

MISCELLANY.

THE APPARITION.

'Twas silence all: the rising moon
With clouds had veild her light;
The clock struck twelve, when lo! I saw
A very chilling sight.

Pale as a snow ball was its face,
Like icicles its hair;
For mantle, it appeared to me
A sheet of ice to wear.

Tho' seldom given to alarm;
Indeed I'll not discernible,
My teeth all chatter'd in my head,
And every joint did tremble.

At last I cried, 'Pray who are you,
And whither do you go?'
Met thought the phantom thus replied—
'My name is Sally Snow:

My father's name is Northern Wind,
My mother's name was Water:
Old Parson Winter married them,
And I'm their hopeful daughter.

I had a lover Jacky Frost,
My dad the match condemns:
We ran from home to night, to meet
My lover on the Thames!

I stop'd Miss Snow in her discourse,
This answer just to cast in—
'I hope if Jack and you unite,
Your union won't be lasting:

Besides if you should marry him,
You never should do well, oh!
For I know Jacky Frost to be,
A very slippery fellow.'

She sat her down before the fire—
My wonder now increases
For she I took to be a Maid,
Now tumbled into pieces.

For air, thin air" did Hamlet's ghost,
His form at cock-crow barker;
But what I saw and now describe,
Dissolved itself to Water!

From the London Monthly Magazine.

STAENBACH,

THE SHARP SHOOTER.

After the battle of Austerlitz the Austrian army was virtually disbanded. The regiments were left without pay in consequence of the general breaking up of the Austrian finance, the public spirit was extinguished by the result of so many unsuccessful wars; Napoleon's genius seemed to have gained the final ascendency; and the general feeling throughout the Continent was, that all efforts for Independence were hopeless.

But in the midst of this national despair there were some gallant spirits left, as if to keep up the remembrance of the old national glory, and, be ready for the time of retribution. Among the disbanded troops was a regiment of sharp-shooters, chiefly raised among the range of Corinthian Alps. They were ordered home to their native place, and some French officers, with a commissary general, were sent to attend them at Laybach and see the measure completed.

The country in the neighborhood of Laybach is remarkably hilly, and the regiment was compelled to scatter a good deal. The men fell into groups, and, as they became less immediately within sight of their masters, murmurs arose at the journey, and the insult of being thus driven home by French commissioners. As a party was thus taking a turn of the mountain road, where they had halted without much fear of their officers before their eyes, the rear company of the regiment, commanded by Lt. Col. Staenbach, overtook them, and the sitters down invited the others to drink. Discipline had been nearly at an end for some days before, and Staenbach made no objection. He had probably been meditating something of what followed, for, on the glass being presented to him, he drank 'the health of our father, [the Emperor,] and better days to our country.' The toast was received with shouts. What was subsequently done to rouse the sharpshooters is not known, but it may be tolerably conceived from the fact, that the colonel and staff were the only part of the regiment that entered Laybach with the Frenchmen; what had become of Staenbach and the other officers no one could tell. Inquiry was sent on foot by the French authorities who were then pervading every corner of the Austrian territory; but nothing could be ascertained, further, than that the whole regiment had anticipated Napoleon's orders, and had suddenly disappeared.

In a few days, however, reports were brought into Laybach, occasional fires having been seen in the mountains that edge the valley of the Saave; and one morning dispatches, regularly forwarded to the French commissary-in-chief, did not arrive. This produced some disturbance in the city, and no slight alarm among the gentlemen of the French staff, who immediately dispatched a courier to Moravia for an additional force of French troops. The courier set out at night, to prevent accidents; but his precaution was unlucky, for the next day he was set down blindfolded, within a short distance of Laybach, with a note declaring 'war against the French,' and informing 'the French staff' that if they chose to remain in Laybach they might, but not a man of them should ever re-

turn to France. This formidable document was signed by 'the King of the Mountains.'

