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By David V. Culley.

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AN HISTORICAL FRAGMENT.

BY JOHN MACKAY WILSON.

When the tyranny and bigotry of the last James drove his subjects to take up arms against him, one of the formidable enemies to his dangerous usurpation was Sir John Cochrane, (ancestor of the present earl of Dundonald,) who was one of the most prominent actors in Argyle's rebellion. For ages a destructive doom seemed to have hung over the house of Campbell, enveloping in a common ruin all who united their fortunes to the cause of its chieftains. The same doom encompassed Sir John Cochrane. He was surrounded by the king's troops—long, deadly and desperate was his resistance: but at length, overpowered by numbers, he was taken prisoner, tried and condemned to die on the scaffold. He had but a few days to live, and his jailer only waited the arrival of his death-warrant, to lead him forth to execution. His family and his friends had visited him in prison, and exchanged with him the last, the long, the heart-breaking farewell. But there was one who came not with the rest to receive his blessing—one who was the pride of his eyes and of his house—even Grizel the daughter of his love.

Twilight was casting a deeper gloom over the gratings of his prison-house, he was mourning for a last look of his favourite child, and his head was pressed against the cold damp walls of his cell, to cool the feverish pulsations that shot through it like stings of fire, when the door of his apartment turned slowly on its unwilling hinges, and his keeper entered, followed by a young and beautiful lady. Her person was tall and commanding: her eyes dark, bright and fearless; but their very brightness spoke of sorrow—of sorrow too deep to be wept away; and her raven tresses were parted over an open brow, clear and pure as the polished marble. The unhappy captive raised his head as they entered.

"My child! my own Grizel!" he exclaimed and she fell upon his bosom.

"My father! my dear father!" sobbed the miserable maiden, and she dashed away the tear that accompanied the words.

"Your interview must be short—very short," said the jailer, as he turned and left them for a few minutes together.

"Heaven help and comfort thee, my daughter!" added Sir John while he held her to his breast, and printed a kiss upon her brow; "I had feared that I should die without bestowing my blessing on the head of my own child, and that stung me more than death; but thou art come, my love—thou art come!—and the last blessing of thy wretched father—"

"Nay, father! forbear!" she exclaimed; "not thy last blessing! not thy last! My father shall not die!"

"Be calm, be calm, my child," returned he. "Would to heaven that I could comfort thee!—my own! my own! But there is no hope; within three days, and thou and all my little ones will be—" Fatherless, he would have said, but the word died on his tongue.

"Three days!" repeated she, raising her head from his breast, but eagerly pressing his hand; "three days!—then there is hope—my father shall live! Is not my grandfather the friend of father Petre, the confessor and the master of the king? From him he shall beg the life of his son, and my father shall not die."

"Nay, nay, my Grizel," returned he, "be not deceived; there is no hope. Already my doom is sealed; already the king has sealed the order of my execution, and the messenger of death is now on the way."

"Yet my father shall not—shall not!" she repeated emphatically, and clasping her hands together. "Heaven speed a daughter's purpose!" she exclaimed; and turning to her father, said calmly, "we part now, but we shall meet again!"

"What would child?" inquired he, eagerly, and gazing anxiously on her face.

"Ask not now," she replied, "my father, ask not now, but pray for me and bless me—but not with thy last blessing."

He again pressed her to his heart, and wept upon her neck. In a few moments the jailer entered, and they were torn from the arms of each other.

On the evening of the second day after the interview we have mentioned, a wayfaring man crossed the drawbridge at Berwick from the north, and proceeding along Marygate, sat down to rest upon a bench by the door of an hostelry on the south side of the street, nearly fronting what was called the "main guard" then stood. He did not enter the inn, for it was above his apparent condition, being that which Oliver Cromwell had made his head-quarters a few years before, and where, at a somewhat earlier period James the sixth of Scotland had taken up his residence, when on his way to enter on the sovereignty of England. The traveller wore a coarse jerkin, fastened round his body by a leathern girdle, and over it a short cloak, composed of equally plain materials. He was evidently a young man, but his beaver was drawn down so as almost to conceal his features. In one hand he carried a small bundle, and in the other a pilgrim's staff. Having called for a glass of wine he took a crust of bread from his bundle, and after resting a few minutes rose to depart. The shades of night were setting in, and it threatened to be a night of storms. The heavens were gathering black, the clouds rushing from the sea, sudden gusts of wind were moaning along the streets accompanied by heavy drops of rain, and the face of the Tweed was troubled.

