

MISCELLANY.

Sacrifice for Religion.

By T. H. Bayley, esq.

Too oft in pure Religion's name
Hath human blood been spilt:
And pride hath claimed a Patriot's fame,
To crown a deed of guilt!
Oh! look not on the field of blood—
Religion is not there;
Her battle-field is solitude—
Her only watch-word, Prayer!

The sable cowl Ambition wears
To hide his laurel wreath—
The spotless sword that Virtue bears,
Will slumber in its sheath;
The truly brave fight not for fame,
Though fearless they go forth;
They were not in Religion's name—
They pray for peace on earth!

By them that fear is never felt
Which weakly clings to life,
If shrines, by which their Fathers knelt,
Be periled in the strife:
Not theirs the heart, that spiritless
From threatened wrong withdraws;
Not theirs the vaulted holiness
That veils an earthly cause.

Adventures of a Ranger.

From the Illinois Monthly Magazine.

We do not know that we can fill a few pages more profitably, than by relating an adventure of our neighbor and friend, Mr. Thomas Higgins, as we have heard it from his own mouth. He resides within a few miles of Vandalia and receives a pension from the United States, for his services. The following statement may be relied on, as Mr. Higgins is a man of strict veracity; his companions have corroborated his narrative, and his wounds afford ample proof of his courage and sufferings.

Tom Higgins, as he is usually called, is a native of Kentucky; and is one of the best examples extant of a genuine back-woodsman. During the last war, at the age of nineteen, he enlisted in the Rangers, a corps of mounted men, raised expressly for the protection of the western frontiers. On the 30th of August, 1814, he was one of a party of twelve men, under the command of Lieut. Journey, who were posted at Hill's station, a small stockade, about 8 miles south of the present village of Greenville, and something more than 20 miles from Vandalia. These towns were not then in existence; and the surrounding country was one wilderness. During the day last mentioned, "Indian signs" were seen about half a mile from the station, and at night the savages were discovered prowling near the fort, but no alarm was given. On the following morning early, Mr. Journey moved out with his party in pursuit of Indians. Passing round the fence of a cornfield, adjoining the fort, they struck across the prairie, and had not proceeded more than a quarter of a mile, when in crossing a small ridge, which was covered with a hazel thicket, in full view of the station, they fell into an ambuscade of Indians, who rose suddenly round them, to the number of about 70 or 80, and fired. Four of our party were killed, among whom was Lieut. Journey; one other fell, badly wounded, and the rest fled, except Higgins.

It was an uncommon sultry morning; the day was just dawning; the air was still and humid, and the smoke from the guns hung in a heavy cloud over the spot. Under the cover of this cloud, Higgins's surviving companions had escaped, supposing all who were left were dead, or that at all events it would be rashness to attempt to rescue them from so overwhelming a force. Higgins's horse had been shot through the neck, and fell to his knees and rose again, several times. Believing the animal mortally wounded, he dismounted; but finding the wound had not greatly disabled him, he continued to hold the bridle; for as he now felt confident of being able to make good his retreat, he determined to fire off his gun before he retired. He looked around for a tree. There was but one, a small elm, and he made for this, intending to shoot from behind it; but at the moment the cloud of smoke rose partially from before him, disclosing to his view a number of Indians, none of whom discovered him. One of them stood within a few paces, loading his gun, and at him Higgins took a deliberate aim, and fired, and the Indian fell. Mr. Higgins, still concealed by the smoke, re-loaded his gun, mounted, and turned to fly, when a low voice near him hailed him with, "Tom you won't leave me?"

On looking around, he discovered the speaker to be one of his own companions, named Burgess, who was lying wounded on the ground, and he replied instantly, "No I'll not leave you; come along, and I'll take care of you."

"I can't come," replied Burgess, "my leg is smashed all to pieces." Higgins sprang from his saddle, and picking up his comrade, whose ankle bone was broken, in his arms, and proceeded to lift him on his horse, telling him to fly, and that he would make his own way on foot. But the horse taking fright at this instant, darted off, leaving Higgins, with his wounded

friend, on foot. Still the cool bravery of the former was sufficient for every emergency, and setting Burgess down gently, he told him, "Now, my good fellow, you must hop off on your three legs, while I stay between you and the Indians, and keep them off," instructing him at the same time to get into the highest grass and crawl as close to the ground as possible. Burgess followed his advice and escaped unnoticed. History does not relate a more disinterested act of heroism than this of Higgins, who, having in his hands, the certain means of escape from such imminent peril, voluntarily gave them up, by offering his horse to a wounded comrade; and who, when that generous intention was defeated, and his own retreat was still practicable, remained, at the hazard of his life, to protect his crippled friend.

