

MISCELLANY.

From the Museum of Foreign Literature and Science.]

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE POLITICAL PRIMER.

A CHARACTER.

Cold, formal, dull, pragmatical,
Anxious to pay his court to all,
Too hollow to please any;
In friendship seeking his own ends,
And therefore striving to make friends
For ever with the many;

A solemn, supple, coxcomb—big
With emptiness—a perfect prig
In person, conduct manner,
Behold Sir Janus turn and twist,
A crown'd, a fearing to enlist,
Yet flattering every banner.

Oh! but he's independent, he!
A conscious worthy—free
From prejudice's fancies—
Ay—his sole master is himself,
And that's a timid, trimming elf,
The slave of circumstances.

Not Tory, Wing, nor Radical,
Nor fix'd in his equivocal
And intermediate station.
Not true to friend or foe, he lives
In everlasting negativities
Himself a mere negation.

Blind prejudice may be a curse,
But hollow indecision's worse—
When contrary attraction
Suspends the compass at the Pole,
The mere machine has lost its whole
Importance with its action.

Away with such cold-hearted knaves,
We want not calculating slaves,
Who balance thus and palter,
But men who at their country's suit
Will do their duty *coute qui coute*,
And neither flinch nor flatter.

OTHO OF GERMANY,

AND THE

PIRATE OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.

A heavy rain ushered in a black autumnal night which closed over the field of Busentelle; concealing, in almost impenetrable darkness, the flight of the fugitive, and somewhat abating by its gloomy influence, the fierce ardor of the pursuer.

The uproar and tumult of the day had subsided. The shouts of onset, the neighing of steeds, and the shrill call of trumpets, had given place to the solitary voice of nature. No sound met the ear but that of the wind rushing through the half leafless forests; as two knights, armed cap-a-pie forced their way thro' the tangled mazes of a thick wood, bordering on the shores of the Mediterranean.

"The game is up!" exclaimed the foremost rider suddenly springing from his steed, as the heavily-caparisoned war charger sank beneath him; "and my life and diadem, are not worth an hour's purchase!"

"Courage, royal Otho!" said his companion, likewise dismounting; and speaking in a hollow and suppressed voice, as though the action gave him great pain; "the hope that has carried you thus far from the hot pursuit of your enemies, must yet bear you on."

"Now by Saint Peter, noble count! your advice is physic to a dying man. My good steed has breathed his last, and these weary limbs will poorly aid me in eluding the scent of blood-hounds who track my steps."

"Danger besets you on every side," returned the wounded knight impatiently; "but delay is certain death. Mount my horse, and speed for life through the forest."

"I value existence too little to prolong mine on such dishonorable terms, brave Hermon. Never shall my enemies say that Otho of Germany fled like a coward, leaving his friend to the mercy of the treacherous fiends who have brought his life and honor into such fearful jeopardy."

"My liege, this is not a time to indulge in chivalric sentiments. The fate of an empire depends upon your life. Mine is already sped. Number me with the brave men you have left to the crow and the vulture on yonder illstarred field. Hark!" he continued, sinking from the tree which had hitherto supported him, to the earth, "the foe is on us! I hear the trampling of steeds and the deep baying of the dogs, which rises on the blast like the knell of death."

The Emperor started, and listened, while the surviving steed snorted, pricked up his ears, and shook impatiently his slackened rein.

"You are right, Hermon; they are near—arise and fly! Darkness will no longer conceal us. See—the moon bursts forth."

He paused in breathless suspense, but received no answer. He touched the hand of the knight which lay extended on the ground—the icy coldness chilled him! He loosed the clasp of his visor, and lifted the heavy steel casque from his head. Through a misty atmosphere, the moon shed a sickly light on the pale brow and bloodstained hair of the knight. Otho gazed for a moment on the lifeless form of his friend, sprang to his steed, and fled through the forest with desperate speed. The night was far advanced; the wind, which had been

rising for some hours dispelled the haze which had enveloped the moon, and she now shone in cloudless glory on the ocean.

