

## MISCELLANY.

From the Saco Palladium.

### LINES.

Give me a snug little farm, with sufficient learning—a little wife that can milk the cow, rock the cradle—that can sleep all night and work all day—that can discourse music on the cheerful spinning wheel, and hang your Greek and Latin. The present times are too unnatural and luxurious.

Our ancestors lived on bread and broth, And wold their healthy wives in homespun cloth;

Our mothers nurtur'd to the nodding reel, Give all their daughters lessons on the wheel, Though spinning did not much reduce the waist;

It made the food much sweeter to the taste; They plied with honest zeal the mop and broom, And drove the shuttle thro' the noisy loom; They never once complain'd as we do now, We have no girls to cook, or milk the cow, Each mother taught her red cheek'd son and daughter

To bake and brew, and draw a pail of water. No damsels shun'd the wash tub, broom, or pail,

To keep unsullied a long grown finger nail. They sought no gaudy dress, no wasp like form, But ate to live, and worked to keep them warm.

No idle youth, no tight lac'd mincing fair, Became a living corpse for want of air, No filgets, faintings, fits, or frigibut blues—No painful corsets from wearing Chinese shoes.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

Ob say thou best and brightest! My first love and my last!

When he whom thou now slightest, From life's dark scene bathe past;

Will kinder thoughts then move thee?

Will pity make one thrill

For one who lived to love thee,

And dying, loved the still?

If, when that hour recalling

From which he dates his woes,

Thou feelst a tear drop falling—

Ah! blush not while it flows;

But all the past forgiving,

Bend gently o'er his shrine,

And say, this heart when living,

With all its faults—was mine!

### TALES OF THE REVOLUTION.

In the winter of 1777, when Lord Howe had possession of Philadelphia, the situation of the Americans who could not follow their beloved commander, was truly distressing, subject to the every day insults of cruel and oppressive foes. Bound to pay obeisance to laws predicated on the momentary power of a proud and vindictive commander, it can be better pictured than described. To obtain the common necessities of life, particularly flour, they had to go as far as Bristol, a distance of eighteen or twenty miles, and even this indulgence was not granted them, until a pass was procured from Lord Howe, as guards were placed along Vine Street, extending from Delaware to Schuylkill, forming a complete barrier; beyond these through the woods, extending as far as Frankfort, were stationed the picquet guards—thus rendering it in a manner impossible to reach the Bristol Mills, unless first obtaining a pass.

The commander-in-chief of the American forces was then encamped at the Valley. Suffering from cold, hunger, and the inclemency of the season, the British rolled in plenty, spent their days in feasting, their nights in balls, riots, and dissipation; thus resting in supposed security, while the American chieftain was planning a mode for their final extirpation. A poor woman, with six small children, whose husband was at the Valley Forge, had made frequent applications for a pass. Engagements rendered it impossible for her tormentors to give her one. Rendered desperate from disappointment, and the cries of her children, she started alone, without a pass, and, by good luck, eluded the guards, and reached Bristol.

It will be remembered by many now living, that six brothers, by the name of Coal or Dowell, about this time committed many acts of bravery, but more in the character of marauders than soldiers. They were men full six feet high; stout and active: a fearless intrepidity always characterized their deeds in a way peculiar to themselves; and they always succeeded in making their escape. A marked partiality to the Americans rendered it obnoxious to the British, and always welcome to the former, to whom they conveyed what information they could glean in their adventures.

Our adventurous female, having procured her flour in a pillow case, holding about twenty pounds, was returning with a light heart, to her anxious and lonely babes. She had passed the picquet guards at Frankfort, and was just entering a wood a little this side, when a tall stout man sprang from behind a tree, and putting a pistol into her hand, requested her to read it. She grasped with eager joy the letter, bearing the character of her husband's hand writing. After a pause, he said, "Your husband is well, a short time he will be with you; money is a scarce article amongst us—I mean among them—but on account of your husband's partiality to the cause

of liberty, I am willing to become his banker." So saying, he handed her a purse of money—"My means are adequate, or I would not be thus lavish"—seeing she was about to refuse it.

You said, sir, my husband would see me shortly; how do you know that, which seems so impossible, and how do you know me, who never?"

"Hush, madam, we are now approaching the British guard; suffice it to say the American commander has that in his head, which, like an earthquake,

will shake the whole American continent, and expunge these miscreants, but hark—take that road to the left, farewell. So saying, he departed; she gave one look, but vacancy filled the spot where he stood. With slow and cautious steps she approached Vine street.

Already hopes sprung into her heart, already her fire burned beneath her bread, when the awful word—hail, struck terror to her soul. She started, and found herself in the custody of a British sentinel. "Your pass woman?"

"I have none, sir, my children?"

"D—n the rebel crew; why do you breed enemies to your king; let them starve; this flour is mine—off, woman, and die with your babes!"

A groan was about departing when the former messenger appeared. His whole demeanor was changed—humble simplicity marked his gait—he approached the guard with a seeming fearfulness, and begged him, in a suppliant voice, to give the poor woman her flour. "Fool, idiot, exclaimed the guard, "who are you? See yonder guard-house! If you interfere here, thou shalt be its inmate."

"May be so sir; but won't you give the poor woman the means of supporting her little family one week longer? Recollect the distance she has walked, the weight of the bag, and recollect?"

"Hell and fury, sirrah! why bid me recollect? You plead in vain! Begone, or I'll seize you as a spy."

"You won't give this poor woman her flour?" "No."

"Then, by my country's faith and hopes of Freedom, you shall!"—and with a powerful arm he seized the guard by the throat, and hurled him to the ground.

"Run, madam, run, see, the guard house is alive; seize your flour, pass Vine street, and you are safe."

