

## MISCELLANY.

ELECTED.

### ELEGY ON A QUID OF TOBACCO.

It lay before me on the close graz'd grass,  
Beside yon path, an old Tobacco Quid;  
And shall I let the mute adviser pass  
Without one serious thought? No, Heaven  
forbid!

Perhaps some idle drunkard threw thee there;  
Some husband, spendthrift of his weekly hire;  
One who for wife or children takes no care,  
But sits and tipples by the alehouse fire.

Ah, luckless was the day he learnt to chew!  
Embryo of ill, the Quid that pleased him first!  
Thirsty from the unhappy Quid he grew,  
Then to the alehouse went to quench his thirst.

So great events from causes small arise—  
The forest oak was once an acorn seed;  
And many a wretch from drunkenness who dies,  
Owes all his evils to the Indian weed.

Let no temptation, mortal, ere come nigh—  
Suspect some ambush in the parley bid—  
From the first kiss of love ye maidens fly!  
Ye youths avoid the first tobacco Quid.

Perhaps I wrong thee, O thou vet'ran chaw,  
And better thoughts my musings should engage,  
That thou wert rounded in some toothless jaw,  
The joy, perhaps, of solitary age.

One who has suffer'd fortune's hardest knocks,  
Poor, and with none to tend on his gray hairs,  
Yet has a friend in his tobacco box,  
And whilst he rolls his Quid, forgets his cares.

Ev'n so it is with human happiness—  
Each seeks his own according to his whim:  
This toils for wealth, one fame alone can bless,  
One asks a Quid—a Quid is all to him.

O, vet'ran chaw! thy fibres, savory strong,  
Whilst ought remain'd to chew, thy master  
chew'd;  
Then cast thee here, when all thy juice was  
gone,

Emblem of selfish man's ingratitude!

A happy man, O cast off Quid, is he,  
Who, like as thou, hast comforted the poor;  
Happy his age who knows himself like thee—  
Thou didst thy duty—Man can do no more.

From the Stonington Yankee.

Of all the coquettish that are found in the nation,  
There is none that more cheats, than Anticipation!

She wheedles all sexes, conditions and ages,  
The grave and the gay, and the politic sages:  
The young and the old, the rich and the poor,  
All live on her smiles, till she turns them out  
door.

From the New York Enquirer.

JOE STRICKLAND.

Konstanty Nople, Jennewerry, 1823.

Dear & lovin' unkle Ben,

I sponze you thort kaze I waz so darn  
fur of that I wasnt goen to rite you agin,  
but iph you think I kan ever forgit you  
ur Ant Nabby, yew are tarnally mistak-  
en, kaze I should remember yew if I waz  
tother side ov awl kreashun. not by a  
darn site—un iph I ever git Bak agin I'll  
be hang'd if yew ever ketch me in this  
kutthrote kuntry agin. taint half so  
good as old Varmount—I kum plaigy  
neer starvin to deth afore I got here, we  
hadn't northern under heaven to ete half  
the time only Dry Kod fish un taters—  
finally and tarnally arter an everlastin  
long passage we got here i'de been see  
sik awl the time, un had pritty neer  
spewd my gizard up, til by the lord harry  
I wa'nt much bigger rounk than Dekon  
Bigalows pichfork handel—when I  
got hear tha xnt me if I waz ever in  
Turky before, no ses I, but I've had a  
darn menny turkys in me—i'de always  
heerd a plaigy deel about, Turky in  
Urop, in the gogry when I went to shoal  
to Ikabad Krane, where I lart to Spell  
—un by the jumpin jingo my mouth war-  
terd az soon az I landed—by me bye a  
darnashun Big lookin. Blak kind ov a fel-  
ler cum along with trousses on az big az  
meel bags, un a plaigy komikle lookin  
thing on his hed az big az won uv Dekon  
Bingham's beahives—hollo ses I mister  
whisker, Divle ov whasomever yure  
name is, by the grate Mogul ses I, jist  
git me evry Turky in Urop, un I'll be  
dard if I dont swaller the hole boodle  
uv um at won singel meel, for i'me as  
hungree as a church yard—heven and  
airth how the feller skart me, by the  
lord he pulled out a Darnashun long  
krooked, kind ov a soard, that lookt for  
awl the world jist like old Leftenant  
Wedsters Hay Nife un ses he yew darn  
krishthun dog yu've kum out ov greese,  
un want to Swaller awl turky at one  
mowfull, ift yu say anuther wurd by  
the grate mayhommet, i'le kut yew up  
az fine az link meet—now thinks I heer's  
the divle tu pay, but i'le spunk up tu  
him—so sis I, yew Darnashun Blak sun  
ov a turnip—I havnt seen a spunfull ov  
greese sinse I started from yore so yew  
may put up yure Darnashun long krook-  
ed nife—ift you think fur tu kut up eny  
ov yure Darn karkykes with me, I  
ges yule find yureself Pritty plegly mis-  
taken, by the grate mountain iph yew  
say anuther Sassy wurd, i'le Jump down  
yure tarnal throte un gallop yure guts  
out fur too koppers—by Jingo he lookt  
pritty nigh az wite az skim milk, un  
ses he hoo the divle are yew, with  
yure spindle shanks, ses I i'me Joe  
Strickland from old Varmount, and darn  
ye-size—I've got more rale Kimikle Bitz,  
in my pokket than awl turky & Egypt  
put together—un i've kum heer tu git  
the grand Signer to make arnold a Bash-

