

complete change of dress. Having first accoutred his lower man in military disguise, he tossed away his shepherd hat, which he replaced with a huge helmet, "a world too wide;" he buckled a long sword to his side, threw a goodly cloak over his shoulders, stuck two enormous pistols in his belt, and putting on boots so thick in the soles and high in the heels, that they lifted him about half a yard from the ground, he fastened to them a pair of those prodigious jingling spurs which were the fashion of the times.—Thus accoutred, he forthwith betook himself to the walls, and leaning with a pompous air on his sword, he listened coolly to the herald, who advanced to summon the village to surrender.

"Friend," said our hero, as soon as the herald had concluded his speech, "tell your commander, that tho' I have not yet made up my mind to surrender at all, I may possibly be induced to do so, provided he agrees to the three following conditions, in which I shall make no abatement whatever. *First*—The garrison must be allowed to march out with the honors of war. *Second*—The lives and property of the inhabitants must be protected. *Third*—They must be left to enjoy the free exercise of the Protestant religion."

The herald immediately replied, that such preposterous conditions could not for a moment be listened to; adding that the garrison was known to be weak, and concluding by again demanding the instant surrender of the place.

"My good friend," answered the shepherd, "do not be so rash. I advise you to inform your general for me, that nothing but my desire to avoid bloodshed could make me think of surrendering on any terms whatever; and please to add, that if he does not choose to agree to those I have already stated, he will gain possession of the town only at the point of the sword; for I swear to you, by the faith of an honest man and a Christian, as well as by the honor of a gentleman, that the garrison has lately received a reinforcement he little dreams of."

So saying, the shepherd lighted his pipe, and puffed away with an air of the most consummate nonchalance. Confounded by this appearance of boldness and security, the herald thought it prudent to return, and state to Gonsalvo the demands which had been made.—The Spanish general, deceived by this show of resistance, and being unwilling to waste either men or time in reducing this paltry town, resolved to agree to the conditions offered; and followed by his troops, approached the gates. This lenient determination was announced by the herald to the shepherd, who only vouchsafed to say in reply, "I find your commander is a man of some sense."—He then left the walls, let down the huge drawbridge, opened the gates very liberally, and allowed the Spanish troops to pour into the town. Surprised at seeing no one in the streets but a strange looking fellow, whose character of a military costume hung upon him like patch work, Gonsalvo began to suspect treachery, and seizing the shepherd, demanded to know where the garrison was?

"If your highness will follow me, I will show you," answered the rustic. "Keep by my stirrup, then," exclaimed Gonsalvo; "and on the least symptom that you mean to betray me, I shall send a bullet through your heart."

"Agreed," said our friend. "Follow me, Spaniards! for I swear by the word of an honest man and a Christian, as well as by the honor of a gentleman, that the garrison will offer you no injury."

He then placed himself by Gonsalvo's stirrup, and followed by the troops, passed through several silent and deserted streets, till at length, turning into a narrow lane, he stooped before a mean looking house, and having prevailed on Gonsalvo to enter, he led him into a small room, where lay his wife, with her little boy beside her.

"Noble General!" he said, pointing to the former, "this is our garrison; and this," he added, taking his son in his arms, "is the reinforcement of which I told you."

Aware, now, of the real state of matter, the absurdity and cleverness of the trick moved even Spanish gravity, and Gonsalvo gave free course to his mirth. Then taking off a rich gold chain which decorated his own person, he passed it round the neck of the infant.

"Permit me to offer this mark of my esteem," he said, good-naturedly, "for the valiant garrison of Ogersheim. By the hand of a soldier, I envy you the possession of such a reinforcement; and you must let me present you with this purse of gold, for the use of the young recruit."

He then stooped down and kissed the delighted mother and her boy, and quitted the house, leaving the shepherd to boast for many a summer day and winter night, of the success of his stratagem.

As the progress of the seasons has brought again that melancholy period for business men called "cucumber time," we venture to recommend, as light reading, suitable to hot weather, the following dialogue from the Berkshire American, entitled "Yankee Curiosity;" not that we think it expedient that Yankees

should ridicule Yankees as a class, for the particular gratification of foreigners, but rather on the strength of the old maxim, "never spoil a joke for relationship-sake." A Yankee or any other man possessed with the demon of impudent curiosity is assuredly a nuisance, who deserves as much to be laughed at, as Mrs. Royal deserves to be ducked in cold weather for a common scold.

Boston Gazette.

YANKEE CURIOSITY.

SCENE—A TAVERN.

Host. Good morning, Mister —, I don't recollect your name now.

Stranger. It's of no consequence.

Host. I'm pretty sure I've seen ye somewhere.

Stranger. Very likely you may, I've been there frequently.

Host. I was sure 'twas so; but strange I should forget your name.

Stranger. It is indeed somewhat strange that you should forget what you never knew.

Host. It is onaccountable strange—it's what I'm not often in the habit of, I assure ye. I have for the most part a remarkably detentive memory. In the power of people that pass along this way, I've scarce ever made (as the doctors say) a *slapsus slinkum* of this kind afore.

Stranger. Eh, heh!

Host. Travelling to the western country, I presume, Mister.

Stranger. Presume any thing you please, sir; but don't trouble me with your presumptions.

Host. O Lord! no sir—I wont do that—I've no ideer of that—not the least ideer in the world. I suppose you've been to the westward afore now?

