

## MISCELLANY.

For the Palladium.  
Written on reading the Death of  
Mrs. JACKSON.

Does the Hermitage ring with the accents of  
woe—

Does the wind waft the sound of the knell—  
Does the bosom bereft, with grief overflow—  
Does the heart with its own sorrows swell?

Do the doors on their hinges turn heavy, and  
Lone apartments re-echo the sound, [slow—  
Where kind hospitality cheerfully glowed—  
Do the deep notes of mourning resound?

The face which undaunted could meet the brave  
The eye that could awe without fear, [low,  
Is covered with sadness and sinks with its woe;  
And that eye is dimmed with a tear.

The heart that braved danger, nor shrank from  
the storm,  
Whose mandate could armies control,  
Now swells with its anguish, and seeks the  
loved form,  
And in solitude pours out the soul.

In thy toils and thy dangers how large was her  
Who life's thorny path with thee trod, [share,  
Who smoothed for thy brow the deep furrows  
And pointed thy soul to her God. [of care,  
Has the heart ceased to throb with benevolence  
sought,

And closed is the eye that could cheer—  
Has it drunk the last drops of life's bitter  
Has calamity wrung the last tear? [drought—

The hungry she fed, and the naked she clothed,  
The distressed were relieved from their woes;  
The soldier, war-worn, by her charities sooth'd,  
Her mansion his place of repose.

With but a faint struggle she yielded her  
The pious, the good, and the just, [breath,  
All clad for the tomb in the cold arms of death,  
Her reliefs must mingle with dust.

Could that useful life to her country been  
Seen their peace and prosperity glow, [spared  
Who their wars and dissensions so largely had  
Would it not have solaced her woe? [shared

But her spirit has fled where foes can't molest,  
Her bright lamp of life ceased to burn;  
She meets her reward in the joys of the bless'd:  
A country will weep o'er her urn. M. L.

For the Palladium.

### THE MARCH OF FREEDOM.

Flames, sword and tortures scattered death,  
While superstition chained the will;  
The despot's nod controlled the earth,  
And wives and infants shared the ill.  
'Twas then a placid form appeared,  
And patriots stern her fame declare;  
Her breath was life, her presence hope,  
The deepest pledge centered there.  
Her smile was victory, death her power,  
Herself a deity, on went on,  
Castile a Leon centred bled,  
As her cry to the Cortez, was on march on  
Back to the desert flew the Moor,  
His awful brow shows forth his scars,  
Despair and ruin in his rear,  
As he fled groaning from the wars.  
Who dare meet Freedom in the strife,  
Or in the front of battle stand,  
Where deeds immortal closed the life,  
And soldiers war'd to save a land.  
The galley slave let go the oar,  
He clanked his chains with on go on,  
The smoke of battle raised afar,  
And the shout of the captain was on come on

The spirit stirring power divine,  
Sighed when brave Wallace nobly died,  
Wept when the Howards all in blood,  
The diction just reward applied;  
Heard Sidney, Russell, truly great,  
Chant sweets to freemen woes to slaves,  
And Raleigh careless of the head,  
The heart aight, the weapon braves;  
While Emmet, matchless man of worth,  
Hibernia's son says on come on,  
The pike and cutlass waved in air,  
And the watch-word of Erin, was on lads on.

Britannia feigned for those oppressed,  
Could talk of uncontrolled power,  
While yankee claims and fell distress,  
Stood witnessing a tempest low'.  
Fair Freedom then on our own hills,  
Her everlasting station took,  
She hovered o'er the little band,  
Who dared the tyrant's fury brook.  
And Putnam pleased to be aroused,  
Reserve your fire boys, on there on;  
And Warren glanced his eagle eye, [low.  
While the tide from his bosom roll'd on roll'd

This flowing current spoke revenge,  
From breast to breast the duty ran,  
A host determined took the field,  
To perish for the rights of man.  
On Saratoga's crimson plain,  
At Cowpens famed for battle fought,  
At Brandywine and Old York town,  
One sentiment our fathers caught.  
From every line a chieftain calls,  
Sons of Columbia! on now on,  
The wretch who would enslave you thus,  
Deserves your envy, then on right on.

