

MISCELLANY.

SELECTED.

THE DRUNKARD.

I saw him, twice at dawn of day,
Before an Ale House door;
His eyes were sunk, his lips were parch'd,
I view'd him o'er and o'er.
His infant boy clung to his side,
And hisping to him said,
"Come, father—mother's sick at home,
And sister cries for bread."

He trembling rose and stagger'd in,
As oft he'd done before,
And to the landlord faultering said,
"Come, give us one glass more."
The host complies—his purple lips
Now presses the venom'd bowl,
He drinks—while wife and children starve,
To ruin sends his soul.

A year elaps'd—I pass'd that way—
A crowd stood at the door—
I ask'd the cause, when one replied,
"Ned Hawkins is no more."
I saw his funeral move along,
No wife nor child was there—
They, too, had join'd their mother earth,
And left this world of care.

Reflect, ye votaries of the bowl—
Know ye this heaven's decree,
"Ye ne'er shall taste eternal life,
Least from the bowl you see."
Reflect, ere wife and children mourn,
Fly from the Ale House fly!
Or you'll like Ned, neglected live,
Like him neglected die.

FROM THE OHIO STATE JOURNAL.

The following account of the defeat of Colonel DUDLEY, on the 5th of May, 1813, is copied from the *Kentuckian* and was written by JOSEPH R. UNDERWOOD, Esq.

"Col. Dudley's regiment belonged to the brigade of Gen. Green Clay. It consisted partly of volunteers and partly of drafted militia, detailed for service. It was organized in March, 1813. The soldiers who formed it, lived mostly in the counties of Fayette, Woodford, Clark, Jessamine, Madison and Garrard; Lincoln and Scott, as well as I remember, furnished also a part. I was lieutenant in the only volunteer company that belonged to the regiment, John C. Morrison was captain and Hubbard B. Smith, was ensign. I am indebted to two apparently trivial circumstances for my appointment to the office I held, and as they have probably had some influence over my subsequent fortunes, I will mention them. Preparatory to the beat of drums for volunteers, the troops who paraded in Lexington, were formed into parallel lines, some distance apart. A stand of colors was planted nearly in the centre between two lines. I think it was Col. Trotter, who invited those who were disposed to volunteer, to march to the standard. Having previously written to my uncle and obtained his consent to my becoming a soldier, my mind was made up before I went to the ground. I was the first that reached the standard, seized and elevated it. For this act, I was honored with permission to carry the colors at the head of the volunteers on that day, and this was in all probability the cause of my receiving the vote I did, when the election of officers came on; for at that time, I was a student of law in Lexington, my acquaintance with most of the volunteers was limited, and I was wholly without influential friends. A lieutenant of the militia and myself were the opposing candidates, and we obtained an equal number of votes, the captain was unwilling to decide the election, and fortune being appealed to, the chance resulted in my favor. After a fatiguing march of more than a month, Gen. Clay's brigade found itself on the night of the 4th May, on board of open boats lashed to the left banks of the Miami of the Lakes, near the head of the rapids, and within hearing of the cannon at Fort Meigs, which was then besieged by the British and Indians. Very early in the morning of the 5th, we set off and soon began to pass the rapids. We were hailed by a man from the right bank, who proved to be Capt. Hamilton of the Ohio troops, with orders from Gen. Harrison, then commanding at the fort. He was taken to the boat of Gen. Clay, and from that to Col. Dudley's, this last in advance of the whole line. Captain Morrison's company occupied the boat in which the Colonel descended. It being a damp, unpleasant morning, I was lying in the stern, wrapped in my blanket, not having entirely recovered from a severe attack of the measles. I feared that we were to land on the left bank and storm the British battery erected for the purpose of annoying the fort; but what further orders were given, I did not ascertain. Hearing that we were certainly to fight, I began to look upon all surrounding objects, as things which to me might soon disappear forever and my mind reverted to my friends at home, to bid them a final farewell. These reflections produced a calm melancholy; but nothing like trepidation or alarm. My reveries were dissipated by the landing of the boat, a mile or two above the point of attack. Shortly before we landed, we were fired on by some Indians from the right of the river, and I understood Capt. Clark was wounded in the head. The fire was returned from our boats, and the Indians fled as if to give