"Heaven help thee! if thou intendest to travel far in such a night as this," said the sentinel at the English gate, as the traveller passed him, and proceeded to cross the bridge.

In a few minutes, he was upon the wide, desolate and dreary moor of Tweedmouth, which for miles presented a desert of furze, fern, and stunted heath, with here and there a dingle covered with thick brushwood. He slowly toiled over the steep hill, braving the storm which now raged with the wildest fury. The rain fell in torrents, and the

wind howled as a legion of famished wolves, hurling its doleful and angry echoes over the heath. Still the stranger pushed onward, until he had proceeded two or three miles from Berwick; when as if unable longer to brave the storm, he sought shelter amidst some crab and marble bushes by the way-side. Nearly an hour had passed since he sought this imperfect refuge, and the darkness of the night and the storm had increased together, when the sound of a horse's feet was heard hurriedly plashing along the road. The rider bent his head to the blast. Suddenly his horse was grasped by the bridle; the rider raised his head, and the stranger stood before him, holding a pistol to his breast. "Dismount!" cried the stranger, sternly.

The horseman, benumbed, and stricken with fear, made an effort to reach his arms; but in a moment the hand of the robber, quitting the bridle, grasped the breast of the rider, and dragged him to the ground. He fell heavily on his face, and for several minutes remained senseless. The stranger seized the leather bag which contained the mail to the north, and flinging it on his shoulder, rushed across the heath.

Early on the following morning the inhabitants of Berwick were seen hurrying in groups to the spot where the robbery had been committed, and were scattered in every direction over the moor, but no trace of the robber could be obtained.

Three days had passed, and Sir John Cochrane yet lived. The mail which contained his death-warrant had been robbed, and before another order for his execution could be given, the intercession of his father, the earl of Dundonald, with the king's confessor might be successful. Grizel now became almost his constant companion in prison, and spoke to his words of comfort. Nearly fourteen days had passed since the robbery of the mail had been committed, and protracted hope in the bosom of the prisoner became more bitter than the first despair. But even that hope, bitter as it was, was perished. The intercession of his father had been unsuccessful; and second time the bigoted and would-be despotic monarch had signed the warrant for his death, and within little more than another day that warrant would reach the prison.

"The will of heaven be done!" groaned the captive.

"Amen!" responded Grizel, with wild vehemence; yet my father shall not die."

Again the rider with the mail had reached the moor of Tweedmouth, and a second time he bore with him the doom of Sir John Cochrane. He spurred his horse to his utmost speed—he looked cautiously before, behind, and around him, and in his right hand he carried a pistol ready to defend himself. The moon shed a ghostly light across the heath, which was only sufficient to render desolation dimly visible, and it gave a spiritual embodiment to every shrub. He was turning the angle of a straggling copse, when his horse reared at the report of a pistol, the fire of which seemed to dash into its very eyes. At the same moment his own pistol flashed, and his horse rearing more violently, he was driven from the saddle. In a moment the foot of the robber was upon his breast, who, bending over him, and brandishing a short dagger in his hand, said,

"Give me thine arms, or die!"

The heart of the king's servant failed within him, and without venturing to reply, he did as he was commanded.

"Now go thy way," said the robber, sternly, "but leave me thy horse, and leave the mail, lest a worse thing come upon thee."

The man arose, and proceeded toward Berwick, trembling; and the robber mounting the horse which he had left, rode rapidly across the heath.