O sacred cause, may you consent  
Your habitation here to make,  
And from our mountains, hills and wilds,  
Tell of the blessings we partake;  
Arouse the slumbering world to arms,  
Where cruelty's enthroned to grieve,  
Beyond the line to Holland's isle,  
A commonwealth from thence receive;  
Let heroes rise in furious war,  
Whose motto—Freemen on go on,  
Will wake the monster tyrants all,  
With the clash of the bayonet, & on, on, on.

DEARBORN.

Rodolph township, Feb. 1829.  
The Life and Terrible Death of Morgan, written by himself, and translated by Baron Munchausen, is advertised in Boston.

\*The great Captain of Spain.

From the Fairy Legends, by T. Crofton Croker.  
THE WONDERFUL TUNE.

Maurice Connor was the king, and that's no small word, of all the pipers in Munster. He could play jig and planxty without end, and ollstrum's March and the Eagle's whistle, and the Hen's Concert, and odd tunes of every sort and kind. But he knew one, far more surpassing than the rest, which had in it the power to set every thing, dead or alive, dancing.

In what way he learned it, is beyond my knowledge, for he was mighty cautious about telling how he came by so wonderful a tune. At the very first note of that tune, the brogues began shaking upon the feet of all who heard it—old or young, it mattered not—just as their brogues had the auge; then the feet began going—going—going from under them, and at last up and away with them, dancing like mad!—whisking here, there, and any where, like a straw in a storm—there was no halting while the music lasted!

Not a fair, nor a wedding, nor a patron in the seven parishes round, was counted worth the speaking of, without blind Maurice and his pipes." His mother, poor woman, used to lead him about from one place to another, just like a dog.

Down through Iveragh—a place that ought to be proud of itself, for 'tis Dan O'Connell's country—Maurice Connor and his mother were taking their rounds. Beyond all other places Iveragh is the place for stormy coasts and steep mountains; as proper a spot it is as any in Ir-land to get yourself drowned, or your neck broken on the land, should you prefer that. But notwithstanding, in Ballinskelling Bay there is a neat bit of ground, well fitted for diversion, and down from it, towards the water, is a clean, smooth piece of strand—the dead image of a calm summer's sea on a moon light night, with just the curl of the small waves upon it.

Here it was that Maurice's music had brought from all parts a great gathering the young men and young women—O the darlins!—for 'twas not every day the strand of Trafraska was stirred up by the voice of a bagpipe. The dance began; and as pretty a rickafadda it was as ever was danced. "Brave music," said every body, "and well done," when Maurice stopped.

"More power to your elbow, Maurice, and a fair wind in the bellows," cried Paddy Dorman, a hump back dancing master, who was there to keep order. "Tis a pity," said he, "if we'd let the piper run dry after such music; 'twould be a disgrace to Iveragh, that didn't come on it since the week of the three Sundays." So as well became him, for he was always a decent man, says he, "Did you drink, piper?"

"I will, sir," says Maurice, answering the question on the safe side, for you never yet knew piper or schoolmaster who refused his drink.

"What will you drink, Maurice?" said Paddy.

"I'm no ways particular," says Maurice; "I drink any thing, and give God thanks, barring raw water; but if 'tis all the same, you, mister Dorman, may be you wouldn't lend me the loan of a glass of whiskey?"

"I've no glass, Maurice," said Paddy; "I've only the bottle."

"Let that be no hindrance," answered Maurice; "my mouth just holds a glass to the drop; often I've tried it sure."

So Paddy Dorman trusted him with the bottle—more fool was he; and, to his cost, he found that though Maurice's mouth might not hold more than the glass at one time, yet owing to the hole in his throat it took many a filling.

"That was not bad whiskey, neither," says Maurice, handing back the empty bottle.

"By the holy frost, then!" says Paddy, "tis but cold comfort there's in that bottle now; and 'tis your word we must take for the strength of the whiskey, for you've left us no sample to judge by," and to be sure Maurice had not.

Now I need not tell any gentleman or lady with common understanding, that if he or she was to drink an honest bottle of whiskey at one pull, it is not all the same thing as drinking a bottle of water; and in the whole course of my life I never knew more than five men who could do so without being overtaken by the liquor. Of these Maurice Connor was not one, though he had a stiff head enough of his own—he was fairly tipsy. Don't think I blame him for it: 'tis often a good man's case; but true it is the word, that says, 'when liquor's in, sense is out'; and puff, at a breath, before you could say 'Lord, save us!' out he blasted his wonderful tune.