No sail was visible—no indication of the haunts of men met the anxious glance of Otho, as he slowly paced the beach, leading his tired horse, and bitterly ruminating on the past. Where should he gain a lodging for the night? To effect this object would risk a discovery. While he was meditating on the course to be pursued, the sound of revelry met his ear—the laugh, the song, the wild huzza, rose on the wind, & mingled with the hollow wailing of the billows, which rolled in living brightness at his feet. Otho looked cautiously around, as a boisterous peal of merriment awoke the lonely echo of the place; but though the sound seemed near, no object met his eye, but the broad expanse of moving water, and the deep shadow of the bold craggy rock beneath which he stood. He began to think something of magical illusion prevailed. At length the following ditty was chanted in full chorus, by many voices, in his native tongue:

Where the sun warms, or the tempest lowers,
The treasures of ocean and earth are ours.
Freedom and conquest attend our sail,
And the prize shall be ours ere the moon turn pale.

The wind that ruffles the breast of the deep,
And howls round our cavern shall lull us to sleep.
We sail by the glory of moonbeam and star,
And shout to the billow that bears us afar.

Bear a hand! bear a hand! unmoor the boat,
With the wind and the tide, to our vessel float.
When the black flag is hoisted rude warfare
Is nigh,
Where its dark shadow quivers the boldest will fly.

Then courage, my mates, the wind sings loud;
The moon has burst from her swarthy cloud.
Again must we dash through the angry roar
Of the foaming surge, ere the night is o'er!

This wild burst freed the Emperor from doubt as to the professions of the revellers; and he rightly concluded that he was near the rendezvous of one of the notorious hordes of pirates which, in that dark age, infested every island and shore of the Mediterranean. Finding that he was likely to escape from Scylla only to fall into Charybdes, he was about to bend his course in a different direction, when his horse, with the natural sagacity of his species finding himself near the haunts of men, neighed long and loudly. The sound had scarcely gone forth, before all was silent in the cavern; and Otho had time only to disengage his plumed helm, and commit it to the deep, ere a huge stone was rolled from the mouth of a cave, artfully concealed by a projecting angle of the rock. A flood of light instantaneously burst forth, revealing a group of men, variously attired, feasting round a table, hewn from the rock, which blazed with goblets of precious metal, filled with the sparkling juice of the grape.—In another moment the Emperor was surrounded by armed men, whose fierce and menacing gestures indicated that little mercy or forbearance was to be expected at their hands.

The prince accustomed to command a turbulent and warlike people, bent not from his native dignity in addressing the lawless band before him. Courage could not rescue him from his perilous situation; but a bold and resolute carriage was more likely to succeed with such men than cowardly supplications or mean submission. Turning therefore to the foremost in the group, whom, by his proud bearing and fierce demeanor, he concluded to be their leader, he said—"Chance and my evil destiny have thrown me into your power; my rank is noble; aid me in my present need and I will so amply reward your services, that henceforth you may abandon the lawless life you pursue."

The pirate tauntingly answered—"Methinks, the fortunes of an unhelm'd knight would pay us poorly for exercising the rites of hospitality! What sum could you offer, of sufficient magnitude to tempt the rover to forsake his traffic on the deep? The wealth of nations is ours—we have bought our freedom on the wave with our blood, and derive our treasures from the most remote regions of the earth."

"Peace, Theodoric!" exclaimed a voice from behind, which made Otho start, as a tall martial figure emerged from the cavern. "Is it thus," he continued, addressing his comrade, "that you prove your boasted freedom, by playing the tyrant to a stranger whose misfortune it is to have fallen into our hands? Now, by St. Nicholas! the patron of the mariner, I find man is the same arbitrary being on the throne, in the camp, or on the deep. Give him power and he abuses the prerogative with which he is invested." During this speech Otho examined, with an air of troubled interest, the dark, but intelligent countenance of the outlaw. His figure was lofty, well and strongly formed. Tho' plainly attired in the coarse garb of a seaman, he possessed a firmness of step, and grandeur of deportment, indicating high lineage, and early acquaintance with arms. His complexion had suffered from the scorching influence of the hotter climate and constant exposure to the weather; but the fire of genius pervaded his features, and flashed through the dark and piercing eye, which spoke