This billet produced singular excitement in the city. The French commander instantly ordered a meeting of the authorities, and in the civil and military council, his Majesty of the Mountains was declared a public enemy, and a reward of the adequate number of dollars was offered for him dead or alive. This was probably an unwilling measure on the part of the grave members of Carniola, but they knew the activity of Napoleon's vengeance too well to talk of hesitation; with the populace it was altogether a different affair, and their rejoicing at the defiance was all but treason to the supremacy of the conqueror. The 'King of the Mountains' was an effective name, and the habitual taste of the German for forest wonders found its supreme indulgence in inventing attributes and adventures for this mysterious monarch.

War, and of all kinds insurrectionary war is fitted to take hold upon the popular imagination. Its secrecy, its sudden explosions—its sudden extinctions in one quarter, to spring up like a conflagration in another—even the personal intrepidity, intelligence, and dexterity required in its solitary and hazardous enterprizes, throw a romantic and superstitious interest about it, that gives a powerful impulse to the imagination. The 'King of the Mountains,' had none of the established indolence of the throne; he seemed even to have the faculty of being everywhere at once. The arrival of the couriers soon ceased totally, or occurred only by permission of his invisible majesty; and then the letters were generally open and accompanied by remarks, sometimes burlesque and sarcastic, and sometimes conveying intelligence of the most disastrous nature from France. The peasants brought provisions to the city under the passport of his Majesty; the traders and travellers were compelled to advertise in the Laybach *Zietung* before they set out, their route, with a declaration that they were not going to France; in short, his majesty's determination to extinguish all intercourse with the land of tyranny, was expressed with the most diplomatic distinctness and absence of ceremony.

The French authorities, however, now set themselves actively to resist the public feeling; and, as their first step, ordered the printer of the *Zietung* to jail, with a declaration, that the first merchant, or traveller suspected of compromising the banditti, should follow the printer. This had its effect a few days and the advertisements were stopped.—But a Bolognese jeweller who had come to the fair of Idria, and after lingering impatiently for some weeks in the city, was anxious to realize his produce on the other side of the Tyrol, had not left Laybach half a German mile, when he was met by a party of armed 'peasantry,' who ordered him back. They took nothing from him, and when he offered them money, refused it, stating that they were paid by their own 'sovereign,' and ordered merely to prevent any man's going through his territory without his passport. Some other attempts had the same result; until at length the French commandant determined to take the field against the unseen usurper. He gathered about 500 troops of different arms and called out the Burgher-guard to make up his army. But the citizens had long since settled their minds upon the point, and they one and all, discovered so many personal reasons for objecting to a mountain campaign that M. le Colonel de Talmont was, at last, with infinite indignation, obliged to compromise the affair, and leave the whole of the gallant Burgher-guard for the defence of the gates and ditches.

The Colonel was bold fellow, a *vieux moustache*, who had served from the time of Moreau's march into Swabia, and was a soldier all over. The idea that his communications should be intercepted by a 'mountain thief, a pedler, and a goat-hunter,' was at once intolerable and ludicrous; and he promised the civic council that, before twelve hours were over, they should see the 'robber' with a rope round his neck. For the purpose of more complete surprise, the expedition was to wait for night to fall. About seven in the evening, a patrol which had been ordered to search the market peasants as they passed out of the gates, (for the honest Carniolans were strongly suspected of carrying on the correspondence, of the disaffected within and without,) brought in an old seller of eggs, in whose basket they had found some gunpowder. This was of course contraband of war, and the peasant was brought to head quarters. A further search discovered a letter to the 'Mountain King.' He was extremely decrepit, and so deaf, that he could scarcely be made to understand that a court martial was about to be held upon him. His Carniolan jargon was equally lost upon the Colonel. To shoot him, however required some consideration. Trial was impossible with a man destitute of all faculty of explanation of understanding; his age rendered him harmless, and cruelty might have irritated the country people, (who had crowded back on his seizure,) and deprived the city of its pro-

visions. Finally as the best alternative, it was determined to make use of the old man as a guide to the haunt of the insur-geant chief.

