Whose learn'd fusions, deep research,  
Were all for the o'rest.

Desire and not be heard,  
To give a daughter thus?  
No; take her for the sake of him,  
Who comfort sought for us

### MOUNTAINEER.

From an English Publication.  
ANCIENT MORALITY.

The reader will perceive that the following Poem is built upon the Text prefixed and that the first line of each stanza is borrowed from it.

BEHOLD, ALAS! OUR DAYS WE SPEND;  
HOW VAIN THEY BE! HOW SOON THEY END!

Behold  
How short a span  
Was long enough of old

To measure out the life of man;  
In those well-tempered days, his time was then  
Survey'd, cast up and found but three score  
years and ten.

ALAS!  
And what is that?

They come, and slide, and pass  
Before my pen can tell thee what;  
The posts of Time are swift, which having run  
Their seven short stages o'er, their short-lived  
task is done.

OUR DAYS  
Begun, we lend

To sleep, to antic play;  
And toys, until the first stage end;  
Twelve waning moons, twice five times told,  
we give

To uncover'd loss; we rather breathe than  
live.

WE SPEND  
A ten year's breath,

Before we apprehend  
What 'tis to live, or fear a death;  
Our childish dreams are fill'd with painted joys  
Which please our sense awhile, and waking  
prove but toys!

HOW VAIN  
How wretched is

Poor man that doth remain  
A slave to such a state as this!  
His days are short at longest a few at most:  
They are but hard at best, yet lavish'd out  
or lost.

THEY BE  
The secret springs

That make our minutes flee  
On wheels more swift than eagle's wings;  
Our life's a clock, and every gasp of breath  
Breathe forth a warning grief, till Time shall  
strike a death!

HOW SOON  
Our new born light

Attains to full aged moon?  
And this, how soon to grey-hair'd night!  
We spring, we bud, we blossom, and we blast  
E'er we can count our days—our days they flee  
so fast.

THEY END  
When scarce begun?

And ere we apprehend  
That we begin to live, our life is done  
Man, count thy days; and if they fly too fast  
For thy dull thoughts to count, count every  
day the last

### THE LOG CABIN.

Mercy on us! who is that female so  
loud upon our right?—Of a surety, she  
must be the original woman who hired  
the devil to teach her how to outcold  
all her neighbors.—Bartholomew Fair.

My tale is not so much about the  
Cabin as about its contents, though  
every one who has travelled from Ales-  
bury to Burling Ford, must remember  
the three-cornered pine-log hut, at the  
foot of the Red Ridge, roofed with loose

slabs, with a mud and straw chimney, and a large hole cut out of one side for the double purpose of a door and window. And if there was not such another cabin in the country, neither was there just such another pair as the honest couple who inhabited it. The land on which it stood belonged to a distant proprietor, as such lands were considered "free," the present tenant, Peter Keltzer, had put up the dwelling himself, with such assistance as two quarts of whiskey com- manded on the raising day, and lived, as one would readily imagine from his manner of living entirely unencumbered with ground rent.

Peter had scarcely troubled himself to cut away the bushes that grew by his door. He minded neither the grubbing hoe nor the pruning knife, his only implement of husbandry, if I may call it so, was a rough-bored rifle, which he kept in fine order, and with which he never failed to do excellent service whenever necessity or whim drove him to scour the forest, and climb the rugged mountains, or trace up the streams in pursuit of game,—and in truth, necessity or whim kept the poor man pretty constantly on the scout, for when the venison was not out, Madame Keltzer's temper always was, and the failure of the one or the other was an equal misfortune for Peter.

Dame Keltzer was a thin, sharp-visaged lady, about five feet two; with black-piercing eye, and but three teeth; the others, as Peter affirmed, having been utterly worn out of her mouth by the constant concussions of her tongues, which also, were three in number, if his word might pass for value—indeed he gravely asserted that it was in consequence of these remarkable and coinciding anomalies, that the dame had compelled him, after a year's fire, to build a three-cornered house, she having fallen upon the resolution, since her husband had conceived a mortal antipathy to the number three on her account, to oblige him to tolerate another trio in the chain of his misfortune. Peter himself, though he possessed but a comparatively small portion of his mate's volatility, was a man of much courage, and while in the frequent encounters between himself and Madame Keltzer, to which he was subjected, he was uniformly obliged to beat the retreat, he turned his back with an air of lordly defiance, and his visage showed evident signs of threatening retaliation.

Between parties so often belligerent it was hardly to be expected that every contest should end in smoke. Peter complained to all his neighbors of his wife's treasonable war upon his liberty, and accused her with a design of reducing him to downright slavery—while she was not less prompt in charging him with an idle rambling disposition, an entire neglect of all home affairs, and even with being guilty of amours with some of her good neighbor's wives,—whom he had occasionally furnished with a saddle of venison or a string of squirrels. As the dame's suspicions seemed founded on this, the last charge was probably untrue, but the others were doubtless substantial, and incontrovertible on either side.

