

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 heave, 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, [slow—
Is covered with sadness and sinks with its woe,
And that eye is dimmed with a tear.

The heart that braved danger, nor shrunk 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
fraught,
And closed is the eye that could cheer—
Has it drunk the last dregs of life's bitter
Has calamity wrung the last tear? [draught—

The hungry she fed, and the naked she clothed,
The distressed were relieved from their woes;
The soldier, war-worn, by her charities soothed,
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 relics must mingle with dust.

Could that useful life to her country been
Seen their peace and prosperity flow, [spared,
Who their wars and dissensions so largely had
Would it not have soothed 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 blessed:
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 dearest pledges centered there.

Her smile was victory, death her power,
Herself a deity, on went on,
Castile a Leon centuries 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 won to slaves,
And Raleigh careless of the head,
The heart afloat, 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.

Britania feigned for those oppressed,
Could talk of uncontrolled power,
While Yankee claims and fell distress,
Stood witnessing a tempest low'r.

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, [on,
While the tide from his bosom rolled 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 go on go on,
Will wake the monster tyrants all,
With the clash of the bayonet, & on, on, on.

DEARBORN.
Rudolph township, Feb. 1829.

The Life and Terrible Death of Mor-
gan, 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 plau-
xty 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 sur-
passing 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 cau-
tious 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 age; then the
feet began going—going—going from
under them, and at last up and away
with them, dancing like mad!—whisk-
ing 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 pat-
ron 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-
iel O'Connell's country—Maurice Con-
nor and his mother were taking their
rounds. Beyond all other places Iver-
agh is the place for stormy coasts and
steep mountains; as proper a spot it is as
any in Ireland 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 pi-
per run dry after such music; 'twould be
a disgrace to Iveragh, that didn't come
on it since the week of the three Sun-
days." 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 Mau-
rice; "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 bot-
tle 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; straggling 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 moth-
er 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 be-
hold.

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

In the height of these doings, what
should there be dancing among the out-
landish 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 dan-
cing. 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 lit-
tle 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 clinging 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—

"Pin 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,

If a king and I had 'em,

I could dine 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 mu-
sic 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 speech-
es, till at last she overpersuaded 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 wa-
ter, 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 scaly 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!—and
may be 'tis boiling and eating my own
grandchild I'll be, with a bit of salt butter,
& I not knowing it!—Oh! Maurice, Mau-
rice! if there's any love of nature left in
you, come back to your own *ould* mother,
who reared you like a decent christian!"

Then the poor woman began to cry
and ullagoo so finely that it would do
any one good to hear her.

Maurice was not long getting to the
rim of the water; there he kept playing
and dancing on as if nothing was the mat-
ter, and a great thundering wave com-
ing in towards him, ready to swallow
him up alive; but as he could not see it
he did not fear it. His mother it was
who saw it plainly through the big tears
that were rolling down her cheeks; and
though she saw it, and her heart was
aching as much as ever mother's heart
ached for a son, she kept dancing, dan-
cing all the time for the bare life of her.
Certain it was she could not help it, for
Maurice never stopped playing that
wonderful tune of his.

He only turned the bothered ear to
the sound of his mother's voice, fearing
it might put him out in his steps, and all
the answer he made back was,

"Whist with you, mother—sure I'm
going to be king over fishes down in the
sea, and for a token of luck, and a sign
that I'm alive and well, I'll send you in

every twelvemonth on this day, a piece of
burned wood at Trafraska."

Maurice had not the power to say a
word more, for the strange lady with
the green hair seeing the wave just up-
on them, covered him up with herself in
a thing like a cloak with a big hood to it,
and the wave curling over twice as high
as their heads, burst upon the strand,
with a rush and a roar that might be
heard as far as Cape Clear.

That day twelvemonth the piece of
burning wood came ashore in Trafraska.
It was a queer thing for Maurice to
think of sending all the way from the
bottom of the sea. A gown or pair of
shoes would have been something like
a present for his poor mother; but he had
said it, and he kept his word. The bit
of burned wood regularly came ashore
on the appointed day, for as good, aye
better than a hundred years. The day
is now forgotten, and may be that is the
reason why people say how Maurice
Connor has stopped sending the luck
token to his mother. Poor woman, she
did not live to get as much as one of
them; for what through the loss of Mau-
rice, and the fear of eating her own
grandchildren, she died in three weeks
after the dance—some say it was the fa-
tigue that killed her, but whichever it
was, Mrs. Connor was decently buried
with her own people.