The cloud of smoke, which had partially opened before him, as he faced the enemy, still lay thick behind him, and as he plunged through this, he left it, together with the ridge and the hazel thicket, between him and the main body of the Indians, and was retiring unobserved by them. Under these circumstances, it is probable that if he had retreated in a direct line towards the station, he might very easily have effected his escape; but Burgess was slowly crawling away in that direction, and the gallant Higgins, who coolly surveyed the whole ground, foresaw that if he pursued the same track, and should be discovered, his friend would be endangered. He therefore took the heroic resolution of diverging from the true course so far, that any of the enemy who should follow him would not fall in with Burgess.—With this intention, he moved stealthily along through the smoke and bushes, intending when he emerged to retreat at full speed. But as he left the thicket, he beheld a large Indian near him, and two others on the other side in the direction of the fort. Tom coolly surveyed his foes, and began to chalk out his track; for although in the confidence of his own activity and courage, he felt undismayed at such odds, yet he found it necessary to act the general. Having an enemy on each flank, he determined to separate them and fight them singly. Making for a ravine which was not far off he bounded away, but soon found that one of his limbs failed him, having received a ball in the first fire, which, until now, he had scarcely noticed.—The largest Indian was following him closely. Higgins several times turned to fire, but the Indian would halt and dance about to prevent him from taking aim; and Tom knew that he could not afford to fire at random. The other two were now closing on him, and he found that unless he could dispose of the first one, he must be overpowered. He therefore halted, resolved to receive a fire; and the Indian, at a few paces distant, raised his rifle: Higgins watched his adversary's eye, and just as he thought his finger pressed the trigger, he suddenly threw his side to him. It is probable that this motion saved his life, for the ball entered his thigh which would have pierced his body. Tom fell, but rose again, and ran, and the largest Indian, certain of his prey, loaded again, and then with the two others pursued. They soon came near. Higgins had again fallen, and as he rose they all three fired, and he received all their balls. He now fell and rose several times, and the Indians, throwing away their guns, advanced on him with spears and knives. They frequently charged upon him, but upon his presenting his gun at one or the other, they fell back. At last, the largest one, thinking probably from Tom's receiving his fire so long, that his gun was empty, charged boldly up to him; and Higgins, with a steady aim, shot him dead.

With four bullets in his body, with an empty gun, two Indians before him, and a whole tribe but a few rods off, almost any other man would have despaired. But Tom Higgins had no such notion. The Indian whom he had last slain was the most dangerous of the three; and he felt little fear of the others. He had been near enough to see their eyes, and he knew human nature sufficiently to discover, that he was their superior in courage. He therefore faced them, and began to load his rifle. They raised a whoop, and rushed on him. "They kept their distance as long as my rifle was loaded," said he, "but now, when they knew it was empty, they were better soldiers." A fierce and bloody conflict ensued. The Indians rushing upon Tom, stabbed him in many places; but it happened fortunately, that the shafts of their spears were thin poles, rigged hastily for this occasion, which bent whenever the point struck a rib, or encountered the opposition of one of Higgins's tough muscles. From this cause, and the continued exertion of his hand and his rifle in warding off their thrusts, the wounds thus made were not deep, but his whole front was covered with gash-

es, of which the scars yet remain in honorable proof of his valor.—At last, one of them threw his tomahawk; the edge sunk deep into Higgins's cheek, passed through his ear, which it severed, laid bare his skull to the back of his head, and stretched him on the plain. The Indians rushed on; but Tom instantly recovered his self-possession and kept them off with his feet and his hands, until he succeeded in grasping one of their spears, which, as the Indian attempted to pull it from him, aided him to rise; and clubbing his rifle, he rushed upon the nearest of his foes, & dashed his brains out; in doing which he broke the stock to pieces, retaining only the barrel in his hand.

The other Indian, however warily he had fought before, now came manfully into battle. It is probable that he felt his character at stake. To have fled from a man desperately wounded, and almost disarmed, or to have suffered his victim to escape, would have tarnished his manhood. Uttering a terrible yell, he rushed on, attempted to stab the exhausted ranger, while the latter, warding off the spear with one hand, brandished his rifle barrel in the other. The Indian, un wounded, was now by far the most powerful man; but the moral courage of our hero prevailed, and the savage, unable to bear the fierce glance of his untamed eye, began to retreat slowly towards the place where he had dropped his rifle.—Tom knew that if the Indian recovered his gun, his own case was hopeless; and throwing away his rifle barrel, he drew his hunting knife, and rushed in upon him. A desperate strife ensued, and several deep gashes were inflicted; but the Indian succeeded in casting Higgins from him, and ran to the spot where he had thrown down his gun, while Tom searched for the gun of the other Indian. Thus the two bleeding and out of breath, were both searching for arms to renew the conflict.