Preparations were making for the execution of Sir John Cochrane, and the officers of the law waited only for the arrival of the mail with his second death-warrant, to lead him forth to the scaffold, when the tidings arrived that the mail was robbed. For yet fourteen days, and the life of the prisoner would be again prolonged. He again fell on the neck of his daughter, and wept, and said, "It is good,—the hand of heaven is in this!"

"Said I not," replied the maiden, and for the first time she wept aloud, "that my father should not die?"

The fourteenth days were not past, when the prison doors flew open, and the earl of Dundonald rushed to the arms of his son. His intercession with the confessor had been successful, and after twice signing the warrant for the execution of Sir John, which had as often failed in reaching its destination, the king had sealed his pardon.

He had hurried with his father from the prison to his own house; his family were clinging around him, shedding tears of joy—but Grizel, who, during his imprisonment, had suffered more than them all, was again absent. They were marvelling with gratitude at the mysterious providence that had twice intercepted the mail, and saved his life, when a stranger craved an audience. Sir John desired him to be admitted, and the robber entered; he was habited, as we have before described, with the coarse cloak and coarser jerkin, but his bearing was above his condition. On entering, he slightly touched his beaver but remained covered.

"When you have perused these," said he, taking two papers from his bosom, "cast them in the fire."

Sir John glanced on them—started and became pale. They were his death-warrants!

"My deliverer!" he exclaimed; "how—how shall I thank thee—how repay the saviour of my life? My father—my children thank him for me!"

The old earl grasped the hand of the stranger—the children embraced his knees. He prest his hand to his face, and burst into tears.

"By what name," eagerly inquired Sir John, "shall I thank my deliverer?"

The stranger wept aloud, and raising his beaver, the raven tresses of Grizel Cochrane fell on the coarse cloak!

"Gracious heavens!" exclaimed the astonished and enraptured father, "my own child—my saviour—my own Grizel!"

It is unnecessary to add more. The imagination of the reader can supply the rest; and we may on-

ly add, that Grizel Cochrane, whose heroism and noble affection we have here briefly and imperfectly sketched, was the grandmother of the late Sir John Stewart, of Allanbank, in Berwickshire, and great grandmother of Mr. Coutts the celebrated banker.

Gymnastics.—Among the Greeks and Romans, the training and exercise of the body in different muscular feats and attitudes formed a regular part of their system of education; and this plan has been lately revived in the schools and public seminaries of this country. There is no doubt but that, by constant exercise, the several muscles of the body may be very much strengthened and improved; and that on the contrary by disuse, they become soft, flaccid and weakened. A regular exercise of the different muscles of the body, then, by which they are made to perform their various functions with firmness and precision, must be of the greatest consequence in contributing to the healthy and harmonious state of the system. This is particularly the case with the muscles of the chest, which perform so important a part in the function of respiration: and it must be obvious that the more these muscles are strengthened and improved, by judicious training, from childhood upwards, the more likely is it that the chest will be strong and able to perform its important offices. But it is the same with almost every other part; the muscles of the arm swell out and become vigorous by regular use, and so likewise do those of the lower limbs. It may be remarked, that, among some classes of the peasantry, who wear heavy shoes, with stout and unyielding soles, the back muscles of the leg, from want of use, are thin and flaccid; whereas, those of their arms and shoulders, being constantly exercised, are broad, square, and fleshy. Gymnastic exercises, therefore should be early commenced with children, taking care not to push them to the least extreme, and not to extend them to weak and diseased children, who are unable to endure such fatigue. First of all, the arms should be exercised, by swinging them in the various positions, from ten to fifteen minutes at a time; then the various marches and counter-marches, to exercise the lower limbs should be practised; and running, leaping and other feats may follow. At the same time it must be kept in view that all exercise and exertion when carried too far, is dangerous and hurtful to the system. The simpler the gymnastic exercises are, so much the better, and they should never be continued till the body is exhausted with fatigue; moderately pursued, they are of the most essential service to youth, especially to those in large cities, who have not an opportunity of enjoying the free country air. These exercises have the sanction of the greatest men of antiquity; and Milton, in his admirable treatise of education, recommends them as a necessary part of the training of youth. These exercises may also be of the greatest service to adults, especially to all those whose sedentary occupation keeps them pent up in cities. Caution, however, should be observed by those not previously habituated to such exercises, to begin with the most gentle kind, and accustom themselves gradually; and this advice is particularly to be observed by invalids. Neither should these exercises be ever carried to excess, even by the strong and robust.