"Twas done. The guard made an attempt to rise, when the stranger drew pistol and shot him dead. The report of the pistol immediately alarmed a whole line of guards—the unfortunate man gazed around him with a fearless intrepidity. There was one way to escape, and that was through the wood. Seizing the dead man's musket, he started like a deer pursued by hounds. "Shoot him down—down with him," was echoed from one line to another. The desperado was lost in the wood, and a general search commenced. The object of their pursuit in a moment, and yet difficult to describe, mark him, even to an unobservant eye, as a Southerner in the streets of New York.

ers towards this one, are by no means to be censured. Personal danger seemed to be no part of their character. Plunder, but only from the British seemed their sole aim, with an ambition, however futile of creating in the minds of their enemies this belief.

At one time they were in Philadelphia, dressed in the British costume, and at another, they were relieving the distresses of their friends at Valley Forge.

The Yankee.—A Yankee is a Yankee over the globe; and you might know him, if you met him on the "mountains of the moon," in five minutes, by his nationality.

We love and honor him for it,

where it is not carried to a blinding pre-

judice. He remembers his school house,

the peculiar mode of discipline in which

he was reared, the place where he played,

skated and bathed in his blithe morn-

ing of life, where are the ashes of his

forefathers, and where he was baptised

and married. Wherever he strades and

travels, "on distant seas, rivers, or moun-

tains, he will only forget his native ac-

cent and his natal spot, when his right

hand forgets that cunning" for which he

has such an undeserved celebrity.

Flint's Western Mo. Rev.

September 6, 1828. 29-1f.

## EDWIN G. PRATT

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR.

OFFICE in Lawrenceburg at the house of JOHN SPENCER.

May 1, 1828. 17f.

## AMOS LANE,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

INFORMS the public that he will constantly attend the Terms of the Supreme Court; the District Court of the United States, at Indianapolis; the Franklin, Dearborn, Switzerland, and Ripley Circuit Courts; and any other Court in the state, on special application. That in future he will be constantly employed in the practice of his profession, and will be devoted to his profession.—And may, at all times, be consulted at his office, in Lawrenceburg, next door to Mr. Hunt's Hotel or Court.

July 25, 1827.

29tf.

## F. MCINTOSH,

Tailor and Habit-maker,

PRESPECTFULLY informs the public, that he has established himself in this place in the above Business. He offers himself that he can suit customers with neatness and despatch—having obtained the latest and most admired Eastern Fashions, he solicits a share of public patronage. He may at all times be found at his SHOP, High-street, opposite the Market-house, in Lawrenceburg.

September 6, 1828. 35-1f.

## Presidential Election.

THE qualified electors of Dearborn county are hereby notified that an election will be held at the usual places of holding elections in the several townships, in the several counties in the state of Indiana, on the first Monday in November, 1828, to elect five electors to vote for President and Vice President of the United States, agreeably to the law in such cases made and provided.

NOTICE is also given to those delinquent in the payment of their taxes for the year 1828, and former years I have been collector, that I will have some one at each place of holding the Presidential election; also at the same places on the following days in October, to wit: at Randolph and Logan, on the 1st; at Union and Kelso, on the 2nd; at Manchester and Cedar creek, on the 3rd; at Laughery and Sparta, on the 4th; at Lawrenceburg during court; and at the Regimental muster of the 3rd, 15th, 55th & 60th Regiments to review the same, at which time I hope payment will be made, as after that no longer indulgence will be given or excuses taken; for I must collect and make prompt payment according to law and save the 21 per cent that I have had to pay for the two last years. You know the money is not mine, and unless I can get it of you, how can I pay it? Hereafter, should I be the collector, the tax accounts must be closed each year agreeably to law. I also give notice to those indebted to me by note, account, and for fees, to make payment during October court 1828, for after that time I must take the proper steps to collect, to enable me to pay my debts.

NOTICE is also given, that agreeably to law I will expose to public sale on the 2nd Monday in November 1828, all Land and Town lots by their Number as charged on the duplicate for the year 1828, and former years I have been collector.

JOHN SPENCER S. & C.—D. C.

September 15, 1828. 37-3w.

## Fulling, Dying,

and Dressing Cloth,

WILL be done at the Factory in the town of New Lawrenceburg, at the customary prices. Cotton Yarn may be had at the same place.

TEST & DUNN.

Sept. 26, 1828. 38-1f.

## List of Letters

REMAINING in the post-office at Lawrenceburg, Ind. on the 1st day of October 1828; which, if not taken out in three months, will be sent to the General Post-office as dead letters.

Arbuckle Samuel

Herrington William

Anckerman John

Horne Elias

Arnott Thomas

Hoyle James

Alle Mercy Miss

Judson Augustus H

Armstrong James H.

Kellogg Miles

Bonte John

Lynch Mary

Bennett John Capt.

Lyns John

Bassett Horace

Lane Amos 3

Beech Marcus

Miller Henry

Beech Margaret Miss

Merric Stephen

Baily Thomas

Morgan Thomas

Brasher Charles L. Esq.

M'Chester Jeremiah

Brasher James M.

M'Cracken Robert

Cox John

M'Feeley Ansel

Conley Lemuel

M'Enier Thomas

Craig Thomas S.

Nelson Sarah Miss

Oncil Benedict

Philips Esther Mrs.

Cassaday Hugh

Parker Abraham

Reed Archibald 2

Dill James

Spencer Col. John

Dubbins Robert D.

Spear John

Faukner Robert

Snyder Mary P. Miss

Gipson Isaac

Simpkins Fanny Mrs.

Gibbs James D.

Test John

Green Theodore E.

Walker Alexander

Graves George

Walter James

Gwynne Eli W.