

I sat over a heap of warm ashes in the widow Bean's parlor, listening to Patty stamping about in her stocking feet, in the chamber over head, for one good hour. Then I stood up to the looking-glass and frizzled up my hair, changed my shirt pin to a new place, thought over some speeches to make under the Buffalo skin, and finally laid a plot to lug in the awful question in a sort of slanting fashion.

At last Patty appeared in her glory; and I was just crooking my elbow to lead her out, when in came mother Bean. "Where are you gowin to, Patty? A slay ridin' mother. What, and leave your cousin Dolly all alone, to suck her fingers? A pretty howd'ye do, that, after coming all the way from Saco to see you. Here was a knock-down argument. All my plans of courting and comfort melted down and ran off in a moment. I saw directly that the widow was resolved to push big Dolly Fisher into my sleigh, whether or no; and there was no remedy, for the widow Bean is a stump that is neither to be got round nor moved out of the way. I made some mention about the small size of the sleigh, but she shut my mouth instantly. Let me alone, says she, I went a sleighing afore you was born, youngster. And if I don't know how to pack a sleigh, who does? Patty Bean, stow yourself away here, and sink yourself up small. If there isn't room, we must make room, as the fellows used to say. Now Dolly, hoist yourself in there. And she tumbled her into the sleigh like a shot from a shovel, or a cart load of pumpkins into a gondola. It was chuck full of her. O, she is a whopper, I tell ye. Why, Johnny Biddle, in my day they used to pack us layer upon layer. At this hint, I sneaked round to Patty, to begin the second layer upon her lap. But the widow was wide awake. She clenched me by the collar, and patting upon Dolly's knees, here's the driver's seat, says she. Plant your feet flat and firm, niece—jump up Johnny—and now, away with her, my lad.

As I was going past Mr. Josh Carter's tavern the other day, I heard a terrible noise in the bar-room, and thinks I, I'll just put my head in and see what is the matter. "Whoorah!" roared a heap of fellows, "here's Johnny Biddle, he'll go, and that makes ten"—and hauled me in among them. What's the occasion? says I. O, a sleigh ride over to Shaw's (every body goes to Shaw's that goes a sleigh riding) with gals, fiddles, and frolic. Whoorah, says I. I motion, says Doct. Patridge, that every gentleman go right straight now, and get his sleigh and lady, and meet at Hanks' corner; and with another whoorah, we burst out of doors and scattered.

I ran full speed to the widow Bean's. Her daughter Patty is the handsomest girl in Cascombay. I had given her some pretty broad hints, and only waited for a good chance to pop the question. And out it shall come this very night, says I.

I bounced into widow Bean's out of breath, and was near catching Patty in the suds. She had just done washing, and was wringing out, standing in the midst of tubs, pails, mops and kettles. She was struck all of a heap, at the sight of her spark, and would have blushed nicely, I guess, if she hadn't been as red as she could be already. A word in your ear Patty, says I, giving her a wink, and stepping aside into a corner, and up and told her what was brewing. I'll run and borrow the Deacon's sleigh, and come back right away, says I. O, you needn't be in such a tiffin hurry, says she, for I've got to shift from top to toe. You see what a pickle I am in. Ah, Patty, says I, beauty when unadorned is adorned the—well I vow, says Patty, says she. And off I shot, for how was I to follow up such a bold speech? but I couldn't help sniggering all the way to the Deacon's, to think how swimmingly matters were going on. I was so full of this that I entirely forgot to make up a story to fob off upon the deacon, till I got almost to the door; for the Deacon is a sworn enemy to all frolicking, and so is his mare. I'll tell him, says I, I'll tell him I want to carry a grist to mill. But that will be found out—no matter, so it is after the election, as the politicians say.

The deacon gave a mortal squint at my face, when I did my errand, but I was safe behind a shirt collar. He then fell to chewing his cud and considering. Mother's clean out, says I—both rye and injun. The Deacon spit. Well neighbor, if you are afraid to trust a fellow, here's two shillings aforehand. Poh, poh, John, says he, walking up and pocketing the money; not trust you—hear that now—Joshua, tackle up Sukey. You'll drive the cutter slow, John—and now I think of it, you may bring back my grist, that is now at the mill—and look sharp at the miller, John, when he strikes the toll measure. It was too late to stick at lies, so I promised every thing, jumped into the sleigh, and steered to the widow's with flying colors. It is the height of gentility, you must know, for a lady to make her beau wait as long as possible, on such an occasion.

