

MISCELLANY.

From the Critic.

BLIND.

BY MR. LEGGETT.

Let others praise the hue
That mantles on thy face,
Thine eyes of heavenly blue,
And mein of fruitless grace;
These charms I freely own,
But still a higher find;
'Twill last when beauty's flown—
Thy matchless charm of mind.

The damp of years may quench
The brightness of thine eye;
Time's icy hand may blanch
Thy cheek's vermilion dye;
Thy form may lose its grace;
Thy voice its sweet control;
But nought can e'er efface
The beauties of thy soul.

What's beauty but a flower
That blooms in summer's ray,
When pours the wintry shower,
Its charms will fade away;
The mind's a rich perfume
That winter cannot ebb;
The flower may lose its bloom,
But fragrance lingers still.

Stars gem the vault of heaven
When day's last hues decline;
As darker grows the even,
With brighter ray they shine:
Thus, in the night of years;
When youth's gay light is o'er,
More bright the soul appears,
Than ere it shone before.

The leaves when autumn blusters,
Forsoke the tree and die,
But falling, show rich clusters
Of fruitage to the eye:
Thus time, in flying, snatches
Thy beauty but displays
One charm that all o'er matches—
A soul that ne'er decays.

From the New England Galaxy.
A LEGEND OF THE LAW.
MARTIN VAN DEINSTER.

There are few places more wildly beautiful and picturesque than some spots in the vicinity of the White Mountains of New Hampshire. Until within a few years the narrow passes of this lofty range were only known to the hunter or Canada trader;—but enterprise has carried society and civilization even here, and fashion, in search of the wonderful and beautiful, has penetrated this secret domain of Nature. The few inhabitants there settled, have been found hardy, enterprising and hospitable, and like the inhabitants of most mountainous districts, full of superstitious legend and marvellous tradition. Among others they have the following:—

Long before these desert lands had been much explored, Martin Van Deinstor arrived in this country from his dear Amsterdam. Martin was not a needy adventurer who had come in search of mines of gold and groves of jewels; but when he left Holland, he was a thriving merchant, and a jolly widower, who could smoke his pipe, drink his strout beer, and slap his thigh at a good joke, with as self-satisfied an air, as the most portly burghmaster of the good city. What then could send him to this land of any thing but promise was a profound mystery to the buxom dames of the land of flannel petticoats, who eyed the muscular figure and leathern purse of the jolly young widower with something near akin to admiration.

At length, however, it was plainly seen that Martin was determined to disappoint the hopes of all of them; and public rumor assigned a thousand different causes for his eccentricity, all, however, founded on escape from public justice. Theft, murder, and a long list of equally amiable deeds were heaped upon poor Van Deinstor, who deliberately packed up bag and baggage,—left most of his funds in the hands of Van Brudder and Co., and marched down to the quay, with his pretty daughter on his arm, as unconcerned about the pother as his grandfather's portrait.

In crossing the Atlantic, Martin seemed to have left behind him many of his most inveterate Dutch prejudices and habits. Instead of planting himself, (as most of his countrymen would have done,) in a marsh or a bog, with a canal in front and fever and ague all round, Martin made his way directly to the highlands of New Hampshire, and selected for his residence a beautiful spot in the midst of one of the passes of the White Hills.

Van Deinstor was too rich and too lazy to take his axe on his back and march resolutely into the wilderness, as is the fashion with new settlers of late years, but with the assistance, which he easily procured, the business of clearing, building and making comfortable was not one of long duration. The house, substantial and Dutch built, was situated on a gentle swell around which a mountain rivulet, a branch of the Saco, rippled with a shallow stream; through its wide and broken bed filled with dark brown rocks and occasional tree-stumps, proved that there were times when it could assume the flood, the force and the destructiveness of a mighty torrent.