or with forte thowsent tales—heven and  
aerth, how kweek he hawld in his horns,  
kaze he'd heard about arnold & what a  
Darn kriter he was for selin prizes and  
wuz az fraid ov him az he was of the old  
Nik un ses he, friend Joe, will yew take  
a chaw ov opyum with me—noe ses I  
rather take a jin kok tale by a darn site,  
now my deer unkle Ben, i'll jist let the  
kat out ov the bag & tell yew partly  
what I kum to this kuntry arter—for  
there aint noboddy under heaven nows,  
only arnold and he told me to keep my  
mouth klos az aklam shel till I got Bak,  
so yew musn't even tel ant nabby nothen  
about it—last summer, when I & Joe Laugh-  
ton went to Nigh-agry to se that vessel go  
over the katty rack—I kum akrost an oald  
Squor that told me iph I wou'd give her  
a kwart ov rum, she wou'd tel me where  
Morgin was, so I give her a kimikle Dol-  
ler Bill—nou ses I where is the Darn  
kriter, then she sed he'd gon to konstan-  
ty nople, now by jingo thinks I when I  
go to git Arnold made Bashor i'le jist  
look arter him—un by the grate moses  
Peter I had'n't bin heer fore days afore I  
sea a komikill lookin kind ov a feller, awl  
drest up jist like a tirk, with big trousses  
on—with his face lookin rite at me, but  
kept goin tother way—thinks I that's a  
white Hall boteman, kase he looks one  
way un goes tother—so I run arter him  
un thinks I i'le giv him a littel masonry,  
Jist tu se what he's made ov (kaze i'me a  
a bit ov a mason. i've been on the grid-  
ion) so ses I hello. Jubelo—hello Jubel-  
um ses he—hoo the divle ar yew sis I  
with yore hed on tale foremost, sis he  
i'me, kaptin Bill morgin, un iph yull keep  
yure mouth shut i'le tell yew awl about  
it so we set down on a stump un then he  
sed that he'd lived in yore State a good  
wile un koud,nt make northen, un He  
thort he'd kut a kaper and Print a book  
about freemasonry, and then got sum fel-  
lers from Kanady to karry him of, so tha  
took him to nigh-agary river and when  
tha got him in the middle tha chopt his  
hed off with a Darn big kleaveer un flung  
him overboard, un he swum as much az  
too rod afore he overtake his hed when  
he grab'd it with both hands and stuck  
it on agin un paddled fur Kanady, where  
he found an oald Squor Doktor, that fasn-  
ed his hed on with Beaswax and Terpin-  
time, but he had been in sech a Darn  
hurry he'd got the rong side afore, and  
Dars'nt take it of agin for fear it wou'd  
stick on agin—when he got well he started  
for Konstanty nople, un went awl the way  
by land—now he gits a darn good price  
for takin kare of the grand Signors ser-  
glo, he is kinder kaptin ov the Unacks,  
that take kare ov the gals—kaze, when  
he's goin won way he looks tother. I  
told him I kum to tak him bak to yore,  
where I kould git too thowsen dollers if I  
brort him alive un if I kild him un Brort  
him bak ded, I should git three Thowsen  
—he sed that he'd took so menny steps  
in free masumry That the divl himself  
kould'nt kill him and offerd me forty  
thowsen dollers, tu let him alone un not  
tel where he is, til arter the Next lection  
un i've agreed to say nothen about it, so  
you must jist keep still—he toks a grate  
deel about somebody, that's got a wick  
tu his name, but I forgit what the rest  
on't is—it is north wick or kandle wick  
or some sich-wick and heses he'll be gov-  
verner, in yore state in spite ov the  
divle—he laffs as iph heven un aerth  
were kummin together, when he hars  
what a Darn fuss tha mak about him nou  
tha think he's ded, un he ses that a grate  
menny of them that make the most noise  
about him—hav menny times offerd  
him fore shillin to drink a kwart of Sider  
Brandy rite down, jist to see it kill him,  
but tha aint at the bottom ont, i'el tel  
yew more about it when I kum home—  
paper is pritty darn Skairse here or els  
i'de rite more, in my next letter i'le tel  
yew about the grecks, i'le be hang'd  
iph I no which is the best ov the too the  
Grecks will Steal evry thing yue got,  
un the turks will kut yure hed off, so  
betwene both tha ar a Darn komikle  
Sett—