of deeds, boldly resolved and fearlessly executed. His brow was marked with an expression of deep and settled melancholy, whose gloomy power had stolen the glow of health from his cheek, and shed its blight on the rich masses of raven hair, which in the full meridian of manhood, were already mingled with silver. His countenance, once seen, could not easily be forgotten; & the remembrance of its lineaments recurred to the mind of the Emperor like a troubled dream, recalling the calm sports of boyhood, the rash and impetuous career of youth, the fierce tyranny that had marked his entrance on manhood.—"It is only fancy, or he, too, would recognize me," he exclaimed to himself, as the pirate, turning to him said in a courteous tone—"Sir Knight, you are welcome to our rugged cheer—follow me."

The cavern was strongly illuminated with torches, which gleamed on arms and trophies won from remote and barbarous nations. The Captain, however, motioned Otho to a seat at the lower end of the board, and having seen him well supplied with refreshments, turned to a beautiful youth who was seated at his right hand, his head resting on a small lot. With that youth he entered into earnest conversation, from time to time casting significant glances on Otho. Once, the Emperor encountered the full, languishing blue eye of the stripling, whose color mounted even to the snowy temples, which glittered with marble whiteness from among the flaxen locks by which they were shaded. He turned away his head to conceal his confusion, and his hand unconsciously fell over the instrument; it emitted a tremulous strain of melody, and the minstrel as if gathering courage from the sound, sang a simple air which served more forcibly to chain the attention of the Emperor. As if under the influence of magic, he gazed with intense interest on the dark browed chief, and on the fair-haired youth beside him.

My native land! my native land!
How many tender ties,
Connected with thy distant strand,
Call forth my heavy sighs.

The rugged rock—the mountain stream—
The hoary pine tree's shade;
Where, often, in the noon-tide beam,
A happy child I strayed!

I think of thee when early light
Is trembling on the hill;
I think of thee at dead midnight,
When all is dark and still!

I think of those whom I shall see
On this fair earth no more,
And wish in vain for wings to flee
Back to my much loved shore.

The pirate cast a look of tender and melancholy regard on the minstrel, and Otho was on the point of expressing the pleasure his enchanting voice had afforded him, when the outlaw to whom he had first spoken, suddenly asked, in an imperious tone, "Sir Knight, whence came you?"

A dark frown rested on the brow of Otho as he replied in a tone equally haughty—"From the field of Busentelle." "How went the battle?" "It was not the sword of the mighty, or force of the strong, that won the field," returned the Emperor—"Treachery prevailed." "How!" exclaimed the captain, starting to his feet, "did his Italian friends forsake Otho in his hour of need? This repays the tyrant well for casting from him true hearts and brave!" "You are a German," said the Emperor, fixing his eagle eye on the pirate; what can you know of Otho's private counsels?"

A fierce light blazed in the dark eyes of the robber, as he replied—"What do I not know of them, you should have said. Hear me, Sir Knight, and then judge between this accursed tyrant and me!" He paused, covered his face with his hands, and appeared for some time struggling with bitter reflections; then continued, in a calmer tone—"Stranger, you see before you one of the noblest descended princes of the German empire, the unfortunate Philip of Cologne." The Emperor started—a deadly paleness stole over his countenance—his lip quivered, and his eyes involuntarily sought the ground as the pirate proceeded in his narrative. I served my first apprenticeship in arms under the banner of Otho, and we reaped together immortal glory in many a field. In the war with Sarmatis, the regiments under my command, surprised one night the camp of the enemy; we took much spoil and made many prisoners. Among the captives was a young and lovely female the only daughter of a man of rank, who dying of his wounds, committed her, with a father's blessing, to his victorious foe. Had I followed the first generous impulse of my breast, I should have restored the weeping damsel to her friends and country; but my heart soon owned for the unprotected stranger a tenderer passion. Our affection was mutual, and she promised to become my bride, when the days appointed for the mourning for her father were expired. In the interval, returning to Vienna, I was received with the most flattering demonstrations of regard by the treacherous Otho. But woe to him who puts any trust in the faith of princes! He accidentally saw, and became deeply enamoured of my beautiful Sarmatian.—His passion knew no bounds, and cruelty suggested the