Here it was then, that at the very out-post of civilization, Martin Van Deinstor

took up his residence. Had the good dames of Amsterdam seen him, ten miles from any other settlement and a hundred from any thing which bore semblance of a Court of Justice, they would have thought themselves fully justified in their worst suspicions. Still Martin was any thing rather than a misanthrope. His frank hospitality was open to all who sought it, and his home-brewed and tobacco pipes were at the service of all comers, red or white.

As might have been expected, Deinstor was a great favourite with all parties and tribes, and was universally allowed to stand on neutral ground; while his pretty Kate was regarded as an object of stupid homage by all the frequenters of the Dutchman's comfortable domicile. In fact Kate was a pretty girl,—and she knew it. She kept to some Dutch fashions, but neglected all that seemed not to her taste, and thus though she seldom sported half the number of petticoats which a Dutch belle would think seemly, yet the real Amsterdam brevity of those same articles were well adapted to show off an ankle which you never could have suspected had passed its early years in the vicinity of a Dutch dyke.

Deinstor had lived in this curious situation for nearly eight years. He was as proud of his beer, and his tobacco, and his independence, as old Nick Bergen himself, who kept the big inn at Haerlem. Many a one stopped to partake of his gratuitous cheer, and many a one visited his mansion for a peep at his pretty daughter. The truth was, that Kate with her beauty and her expectations, had found out enough of the world, even at that distance, to be a bit of a coquette. Perhaps it was innate—perhaps it is female nature, perhaps—

Among the visitor at Martin's house, there was, however, one, (and we believe only one,) against whom our friend Martin had a very particular dislike. This was a stout, well-made, handsome-limbed young fellow, who followed the various indescribable trades (perhaps, in present days they would be termed professions,) of hunter, trapper, pedlar and bushwhacker. Shrewd, active, cunning and not over conscience-burdened, Andrew Fearencroft was up to any bargain and ripe for any adventure. A good reason for Van Deinstor's antipathy might be found in the fact that on their very first acquaintance, Andrew had taken him in sadly in a bargain. Of this good hit Andrew soon repented, for he found that there was a better chance of making a fortune from the partiality of the daughter, than there was from the small impositions which he might occasionally practise on the father.

Unfortunately for the peace of the family, Kate and her father did not exactly agree in their opinions about Andrew. Matters, as might have been expected, gradually changed from bad to worse. Still the old gentleman never dreamed of real trouble, until at the end of a romping sleigh-ride, Andrew ventured soberly to propose himself to Van Deinstor as a son-in-law. 'Donner and blitzen,' or 'tousand devils,' were too mild words to act as safety-valves to Martin's wrath, and after a vain attempt to give utterance to his feelings, he fairly turned Andrew out of the house, and that too in no very courteous style. After this explosion of true Dutch wrath, (which is rather slow to be started, but always means something when it does come,) Martin was unsociable, testy and uneasy;—and Kate proved herself a tip-top fashionable by indulging in a fit of the sulks, and sat gazing out of the window with a pouting lip and a darkened brow.

For the whole day, the clouds had been rolling up the rough and jagged sides of the lofty range on the north and west. The rain at sunset had not commenced in the valleys and passes, but the rivulets and mountain streams were gradually swelling and uttering louder murmurs as they dashed along, indicating a heavy rain on the highlands. Occasionally, indeed, the mist would rise and discover some higher corner and projecting angle of the hill, but the summit was still higher aloft shrouded in its dark and majestic mantle; and then the clouds would again roll down the ravines, and drag slowly along the lower hills, which like guards around a throne seemed to stand around the monarch of their company, proud of his eminence.

The next morning's sun rose clear and bright upon a scene of destruction and ruin. Martin's nearest neighbor was an English farmer, who had about three months previous settled three miles below Martin's residence. He was of course a good friend of Van Deinstor, more so, from a great similarity in their honest, straight-forward dispositions. He had listened with fearful forebodings to the thunder of the 'mountain-slides,' and at early daylight had sprung forth to survey the ruin, and inquire for the safety of Van Deinstor. He had not, however, proceeded far up the stream, before he saw the object of his solicitude coming towards him, with hurried step and wild manner, with his hair uncovered and blown about by the wind, his dress disordered and muddled—he was springing forward with rapid strides,

now nearly in the centre of the roaring stream and now upon its banks. At the same instant the eyes of both of them rested upon an object, floating upon the waters before them. There was no mistaking it. It was the body of the once blooming Kate,—the pride of the Highlands,—the flower of the wilderness.