from yure Lovven Nefew  
til Deth JOE STRICKLAND  
Unkle Ben

In Varmount—

From the desk of Poor Richard the Scribe.

"I WILL BY AND BY."

Zounds! sir, you may as well swear  
that you will never do it! I'm out of all  
patience with these "by and bye" folks.

An hour of the present time is worth a  
week of the future.

Why, I know a bachelor, who is as  
well calculated for matrimonial felicity  
as every virtue and every accomplishment  
can render him;—but he has been  
putting off the happy time, from one  
year to another, always resolving that  
he would marry "by and bye," till the  
best ten years of his life are gone, and  
he is still "resolving" and I fear "he will  
die the same."

He that would gather the roses of  
matrimony must wed in the May of life.  
If you wish only the withered leaves and  
the thorns, why, poor Richard says,  
put it off till September.—"Procrastina-  
tion is the thief of time."

I made a visit last winter to see my  
old friend Jeremiah Careless. When  
he put my horses into the stable, he took  
me to his barn floor to see some wheat  
he had just threshed. I observed to him  
that one of the boards of the barn was

near falling, and he had better nail it.  
"I will by and bye," said he. Things  
about the farm looked as though "by  
and bye" folks lived there.—next morn-  
ing the boys came running in with sad  
news. An unruly bull had torn off the  
board, and the cattle had supped and  
breakfasted on the white wheat, and old  
brindle, the best cow in the drove, was  
foundered so that she died. Now two  
nails worth a penny, and five minutes of  
time would have saved the life of old  
brindle and the white wheat in the barn-  
gain.

Passing by my neighbor Nodwell's the  
other day, I saw that his wife had made  
a fine garden, and the early peas were  
shooting above the ground. "It looks  
well, said I, neighbor—but there is a  
hole in the fence, which you had better  
mend, or the hogs will ruin your gar-  
den."—"I will "by and bye," said he.  
Happening to go by there two days after,  
I was defaced with the cry of "who-ee,  
who-ee—stu-boy, stu-boy"—a drove of  
hogs had come along, and while my  
neighbor was taking a nap, they had  
crawled through the broken fence and  
destroyed the labor of a week. "Never  
put off till to-morrow what you can do  
to-day"—Poor Richard says.

Condensed from a recent Swedish work.