most speedy method of satisfying his wishes. Finding me determined never to surrender my promised bride, he accused me of treason, and suborned witnesses. I was tried by the circle of princes; they dreaded the indignation of the Emperor, and I was sentenced to a heavy fine and perpetual banishment. Rage, despair, and love, were struggling in my breast. I gave myself up to the fury that possessed me; and, in the bitterness of the moment, denounced dreadful imprecations on the head of him who was the author of my sufferings. But the measure of his crimes was not yet full. Eudocia resisted his passion, and treated the bribes he offered her with the contempt they merited.—Accusing her of magic, the enraged and vindictive Emperor sent her, under a strong escort, a prisoner to a distant castle. Permitted to bid adieu to my aged parents before I quitted forever my native land, I had not been many hours beneath the roof of my paternal castle before a friend communicated to me the tidings of Eudocia's sentence and approaching imprisonment. My first idea was to surprise the escort, and win back my bride at the point of the sword. The resolve I instantly carried into execution. I assembled my friends and vassals—I pointed out my injuries; I urged them as men, and as comrades in arms, to assist me in rescuing from destruction a lovely and unfortunate woman. Aided by the darkness of the night, we succeeded in our enterprise, leaving but one man of the whole escort to return with the tale. For that adventure, the ban of the empire was pronounced against me; my name was crossed from the list of princes; my banner was trampled under foot; and a high reward was offered for my head. Pursued from realm to realm—destitute of a home or an abiding place—my name became a bye-word, a proverb in the mouth of my enemies. The sea was before me: I had no other resource—I joined myself to a band of brave, but desperate men, and became pirate and a robber at the hands of Otho! The outlaw ceased, and again passed his trembling hand over his brow.

"And what think you the wretch deserves, who could heap such aggravated miseries on the head of a brave and innocent man?" asked the Emperor in a low and hallow tone.

"The fate he has doubtless met in the field—disgrace, overthrow, and death!" returned the pirate.

"He lives to fulfill the latter part of your sentence," replied the emperor, rising and approaching the outlaw—"Philip of Cologne! do you remember this face? Can you recognize, in a nameless fugitive your ungenerous persecutor, Otho of Germany? Sheathe in this breast your sword, and avenge your indignation on the author of your wrongs." He threw his sword at the pirate's feet, and stood before the astonished assembly with folded arms and downcast eyes. A hallow murmur passed from man to man, and "Down with the tyrant!" trembled on every lip, but no sound was audible.

The pirate sprang to his feet—a dark red flash was on his face—his lips quivered—a fierce warfare of passion shook his frame—"Tyrant!" he exclaimed, "the hour of retributive justice is at length mine. But for thee, I had been the pride and ornament of the land that gave me birth; and had reaped, in honorable warfare immortal glory. Your unrelenting cruelty drove me to the rocks and fastnesses of these islands, and made me the companion of outlawed men—a pirate on the deep. Die! and let my crimes, my lost honour be visited upon thee!" His sword flashed over his head—"Hold!" exclaimed the minstrel boy, casting himself at the feet of the pirate, and staying the uplifted weapon—"raise not your hand against the lord's anointed! He is your prince—once was your friend! Will his blood atone for your past sufferings? Will his condemnation insure your eternal welfare?" The warrior paused—"By you, Philip of Cologne, my voice was never before unheard," resumed the lovely woman, whose disguise could no longer conceal from the Emperor the wife of the pirate—"ever generous and noble, even to your enemies, prove to this unhappy prince how far virtue can triumph over the mean spirit of revenge." "Angel!" exclaimed the Emperor, "cease to plead—your supplications are to my wounded spirit worse than the pangs of death.—May the just God forgive me for the injuries I have wrought!" He covered his face with his hands to conceal the agitation which was visible in every feature; but in despite of all his efforts to repel them, the bright drops forced their way through his clenched fingers. The pirate gazed on the conscience-stricken prince, till the wrath of his countenance passed away, and the tears trembled in his own fierce eyes.—"Live!" he said—"Restore those brave men to their former rank and fortune, and this degraded arm shall reinstate you on the throne of your ancestors."