intelligence of our approach. Capt. Price and Lieut. Sanders of the regular army landed with us and partook in the engagement, having under command a few regular soldiers, but I think not a full company. The whole number of troops that were landed, amounted probably to seven hundred. We were formed on the shore into three parallel lines, and ordered to march for the battery; and so far as I understood the plan of attack, one line was to form the line of battle in the rear of the battery parallel with the river; the other two lines to form one above and the other below the battery at right angles with the river. We were not instructed what to do, in the event of success or defeat. The lines thus formed were ordered to advance, and did so, making as little noise as possible—the object being to surprise the enemy at their battery. Before we had reached the battery, however we were discovered by some straggling Indians, who fired on us and retreated. Our men, pleased at seeing them run, and finding that they were discovered, no longer deemed silence necessary, and raised a tremendous shout. This was the first intimation that the enemy received of our approach, and it so alarmed them that they abandoned their battery without making any resistance. In effectuating the plan of attack, Capt. J. C. Morrison's company was thrown upon the river above the battery. While passing through a thicket of hazel towards the river, in forming the line of battle, I saw Col. Dudley for the last time. He was greatly excited; he railed at me for not keeping my men better dressed. I replied that he must perceive from the situation of the ground and the obstacles we had to encounter, that it was impossible. When we came within a small distance from the river, we halted. The enemy at this time had gotten in the rear of our line, formed parallel with the river, and were firing upon our troops. Capt. J. C. Morrison's company did not long remain in this situation. Having nothing to do, and being without orders, we determined to march our company out and join the combatants. We did so accordingly. In passing out we fell on the left of the whole regiment, and were soon engaged in a severe conflict. The Indians endeavored to flank and surround us. We drove them between one and two miles directly back from the river. They hid behind logs and trees, and poured on us as we advanced, a most destructive fire. We were from time to time ordered to charge. The orders were passed along the lines, our field officers being on foot. * * * Shortly after this, Capt. J. C. Morrison was shot through the temples. The ball passed behind the eyes, and cutting the optic nerve, deprived him of his sight. I was then at my post on the left of my company, and was informed by a soldier that our Captain was killed. I directed him to conduct me to the body. When I reached him, he had risen and was grouping about. I took him by the hand. He asked me if his eyes were shot out; I answered he could not see, and leading, directed him to follow me. He inquired what I intended to do with him. I told him I wanted to put him into a place of safety, as we were then exposed to the fire of the Indians. I conducted him to a large tree fifteen or twenty steps in the rear of the line, and placed him behind it, requesting him to seat himself and rest against it. He did so, and again asked me what I intended to do. I replied that I should take command of the company and continue the fight; adding that I would send him immediate assistance and that he must sit quietly till it arrived. On my return to the line, I ordered corporal Brown to take one of the soldiers and go to the tree I pointed out to him, where he would find Capt. Morrison, to take charge of him and assist him to the battery with all practicable despatch. Brown obeyed, but before he could reach the battery with the captain, who had become faint and weak from his wounds, he was overtaken by the retreating regiment and passed—and finding, as he afterwards told me, that certain destruction awaited both himself and the captain, if they remained longer together, he abandoned him and made his escape. Capt. Morrison fell into the hands of pursuing savages, and was butchered, and thus perished one of the bravest men I have ever seen. He did not while conversing with me, after he was shot utter a complaint or a groan. He was perfectly in his senses, and I am of opinion that his wound would have been fatal, if he had escaped the Indian tomahawk. Having made the best arrangement for the safety of my much esteemed captain, that circumstances allowed, I took charge of the company and continued the battle. We made several charges afterwards, and drove the enemy a considerable distance. * * * At length orders were passed along the line, directing us to fall back and keep up a retreating fire. As soon as this movement was made, the Indians were greatly encouraged, and advanced upon us with the most horrid yells. Once or twice the officers succeeded in producing a temporary halt and a fire on the Indians; but the soldiers of the different companies soon became