This, however, he positively refused to be, under fifty pleas of ignorance, feebleness, and fear; he was at last induced to give way, was seated on a baggage mule, and with a bayonet at his back was marched out with the troops. The peasantry hung their heads with no very measured expression of wrath at the hoary traitor; but as the French never condescend to know any language but their own, all this was lost upon them. Night fell—the expedition proceeded—and the old man and his ass were put in front of the column, watched by half a dozen Chasseurs as the advance of the whole.

The mountain range that overhangs the Idrian Mine country is though not elevated, remarkably rugged. Short, sharp descents, and heights where every rock seemed pointed for the express purpose of repulsion, make it an extremely arduous business to work one's way thro' it in the day time—what must it be in the night! To add to its difficulties, one of those storms, so common and so violent in the summer in the south of Germany, came on. The whole expedition, the general camp, pioneers all, were drenched in a moment, and after a faint struggle to go on, the whole scattered themselves under the pine trees, that cover every spot where a root can cling. The Colonel, fearful of losing his guide, now ordered him to be doubly watched; but he was already making his backway to the Clump where the Colonel had taken his stand.

The storm had now risen to a pitch of fury that made the shelter of the forest more perilous than even the open air; the trees were torn up by the roots—huge branches were flying about, to the infinite peril of every one who came in their way—sheets of gravel, and lighter stones from the sides of the limestone cliffs, filled the air; and when to this were added thunder, that absolutely deafened the ear, and flashes that burst like shells from rock to rock, splitting whatever they touched, it may be believed, that the French wished themselves far enough from Idria.

It was now between twelve and one, the troops had been out four hours, and as no symptoms of the insurgents appeared, and every soul was heartily tired, the order was given to return. The whole corps was instantly *en route* with glad hearts, but even this had now become no trivial matter. The road had been enough before, was now ten times worse; the ascents were now so slippery as to be almost inaccessible; the descents was but so many precipices—plunging them into many torrents, its very rivulet had swelled into a furious stream. The Laybach river had this night many a knapsack and pouch carried down its flood from the tributary streams of the hills.

In two hours more it would be morning and the storm had at length begun to subside. But fighting was altogether out of the question, in the present dilapidated state of the 'grand army' of Laybach. They were now toiling in their slow way along the verge of the hollow in which the Quicksilver Minas lie, and from which its shape and perpetual vapor, put the traveller in mind of the boiler of a steam engine; but however picturesque for the eye of the tourist, a more vexatious route for a drenched army could not have been found in all Germany.

On a sudden, the old guide pointed to something that thro' that fog looked like the light in a cottage. In a moment it had disappeared, and was in another, followed by successive lights. The Colonel was an old soldier, and had learned his first lessons in the mountain battle of the Brisgau. The troops were instantly closed up, and ordered to stand to their arms—but the order had been scarcely given, when a shower of shot was poured in upon the position some men were knocked down close to the Colonel, and among them the old guide. De Talmont was proverbially brave, and cared nothing about giving or taking death; but he had humanity about him still, and he stooped down to give the dying man a draught of wine out of his canteen. The peasant swallowed it with difficulty, and dropped back on the ground. The firing had suddenly ceased, or was kept up only by the French flankers, who sent out a random fire now and then, without knowing on which side the assailants were to be found. The word was again given to move, and the column began to pass down the sharp declivity above the village of Idria; but this declivity is seven hundred feet by the plumbline; and it may be imagined that in utter darkness it was not the easiest path in the world for a drenched and harassed party of foreigners.

They had not descended half a hundred feet when a rifle flashed full in the Colonel's face; and this signal was followed by a rapid running fire, that seemed to circle the whole valley. The column feebly attempted to recover the high ground, but the balls came in showers from the ridge; to make their way down to the village was as much out of the

question unless they rolled themselves down the scarped precipice, where none but a dead man could ever reach the bottom; to stand where they were was impossible, for the bullets were raking their exposed column in all directions.