**Intoxication.**—The laws against intox-  
ication are enforced with great rigour in  
Sweden. Who ever is seen drunk is  
fined, for the first offence three dollars;  
for the second, six; for the third and  
fourth a still larger sum—and is also de-  
prived of the right of voting at elections,  
and of being appointed a representative.  
He is, besides, publicly exposed in the  
parish church on the following Sunday.  
If the same individual is found commit-  
ting the same offence a fifth time, he is  
shut up in a house of correction, and con-  
demned to six months hard labour; and  
if he is again guilty, to a twelve month's  
punishment of a similar description. If  
the offence has been committed in pub-  
lic, such as at a fair, at an auction, &c.,  
the fine is doubled; and if the offender  
has made his appearances in a church,  
the punishment is still more severe.  
Who ever is convicted of having induced  
another to intoxicate himself, is fined  
three dollars, which is doubled if the  
drunken person is a minor. An ecclesi-  
astic who falls into this offence loses his  
benefice; if it is a layman who occupies  
any considerable post, his functions are  
suspended and perhaps he is dismissed.  
Drunkenness is never admitted as an  
excuse for any crime; and who ever dies  
while drunk, is buried ignominiously,  
and deprived of the prayers of the church.  
It is forbidden to give, and more ex-  
plicitly to sell, any spirituous liquors to  
students, workmen, servants, apprentice-  
es and private soldiers. Who ever is  
observed drunk in the streets, or making  
a noise in a tavern, is sure to be taken to  
prison, and detained until sober, without,  
however, being on that account exempted  
from the fines. Half these fines go to  
the informers, who are generally police  
officers the other half to the poor.  
If the delinquent has no money, he is  
kept in prison until some one pays for  
him, or until he has worked out his en-  
largement. Twice a year a list of them  
are read in the pulpit, by the clergy; and  
every tavern-keeper is bound, under the  
penalty of a heavy fine to have a copy  
of them hung in the principal rooms of  
his house.

**Legislative Eloquence.** The following  
extract from a speech of Maj. Ives of  
Westfield, in the house of representa-  
tives of the state of Mass. on the thea-  
tre question, is published in the West-  
field Register.

Mr. Ives rose!—"Mr. Speaker—Sir—  
I rise, Sir, to state that I did not sol-  
icet the station which I hold here nor did  
I expect it—nor am I qualified for it; and  
I think, Mr. Speaker, you and this hon-  
ourable house will think so before I  
get half through—but, I am a consistent  
man, and wish to be considered as such.  
I find that I was wrong in my vote yester-  
day—I am convinced so from the great  
and respectable majority that was  
against me. Mr. Speaker, Sir I believe  
I was instigated by the devil in my vote  
yesterday—Sir, we were told here yester-  
day, by the gentleman from Boston, a  
long and pitiful story of one young man  
being ruined in consequence of theatres—  
what, Sir! is this the only solitary in-  
stant that can be found? I presume so,  
or we should have heard from it. What,  
Sir! tell me of the deleterious or immor-  
al effect of theatres! Sir, I think the  
morals of this place are very good—the  
citizens are very polite! I hear no curs-  
ing, or swearing—Sir! I have seen  
more immorality in the little town I have  
the honor to represent—more drunk-  
ards—more lying at taverns—more curs-  
ing and swearing, than in this great  
metropolis! Sir, I believe I was instigat-  
ed by the devil, in my vote yesterday—I  
am convinced I was wrong—Sir! I am a  
consistent man." Here Mr. Ives was  
called to order by the Speaker, because  
he could not perceive the pertinency of  
his remarks to the question.

To the honor of virtue it is said, that a  
man's greatest misfortunes are generally  
occasioned by his crimes.