By this time I had got so ravin' mad that I could hold in no longer. I fell foul of the old mare, and if I didn't give it to her about right, then there's none of me, that's all. The Deacon counted the welts upon her hide a week afterwards, when he called on me to a reckoning, which was made with chalk upon the upper flap of his every day hat. Sucky not understanding such jokes took the bit in her teeth and shot off, right on end, like a flash of true Connecticut lightning. Jemini! how we swarmed over it: and houses and barns and fences and pigsties flew by us like scud by the moon. And yonder is Hanks' corner. Whoorah! and whoorah! answered all the ladies and gentlemen with one voice. Sukey, scared at the noise, turned the corner with a flint, and the sleigh was bottom upwards in a—whoa there! whoa!—The first thing that I knew was that I was in the bottom of a snow bank, jammed down under a half-ton Dolly Fisher. I thought I never should see daylight again—and when they hauled me out, I left a print in the snow very much like a cocked up hat knocked into the middle of next week, as the sailors say.

Howsoever, no bones were broke. We shook our feathers and crept into our nest again, laughing as loud as the best of them. The sleighs were now formed into a string, the fiddler following, and away we started on the road to Shaw's, bells jingling, fiddle sounding, and every body hallooing and screaming for joy.

Peter Shaw heard the racket two miles off, for he fell to kicking up a dust in the best room, to put it to rights, and when we arrived, the floor was swept, the best japan candlesticks paraded, the fire place filled with green wood, and little Ben was anchored close under the jamb to tug at the broken-winded bellowses. No fire appeared, but there were strong symptoms of it, for there was no lack of smoke; and part of it missing the way up chimney, strayed about the dancing room, which gave a chance to hit off another compliment upon Patty's beauty, as being the cause of drawing the smoke. Every body laughed at the novelty of the idea. But there was no time for to chat. As soon as we had taken a swig of the hot stuff all round, we sat the fiddler down by the jamb, took the floor, and went to work might and main, the fiddler keeping time with the bellowses.

Not to be prolix, we kept it up, frolickin' and drinkin' hot stuff till midnight; and while it lasted, the fun was really genuine. But as I cast a sheep's eye now and then, I took a notion that Patty and Siah Goldin were rather thick together, considerin'. Thinks I, she wants to make me jealous, to spur me on; so seeing them in close confab, as I was cantering down outside, I poked my head between them and cried boo! But the cat was soon let out of the bag. We paid the reckoning—four and six pence a piece. Think of that! Every body grumbled; but Peet Shaw didn't care. Then followed the crowding of sleighs, taking in the ladies at the door. Such a hubbub and confusion! But when my

turn came, lo and behold! Patty Bean was missing! and so was Si Golding! Here is the end of my story. Whoever wants to know the particulars that happened in the ride home, must ask Dolly Fisher. The Deacon will tell you what sort of a pickle Sukey come home in, and how much I paid "for the whistle." Finally, whoever went to our meeting house next Sunday morning, knows very well how Patty Bean and Josiah Goldin squared accounts.

FATHER FORGIVE THEM.

* * * * * Go, proud infidel!—search the ponderous tomes of heathen learning—explore the works of Confucius—examine the precepts of Seneca, and the writings of Socrates—collect the excellencies of the ancient and modern moralists, and point to a sentence equal to this simple prayer of our Saviour, reviled and insulted—suffering the grossest indignities, crowned with thorns, and led away to die: no annihilating curse breaks from his tortured breast. Sweet and placid as the springs of a mother for her nursing, ascends the prayer for his enemies. "Father forgive them." O, it was worthy of its origin, and stamps with the brightest seal of truth that his mission was from heaven!

Acquaintances have you quarrelled? Friends, have you differed? If he who was pure and perfect forgave his bitterest enemies, do you do well to cherish your anger?

Brothers, to you the precept is imperative—you shall forgive—not seven times, but seventy times seven times.

Husbands and wives, you have no right to expect perfection in each other. To err is the lot of humanity. Idleness will sometimes render you petulant, and disappointment ruffles the smoothest temper. Guard, I beseech you, with unremitting vigilance your passions—controlled, they are the genial heat that warms us along the way of life—ungoverned, they are consuming fires. Let your strife be one of respectful attentions and conciliatory conduct. Cultivate with care the kind and gentle affections of the heart. Plant not, but eradicate the thorns that grow in your path—above all, let no feeling of revenge ever find harbour in your breast. Let the sun never go down upon your anger. A kind word—an obliging action, if it be in a trifling concern, has a power superior to the harp of David, in calming the billows of the soul.

Revenge is as incompatible with happiness as it is hostile to religion. Let him whose heart is black with malice, and studious of revenge, walk through the fields, while clad with verdure and adorned with flowers—to his eye there is no beauty—the flowers to him exhale no fragrance. Dark as his soul, nature is robed in the deepest sable. The smile of beauty lights not his bosom with joy, but the furies of hell rage in his breast, and render him as miserable as he could wish the object of his hate. But let him lay his hand upon his heart and say—"Revenge, I cast thee from me—Father forgive me as I forgive mine enemies," and nature has a new and more delightful garbure. Then indeed are the meads verdant and the flowers fragrant—then is the music of the groves delightful to the ear, and the smile of virtuous beauty lovely to the soul.—Oxford Observer.