'Twas really then beyond all belief or telling the dancing. Maurice himself could not keep quiet; staggering now on one leg, now on the other, and rolling about like a ship in a cross sea, trying to humor the tune. There was his mother too, moving her old bones as light as the youngest girl of them all; but her dancing, no, nor the dancing of all the rest, is not worthy the speaking about to the work that was going on down upon the strand. Every inch of it covered with all manner of fish jumping and

plunging about to the music and every moment more and more would tumble in and out of the water, charmed by the Wonderful Tune. Crabs of monstrous size spun round and round on one claw with the nimbleness of a dancing master, and twirled and tossed their other claws about like limbs that did not belong to them. It was a sight surprising to behold.

Never was such an ullaballoo in this world, before or since; 'twas as if Heaven and Earth were coming together; and all out of Maurice Connor's Wonderful Tune!

In the height of these doings, what should there be dancing among the outlandish set of fishes, but a beautiful young woman—as beautiful as the dawn of the day! She had a cocked hat upon her head; from under it her long green hair—just the color of the sea—fell down behind, without hindrance to her dancing. Her teeth were like rows of pearl; her lips for all the world looked like red coral; and she had an elegant gown, as white as the foam of the wave, with little rows of purple and red sea weeds settled out upon it; for you never yet saw a lady, under the water, or over who had not got a good notion of dressing herself out.

Up she danced at last to Maurice, who was flinging his feet from under him as fast as hops—for nothing in this world could keep still while that tune of his was going on—and says she to him, chanting it out with a voice as sweet as honey—

"I'm a lady of honour  
Who live in the sea;  
Come down Maurice Connor,  
And be married to me."

Silver plates and gold dishes  
You shall have, and shall be  
The king of the fishes  
When you're married to me."

Drink was strong in Maurice's head & out he chanted in return for her great civility. It is not every lady, may be, that would be after making such an offer to a blind piper; therefore 'twas only right in him to give her as good as she gave herself—so says Maurice,—

"I'm obliged to you madam:  
Off a gold dish or plate,  
Ha a king, and I had 'em,  
I could due in great state,  
With your own father's daughter  
I'd be sure to agree;  
But to drink the salt water  
Would not do so with me."

The lady looked at him quite amazed, and swinging her head from side to side, like a great scholar, "Well, says she, Maurice, if you're not a poet, where is poetry to be found?"

In this way they kept on at it, framing high compliments; one answering the other, and their feet going with the music as fast as their tongues. All the fish kept dancing too; Maurice heard the clatter and was afraid to stop playing, least it might be displeasing to the fish, and not knowing what so many of them may take it into their heads to do to him if they got vexed.

Well the lady with green hair kept on coaxing of Maurice with soft speeches, till at last she over persuaded him to promise to marry her, and be king over the fishes great and small. Maurice was well fitted to be their king, if they wanted one that could make them dance; and he surely would drink, barring the salt water, with any fish of them all.

When Maurice's mother saw him with that unnatural thing in the form of a green haired lady as his guide, and he and she dancing together so lovingly to the water's edge, through the thick of the fishes, she called out after him to stop and come back. "Oh, then," says she, "as if I was not widow enough before there he is going away from me to be married to that sealy woman. And who knows but 'tis grandmother I may be to a hake or a cod—Lord help & pity me, but 'tis a mighty unnatural thing!"—Young Maurice boldly replied, "Better rule in hell than serve in Heaven." Mr. Tooke once broke in upon him when in the midst of an oration to these lads, and desired him to follow him to his parlour. Young Wesley, offended by being thus abruptly deprived of an opportunity of display, obeyed very reluctantly. When they had reached the parlour Mr. Tooke said, "I wonder that you who are so much above the lower forms, should constantly associate with them, for you should affect the company of the bigger boys, your equals!"—Young Wesley boldly replied, "Better rule in hell than serve in Heaven." Mr. Tooke dismissed his pupil with this observation.

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Cotton township, Switzerland county, Ind. 19th Jan. 1829. 4-3w

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