**An Invitation to Dinner.**—It was ob-  
served that a certain covetous rich man  
never invited any one to dine with him.  
"I'll lay a wager," said a wag, "I get an  
invitation from him." The wager being  
accepted, he goes the next day to this  
rich man's house, about the time he was  
known to sit down to dinner, and tells  
the servant that he must speak with his  
master immediately, for that he could  
save him a thousand pounds. "Sir,"  
said the servant to his master, "here is a  
man in a great hurry to speak with you,  
who says he can save you a thousand  
pounds!" "Yes, sir, I can—but I see  
you are at dinner; I will go myself and  
dine, and call again." "O pray, Sir,  
come in and take a dinner with me."  
"Sir, I shall be troublesome." "Not at  
all." The invitation was accepted. As  
soon as dinner was over, and the family  
retired, "Well, sir," said the man of  
the house, "now to our business. Pray  
let me know how I am to save this thou-  
sand pounds?" "Why, sir," said the other,  
"I hear you have a daughter to dis-  
pose of in marriage." "I have." "And  
that you intend to portion her with ten  
thousand pounds." "I do so." "Why,  
then, sir, let me have her, and I will take  
her with nine thousand." The master  
of the house rose in a passion and turned  
him out of doors.

**Backgammon Boards.**—We frequently  
find backgammon boards with backs let-  
tered as if they were two folio volumes.  
The origin of it was thus: Eudes, Bishop  
of Sully, forbade his clergy to play at  
chess. As they were resolved not to  
obey the commandment, and yet dared  
not have a chess-board seen in their  
houses or cloisters, they had them bound  
and lettered as books, and played at  
night, before they went to bed, instead  
of reading the New Testament or the  
Lives of the Saints; and the monks called  
the draft or chess board their *wooden  
gospels*. They had also drinking-vessels  
bound to resemble the breviary, and  
were found drinking, when it was sup-  
posed they were at prayer.

From the Boston Evening Bulletin.

**REFINEMENT.**—Should any one doubt  
the fact, that the people of the United  
States are the most learned and enlight-  
ened, and classical people under heaven,  
let him peruse the effusions that are dai-  
ly emanating from our political presses.  
—Apollo and his hand maids, that were  
wont in old times, to caper about on the  
summit of the Parnassian mount, treading  
on flowers, breathing and conversing with  
gods, have now become mere scullions  
and scavengers in the service of Adams  
and Jackson: *ex gratia*—an "Adams man!"

Had General Jackson New Orleans lost,  
The presidential path he'd never crossed!

To which a "Jackson man" responds—

If Henry Clay had died at Ghent,

Would Adams have been President?

Most sublime couplets!—equal to the  
magnificent maxim of Monsieur Jean  
Lencir, the celebrated reformer, who  
declares that—

First, to make man think at all,

Is, of all things, the prin-ci-pal.

Or the rhyme of the Kentucky songster—

Come all ye bold Kentuckians, I'd have you  
for to know.

That for to fight the enemy we're going for  
to go!

An Irish Sergeant on a march being  
attacked by a dog, pierced the animal  
with his halbert. On the complaint  
of the owner, the superior officer said  
to the offender—"Murphy you were  
wrong in this. You should have struck  
the dog with the but end of your  
halbert, and not with the blade." "Plais  
your honor," says Murphy, "and I would  
ha' been glad for to save myself the  
trouble of chaining my iron, if he had only  
been so kind as to bite me with his tail  
instead of his teeth."

A young gentleman near Manchester  
having a fine water spaniel, in order to  
exhibit his powers to some spectators,  
threw a stone into the pond; the dog  
went in after it, and brought up a  
green bag containing a fine violin and  
bow. An Irishman cried out "throw  
another stone; who knows but the dog  
may bring up the fiddler himself; and  
then we can have a jig on the spot."

### THE ELEGANT HORSE SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

Will stand the ensuing sea-  
son, commencing the 1st  
April, and ending the 1st of July  
next, the first three days of each  
week on the farm of Capt. Jacob  
Piatt, Boone county, Ky. and the remaining  
three in the town of Lawrenceburg; and so  
changing every third day during the season.  
Farmers and others desirous of improving  
their stock of Horses, would do well to avail  
themselves of the opportunity thus offered of  
procuring a good strain of colts, as there are  
few Horses if any, in the Western country  
equal to the Sir FRANCIS DRAKE, in any re-  
spect whatever.

For particulars see Bills.

A. S. PIATT.

April 5, 1823.

13—tf.

BLANK DEEDS, AND JUSTICES

BLANKS FOR SALE.