Mummies.—There are now exhibited at the Louisville Museum, six Egyptian Mummies, taken from the ruins of the ancient city of Thebes, in Upper Egypt, where they probably reposed for three thousand years. They are in good state of preservation, one particularly, the hair of whose head is in a perfect state. They are eminently worthy the examination of the curious. When we contemplate these remains of mortality, we imagine that we are in company of those who were probably contemporaries with Solomon, and who, perhaps, were distinguished when Thebes was in her glory, and when she poured through her hundred gates her millions of mailed warriors. There is also exhibited a manuscript on Hapryus, in which the characters are as fresh as if they were the work of yesterday—characters which look out alike upon the learned and the unlearned, with a bright and mocking distinctness, awakening curiosity, exercising the fancy, but, after all, defying the understanding. There can be no doubt of their genuineness.—*Lou. Herald.*

March of Mind.—The New York Star, publishes a letter from an American gentleman in Constantinople, under date of the 13th of September, to another in New York which says:

"You will doubtless be surprised to hear that the Turks are now introducing the Lancastrian system of instruction among themselves. Two such schools are now in successful operation in the barracks of Dolma Backeh and Scutari, embracing nearly seven hundred youths, between twelve and twenty years of age; and for several weeks we, and some of our helpers have been constantly engaged in assisting to prepare cards, lessons, translating charts, &c. &c.—*Moderator.*

Peculiarities of the Press.—The stereotyped phraseology of the press is to us a standing joke—a perpetual and never-to-be-exhausted spring of "rational entertainment." Is there an unusual shower of rain in any village within five hundred miles of London?—of course, its like was not known "in the memory of the oldest inhabitants." Does it happen to take place in town instead of the country?—of course, "the metropolis was visited by one of the most awful," etc. Is there a chimney on fire?—of course, "the devouring element" blazes through a long paragraph. Is a stawbonnet-maker's apprentice robbed of her reticule, or exposed to the dignity of having her veil gently thrown back, displaying her beauties to the gaze of the vulgar?—of course, "the deed was perpetrated" either by a "wretch," or a "monster in the human form." Is somebody acquitted by the lord mayor upon a charge of swindling?—of course, he is a person of very "interesting appearance." Is somebody

convicted upon a similar charge?—of course, he is a "suspicious-looking character." Does a gentleman fail to recover, at the hands of a magistrate, a wife who has run away from him fifteen times?—of course, "his feelings may be more easily conceived than described." Do five fools, aged fifty-one years each, happen to meet together at any time on this side of the antipodes?—of course, it is discovered that "their united ages amount to two hundred and fifty-five years." Are people married now-a-days?—no they are always led to the "hymeneal altar." Are they hanged?—by no means; they are "launched into eternity." Do rich landlords give their furnished tenantry a dinner at Christmas?—it is hailed as a noble specimen of "genuine English hospitality."

Confusing Jurors from Meat and Drink.—The Gothic nations were famous of old for the quantities of food and drink which they consumed. The ancient Germans, and their Saxon descendants in England, were remarkable for their hearty meals. Gluttony and drunkenness were very common, that those vices were not thought disgraceful; and Tacitus represents the former as capable of being easily overcome by strong drink as by arms. Intemperance was so general and habitual, that no one was thought to be fit for serious business after dinner; and, under this persuasion, it was enacted in the laws, that judges should hear and determine causes fasting, and not after dinner. An Italian author, in his Antiquities, plainly affirms, that this regulation was framed for the purpose of avoiding the unsound decrees consequent upon intoxication. And Dr. Gilbert Stuart very pertinently and ingeniously affirms, in his Historical Dissertation concerning that from this propensity of the older Britons to indulge exclusively in eating and drinking, has proceeded the restriction upon jurors to refrain from meat and drink, and to be even held in custody until they had agreed upon their verdict.

