

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 grimed 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 do you 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 yap—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 screach. He then sunk back into his doze again.

The dog stretched himself before one andiron; 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 time with a sappy yellow birch forestick. Sally sat up prim, as if she were pinned to the chairback; her hands crossed gently 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 eend.

"Johnny Beedle, you'll never handle such a drumstick as your father did, if you live to the age of Methusaler. He would toss up his drumstick, and while it was whirlio' in the air, take off a gill er rum, and then ketch it as it come down, without losin' a stroke in the tune. What d'y'e 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 just 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'y'e 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, ast, 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 "sarnom." I agreed with her to a nicely, 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 another 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' upstorous, 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 champing 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 quartar 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 squat up 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 not real

gril, 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.

Consern it, how a buss 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, sever-

al physicians decided that a dropsical patient should be tapped. Upon hear-

ing the decision, a son of the sick man

approached him and exclaimed, "Fath-

er 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 Lit-

rary 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 be-

tween them, interrupting their conversa-

tion. Our friend observed pretty loud-

ly, 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 cler-

gyman about repairing to church on

Sunday morning, was informed by his

wife that they had no meat for dinner;

whereupon he despatched his blackman

Cæsar, to a neighbor of his, generally

known by the name of Paul, to borrow a

piece of beef—after which he was direc-

ted to repair to church.—The black fel-

low went for the beef, but was refused on

the ground that his master had already

borrowed very often, but had neglected

to pay. Cæsar 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?" Cæsar supposing himself interrogated, answered—"What do Paul say? why, he say, he can't let you have 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 naturally 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 Presbytery 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 as 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 Lawrenceburg is now ready to receive Cloth for Fulling, Dying and Dressing. The

fulling mill having been repaired and new ma-

chinery added, the utmost punctuality and des-

patch may be expected.

TEST & DUNN.

Sept. 1, 1829. 55

Collector's Notice.

HAVING received the duplicates of taxes for the year 1819, I am now prepared to receive them. These 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, 27 1/2 cents per cord for cutting 1000 cords of wood and heaping the brush, on my lease on the lands of David Rice'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 11th, 1829.

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 Lawrenceburg, 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 Purse, will offer for sale on Wed-

nesday the 12th of October next, the one tenth

part of one hundred and eighty acres of land,

lying in Union township, Dearborn county, be-

ing a part of Sec 31, in T. 4, R. 2 west. By order

of the Probate Court, for the benefit of said minors.

ELEANOR PURSE, 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 dis-

charged by the payment of TWO DOLLARS in

advance, or by paying TWO DOLLARS & FIFTY

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