mixed—confusion ensued—and a general rout took place. The retreating army made its way towards the batteries, where I supposed we should be able to form and repel the pursuing Indians. They were now so close in the rear as frequently to shoot down those who were before me. I received about this time a ball in my back, which yet remains in my body. It struck me with a stunning, deadly force, and I fell on my hands and knees. I rose and threw my waistcoat open to see whether it had passed through me, finding it had not, I ran on, and had proceeded not more than a hundred or two yards, before I was made a prisoner. In emerging from the woods into a piece of open ground, near to the battery we had taken, and before I knew what had happened, a soldier seized my sword, and said to me, "Sir, you are my prisoner." I looked before me and saw with astonishment, the ground covered with muskets. The soldier observing my astonishment, said, "Your army has surrendered," and received my sword. He ordered me to go forward and join the prisoners. I did so. The first man I met whom I recognized, was Daniel Smith of our company. With eyes full of tears, he exclaimed, "Good Lord, Lieutenant, what does all this mean?" I told him we were prisoners of war. * * * We were ordered to march from the place of surrender down the river to the old garrison occupied by the British in 1783. On our way to the garrison, the Indians began to strip us of our valuable clothing and other articles. One took my hat, another my hunting shirt, a third my waistcoat—so that I was soon left with nothing but a shirt and pantaloons. I saved my watch by concealing the chain, and it proved of great service to me afterwards. Having read, when a boy, Smith's narrative of his residence among the Indians, my idea of their character was, that they treated those best who appeared most fearless. Under this impression, as we marched down to the old garrison, I looked at those we met, with all the sternness of countenance I could command. I soon caught the eye of a stout warrior, painted red. He gazed at me with as much sternness as I did at him, until I came within striking distance, when he gave me a severe blow over the nose and cheek bone, with his wipig stick. I abandoned the notion acquired from Smith, and went on afterwards with as little display of hauteur and defiance as possible. On our approach to the old garrison, the Indians had formed a line to the left of the road, there being a perpendicular bank to the right, on the margin of which the road passed. I perceived that the prisoners were running the gauntlet as it was called, and that the Indians were whipping and tomahawking the men as they ran by their line. When I reached the starting place, I dashed off as fast as I was able, and ran near the muzzles of their guns, knowing that they would have to shoot me while I was immediately in front, or let me pass; for to have turned their guns up or down the line to shoot me, would have endangered themselves, as there was a curve in their line. In this way I passed without injury, except some strokes over the shoulders with their gun sticks. As I entered the ditch around the garrison, the man before me was shot, and I fell over him. The passage, for a while, was stopped by those who stumbled over the dead man and myself. How many lives were lost at this place, I cannot tell—probably between twenty and forty. The brave Capt. Lewis was among the number. When we got within the walls, we were ordered to sit down. I lay in the lap of Mr. Gilpin, a soldier of Capt. Henry's company, from Woodford. A new scene of horror soon commenced. An Indian painted black, mounted the dilapidated wall, and shot one of the prisoners next to him. He reloaded and shot a second, the ball passing through him and into the hip of another, who afterwards, I was informed, died at Cleveland of the wound. The savage then laid down his gun, and drew his tomahawk, with which he killed two others. When he drew his tomahawk, and jumped down among the men, they endeavored to escape from him, by leaping over the heads of each other, and thereby to place others between themselves and danger. They were thus heaped upon one another, and as I did not rise, they trampled on me, so that I could see nothing that was going on. The confusion and uproar of this moment cannot be adequately described. There was an excitement among the Indians, and a fierceness in their conversation, which betokened a strong disposition on the part of some of them to massacre the whole of us. The British officers and soldiers seemed to interpose to prevent the further effusion of blood. Their expression was, "Oh niches wah," meaning, Oh brother quit. After the Indian who had occasioned this horrible scene had scalped & stripped his victims, he left us, and a comparative calm ensued. The prisoners resumed their seats on the ground. While thus situated, a very tall stout Indian walked into the midst of us, drew a long butcher knife from his belt, and commenced whetting