Sea-faring people have often heard,
off the coast of Kerry, on a still night,
the sound of music coming up from the
water; and some who have had good
ears, could plainly distinguish Maurice
Connor's voice singing those words to his
pipes:—

"Beautiful shore, with thy spreading strand,
The crystal water and diamond sand;
Never would I have parted from thee,
But for the sake of my fair lady."

Anecdote of Wesley.—When a boy, he
was in the Charterhouse; the Rev. Mr.
Tooke, author of the *Pantheon*, was then
Master, who observed that his pupil,
though he was remarkably forward in
his studies, constantly associated with
the inferior classes and was usually sur-
rounded by a number of little boys.—
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 par-
lour. 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
to the Under-Master, "That boy, though
designed for the Church, will never get
a living in it, for his ambitious soul will
never acknowledge a superior or be con-
fined to a parish."—*Life of Wesley.*

Administrators' Notice.

WE, the subscribers, having been appointed
Administrators of the estate of WILLIAM
WILSON, deceased, late of Cotton township,
Switzerland county, notify all persons indebted
to said estate to make immediate payment;
and those having claims against said estate to present
them duly authenticated for settlement, within
one year from date.

The estate is considered solvent.

SUSANAH WILSON,

JOHN WATSON,

Administrators.

Cotton township, Switzerland }
county, Ind. 19th Jan. 1829. 4-37

Administrators' Notice.

THE undersigned having taken out letters of
administration on the estate of WILLIAM RO-
GARD, late of the county of Ripley, deceased,
herby notify all persons indebted to said estate
to make payment immediately; and those hav-
ing claims against it, to present them properly
authenticated for settlement within one year
from date.

The estate is considered solvent.

WILLIAM MARKLAND,

MARY ROGARD,

Administrators.

January 29 1829 4-38

Administrator's Notice.

PATRICK O'BRIAN, of Dearborn county, has
taken out letters of administration on the es-
tate of CORNELL MESSENGER, late of said
county, deceased; all persons having claims or
debts against said estate, are requested to
produce the same within one year to said ad-
ministrator; and all those indebted to said es-
tate are requested to make immediate pay-
ment to said administrator. From the best infor-
mation he has been able to obtain, he believes said
estate to be insolvent, and claims the settlement
thereof as such.

Said administrator also intends offering for
sale, at his residence in K-Isa township, Dear-
born county, on the 21st day of February next,
his household furniture and farming utensils, the
property of the said deceased.

PATRICK O'BRIAN, Adm'r.

24th January, 1829. 4-39

Stray Horse Taken Up.

BY Stephen Liddle of Law-
renceburg township, about
the 20th November last—colour
sorrel—crease fallen—very old—
no known—no other marks
or brands perceivable. Apprais-
ed to 12 dollars and 50 cents by Jacob Perceval
and Daniel Davis.

Certified on oath before me this 17th day of
January, 1829.
BENJAMIN FULLER, J. p. [seal.]
A true copy from my estray book. B. F. J. p.

JOB-PRINTING.

ALL KINDS NEATLY EXECU-
TED AT THIS OFFICE.

STATE OF INDIANA, }
DEARBORN COUNTY, }
Dearborn Circuit Court:

October Term, 1828.

Samuel Bond and Samuel Rees, }
Executors of David Rees, }
vs. }
Lewis Ingols and others. }
On com-
plaint in
Chancery.

NOW comes the complainant, by Dunn their
attorney, and prove to the satisfaction of the
court, that Dennis Cragg, one of the defendants
aforesaid, is not a resident of the state of Indi-
ana; it is therefore ruled and ordered by the
court, that notice of the pendency of the forego-
ing bill of complaint be published four weeks
successively, in the Indiana Palladium, a news-
paper printed and published in Lawrenceburg,
Dearborn county, notifying and requiring the
said Dennis Cragg to be and appear before the
judges of the Dearborn circuit court, in chancery
sitting, on the first day of their next term, to
be held at Lawrenceburg, and for said county,
on the first Monday in April next, then and
there to answer to the bill of complaint aforesaid,
or the matters and things therein prayed
for, as to him, will be taken as confessed, and a
decree thereon, as to him, will be entered ac-
cordingly.