GREAT ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.—The most remarkable of the phenomena that this year [1834] will happen, is the Eclipse of the sun on Sunday, the 30th of November. This is the third of the very uncommon series of five large eclipses visible to us in the short term of seven years: the fourth of this series will take place May 15th, 1835, and the last, September 18th, 1835.

The eclipse of the present year will doubtless receive great attention throughout the country. In those places where its magnitude will not exceed seven digits, much diminution of the light is not to be expected, even at the time of the greatest obscuration: perhaps however, it may be sufficient to render visible the planet Venus then about 30 deg. E. S. E. of the sun and much nearer the earth than usual: nor will the obscuration be very great where the eclipse is almost total, since it has been observed on former occasions, that the unclipsed part, even when reduced to a mere point, sheds sufficient light to render small objects distinctly visible, and invisible the brightest of the stars. Indeed on account of the reflection of the sun's rays by the atmosphere of the earth, the darkness can hardly with strictness be considered total, even when the sun is completely shut out from the sight. In the great and remarkable one of June, 1806, when the sun was totally obscured at Boston for five minutes, as much light remained as is given by the Moon when full; and greater darkness will not probably be experienced in any place, on this occasion.—*American Almanac.*

From the New Orleans News.

20TH DECEMBER.—Thirty years have now elapsed since New Orleans passed under the wings of the American Eagle. The city then contained about 1000 houses, and eight thousand inhabitants; her commerce was comparatively unworthy of notice; the great staples which now load a thousand ships annually, did not at that time afford business for half a dozen merchants.

In thirty years, New Orleans, has become the greatest mart in the world for cotton and tobacco, sugar and molasses, flour, lead, and a long list of other items. Her banking capital is equal to one fourth of the whole circulating medium of the United States. The value of the trade of the twenty-four States, bears no greater proportion than four to one, when compared to this single city.

If these advances have been made in thirty years, under a variety of adverse circumstances, to what destiny may not this city attain, when population and the arts shall have improved the immense resources with which her trade is connected?

Thirty years ago, one hundred dollars would have purchased a piece of ground in one of our suburbs that could not now be had for one hundred thousand; and thirty years hence will probably afford the same augmentation relative to the real estate in what is now called the outskirts.

There is no spot on the globe, where the rewards of industry are so ample, and the means of sustaining life so cheap. This at once accounts for the influx of strangers from other states in the Union, and nearly every country in Europe. Many of these strangers are unable to stand the ordeal of the climate, and a few depart after amassing wealth; but the tide of new comer's annually adds numbers to our resident population.

Much more might suggest itself, on the present anniversary, either in remembering the past, or anticipating the future. Let the people of New Orleans do but half of what may be termed their duty to themselves and to posterity, and the proudest cities in the world may envy their destiny.

From the Ohio Farmer.

WHEAT.
Mr. EDITOR: As the object of your paper is to benefit the farming interest of the country, I would take the liberty of suggesting a single experiment in the raising of wheat, which I think I have tried to my full satisfaction—I mean the continuing of wheat crops upon the same land, for three or four years in succession.

My mode is this—after the crop is off, I turn in my cattle and hogs to range on the stubble and pick up such loose heads and grains as they may find, until the first of October, or there about. I then give the ground a single ploughing, sow the seed and harrow it in. I have tried this for three years in succession, and the last crop was better than the first, and equally as free from *cheat*, as that sowed in other ground, or as the first crop. Another circumstance inclines me in favor of the practice—While others were complaining of *blight* and *mildew*, my wheat was untouched with either. As I consider an ounce offsets worth a pound of theory, I merely give them, yielding to abler hands the task of theorising. And satisfied I am that every farmer that wishes to thrive should be awake to the improvements of the day.