We copy from a N. York paper, an anecdote of two physicians in the same city, who were called to consult about a sick man's case. A friend of the family, who thought that consultations were very serious and grave affairs, placed himself under the bed in the room where the consultation was to be held. The doctors marched in very solemnly, and the door being shut, "Well," says Dr. A. "Dr. B. what do you think of my new horse—cost only \$300?" "Why," says Dr. B. "he's a fine animal—I'll give you \$350 for him." "No," says A. "I wouldn't take 500," and so the conversation was kept up for some time. At last, Dr. A. says: "I think this poor fellow'll die." "Yes," says B. "he's a gone chicken! Good morning; you'll be at the club to-night?" It so happened that our listener was executor to the patient, who sure enough did die; and the consulting bill being presented, which was only \$100 a piece, made bold to relate the circumstances as we have detailed them, and with a threat to publish the facts, if payment was persisted in. It is needless to add, he never heard any more of the bills!

[We have heard a story told of a physician, residing not a 100 miles distant, which we think may pass for a counterpart to the foregoing. It runs thus: Being called upon in a very difficult case, he examined the patient with great attention, to ascertain the cause and effect of the complaint.—When he had satisfied himself of the nature of the disease, he sits down, and covering his face with his hands, seemed to be earnestly engaged ruminating upon the various remedies he had seen in his reading, applicable to the case under consideration. After remaining in this posture some time, he drew a newspaper from his pocket—read and enlarged upon a few pass-

ages on the all absorbing subject of religion; then took up his hat and deliberately walked off—leaving the afflicted man pretty well persuaded of his notions of theology, but altogether in the dark as to the nature and cure of his disease.]

"I AM."—By Bishop Beveridge.

"When the Lord speaks of Himself with regard to his creatures and especially his people, he saith, I AM. He doth not say, I AM their light, their life, their guide, their strength, or their tower; but only, I AM. He sets his hand, as it were to a blank, that his people may write under it what they please, that is for their good. As if he had said, Are they weak? I AM strength. Are they in trouble? I AM comfort. Are they poor? I AM rich. Are they sick? I AM health. Are they dying? I AM life. Have they nothing? I AM all things. I AM justice and mercy. I AM grace and goodness. I AM glory, beauty, holiness, eminency, super-eminency, perfection, all sufficiency, eternally, JEHOVAH! I AM whatsoever is suitable to their nature, or convenient for them in their several conditions. I AM whatsoever is amiable in itself, or desirable to their souls. Whatsoever is pure and holy; whatsoever is great and pleasant; whatsoever is good and needful to make them happy, that I AM. So that in short God here represents himself into us as one universal God, and leaves us to make the application to ourselves, according to our several wants, capacities, and desires; by saying only in general, I AM."

DOCTOR M. E. FERRIS,
PRACTISING Physician and Surgeon.
High street, Lawrenceburgh, offers his professional services to the public—charges moderate.—The poor who are unable to pay a physician's fee, will be attended to gratuitously.
Lawrenceburgh 14th August, 1829. 32.

DOCTOR C. R. McFALL,
WOULD respectfully inform the citizens of RISING SUN and vicinity that he has located himself in the above place, where he intends devoting himself entirely to the practice of

Medicine and Surgery.
He hopes that by a persevering and unremitted attention to business to merit a share of the public patronage; his charges shall be moderate.—His office is in part of the house occupied by Mr. C. Campbell as a tailoring shop, where he may at all times be found, or at Mr. S. S. Scotts, where he boards, unless professionally absent.
July 25, 1829. 29-3mo

JOHN M'PIKE,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
Office in Lawrenceburgh, on the corner of High and Short Streets.

A Snug Farm

OF 60 acres for sale, with a good apple and peach orchard on the same, near the state road from Lawrenceburgh to Indianapolis, and about 6 miles from Lawrenceburgh. About 200 dollars of which can be paid in carpenter and millwrights work.—For further particulars enquire of EDMUND PECKOVER, or at this office.
August 22, 1829. 33-3w

Cheap! Cheap!

ALANSON HILL,
INFORMS the public that he has just received in addition to his former stock, handsome assortment of

Dry Goods
AND
GROceries,
Queens-ware, &c.

Which may be had on very reasonable terms for Feathers, Rags, Linen, Bees' Wax, Ginseng, Oats, Corn, and Cash will not be refused.

He also informs the public that he still continues to carry on the Tailoring Business, at his former stand on High street, Lawrenceburgh. Aug. 1, 1829. 30

Caution to the Public!

