

MISCELLANY.

FROM THE VILLAGE RECORD.

BOB FLETCHER.

I once knew a ploughman, Bob Fletcher his name, Who was old, & was ugly, and so was his dame; Yet they lived quite contented, and free from all strife, Bob Fletcher the ploughman, and Judy his wife. As the morn streaked the east, and the night fled away, They would rise up for labor, refreshed for the day: The song of the lark, as it rose on the gale, Found Bob at his plough, and his wife at the plow.

A neat little cottage in front of a grove, Where in youth they first gave their young hearts up to love, Was the solace of age, & to them doubly dear, As it called up the past with a smile or a tear. Each tree had its thought, and the vow could impart, That mangle in youth the warm wish of the heart; The thorn was still there, and the blossom it bore,

And the song from its top seemed the same as before.

When the curtain of night over nature was spread.

And Bob had returned from his plough to his shed,

Like the dove on her nest, he reposed from all care;

If his wife and his youngsters contented were there.

I have passed by his door when the evening was gay,

And the hill and the landscape were fading away, And have heard from the cottage, with grateful surprise,

The voice of thanksgiving, like incense arise.

And I thought on the proud, who would look down with scorn,

On the neat little cottage, the grove & the thorn, And felt that the riches and follies of life,

Were dress to contentment like Bob & his wife.

MATRIMONIAL WISHES.

Anecdote verified.

A happy pair, in smart array, By holy church united, From London town in open seat Set off, by love incited.

The day was dull as dull could be, So (dreaming of no pun) Quoth John, "I hope, my dear, that we May have a little sun."

To which his bride with simple heart, Replied, ("twas nature taught her) "Well, I confess for my own part I'd rather have a daughter." [Hymen.

From the Boston Mercury.

A TALE OF A BAG OF BEANS, OR JOE BUNKER'S COURTSHIP.

There was a body met a body In a bag of beans,

Can a body tell a body What a body means.—OLD SONG.

Every body in the county of Essex

has heard of Joe Bunker, and the quips and cranks by him enacted.

In truth he was a famous fellow in his day, so noted for his bush-whacking rusticity of breeding that his name has passed into a proverb & made him immortal. Joe Bunker's character is now regarded by all the old crones and gossips in the North East corner of Massachusetts as the beau ideal of a genuine unsophisticated Yankee clodhopper.

His fame for ten miles round the country ran,

And all the old ladies called him a queer man.

He was the first mortal in these parts that ever picked his teeth with a wooden shoe.

Various other fashions introduced by him are in the remembrance of many, but it is not our purpose now to specify them. The story of his courtship and the bag of beans is not so common, it runs thus:

It was sometime in the month of April or May, or at any rate, just at the time of the planting of beans, of all the days in the year of a Sunday, that Joe being at a meeting, spied Colonel Shute's daughter Hannah. It was in prayer time; (they make terrible long prayers in that part of the country) and Joe was hanging over the pew door in about the shape of a figure 5, tired to death and wriggling himself about in as awkward and slouching a fashion as can well be imagined. Joe looked at Hannah, and Hannah looked at Joe. It is pretty certain that the little hedgehog Cupid shot off a pair of his quills at the same instant, for Hannah was struck with a very queer sensation, and as for Joe, he felt something which he could not describe, except by saying that it was a kind of all-overness like.

This is all we happened to know of the first item in this chapter of accidents.

The next morning Joe lay in the bed so long that his father began to grumble, and presently his mother came up stairs.

Come Joe, said she, get up and go to planting your beans.

I don't, said Joe, I am sick.

Sir! What's the matter with you?

What ails you?

I don't know what ails me; I don't want to tell.

Don't want to tell! a fiddlestick; let us know what it is?

Joe hid his face under the blanket for sometime, and at last blubbered out, "I want to go and see the Colonel's Han-

nah." Down goes the old woman and reports proceedings to her husband.—

What, said old Bunker, he go to see the Colonel's Hannah! tell him to come instantly and plant his beans. The old woman runs back and tells this to Joe.

But Joe was hard to work upon. He was granite; he was adamant; there was no softening him, no moving him. You might as easily have shouldered Oldtown Hill from its foundation as have made him start a peg. I won't go to planting beans; I will go to see the Colonel's Hannah. This was all she could get out of him, and so she paddled off again to her husband.

Really, Mr. Bunker, there's no getting Joe to mind; he says he won't go to planting beans nor touch to; and he will go and see the Colonel's Hannah. Now do let the poor boy have his way for once,—remember you was once a young man yourself. This was bringing the matter home, and Old Bunker tho' he was no logician, nor imagined how the thing could be proved in *Baralipon* or *Ferita*, yet he thought the reasoning so pat to the purpose that he fairly yielded. Well, well, let him take Dobbin and go, but not stay long.