By this time, the smoke which lay between the combatants and the main body of the Indians had passed away, and a number of the latter having passed the hazel thicket, were in full view. It seemed, therefore, as if nothing could save our heroic ranger. But relief was at hand. The little garrison at the station, six or seven in number, had witnessed the whole of this remarkable combat. There was among them a heroic woman, a Mrs. Parsley, who, when she saw Higgins contending singly with the foe, urged the men to go to his rescue. The rangers at first considered the attempt hopeless, as the Indians outnumbered ten to one. But Mrs. Parsley, declaring that so fine a fellow as Tom should not be lost for want of help, snatched a rifle out of her husband's hand, and, jumping on a horse, sallied out. The men, who would not be outdone by a woman, followed, full gallop, towards the place of combat. A scene of intense interest ensued.—The Indians at the thicket had just discovered Tom, and were rushing down towards him with savage yells; his friends were spurring their horses to reach him first. Higgins, exhausted with the loss of blood, had fallen and fainted—while his adversary, too intent on his prey to observe any thing else, was looking for a rifle. The rangers reached the battle-ground first. Mrs. Parsley, who knew Tom's spirit, thought he had thrown himself down in despair for the loss of his gun, and tendered him the one she carried; but Tom was past shooting. His friends lifted him up, threw him across a horse before one of the party, and turned to retreat just as the Indians came up. They made good their retreat, and the Indians retreated.

We repeat this adventure just as it was related to us, and have not the smallest doubt that it is literally correct; or as nearly so as Mr. Higgins's opportunities for observation would admit; for, as he very properly observes, he was in a desperate bad fix just about that time, and it was a powerful bad chance for a man to take notice of what was going on around him.

After being carried into the fort, he remained insensible for some days, and his life was preserved with difficulty by his friends, who extracted all the bullets but two, which remained in his thigh, one of which gave him a great deal of pain for several years although the flesh was healed. At length he heard that a physician had settled within a day's ride of him, whom he went to see. The physician was willing to extract the ball, but asked the moderate sum of fifty dollars for the operation.—This Tom flatly refused to give, as it was more than half a year's pension. As he rode home, he turned the matter in his mind, and determined upon a cheaper plan. When he reached home he requested his wife to hand him a razor. The exercise of riding had so chafed the part, that the ball, which usually was not discoverable to the touch, could be felt. With the assistance of his help-mate, he very deliberately laid open his thigh, until the edge of the razor touched the bul-



Lawrenceburg & Cincinnati POST COACH.

THE proprietor would inform the public that a Post coach will be in operation, by or before the 15th of April, on the route from Lawrenceburg, via Elizabethtown, Cleves, &c. to Cincinnati.

Leave Lawrenceburg on MONDAYS at 6 A. M. and WEDNESDAYS arrive at Cincinnati, at 12, noon. FRIDAYS Leave Cincinnati on TUESDAYS at 6 A. M. and arrive at Lawrenceburg, at 12, noon. SATURDAYS The above line connects with the Indianapolis Mail stage at Lawrenceburg, on Tuesdays.

The proprietor would also inform the public that he has procured a new and elegant fourhorse coach, of sufficient capacity to accommodate 8 passengers, and that intending to superintend the driving in person, he hopes to give general satisfaction. The fare, in all cases, will be moderate.

Persons wishing to take passage will enter their names at the Stage Office in Lawrenceburg, at J. W. Hunter's; and in Cincinnati, at G. L. Murdoch's White Hall Hotel.

JOHN D. CUMMINS,
Proprietor.
March 28, 1831.

Grocery Store.

JUST received and for sale, by the subscriber, corner of High and Short streets, Lawrenceburg, a general assortment of Groceries;

CONSISTING IN PART, OF
Rectified and common
Whiskey, N. Orleans Sugar,
N. O. Molasses, Mackerel
No. 1, 2, and 3, by the bbl.

A lot of Superior Tub
Mackerel, for Family use.

ALSO—Super fine flour always on hand, at Cincinnati prices, with the addition of Freight.

He wishes to contract for 2000
Barrels Flour, deliverable by the 10th August next.—Half the money advanced on close of contract.

ALSO—100 Live Hogs, delivered on the 10th August.

THOMAS SHAW.
April 30, 1831.

NEW GOODS.

JUST received from Philadelphia an extensive assortment of fashionable

DRY GOODS;
WITH A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF
Shoes, Boots, Hats, Books,
Hardware, Cutlery,
PLATED SADDLERY, GLASS,
China, Liverpool
and Queensware,

Groceries, &c. &c.

ALSO—received from Pittsburgh an assortment of

Junietta Nails and bar
Iron, Castings, Hoop,
Spike and Round Iron,
Scythes, Sickles, Buckets,
Saddles, Saddlebags,
Bridles, Bridle fillings,
MARTINGALES, WHIPS,
Collars, &c. &c.

GEORGE TOUSEY.
April 9, 1831.

RECODER'S OFFICE.

THE Recorder's office, of Dearborn county, is kept in a room adjoining the residence of Col. John Spencer, in the town of Lawrenceburg. The undersigned proposes executing all manner of writing, such as acknowledgments on deeds & mortgages, conveyances of land, powers of attorney, leases, articles of agreement, &c. &c. for those who may think proper to employ him, on moderate terms.

THOMAS PORTER,
Fab'y 19, 1831. 7-1f Recorder

1000 FLOUR BARRELS.

THE subscriber wishes to contract for 1000 Flour barrels, of first quality, deliverable by the 10th day of August next. Cash advanced on contract.

JOHN P. DUNN.
April 4th, 1831.

14-1f

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FLOUR & CORN MEAL.

Will be received at this Office on subscription.