WHEREAS, on or about the 31 or 4th day of this month, I gave my note of hand to Warren Kincaid, for the sum of forty five dollars, payable on the 1st day of March next.—The consideration for which said note was given having wholly failed, I therefore caution the public against receiving or trading for said note, as it will not be paid by me.
August 18th, 1829. CALEB WRIGHT. 33-3w

NOTICE.

PUBLIC notice is hereby given, that I have administered on the estate of Stephen L. Chidester, late of Dearborn county, deceased, and that the said estate will (as I have reason to believe) be solvent. I shall expose to sale on the premises, at the late residence of the dec'd, on York Ridge, on Saturday the 12th day of September next, horses, colts, a cow, a rifle gun, corn on the ground, and sundry other articles; all of which will be sold on a credit of twelve months, by giving approved security.
ISABELLA CHIDESTER, adm'x
August 20th 1829. 33-3w

A Teacher Wanted!

A Man qualified to teach a common English school would meet with good encouragement by making immediate application to the trustees of the Cambridge Academy.
July 25, 1829

Administrator's Notice.
THE undersigned, administrator of the estate of Edward Broshars dec'd, have discovered that said estate is insolvent, do and shall claim the settlement thereof as an insolvent estate; and further, have filed my petition and complaint in the proper court of the county of Ripley, setting forth clearly and succinctly the condition of said estate, both real and personal, and the probable value thereof, and the amount of debts so far as they have come to my knowledge, praying general relief.—All persons who do not come and present their claims before the determination of said court thereon, shall be postponed.
MOSES LUTZ.
August 22, 1829. 33-3w

Collector's Notice.
HAVING received the duplicate of taxes for the year 1829, I am now prepared to receive them. Those concerned will pay the same, on or before the 1st day of September next.
I will sell lands and town lots for taxes on the 2d Monday in November next, agreeably to law.
I will give in receipts for tax, or any debts due me, 37 1/2 cents per cord for cutting 1000 cords of wood and heaping the brush, on my lease on the lands of David Rees's heirs.
I will attend at the court house in Lawrenceburgh on Saturdays for the purpose of performing my official duties and other business.
JOHN SPENCER, C. D. C.
July 11th, 1829.

SAUCTION
At CAMBRIDGE on Saturday the 15th of August/ at which will be exposed for sale,
DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES, &c.
The sale will be continued every other Saturday after the first until all be sold.
BENJ'N B. BONHAM.
August 8, 1829. 31

ARTHUR MARTIN, Auctioneer.
WILL continue his services to the citizens of Cincinnati and the public generally, to sell at auction HORSES, CARRIAGES, or any kind of PERSONAL PROPERTY, or REAL ESTATE, in any part of the city, or the county of Hamilton. He will attend to the

Purchasing of Horses,
For all those who may think proper to confide in his judgment. From his long experience in the business, he feels confident that he will be enabled to give general satisfaction.
May 7, 1829. 22tf.

To the Printers of the United States.

OF late the prices of all the materials used in making Printing Types, have been greatly reduced, and the facility of manufacturing greatly increased. The subscriber therefore has been induced to make a proportionable reduction in the prices, which, from the 1st of April, have been as stated in the annexed list.

The character of the Type made at this Foundry is well known to the Trade, who are assured that in regard to the quality of metal, finish and durability, no deviation has been made.

He has on hand a complete assortment, and can supply any quantity on a short notice; he will be happy to receive the orders of his customers, which will have immediate attention. Merchants who have orders from abroad, can have offices complete, with presses and every thing necessary for a Printing Establishment, put up in the most perfect manner.

Publishers are requested to give this advertisement a place in their papers a few times, to receive payment, \$2 in type, or in the settlement of their accounts.

RICHARD RONALDSON,
City Philadelphia.

Prices.—At six months credit, for approved paper, or at a discount of 5 per cent. for cash.
Per lb, per lb, \$1 50 English, lb, \$0 36
Nonpareil, 0 90 Great Primer, 0 34
Minion, 0 70 Double Pica, 0 32
Brevier, 0 56 Do. Great Primer, 0 32
Rougeois, 0 46 Large letter, plain, 0 30
Long Primer, 0 40 Scabbards, 0 30
Small Pica, 0 38 Quotations, 0 30
Pica, 0 35

The prices of other descriptions of types are proportionally reduced.

Old type received in payment at 9 cents per pound.
July 8, 1829. 31

INDIANA PALLADIUM,
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED
BY
M. Gregg & D. V. Culley,
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 discharged by the payment of TWO DOLLARS in advance, or by paying TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS at the expiration of Six months.

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.

Blank Deeds, Mortgages,
for sale at this Office.