The Colonel had now found out his error, and with a few desperate men made a rush to the summit; the fire gradually paused on both sides from the excessive darkness, and he made good his footing; but out of his five hundred not above fifty could be gathered around him—the rest had been either shot or scattered through the forest. With that fifty, however, he made the bold stand, and the firing began to be vivid again, when he felt himself suddenly grasped by the neck. The grasp was that of a giant and he was in a moment dragged away among the rocks, until between exhaustion and surprise, he fainted.

When he opened his eyes he found himself in a hut with two or three long bearded wild looking figures, warming themselves over a stove.—Beside the bed on which he lay, there was sitting a handsome, athletic young man, in the uniform of a Yager the Colonel thought that he had seen the face before, and enquired into whose hands he had fallen. 'Better hands than a Frenchman's, was the rough answer; 'for if we had fallen into theirs, we should have been shot, you are now among the free hunters of Carniola.'

'And who are you?' said the prisoner.

'Me! why I am all things in turn,' said the Yager, laughing. Yesterday I was a grave citizen of Laybach, attending the order of Colonel de Talmont to shoulder my musket and mount guard in honor of Napoleon; this morning I am the King of the Mountains, I wish you joy at your arrival in my dominions, Colonel!'

'So, I am to thank your majesty for last night's work; I wonder you did not shoot me at once—if I had caught you it would have gone hard with your kingship.'

'Why, then, to tell you the truth, you were spared for the sake of a little piece of service that you did to a friend of mine.'

The Yager started up, and throwing a cloak over his shoulders, came forward tottering towards the bed.

'Ah, by Jove, our old guide! That infernal old rogue I suspected him, once or twice, but the rascal seemed so decrepit, there was no use in killing him; a pistol shot would have hurried him out of this world.—Yes, I could have sworn that he was mortally wounded by the first fire. All a *ruse* then?

'All,' said the Yager, 'all was fictitious but the generosity of Colonel de Talmont, that would let even an old peasant—I had gone into the city to see what you were about.—I threw myself in the way of your patrol, said he, Cornel and became your guide. I had intended as soon as I had brought you thoroughly into mischief to make my escape, and take command of my mountaineers. But you watched me too well—I had then nothing for it, but to pretend to be wounded in the first fire. The manoeuvre succeeded tolerably, but, upon my honor, when I caught a glimpse of you, turning round to examine me, I expected to have found the business settled by the point of your sabre. I was agreeably disappointed to find your canute at my mouth, and from that moment I wished to be of what service I could to you. On your advance I was free, and you know the rest. The flashing of the rifle showed me where you stood; and as the only chance of saving you, I took the liberty of making a dash at your neck; it was no time for ceremony, and I was lucky enough in carrying you off without being touched myself. This is my place Cornel, and here you may command.'

'And who the devil are you, after all?' said the Colonel.

'Mystery is a source of the sublime,' answered the Yager. 'That must remain a secret till better times.'

In a few days the Colonel was sent to Laybach. He found the greater part of his expedition there before him, for the random fire of a night attack produced little besides terror. The dispersion of the troops, however had been complete; they had brought home neither arms, ammunition, nor baggage. But in default of these, they had brought abundance of exaggerated stories of the multitude and ferocity of the enemy. De Talmont soon returned with his corps to France. He found the passes open and the King of the Mountains true to the laws of the hospitality. But it fared differently with his successors; his Majesty continued the wonder of Carniola, and the horror of the French for years. He continually surprised and defeated the corps that attempted to beat up his quarters, until the idea was utterly abandoned in despair. His last exploit was cutting off the rear division and the whole of the baggage of a French Marshall moving on to Italy. Who the Mountain King was, nobody knew he had a hundred histories; he was alternately supposed to be Hofer, who had escaped from Mantua; Steinfort, the famous Austrian General of Light troops, whose body had not been found after the battle of Austerlitz; and a multitude of others. The country people, however, fairly believed him to

be neither Tyrolese nor German, but a good incarnation of the silent prince of the power of the air—to be touched by neither ball nor bayonet, and, in the fighting time to lead his mountain spirit to the liberation of the empire.