"No," returned the Emperor, mournfully, "I will not accept life at your hands. A self-condemned and guilty man, I will not attempt to excuse crimes committed in the lust of power, in the heat of youthful passion."

"Has futurity then no terrors?" said Philip. "None to him who has made his peace with Heaven," returned Otho, "who has offered at the throne of mercy the humble sacrifice of a broken heart." "Has your repentance been deep enough to rob the grave of its victory?" "Your noble brother, who lies a corpse in yonder wood, could best have resolved you that question. Oh that his matted breast were my pillow; that the hand, which vainly defended me against a host of foes, were cold and stiff like his!" The outlaw turned away deeply affected, while the Emperor continued, "To atone in some measure for the wrongs I heaped upon your head I passed an edict, recalling you to your country, and restoring you to the honors of which my cruel tyranny had deprived you. I ordered diligent search to be made in every realm for the exiled Prince of Cologne; but all my endeavors to discover the place of your retreat proved fruitless. I bestowed on your lamented brother the favors I had in store for you. At your feet I ask forgiveness of the past, and demand the fulfilment of the just sentence your lips pronounced against me."

He would have thrown himself at the pirate's feet; but the chief received him in his arms ere his knee could touch the earth. Deep silence for some minutes pervaded the assembly; till the band, springing to their feet, and brandishing aloft their weapons, made the cavern ring with "Long live Otho of Germany! Long live Philip of Cologne!"

The pirate true to his promise, safely transported the Emperor to the nearest German port; and the world soon forgot, in the commander-in-chief of her armies and the bulwark of her throne, the once dreaded lion of the Mediterranean.

Rural Repository.

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the subscriber by book account or note, are requested to call and make immediate payment or give a judgment and save cost, as no further indulgence can be given.

He would also inform the public that he still continues to carry on the

Tinning Business

in all its branches, at the old stand on High Street, south west of the market house, Lawrenceburgh, and that he will be able at all times to accommodate customers and others with new work or repair old with despatch.

WILLIAM KELL.

Oct. 25, 1828.

45—6w.

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O. M. SPENCER, Adm'r.

of the estate of Jonathan Dayton, deceased.

Lawrenceburgh, Oct. 8, 1828. 40—6w

Valuable Real Estate for Sale.

BY virtue of a decree of the Dearborn circuit Court will be sold under the direction of the subscriber, administrator of the estate of Jonathan Dayton, deceased, on the premises in the county of Dearborn, in the State of Indiana, on the 24th day of November next at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of that day, section number 16, and fractional sections number 14 & 15 in Township No. 4, range No. 1 west, containing about 1294 acres. Terms and conditions of sale made known by application to George H. Dunn, attorney at law, at Lawrenceburgh, or to the subscriber at Cincinnati.

O. M. SPENCER.

October 15, 1828.

41—1s.

TAKEN UP

On the 22d of September, 1828, by Jubal Buffington, of Laughey township, Dearborn county, Indiana, a ROAN MARE, three years old past—about 14 1/2 hands high—blaze in the face—both hind feet white—hip shot—no other marks or brands perceivable. Appraised to fifteen dollars by Henry Miller and Benjamin Brian. Given under my hand and seal, this 4th of October 1828.

WILLIAM FLAKE, J. p. [seal.]

44—3w

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INDIANA PALLADIUM, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

BY M. Gregg & D. V. Culley,

Publishers of the Laws of the United States.

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The PALLADIUM is printed weekly, on super royal paper, at THREE DOLLARS per annum paid at the end of the year; which may be discharged by the payment of TWO DOLLARS in advance, or by paying TWO DOLLARS & FIFTY CENTS at the expiration of six months. 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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