Poor Van Deinstor sunk down in utter helplessness by his child—while his friend raised the body, from which life had long since fled, and on the left side, a deep and mortal stab was discovered.

Several days after a mournful group assembled around the now sad mansion of Martin Van Deinstor. The horror which all naturally feel at the burial of a suicide, seemed here more than usually deep and solemn. In the midst of the group of sorrowing mourners stood Andrew Fearencroft, but in his countenance there dwelt more suspicion than woe, more anger than grief. In low whispers he now conversed with a sturdy yeoman, and now with some aged matron; and the tale went round of his former rejection, and of Martin's anger, and of his daughter's spirit; until at last the popular feeling was roused to action, and even over his daughter's grave, Martin Van Deinstor was arrested as her murderer.

Again Martin passed through the thronged street, and again did he mingle in the crowds of his fellow-beings. But it was in the chains of a criminal, not in the garb of riches and honor. It was to meet the horror of the public not the warm pressure of friendly welcome.

The trial came on, and there sat the enrobed judges, and by their sides the clergy, for in those days the pulpit was always the *amicus curie*. And there stood Martin Van Deinstor; but his proud spirit was broken. In a moody stupor he looked round upon the crowd of eager faces that were peering at him with that morbid curiosity for the horrible, which characterizes our species. And there stood Andrew Fearencroft, bold, forward and impudent to tell a tale of his suspicions warped into certainties. Among them all there was one eye that he could not meet. It was that of Martin's English friend. He had been faithful to his friendship from the first. He had consoled the wounded spirit of the broken-hearted old man, and in the midst of persecution and contempt, had still whispered of justification and acquittal. And at length he was placed on the stand, to tell his part of the flimsy evidence before them.

But it was not of Martin that he spoke:—it was of Andrew Fearencroft. He told of his threats, his profligate character, he told of his absence, and concealment until the day of the funeral, and he produced a torn piece of grey cloth, which he swore he had found firmly clasped in the hand of the unfortunate girl as he drew her from the stream.

As the story went on, the eyes of all were turned one by one upon Andrew. Martin seemed roused from his lethargy, at finding himself no longer the object of public gaze; and at last seemed to regard Andrew with a wildly intense look. Until at length the grey cloth was at once recognized as part of a singular hunting frock which Andrew had worn on the morning of the storm.

Andrew had at first tried boldly to face the witness; but to the guilty nothing is so horrible as public scrutiny. His face was now pale, now flushed, until at the last he fell backwards insensible on the floor.

The dense multitude still waited in breathless suspense, while the judges and magistrates consulted for an instant. In a few minutes they again turned to the prisoner, and in a deep low tone the Chief Justice pronounced the discharge of the prisoner and ordered the arrest of Fearencroft. Poor Martin's mind had already borne more than mortal strength can always bear, and he only answered by one burst of loud hysterical laughter and a scream of wild and dreadful agony,—it was his last.

N. N. K.

EDITORIAL COMMENTS. There is perhaps no employment more perplexing, and at the same time more responsible, than that of the editor of a public Journal. Does he print two thousand papers, read by families averaging five persons each, capable of deriving amusement and receiving instructions from the perusal of his publication, he has ten thousand minds to improve, ten thousand fancies to amuse, ten thousand different tastes to consult, and as many whims, caprices, prejudices, to conquer. What is food for the politician, is poison for the philanthropist; and what is calculated to please the gay or amuse the frivolous, will offend the sober sense and natural judgment of the man of thought and reflection. Pursue what course he will, on one side or the other his labors will meet with opposition, his motives, however pure and patriotic, will be watched with the eye of jealousy and misrepresented by the pen or tongue of slander. Musing upon this subject in our editorial chair, we dropped asleep, and either from the nature of the subject, or from some other cause, fancied we were chairman of a club of grumbletonians, who had assembled to consult upon the subject of editing a newspaper. The meeting was opened, and the debate thus commenced.