JAMES DILL, Clerk.

27th January, 1829. 4-40

STATE OF INDIANA, }
DEARBORN COUNTY, }
Dearborn circuit court:

October Term, 1828.

Robert Gillespie, }
vs. }
George Newton, }
On complaint in Chancery.

NOW comes the complainant, by Lane his at-
torney, and files his affidavit that the said
defendant is not a resident of this state, and ap-
pearing to the satisfaction of the court, that the
said defendant George Newton is not a resident
of the state of Indiana; it is therefore ordered
by the court, that notice of the pendency of the
said bill of complaint be published for four
weeks successively in the Indiana Palladium, a
newspaper printed and published at Lawrence-
burg, Dearborn county, requiring the said de-
fendant to be and appear before the judges of the
Dearborn circuit court, on the first day of their
next term, to be held at Lawrenceburg, in
and for the county of Dearborn, on the first
Monday in April next, then and there to answer
the matters and things in the said bill contained,
or the same will be taken as confessed, and the
matters therein prayed for, decreed accordingly.

JAMES DILL, Clerk.

27th January, 1829. 4-41

STATE OF INDIANA, }
DEARBORN COUNTY, }
Dearborn circuit court:

October Term, 1828.

Margaret Bartley, }
vs. }
George Bartley. }
On Petition, or Bill
for Divorce.

NOW comes the said complainant, by Lane
her attorney, and files her petition praying a
divorce from her said husband, for certain rea-
sons in said petition set forth, and it appearing
to the satisfaction of the court, by proof now
made in court made, that the said George Bar-
tley is not a resident of this state; it is therefore
ordered and directed by the court, now here in
chancery sitting, that notice of the pendency of
said petition be published in the Indiana Palladium,
a newspaper printed and published at Lawrence-
burg, Dearborn county, requiring the
said defendant to be & appear before the judges
of the Dearborn circuit court, on the first day
of their next term to be held at Lawrenceburg,
in and for the county of Dearborn, on the first
Monday in April next, then and there to answer
the matters and things in the said petition con-
tained, or the same will be taken as confessed,
and the matters therein prayed for, will be de-
creed accordingly.

JAMES DILL, Clerk.

27th January, 1829. 4-42

STATE OF INDIANA, }
DEARBORN COUNTY, }
Dearborn circuit court:

October Term, 1828.

Richard Robinson, }
vs. }
Hannah Gattenby and others. }
In Chancery.

AND now on this day the plaintiff, by Stevens
and St. Clair his solicitors, comes and by
affidavit proves to the satisfaction of the court,
that Hannah Gattenby, Andrew Gattenby, Wil-
liam Gattenby, Mary Gattenby, Thomas Gatten-
by and Johnathan Gattenby, six of the above de-
fendants, are not residents of this state, and
thereupon, on motion, the court order and di-
rect by good proof, now here in court made,
that the said defendants are not now residents
of this state; it is therefore ordered and directed
by the court, now here in chancery sitting, that
notice of the pendency of the said bill of com-
plaint be published in the Indiana Palladium, a
newspaper printed and published in Lawrence-
burg, Dearborn county, Indiana, summoning
and requiring the said Hannah Gattenby, An-
drew Gattenby, William Gattenby, Mary Gat-
tenby, Thomas Gattenby and Johnathan Gattenby,
to be and appear before the judges of the Dear-
born circuit court, in chancery sitting, at their
next term, on the first Monday in April next,
then and there to answer to complainant's bill
aforesaid, or the same will be taken as confessed,
and the matter and things therein prayed for,
decreed accordingly.

JAMES DILL, Clerk.

27th January, 1829. 4-43

INDIANA PALLADIUM,
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED
BY
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Publishers of the Laws of the United States.

TERMS.

The PALLADIUM is printed weekly, on super
royal paper, at THREE DOLLARS per annum
paid at the end of the year; which may be dis-<