

about my size was seen on the way to the meeting house, with a new patent hat on; his head hung by the ears upon a shirt collar; his cravat had a pudding in it and branched out in front, into a double bow knot. He carried a straight back and a stiff neck, as a man ought to, when he has his best clothes on; and every time he spit, he sprung his body forward, like a jack-knife, in order to shoot clear of the ruffles.

Squire Jones' pew is next but two to mine; and when I stand up to prayers and take my coat tail under my arm, and turn my back to the minister, I naturally look right straight at Sally Jones. Now Sally has got a face not to be grined at, in a fog. Indeed, as regards beauty, some folks think she can pull an even yoke with Patty Bean. For my part, I think there is not much boot between them. Any how they are so nigh matched that they have hated and despised each other, like rank poison, ever since they were school-girls.

Squire Jones had got his evening fire on, and set himself down to reading the great bible, when he heard a rap at his door. "Walk in.—Well, John, how der do? Git out, Pompey.—Pretty well, I thank ye, Squire, and how do you do?—Why, so as to be crawling—ye ugly beast, will ye hold yer yop—haul up a chair and set down, John."

"How do you do, Mrs. Jones? O, middlin', how's yer marm? Don't forget the mat, there Mr. Beedle."—This put me in mind that I had been off soundings several times, in the long muddy lane; and my boots were in a sweet pickle.

It was now old Captain Jones' turn, the grandfather. Being roused from a doze, by the bustle and racket, he opened both his eyes, at first with wonder and astonishment. At last he began to halloo so loud that you might hear him a mile; for he takes it for granted that every body is just exactly as deaf as he is.

"Who is it? I say, who in the world is it?" Mrs. Jones going close to his ear, screamed out, "it's Johnny Beedle."

"Ho—Johnny Beedle. I remember, he was one summer at the siege of Boston. 'No, no, father, bless your heart, that was his grandfather, that's been dead this twenty years.'—'Ho.—But where does he come from?'—'Daown taown.'—'Ho.—And what does he follow for a livin'?'—And he did not stop asking question, after this sort, till all the particulars of the Beedle family were published and proclaimed in Mrs. Jones' last scream. He then sunk back into his doze again.

The dog stretched himself before one andirion; the cat squatted down before the other. Silence came on by degrees, like a calm snow storm, till nothing was heard but a cricket under the hearth, keeping tune with a sappy yellow birch forestick. Sally sat up prim, as if she were pinned to the chairback; her hands crossed genteelly upon her lap, and her eyes looking straight into the fire. Mammy Jones tried to straighten herself too, and laid her hands across her lap. But they would not lay still. It was full twenty-four hours since they had done any work, and they were out of all patience with keeping Sunday.—Do what she would to keep them quiet, they would bounce up, now and then, and go through the motions, in spite of the fourth commandment.—For my part, I sat looking very much like a fool. The more I tried to say something the more my tongue stuck fast. I put my right leg over my left, and said "hem." Then I changed, and put the left leg over the right. It was no use; the silence kept coming on thicker and thicker. The drops of sweat began to crawl all over me. I got my eye upon my hat, hanging on a peg, on the road to the door; and then I eyed the door. At this moment the old Captain, all at once sung out "Johnny Beedle!" It sounded like a clap of thunder, and I started right up an end.

"Johnny Beedle, you'll never handle sich a drumstick as your father did, if yer live to the age of Methusaler. He would toss up his drumstick, and while it was whirling in the air, take off a gill rum, and then ketch it as it come down, without losin' a stroke in the tune. What d'ye think of that, ha? But scull your chair round, close along side er me so yer can hear. Now, what have you come a'ter?—I—a'ter? O, jest takin' a walk. Pleasant walkin' I guess. I mean jest to see how ye all do. Ho.—That's another lie. You've come a courtin', Johnny Beedle; you're a'ter our Sal. Say, now, d'ye want to marry or only to court?"

This was what I call a choaker.—Poor Sally made but one jump and landed in the middle of the kitchen; and then she skulked in the dark corner, till the old man, after laughing himself into a whooping cough, was put to bed.