Mr. Thunderbolt.—Give us Mr. Chairman, more battles, murders, fires, floods, famines, pestilences, convulsions, earthquakes, shipwrecks, storms, and tempests, in such terrible array as will rend the earth and heavens! None of your miscellany and missionary stuff, fit for children and old women.

Mr. Thoughtful. Stop, neighbor, (addressing the gentleman who preceded him instead of the chair) I take no delight in these noisy things. I do not wish heaven and earth rent in twain, battles fought and murders committed, merely for my amusement. Give us, Mr. Chairman, more of the plain, unvarnished tale of times gone by—more news of a peaceable and pleasant nature from the islands of the sea, visited by the heralds of the gospel and messengers of peace—more intelligence of the progress of truth, the suppression of slavery, civilization of the Indians, and the conversion of the heathen.

Miss Flutterbudget. O fie on such stuff, Mr. Chairman; I am prodigiously fond of conundrums, acrostics, anecdotes, epigrams, poetry, miscellany, love adventures, marriages, &c. and the more rebusses the better.

Mr. Political Plain Truth. A fig for your poetry and marriages, Mr. Chairman. Give us solid columns of Presidential messages, Congressional debates, public documents and governor's speeches, as long winded as a country court lawyer, and minute and particular as a bill of exceptions.

Doct. Pepper Pot. I'm out of all patience, Mr. Chairman, with the tiresome length of the public concerns. They are as troublesome as the items of an old fashioned physician's bill. Give us more of the real essence, the genuine Cayenne pepper of political sharp shooting—with now and then an emetic of the real lobelia of electioneering, that will set the whole body politic to vomiting, and raise the political steam engine to such a pressure as will throw the camp of the enemy into utter confusion, out of mere terror at letting off the steam!

Mr. Newsmonger. Well, Mr. Chairman, as for these things of pith and moment—the election slang—I'm absolutely tired of it. I've been a constant reader and firm supporter of your paper these fourteen years—to be sure I haven't paid you—but if you don't give us more news in favor of the Greeks and South American Patriots, I'll positively stop my paper and withdraw my patronage. O dear!—exclaimed

Mrs. Ellen Etymology. What in the name of literature do you mean Mr. Chairman, by devoting a column of "Heraldry to news and all nations lumbering at my back!"—I want more lechures 'pon physiognomy—hornithology—hadjucation—and more translations of Horace's Odes or some other poet of antiquity. My boys, like Boston folks, have a notion to larnen, and I want you to help 'em run 'em through college, and have 'em come out bright as a pewter spoon.

Lady Etymology had hardly finished her eloquent appeal, when

Mr. Yorick Yardstick broke out in a tone of fearful disquietude, and upbraided the chair sharply for devoting so much space to the arts and sciences, literature and religion. None of your belles-lettres from South America—give us the real Cogniac of commercial intelligence—the high price, per yard, of imported goods, such as tea, coffee, rum and molasses—narratives of wonderful perils at sea—losses of whole cargoes of calico, and the destruction of life and property, which men of merchandise are heirs to.

Mr. Moses Mechanic, in as great fermentation as a barrel of new cider, held his breath and his peace, for a moment, but soon gave vent to his feelings.—Mr. Printer, (forgetting the chair) send us no more of your papers with a box of tea, a barrel of rum, and a long catalogue of dittos and et ceteras, pictured out like beer and gingerbread upon a turn-pike—"Tis all *fustian*. Give us a lesson upon the mechanic arts—more notices of new inventions, and now and then a dissertation upon the utility of patent pumps, pea-straw bats, and wooden nutmegs, or some other labor saving machine. The men of tape and buckram are measuring off our estates by the yard, and running away with the mechanics and the country.