At length the aggressions of France compelled Austria to try the chances of war again. On the first order to levy troops, Lt. Col. Staenbach appeared at the court of Vienna with the offer of a regiment of three thousand sharp shooters! A deputation of his companions in their mountain costume, long bearded and with buskins and caps of wool and hare hides, attended him. The offer was gladly received. He was placed at the head of his 'Free corps,' and distinguished himself by his remarkable gallantry in the campaign of Waragon. At the battle of Leipsic he was a general officer with the 'Free corps' in his division; the mountaineers of Carniola, and their Staenbach, will be long remembered by Germany and her enemies.

DANIEL J. CASWELL,

COUNSELLOR AT LAW.

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

April 15, 1825.

N. G. HOWARD,

COUNSELLOR AT LAW.

Lawrenceburg, Indiana, will faithfully attend to professional business intrusted to him. He will attend the courts in the 3d circuit, also the Supreme and U. S. Courts at Indianapolis. Office on High Street, opposite the Clerk's Office.

Feb. 25, 1826.

3-1/2.

DOCTOR PINCHARD

Offers his professional services to the citizens of Lawrenceburg and Dearborn county, Indiana, and to those of Boone county, Ky. and Hamilton county, Ohio. Residence Lawrenceburg, at M. G. Hunt's Hotel. Office on High street below the Market-house.

Lawrenceburg, May 11 1826.

91-1/2

DOCTOR H. J. BOWERS

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

PHYSIC, SURGERY, AND MIDWIFERY.

Any case in the line of his profession will be punctually attended to. Office on High Street, opposite the Palladium Printing Office.

October 28, 1826.

42-1/2

John Columbia, vs. Elizabeth D. Jones, an infant, and heir at law of John Jones, dec'd, & John Reedy her Guardian.

WHEREAS the above named John Columbia has filed in the Clerk's office of the Dearborn Circuit Court his petition, praying an order to appoint a commissioner to convey real estate there in described to him. This is to notify the aforesaid Elizabeth D. Jones and John Reedy, her guardian, who are now defending an *anti* petition that they be appear before the Judges of said court, on the first day of the next term of said court, to be held on the 18 Monday in April next, in the town of Lawrenceburg, then and there to make answer to said petition, or that the said court will proceed to ag there in their absence.

G. H. Dunn, atty.

JAMES DILL, Clerk.

Dec. 29, 1826.

1/2 NOTICE.

ALL persons are hereby required to pay to John Kemp of Randolph town ship, Dearborn county, a note of hand on Cornelius Miller, for thirty five dollars and twelve & a half cents, dated 25 Sept. last, drawn in favor of Caleb A. Craft, and assigned to said Kemp by me.—Also a note of hand given me for twenty one dollars thirty seven cents, dated 25 Oct last, drawn in favor of said Kemp, as the said notes were fraudulently obtained, and I am determined not to pay them until compelled by law.

JOHN B. CRAFT.

Rising Sun, Dec. 15, 1826.

51.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

THE SURRIBER offers for Sale six improved lots in the town of Lawrenceburg, situated on Elm Row Short Street and Vine street.

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

ALSO—the South West quarter of section 3, Town 4, Range 2, West in Dearborn county.

ALSO—the South West quarter of section 34, Town 4, Range 3 West in Switzerland county.

ALSO—the East half of the North West quarter of section 15, Town 3, Range 3, West, and twenty one acres in the North West corner of the South West quarter of section 5, Town 3, Range 3, West, also in Switzerland county.