No one who has seen any thing of the world need be told what kind of advice the friends of our honest couple gave them on these occasions, or that its tendency was not in the smallest degree of a conciliatory kind; instead of growing better, things grew worse, and from oft repeated threats on both sides, plans of execution were resolved in the minds of both Peter and his wife. The Dame in one particular, acquitted herself with honor; she improved the humble dwelling mightily in the course of a few years, and instead of a ground floor she introduced one of boards, and finally had a kind of trap-door cut in the middle, directly under which she commenced hollowing out something like a cellar, and made such progress during one of Peter's long rambles, that on his return, he began to suspect the object of so much secrecy and despatch had some reference to himself. He seriously believed Dame Keltzer designed preparing a dungeon in which to immure him, soul and body, and thereby execute a long standing threat that she would break up his rambling. In the confidence of his strength therefore, he determined to assist her, and on the slightest symptom of the outbreaking of the conspiracy, to turn the punishment upon her.

We have now the worthy couple, each in the other's absence, alternately embracing the opportunity of hollowing out a deep cavern under the floor of the log cabin; and it was persisted in until it was actually, as found by subsequent measurement, nine feet deep. A ladder was now thrust into it, and the dame made use of it as a temporary cellar, using great precaution, however, never to enter it while Peter was about home, and at the same time seizing occasional opportunities of persuading him to go down himself, under one pretence or another, for all of which she found him too wisely cautious. At length becoming weary with hope, deferred, and Peter becoming in nowise reformed from his old inveterate habits, on his return to the cabin one dull damp evening she took care to have the door open and the lad-

der drawn up in readiness. The moment he set his foot upon the threshold, she seized his arms, and made a desperate attempt to accomplish by force what she despaired ever being able to do by stratagem. A doubtful struggle ensued and Peter partly disengaged himself so that as he fell he seized and dragged the good woman after him, and she catching at the door, to save herself precipitated it down over them both. The fall did no injury. The dame in tenderness to her husband had deposited a quantity of flax which she had taken to spin, so that it received them both, and when they fairly recovered themselves on their feet they found neither had sustained damage, and both were fairly vanquished.

At first they took separate corners of the cell, avowing themselves quite contented and comfortable. Then the dame began a commentary of Peter's evil life, which lasted until noon next day; though noon brought small change from night to them. Hunger began its work—nothing to eat or drink was to be had. The business of mutual punishment went on apace, and a long time was borne with unacknowledging obstinacy; finally, however, neither could stand it longer, a truce was agreed upon—mutual acknowledgments passed; and at last the parties, thoroughly reconciled agreed to assist each other out of this dreary confinement. This was no easy task, and had they not abandoned all their jealousies and ill-will and laboured in the closest concert it would never have been accomplished. Finally by gathering a considerable pile of gravel below, Peter took his wife upon his shoulders and she succeeded from thence in climbing out. The ladder was then put down and Peter himself obtained deliverance. What all the argument in the world could never have effected, this single incident did effect; a thorough reform; and whenever afterwards Peter was about doing a miss or dame Keltzer's voice exceeded a common key, the recollection of the nine foot cellar, and three days and nights passed therein, set all matters right.

Peter told me the story himself—and since, whenever I see a man and wife pulling different ways, or complaining of one another to strangers, or quarrelling at home or forever straying abroad, I think what a pity it is they cannot have the use of dame Keltzer's cellar for a short time—when I see an indolent husband or a spendthrift wife, who have nothing but industry and economy to depend upon—neglecting business or running in debt; I calculate that to a certainty, they will wind up their affairs in dame Keltzer's cellar or one of their own digging, very much like it. At the end of every evil and improvident course there is a correspondent punishment, and they are comparatively happy, who like Peter and Polly Keltzer are made wise by misfortune while there is yet time to profit by repentance.

[Trenton Emporium.]

Thanksgiving.—There never was a people, save the chosen people of God, who acknowledged so scrupulously the hand of Providence in all his dealings towards them, as the early fathers of New England. If their numbers were thinned by savage enemies—if disease invaded—if a tempest darkened the skies—if the fields were parched with drought—or whatever calamity might befall them—it was God rebuking them for their sins. On such occasions they were accustomed to humble themselves as one man before their Maker, deprecating his judgments by fasting and prayer and pleading his promises to them that honor his name. It was in the hour like this—in the hour of darkness—that in one of their assemblies it was proposed to proclaim a day of Fasting;—and to all this seemed at first to yield their assent. At length an aged farmer, a man of plain sense, arose and remarked, that for his part he thought the inconveniences they suffered, and concerning which they had so often wearied Heaven with their complaints, were not so great as they might justly have expected, and were diminishing daily as the Colony strengthened; that the earth began to reward their toil, and to furnish liberally for their subsistence; that the seas and rivers were full of fish, the air sweet and the climate healthy; and above all that they were in the full enjoyment of religious liberty: He thought therefore, that reflecting and conversing on these subjects would be more comfortable, as tending more to make them contented with their situation; and that it would be more becoming the gratitude they owed to the Divine Being, if instead of a Fast, they should appoint a day of Thanksgiving.

Here is the origin of that interesting Festival which by the appointment of the Governor, is to be celebrated throughout this day.

There is not a day in the whole year which a New Englander brings half the animating associations of this. It is a signal for every parent to put forth his best affections towards his children, and for every child, however remote, to rally around the family board and receive the parental benediction.