it. As he did so, he looked around on the prisoners apparently selecting one for the gratification of his vengeance. I viewed his conduct, and thought it probable that he was to give the signal for a general massacre. But after exciting our fears sufficiently for his satisfaction he made a contemptuous grunt and went out from amongst us. About that time, but whether before or after I do not distinctly recollect, Col. Elliott and T. Comsch, the celebrated Indian chief, rode into the garrison. When Elliott came to where Thomas Moore, of Clark county stood, the latter addressed him, and enquired "if it was compatible with the honor of a civilized nation, such as the British claimed to be, to suffer defenceless prisoners to be murdered by savages." Elliott desired to know who he was? Moore replied that he was nothing but a private in Captain Morrison's company—and the conversation ended. I did not hear this dialogue, but was informed that the foregoing was the substance of it, and I believe that it actually took place. Elliott was an old man—his hair might have been termed white with more propriety than grey, and to my view, he had more of the savage in his countenance than Tecumseh. This celebrated chief was a noble, dignified personage. He wore an elegant broad sword, and was dressed in the Indian costume. His face was proportioned, his nose inclined to aquiline, his eye displayed none of that savage and ferocious triumph, common to the other Indians on that occasion. He seemed to regard us with unmoved composure, and I thought a beam of mercy shone in his countenance, tempering the spirit of vengeance inherent in his race against the American people. I saw him only on horseback. Shortly after the massacre in the old garrison, I was the subject of a generous act. A soldier with whom I had no acquaintance, feeling compassion for my situation stripped of my clothes, muddy and bleeding, offered me his hunting shirt, which the Indians had not taken from him. At first I declined receiving it; but he pressed it upon me, with an earnestness that indicated great magnanimity. I inquired his name and residence. He said his name was James Boston, that he lived in Clarke county, and belonged to Capt. Clark's company. I have never since seen him, and regret that I should not be able to recall his features if I were to see him. His name & the conversation are distinctly remembered. Upon the arrival of Elliott and Tecumseh, we were directed to stand up and form in lines, I think four deep in order to be counted. After we were thus arranged, a scene transpired, scarcely less affecting than that which I have before attempted faintly to describe. The Indians began to select the young men whom they intended to take with them to their towns. Numbers were carried off. I saw corporal Smith, of our company, bidding farewell to his friends, and pointing to the Indian, with whom he was to go; I have never heard of his return. The young men learning their danger, endeavored to avoid it by crowding into the centre, where they could not be so readily reached. I was told that a quizzical youth, of diminutive size, near the outside, seeing what was going on, threw himself on his hands and feet, and rushed through the legs of his comrades, exclaiming, "Root, little hog, or die." Such is the impulse of self preservation, and such the levity with which men inured to danger will regard it. Owing to my wound, I could not scuffle, and was thrust to the outside. An Indian came up to me, and gave me a piece of meat. I took this for proof, that he intended carrying me off with him. Thinking it the best policy to act with confidence, I made a sign to him to give me his butcher knife—which he did. I divided the meat with those who stood near me, reserving a small piece for myself—more as a show of politeness to the savage than to gratify any appetite I had for it. The anticipation that as soon as I had eaten it, he would attempt to lead me away, so wholly engrossed my mind, that I should have had no relish, greatly as I needed it, for the most delicious nourishment. After I had eaten it, however, and returned the knife, he turned and left me. When it was near night, we were taken in open boats about nine miles down the river, to the British shipping. On the day after, we were visited by the Indians in their bark canoes, in order to make a display of their scalps. These they strung on a pole, perhaps two inches in diameter, and about eight feet high. The pole was set up perpendicularly in the bow of their canoes, and near the top the scalps were fastened. On some poles I saw four or five. Each scalp was drawn closely over a hoop about four inches in diameter, and the flesh sides I thought were painted red. Thus their canoes were decorated with a flag staff of a most appropriate character; bearing human scalps—the horrid ensign of savage warfare. We remained I think six days on board the vessel—those of us, I mean, who were sick and wounded. The whole of us were discharged on parole. The officers signed an instrument of writing, pledging their honors not to serve

against the King of Great Britain and his allies, during the war, unless regularly exchanged. It was inquired, whether the Indians were included in the term "allies." The only answer was, "That his majesty's allies were known." The wounded and sick were taken in a vessel commanded by Capt. Stewart, to the mouth, I think, of Vermillion river and there put on shore. I afterwards saw Capt. Stewart a prisoner of war at Frankfort, Kentucky, together with a midshipman who played yankee doodle on a flute by way of derision, when we were first taken on board his vessel. Such is the fortune of war! They were captured by Commodore Perry in the battle of Lake Erie. I visited Capt. Stewart, to requite his kindness to me, when I like him, was a prisoner

FULLING,

AND

Cloth Dressing,

at Samuel Bond's Mill, on White Water.