Then came apples and cider; and the ice being broke, plenty chat with mammy Jones about the minister and the 'samon.' I agreed with her to a nicety, upon all the points of doctrine; but I had forgot the text and all the heads of the discourse, but six.—Then she teased and tormented me to tell who I accounted the best singer in the gallery, that day.

But mum—there was no getting that out of me. "Praise to the face is often disgrace," says I, throwing a sly squint at Sally.

At last, Mrs. Jones lighted t'other candle, and after charging Sally to look well to the fire, she led the way to bed, and the Squire gathered up his shoes and stockings and followed.

Sally and I were left sitting a good yard apart, honest measure. For fear of getting tongue-tied again, I set right in, with a steady stream of talk. I told her all the particulars about the weather that was past, and also made some pretty cute guesses at what it was like to be in future. At first, I gave a hitch up with my chair at every full stop. Then growing saucy, I repeated it at every comma, and semicolon; and at last, it was hitch, hitch, hitch, and I planted myself fast by the side of her.

"I swow, Sally, you looked so plaguey handsome to-day, that I wanted to eat you up."—"Pshaw, git along you," says she. My hand had crept along, somehow, upon its fingers and began to scrape acquaintance with hers. She sent it home again, with a desperate jerk. "Try it again"—no better luck. "Why, Miss Jones you're gettin' upstrolous, a little old maidish, I guess."—"Hands off is fair play, Mr. Beedle."

It is a good sign to find a girl sulky. I knew where the shoe pinched. It was that are Patty Bean business. So I went to work to persuade her that I had never had any notion after Patty, and to prove it, I fell to running her down at a great rate. Sally could not help chiming in with me, and I rather guess Miss Patty suffered a few. I, now, not only got hold of her hand without opposition but managed to slip an arm round her waist. But there was no satisfying me; so I must go to poking out my lips after a buss. I guess I rued it. She fetched me a slap in the face that made me see stars, and my ears rung like a brass kettle for a quarter of an hour. I was forced to laugh at the joke, though out of the wrong side of my mouth, which gave my face something the look of a gridiron.

The battle now began in the regular way. "Ah, Sally, give me a kiss, and ha' done with it, now. I won't, so there. —I'll take it, whether or no.—Do it, if you dare."—And at it we went, rough and tumble. An odd destruction of starch now commenced. The bow of my cravat was squab in half a shake. At the next bout, smash went shirt collar, and, at the same time, some of the head fastenings gave way, and down came Sally's hair in a flood, like a mill dam broke loose,—carrying away half a dozen combs.—One dig of Sally's elbow and my blooming ruffles wilted down to a dish cloth. But she had no time to boast. Soon the neck tackling began to shiver. It parted at the throat, and whorrah, came a whole school of blue and white beads, scampering and running every which way, about the floor.

By the hokey; if Sally Jones is't real grit, there's no snakes. She fought fair, however, I must own, and neither tried to bite nor scratch; and when she could fight no longer, for want of breath, she yielded handsomely.

Consarn it, how a boss will crack, of a still frosty night. Mrs. Jones was about half way between asleep and awake. "There goes my yeast bottle, said she to herself—burst into twenty hundred pieces, and my bread is all dough agin."

The upshot of the matter is, I fell in love with Sally Jones, head over ears. Every Sunday night, rain or shine, finds me rapping at Squire Jones' door, and twenty times have I been within a hair's breadth of popping the question. But now I have made a final resolve; and if I live till next Sunday night, and I don't get choaked in the trial, Sally Jones will hear thunder.

Anecdote.—After a consultation, several physicians decided that a dropsical patient should be tapped. Upon hearing the decision, a son of the sick man approached him and exclaimed, "Father don't submit to the operation, for there was never any thing tapped in our house that lasted more than a week."