## Doctor Isaac Westerfield,

(THE LATE PARTNER OF THE CELEBRATED

Indian Doctor RICHARD CARTER.)

WILL practice Medicine in Petersburg Ky.

on the Ohio river, 27 miles below Cincin-

nati, 4 below the mouth of the Miami and near-

ly opposite Lawrenceburgh Ia.

His practice will consist in the administration  
of vegetable preparations chiefly, or what is more  
generally known by the name of the Indian mode  
of practice; which has (in the hands of Carter  
and his students) been so astonishingly effica-  
cious in the cure of the most inveterate chronic  
diseases.

Having made himself acquainted with the reg-  
ular mode of practice in addition to the veg-  
etable mode, he flatters himself that he will merit  
and receive a share of public patronage.

May 9, 1823. 13—4m

## HARD AND HEAVY.

**Andrew Howard Returns his sin-**  
cere and heartfelt thanks to the inhabitants of  
Dearborn county, for the liberal encourage-  
ment he has received; and hopes in future to  
receive their patronage. He begs leave to in-  
form the public that he has just purchased a  
new and complete case of Razors of the first  
quality. He may be found at John Gray's Inn  
at all proper hours for business.

My razors you'll find are of the best kind,  
Well stropp'd and in excellent order;  
They'll shave in a trice, so neat and so nice,  
You'll own I'm a well-practised BARBER.  
My Shears, Oil and Comb, a neat little Broom  
For Dressing and Brushing so handy,  
Are always in trim—shear you or brush him,  
Be he ploughman, doctor or dandy.  
April 23, 1823. 15cf

## EDWIN G. PRATT

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR.

OFFICE in Lawrenceburgh at the house

of JOHN SPENCER.

May 1, 1823. 17tf.

## By the President of the Uni-

ted States.

IN pursuance of law, I, JOHN QUINCY AD-  
AMS, President of the United States of  
America, do hereby declare and make known,  
that a public sale will be held at the Land  
Office at WASHINGTON, in the state of Louisiana,  
on the second Monday in June next, for the dis-  
posal of the lands of the United States in the  
following townships and fractional townships in  
the Land District North of Red River, to  
wit:

Townships Five and Seven, of Range One East.

Townships Four, Five, Six, Seven and Eight,

of Range Two East.

Townships Four, Five and Eight, of Range

Three, East.

Fractional Township, Three, of Range Six

East.

Fractional Townships, One, Two and Three,

of Range, Seven, East.

Fractional Townships, Two, and Three, Range

Eight, East.

Fractional Township, Nine, of Range Eleven

East.

Township Seven, of Ranges One and Two,

West.

The Lands reserved by law for the use of

Schools, or for other purposes, will be ex-  
cluded from Sale, which will proceed in the order

above designated, beginning with the lowest  
number of section in each township.

Given under my hand, at the City of Wash-

ington, this 14th day of February, A. D. 1823.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

By the President:

GEO. GRAHAM.

Commissioner of the Gen. Land Office

Printers of the Laws of the United

States, are requested to publish the foregoing  
Proclamation once a week until the day of sale.

Feb. 19 9tds

## MASONIC PROCESSION.

THE approaching Anniversary of the Na-  
tivity of St. John the Baptist will be  
Celebrated by the Members of Rising Sun  
Lodge No. 6. on Tuesday the 24th JUNE  
next. The neighboring Lodges and all Breth-  
ren in regular standing are respectfully invited  
to attend.

JOHN B. CRAFT,

SECRETARY.

May 13, 1823. 19—6w

## Money Found

BY the subscriber, living in  
Rebby township, Butler county,  
Ohio, a sum of paper money being between one  
and three hundred dollars. The owner by de-  
scribing the money can have it by applying to  
Wm. WEST.

April 25, 1823. 18

N. B. The money was found between David  
Dick's Mills and Harris' Tan Yard.

## JOB-PRINTING

OF ALL KINDS NEATLY EXECU-

TED AT THIS OFFICE.

## INDIANA PALLADIUM,

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

BY

M. Gregg & D. V. Culley,

Publishers of the Laws of the United States.

## TERMS.

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