THE subscriber wishes to inform his friends and the public generally, that the works are in complete order and ready for business; and that he is now ready to receive Cloth, which he will warrant to be FULLED, DYED & DRESSED, in the best manner, and with despatch, at the following prices, or as low as any other's customary prices:—London Brown, fulled, fine dress 25 cents; Women's wear, ditto, 14 cents;—nuff, Bottle Greens, London Smokes, Olives, Browns, Blacks, and Navy Blues, fulled, fine dress, from 18 3/4 to 20 cents; Women's wear of the above colours from 10 to 12 1/2 cents per yard. Light and dark Drabs, Leads, fulled, fine dress, 8 to 12 cents, Coloured cloth, fulled and pressed, 6 1/4; if sheared once or twice, 8 cents, finest dress 10 cents; and all other work in the above business, done at the same rates as the above Mill.

Cloth will be received at Ewing and Gibson's store, Lawrenceburgh, and returned there again every two weeks finished.

MILES KELLOGG.

White Water, Aug. 4th 1828. 31ft.

CAUTION.

WHEREAS my wife Hannah has eloped from her bed and board, without any just cause or provocation, and has conducted herself in an indecent manner; I therefore forewarn all persons from trusting or harboring her on my account, as I am determined not to pay any debts of her contracting after this date. Logan township, Dearborn county Indiana.

WILLIAM BRUNDAE.

September 4, 1828. 36-3w

EDWIN G. PRATT

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR.

OFFICE in Lawrenceburgh at the house of JOHN SPENCER.

May 1, 1828. 17ft.

TO RENT

THE undersigned wishes to rent for a length of time the large and well arranged DISTILLERY situated on the Kentucky side of the Ohio river opposite to the town of Rising Sun. The building is of stone, and the works within calculated on the Steam principle, of sufficient capacity to distil a large quantity of liquor daily. For terms apply to the subscriber residing in Lawrenceburgh.

A. H. JUDSON.

Sept. 20, 1828. 37-3w

To the Public.

WHEREAS Margaret, MY WIFE, has, without any provocation, left my bed and board, declaring that she will never return to me again as a wife; this is, therefore, to notify all persons that I will pay no debts of her contracting after this date.

RICHARD MORRIS.

September 12, 1828. 37-3w

Important to Printers!!

FOR SALE, the materials composing the Office of the AUGUSTA HERALD, which will be disposed of on advantageous terms to purchasers. They consist of

- A 2 pull super-royal Press, Stansberry pat.
- 300 lbs. Long Primer, nearly new.
- 200 " Brevier, do. do.
- 40 " American Cannon do.
- 20 " octavo, duodec. & newspaper leads.
- A quantity of 8 lines Pica, ornamented.
- do. 6 " plain.
- 50 lbs. double pica.
- 50 " English.

Together with Job and Newspaper chases, composing sticks, brass proof galleys, imposing stone, newspaper and other cuts; and every article necessary for an office.

Persons wishing to purchase, will please make personal application to me at Cincinnati, or if by letter the postage must be paid.

JOHN H. WOOD.

Cincinnati, sept. 1828

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PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

BY

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Publishers of the Laws of the United States.

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Those who receive their papers through the Post-Office, or by the mail carrier, must pay the carriage, otherwise it will be charged on their subscription.

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Containing 12 lines, three insertions or less, one dollar; twenty-five cents for each additional insertion—larger advertisements in the same proportion.

The CASH must accompany advertisements, otherwise they will be published until paid for, at the expense of the advertiser.