Unlucky mistake.—The London Literary Gazette says—"A friend of ours (not very polite one—we are sorry to say) was with another dandy, blocking the gangway into the Park of Brussels, when a person in a plain blue coat passed between them, interrupting their conversation. Our friend observed pretty loudly, D—n that fellow, he's no gentleman!" Upon which the stranger turned round, took off his hat, made a bow, and said very courteously "Gentlemen, I am the king!"

What does Paul say? A country clergyman about repairing to church on Sunday morning, was informed by his wife that they had no meat for dinner; whereupon he despatched his blackman Caesar, to a neighbor of his, generally known by the name of Paul, to borrow a piece of beef—after which he was directed to repair to church.—The black fellow went for the beef, but was refused on the ground that his master had already borrowed very often, but had neglected to pay. Caesar repaired to church, the

refusal of the meat still running in his head—and it so happened that just as he entered the door his master was dilating upon the words of the apostle, and thus addressing his hearers: "What does Paul say?" Caesar supposing himself interrogated, answered—"What do Paul say? why, he say, he cant let you hab no more meat, till you pay up de old score."

Shocking.—Dr. Franklin endeavoring to kill a turkey by an electrical shock, received the whole discharge of the battery himself: when he good naturedly observed, that instead of killing a turkey, he had nearly put an end to the existence of a goose.

By-gone days. The Vermont Advocate publishes the following as a literal copy of the records of the whole proceedings of a term of the County Court in the Clerk's office, Orange County:

Feb. 25, } The Court set out
1771. } from Moretown, (now Bedford) for Kingsland, (now Washington) travelled until night, there being no road, and the snow very deep, we travelled on snow shoes or rackets. On the 26th we travelled some ways and held a council, when it was concluded to open the Court on the spot, as we saw no line and knew not whether it was in Kingsland or not, but we concluded we were far in the woods. We did not expect to see any house unless we travelled three miles in Kingsland and no one lived there, when the court was ordered to be opened on the spot.

Present John Taplin, Judge.
John Peters, of the quorum.
John Taplin, Jr. Sheriff.
All causes continued or adjourned over to the next term.

Motto. The cellar or lower story of a Presbyterian Church in New York city is improved by a retailer as a dram shop, having a sign at the exterior entrance, labelled in large capitals, "DEALER IN PORTER, SPIRITS, CIGARS, &c." The Evening Post thinks that the following Motto should be printed in large letters over the church door, a few feet above the grocer's sign:—
There's a Spirit above and a spirit below,
A Spirit of bliss and a spirit of woe;
The Spirit above is the Spirit Divine,
And the spirit below is the spirit of wine.

Fulling, &c.
THE Factory at new Lawrenceburgh is now ready to receive Cloth for Fulling, Dyeing and Dressing. The fulling mill having been repaired and new machinery added, the utmost punctuality and despatch may be expected.

TEST & DUNN.
Sept. 1, 1829. 95

Collector's Notice.
HAYING received the duplicates 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

Pay the Printer!
THOSE who are indebted to this establishment for papers, job work or advertising, are notified that they will be called on shortly for settlement either by note or payment.

GREGG & CULLEY.
Sept. 12, 1829.

NOTICE.
ALL those who are indebted to the subscriber, either by note, Bond or Book acc't, are requested to come forward and settle the same, on or against the first of October next, otherwise their accounts will be left in the hands of a proper officer for collection.

SAMUEL JELLEY.
P. S. The subscriber will rent his Tanyard situated in the town of Rising Sun, either with or without stock. Said Tanyard contains thirty four vats, large bark house, cast metal bark mill, sixty cords good bark, with a sufficiency of tools, &c. &c. to carry on said yard.

S. J.
Rising Sun, Ind. Sept. 7th, 1829. 36-3w.

Take Notice.
TAKEN UP by Joseph Thompson, of Sparta township, Dearborn county, on the 26th of August last, A SORREL HORSE, supposed to be six years old last Spring, about fifteen hands high, his hind feet white, with a long tail, and some saddle marks, branded on the left thigh dimly, supposed to be E G; no other marks or brands perceivable. Appraised at thirty seven dollars, by Nathaniel Richmond & Samuel Stage, before me, this 4th day of Sept. 1829.