Mr. Oliver Ox Bow, the farmer, who sat quietly listening to the arguments and complaints of the family of Grumbletonians, at length gravely rose from his seat, deliberately stacked his good stick, doffed his round top, and said, Mr. Editor, I perceive you are placed in somewhat of a difficult spot. Turn which way you will, haw or gee, your vehicle of intelligence will not go to suit all the teamsters. My opinion is you had best continue to manage your own affairs in your own way—give us the Farmer's department regularly, and a dish of discourse occasionally upon the various topics that agitate our little world—"as much as lieth in you, live

peaceably with all men"—but print the truth, though it give offence.

"Be just and fear not.

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's,

Thy God's, and Truth's.

These remarks were so congenial to our own ideas of fitness and propriety, that we instantly awoke, and lo, the "Watchman had been sleeping upon his post." We immediately committed the dream to paper and resolved cheerfully and merily to pursue our labors.

Dr. G. C. Brooks,

OFFERS his services to the citizens of Hartford and vicinity, in the Practice of Medicine.

His residence is at the house of John Durham, April, 1829. 16—4w

Valuable Property FOR SALE.

ONE LARGE GRIST MILL, SAW MILL and DISTILLERY, with One hundred and ten acres of good rich land, on which is a good two story House, and an apple orchard of between two and three hundred bearing trees, of the best grafted fruit, also between three and four hundred bearing peach trees. The grist mill has two run of stones, and is calculated for four run. The house is large, two and a half stories high, and well calculated for merchant business. The above mentioned property is situated in Dearborn county, Indiana, and is about ten miles from the Ohio river, up Laughery creek, a good stream for mills, and is navigable for Orleans boats a part of the season.

Also—in the town of Aurora, a large two story HOUSE, with a good wall of water, a stable, and other out buildings, well calculated for a store and tavern—situated on Front street, and fronting the river.

Terms—One half cash down, and the balance in easy payments, with interest. For further particulars apply to the subscriber at his mills.

ISAIAH BISBEE.

April 11th, 1829. 14—6w

NEW GOODS.

The subscriber has just received direct from Philadelphia, a general assortment of fashionable Spring & Summer

Dry Goods & Hardware.

Also, expected daily, an assortment of

Queensware, and GROCERIES.

via New Orleans.

GEORGE TOUSEY.

Lawrenceburgh, April 18, 1829.

TAILORING.

THE undersigned has commenced the tailoring business in HARTFORD, where he will promptly attend to calls he may have in his line. By constant application, and by his skill and experience in his profession, he flatters himself that he will be able to give satisfaction to all those who may favor him with their custom. No pains will be spared to procure the latest fashions; and no exertions shall be wanting to accommodate his customers.

HIRSH LAMKIN.

March 28, 1829. 12—1f

Sheriff's Sale.

BY virtue of an execution to me directed, as from the clerk's office of the Dearborn circuit court, I will expose to public sale, as the law directs, at the court house door, in the town of Lawrenceburgh, on the 30th day of May, 1829, in Lot No 28, with the appurtenances thereon, as the property of Hannah Gattenby, John Gattenby & others, to satisfy a Mortgage given by Wm. Gattenby, dec. to Richard Robinson.

JOHN SPENCER, Sheriff, D. C.

May 9th, 1829. 3w

THE ELEGANT HORSE

Sir Francis Drake,



WILL stand the present season the first three days in each week on the farm of Capt. J. Platt, Hoon county Ky. and the balance of the week at Lawrenceburgh, Ia. The prices of the season, &c. have been reduced since last year, which will enable farmers to procure colts from this much admired and valuable horse on very moderate terms. The season will end on the 1st of July.

For terms and particulars, see bills. A. S. PIATT.

April 17, 1829.

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TERMS.

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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.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Containing 12 lines or under, 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.