Stranger. Well, suppose I have —?

Host. Why, on the supposition, I was going to say you must be pretty well—that is to say, you must know something about the place.

Stranger. Eh, heh!

Host. I take it you're a married man, Mister?

Stranger. Take it as you will, that's no affair of mine.

Host. Well, after all a married life is the most happiest way of living; don't you think so, Mister?

Stranger. Very possible.

Host. I conclude you have a family of children, sir?

Stranger. I don't know what reason you have to conclude so.

Host. O, no reason in the world, Mister, not the least; but I thought I might just take the liberty to make the presumptions, you know—that's all, sir. I take it, Mister, you're a man about my age?

Stranger. Eh, heh!

Host. How old do you call yourself, if I may be so bold?

Stranger. You're bold enough, the d—l knows,

Host. No offence, I hope—I—I—I wouldnt be thought uncivil by any means. I always calculate to treat everybody with civility.

Stranger. You have a very strange way of showing it.

Host. True, as you say, I ginnerally take my own way in these're matters. Do you practice law, Mister, or farming, or Mechanical?

Stranger. Perhaps so.

Host. Ah, I judged so; I was pretty certain it must be the case. Well, it's as good business as any there is followed now a-days.

Stranger. Eh, heh!

Host. I take it you've money at interest, Mister?

Stranger. Would it be of any particular interest to you to find it out?

Host. O, not at all, not the least in the world sir. I'm not at all inquisitive about other people's matters; I minds my own business—that's my way.

Stranger. And a very odd way you have of doing it too.

Host. I've been thinking what persuasion you're of—whether you're a Congregationer, or Baptiss, or whether you belong to the Methodisises?

Stranger. Well what's the conclusion?

Host. Why, I've concluded that I'm pretty near right in my conjectures. Well, after all I'm inclined to think they're the nearest right of any persuasion—though some folks think differently.

Stranger. Eh, heh!

Host. As to pollyticks, I take it you—that is to say, I suppose you—

Stranger. Very likely.

Host. Ab, I could have sworn it was so, from the moment I saw you; I have aack at finding out a man's sentiments. I dare say, Mister, you're a Justice in your own county?

Stranger. And if I may return the compliment, I should say, you're a Justice every where.

Host. Why, yes, I'm in the commission of the Peace, to be sure—and an officer in the Militia—though between you and I, I wouldnt wish to boast of it.

Stranger. [Rising to go.] Any more inquires to make?

Host. Why, no, nothing to speak on—When do you return, Mister?

Stranger. About the time I come back. [Mounts his horse and gallops off.]

Host. [Bawling after him.] Well, I shall look for ye then. I hope you wont forget to call.

Administrator's Notice.

THE undersigned, administrator of the estate of Edward Broshers, 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 LUZ

August 22, 1829. 33-3w*

Collector's Notice.

HAVING received the duplicates of taxes for the year 1819, 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, 57 1-2 cents per cord for cutting 1000 cords of wood and heaping the brush, on my lease of the lands of David Rees's heirs.

I will attend at the court house in Lawrenceburg on Saturdays for the purpose of performing my official duties and other business.

JOHN SPENCER, C.D.C.

July 11, 1829

A Snug Farm

OF 60 acres for sale, with a good apple and peach orchard on the same, near the state road from Lawrenceburg to Indianapolis, and about 6 miles from Lawrenceburg. About 200 dollars of which can be paid in carpenter and millwright's 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, Lawrenceburg. Aug. 1, 1829. 30

Caution to the Public!

WHEREAS, on or about the 3d 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.

CALEB WRIGHT.

August 18th, 1829.

33-3w

NOTICE.

PUBLIC notice is hereby given, that I have administered on the estate of Stephen Lester, 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, horn on one foot; No other micks recollect. Whoever will return said horse to me, or give information where I can get him, shall be handsomely rewarded.

ISABELLA CHIDESTER, adm'r

33-3w

STRAYED OR STOLEN,

On the 14th July last, from the subscriber, living in Manchester township, a bright sorrel horse, six years old last spring, a light man and long switch tail, one hoof has been a little broken on one foot; No other micks recollect. Whoever will return said horse to me, or give information where I can get him, shall be handsomely rewarded.

ANCIL BEACH.

August 15th, 1829.

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I'm after Rags!

The PRINTERS at the Palladium Office, Lawrenceburg, authorize me to offer you for small bundles (such as I am carrying) of clean Linen and Cotton RAGS, 2 3-4 cents in CASH per pound—and for lots of 100 pounds and upwards \$3 per 100.

"Sweet Ladies pray be not offended, Nor mind the jests of sneering wags, No harm, believe me is intended, When humbly I request your rags.

The poorest scraps, altho' unfit To clothe the tenant of a bovel, May shine with sentiment and wit, And help to make a charming novel."

DICK RAGGED.

Flour, Corn meal, Oats, Potatoes, Wood, &c.

Will be received at this office in payment of subscriptions and other debts.

INDIANA PALLADIUM,

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

BY M. Gregg & D. V. Culley, Publishers of the Laws of the United States

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Containing 12 lines or under, three insertions or less, one dollar; twenty-five cents for each additional insertion—larger advertisements in the same proportion.

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Blank Deeds, Mortgages,

for sale at this Office.