JONATHAN VAIL, J. P.
36-3w.

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

DOCTOR C. R. M'FALL,
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. 29-8mo

By the President of the United States.

IN pursuance of law, I, ANDREW JACKSON, 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 **CRAWFORDSVILLE,**

In the State of Indiana, on the second Monday in November next, for the disposal of the public lands included within the limits of the undemarcated townships and fractional townships, all situate NORTH of the base line, and WEST of the second principal meridian, to wit:

Fractional townships nineteen and twenty, of Range one.

Fractional townships nineteen and twenty, of Range two.

Being a reservation of ten miles square, heretofore appropriated for the use of the Ed river or Thornton party of Miami Indians, at their village on Sugar creek, and ceded to the United States by Treaty of February 11th, 1825.

Also, Fractional township twenty four, and townships twenty five and twenty six, of Range four.

Townships twenty four and twenty five, of Range five. Also,

Fractional townships twenty one, twenty two, and twenty three, of Range ten.

Which last mentioned Range is bounded by the line of demarcation between Illinois and Indiana.

The lands reserved by law for the use of schools, or for other purposes, are to be excluded from sale.

Given under my hand, at the City of Washington, this nineteenth day of August, A. D. 1829.

ANDREW JACKSON.
By the President:
GEORGE GRAHAM, Commissioner
36-1s of the General Land Office.

NOTICE.

PUBLIC notice is hereby given to Warren Tebbis and Elizabeth Tebbis his wife, Lewis Jolly and Lucinda Jolly his wife, Elijah Lake and Maria Lake his wife, Hamilton Ashby and John Ashby, heirs and legal representatives of Bayless Ashby, late of Dearborn county, deceased, that I shall apply to the Probate court of Dearborn county, at its session or Term on the first Monday in November next, to appoint commissioners to assign and set over to me my dower of, in, and to a part of the west half of section fourteen, town seven, Range one west, in the county of Dearborn, the real estate of said deceased Bayless Ashby.

KEZIAH ASHBY.
Sept. 3d, 1829. 36-3w.

Pay the Blacksmith!!

POSTPONED.

THE undersigned hereby notifies those indebted to him in any way whatever, that he will attend at the office of Thomas Farmer, Esq. in Lawrenceburgh, from the 20th to the 23d October next, for the purpose of settling his books. Those interested, who do not attend at the time and place above mentioned, may expect to be dealt with in a summary way. No indulgence may be expected, but the most rigid course will be adopted, to collect the moneys due him, that he may be enabled to pay those to whom he is indebted.

RICHARD PREST.
Sept. 12, 1829. 36-

LAND FOR SALE.

THE undersigned, guardian of Moses and Aaron Purcell, will offer for sale on Wednesday the 13th of October next, the one tenth part of one hundred and eighty acres of land, lying in Union township, Dearborn county, being a part of Sec 31, in T. 4, R. 2 west. By order of the Probate Court, for the benefit of said minors.

ELEANOR PURSEL, guardian.
Sept. 12, 1829. 36-3w.

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
DAVID V. CULLEY,

Publisher 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 & 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.

After my sleighride, last winter, and the slippery trick I was served by Patty Bean, nobody would suspect me of hankering after women again in a hurry. To hear me curse and swear and rail out against the whole feminine gender, you would have taken it for granted that I should never so much as look at one again, to all eternity—O, but I was wicked. "Darn and blast their eyes—says I.—Blame their skins—torment their hearts and darn them to darnation." Finally I took an oath and swore that if I ever meddled or had any dealings with them (in the sparking line I mean) I wished I might be hung and choked.

But swearing off from women, and then going into a meeting house chock full of gals, all shining and glistening in their Sunday clothes and clean faces, is like swearing off from liquor and going into a grog shop. It's all smoke.

I held out and kept firm to my oath for three whole Sundays. Forenoons, afternoons and intermissions complete. On the fourth, there were strong symptoms of a change of weather. A chap,