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der drawn up in readiness to the God of all grace and consolation.

Cross Readings.—Ran away from the subscriber, in April last—a two story house and orchard adjoining.

Strayed or stolen, a two year old steer—had on a wool hat, checked shirt, and red overalls.

Many farmers are sowing—spike nails, glass,

rum, sugar, and cypress shingles—owing to the high price of provisions.

A good new Welsh cow—contemplates open-

ing a boarding school the approaching fall if encouragement is offered.

A young man of fortune and good appear-

ance wants a wife—one of about 200 tons would be preferred, to take a cargo to the West Indies

### COLLECTOR'S LAST NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given to all those delinquent in the payment of their Taxes, that the time limited for paying in the revenue into the STATE TREASURER has elapsed, and I am yet destitute of the necessary funds to enable me to discharge the state debt against me, for the year 1826. It consequently involves me in a pecuniary loss which will be very injurious to me, and under it it absolutely necessary that I should receive payment by means more forcible than mere persuasion. You say, that the times are hard and money difficult to procure, I admit it is even so, for I daily experience the want of it. But it is as hard for each man in the country to pay for himself one or two dollars Tax, as it is for me to pay for five or six hundred, and if you cannot pay the small sum against you, how do you expect that I will be able to discharge the sum out of the duplicate, and let you pass unnoticed until it suits your own convenience to pay. It is no wish to distress the people for their taxes, and they ought not, and cannot in justice let me suffer. I am continually losing by being too indulgent. One man comes to me and tells me that if I do not set his land, he will upon the honor of a gentleman pay his tax on or before a certain day; this is the last I hear of him until I again call on him. Another whose tax I have paid for three or four years, comes to me and asks a few more days of grace, and then he will be able to settle his tax. The next news I hear of him he is moved out of the State, and by that means deprives me of the money which I have paid out of my own pocket for him. For the above reasons, all those indebted to me for Taxes must pay the same on or before the FIRST day of JANUARY next; for I am determined to collect all the taxes due, so as to enable me to pay the amount of the duplicate together with the percentage charged against me. I further give notice that I will on the FIRST MONDAY in FEBRUARY, 1827, off, for SALE all the LANDS and HOUSES that the taxes are not paid previous to that time, and continue to do so from day to day until all are offed, by their number of Town, Range, Section or part thereof as they stand charged on the duplicate for the year 1826, and for all former years that I have been collector. I also notify all persons that are indebted to me for fees, notes and accounts to pay the same on or before the first day of January, as aforesaid or I shall take the necessary steps to recover the same.

JOHN SPENCER, C. O. C.

December, 23, 1826.

### DANIEL J. CASWELL,

COUNSELLOR AT LAW.

Office on Front Street, Cincinnati, near the Hotel Hamilton and Butler, and in the District and circuit courts of the United States for the District of Ohio; also in the county of Dearborn, and in the Supreme court of the state of Indiana.

April 15, 1826.

### N. G. HOWARD,

COUNSELLOR AT LAW.

Lawrenceburg, Indiana will faithfully attend to professional business intrusted to his care. He will attend the courts in the 3d circuit, also the Supreme and U. States courts at Indianapolis. Office on High Street, opposite the Clark's Office.

Feb. 25, 1826.

### DOCTOR PINCKARD

Offices his professional services to the citizens of Lawrenceburg and Dearborn County. It is, and to those of Boone County, Ky. and Hamilton County, Ohio. Residence Lawrenceburg, at Mr. Hunt's Hotel. Office on High street below the Markethouse.

Lawrenceburg, May 11, 1826.

### DOCTOR H. J. BOWERS

Offers his professional services to the citizens of Lawrenceburg and its vicinity, to practice

PBYSIC, SURGERY, AND MIDWIFERY. Any calls in the line of his profession will be punctually attended to. Office on High Street, opposite the Palladium Printing Office.

October 28, 1826.

### STRAY MARE.

TAKEN UP by JOSEPH TWESTER, Laughery township, Lawrence County, on the 9th of Oct. last, an estray Mare, of a bay color, supposed to be four years old, next spring, right hind foot white, one small saddle mark on the left side, about fourteen and a half hands high; no marks or brands perceptible. Appraised at TWENTY SEVEN dollars by George Hains and John Wester.

DAN'L BARTHOLOMEW, J. P.

Aurora, December 6, 1826.

### REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

THE SUBS: RIBER offers for sale sixteen unimproved LOTS in the town of Lawrenceburg, situated on Elm Row Shortstreet and Vine street.

ALSO—330 acres of LAND in Ripley county, lying on the road from Rising Sun to Vandalie, and about 20 miles from Lawrenceburg.

ALSO—the South West quarter of section 32, Town 7, Range 2, West in Dearborn county.

ALSO—the East half of the North West quarter of section 13, Town 3, Range 3, West, and twenty one acres in the North West corner of the South West quarter of section 23, Town 3, Range 3, West, also Switzerland county.

The two last mentioned tracts must be sold immediately to close a concern.

GEORGE H. DUNN.

January 6, 1827.

### RAGS! RAGS!