But, said Joe on hearing this, I won't go without I can go grand, and I won't have Dobbin. Off goes the old woman once more with this intelligence.

Well then, said old Bunker, he may go grand and let him take old Bob.

But I won't ride upon old Bob said Joe, I'll have Possett. Then take P. s. s. s. t., says his father, and make haste back.

Hereupon Joe began to bustle about with all speed, and bedized himself out in his Sunday's best. He was a strapping bony, long-sided fellow. It would do you good to see him dressed in the fashion of that day, astride of his nag.

Joe had just bestowed a hearty kick upon the ribs of his Rozinante at setting out for the Colonel's when old Bunker bawled after him, Halloo, Joe! stop there, come back again!—You are going by Pearson's mill, and you shall take a couple of bags of corn to be ground, while you go to the Colonel's: and bring it back with you when you come away; so you can kill two dogs with one stone.—

Joe was inclined to demur to this plan of mixing business, but hating to waste time arguing with his father, he assented, and shambling off to the barn brought out his two bags and bestowed them snugly *en coupe*. Thus fairly accoutred, he trotted off to the mill.

Pearson, can ye grind my grist while I go to Colonel Shute's?

Yes, Joe, but what are ye going a courting for, so early?

Oh, who the dickens told you?

Never mind, Joe, pluck up courage faint heart never won fair lady.

Thank ye for nothing," said Joe "I shall be back in an hour. Don't let your horse eat out of the hopper. So off he started for the Colonel's.

Joe bolted in at the Colonel's door without knocking. (Indeed it is affirmed he never was known to be guilty of making such a superfluous noise in all his life.) "Ah Mrs. Shute, the top of the morning to ye; where's Hannah?"

"Ah Joe Bunker! is that you? where's Hannah? why she's upstairs a spinning?" At this Joe stumped off up stairs without any further idle palaver.

Hannah's wheel was buming right merrily when Joe entered. She blushed like a blue cabbage upon seeing him. "How d'ye do Hannah," said Joe, and shamming up towards the window, he slouched himself into a marvellously uncomfortable skewing position on the corner of a chair.

Well! now was Joe fairly seated along side of his Dulcinea; but how to begin conversation—Dulcinea, but how was the difficulty. What was he to say?—Indeed he had never thought of that. However, he looked out of the window, and saw a flock of sheep: there is nothing like taking a hint from the first thing that offers—

Are these your father's sheep, Hannah?

Yes Joe.

Joe gave a hem, and tried to think of something else to say about the sheep—such as, how much wool they gave, and whether they were of the Byfield breed; but he could not make it fadge. Presently he espied some cows—

Are these your cows?

Yes.

How many cows have you got?

Twenty.

Twenty! that's a tarnation lot of 'em. Here was another pause in the conversation, and Joe felt more awkward than ever. As for Hannah, she did not feel altogether quite so sheepish.

Joe looked out of the window again, but could see nothing to talk of. He looked round the room, and up to the ceiling, but there was nought save a seed cucumber, three red peppers, and a crookednecked squash. They would not suit. He drummed with his fingers upon the table, and began unconsciously to whistle a stave of 'The Tongs and the bones;' this quavered away into Yankee Doodle, and finally he found himself humming a mixture of Old Hundred and Little Marlborough.

Come Joe, said she, get up and go to planting your beans.

I don't, said Joe, I am sick.

Sir! What's the matter with you?

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Don't want to tell! a fiddlestick; let us know what it is?

Joe hid his face under the blanket for sometime, and at last blubbered out, "I want to go and see the Colonel's Han-

nah." At last he was struck with an idea, and out it came—

Did you ever see a crow?

Yes.

How black they are! aint they?

Yes.

Another pause. Joe began to wipe his forehead with his coat sleeve. Presently the apparition of another idea dawned upon him.

Did you ever see an owl?

Yes.

What great eyes they've got! aint they?

Yes.

Do you love maple sugar, Hannah?

Yes.

Next time I come, I'll bring you a great gob.

Joe fairly made a *hit* in this remark, for he touched upon a sweet subject and it completely broke the ice. Remembering the advice of the miller, he plucked up courage and stood bolt upright; then making a side-long blundering sort of a hitch a little nearer, "Hannah" says he, "I loves ye." Hannah let go her wheel from pure awkwardness, and Joe growing still bolder, made a sudden grapple with both paws and bestowed upon her a smacking buss tha mad the vey windows rattle.—How long it lasted never was known, bu' Hannah's mother not hearing the wheel buzzing, bawled out below, "Hannah what are you doing up there with Joe Bunker?"

This interruption gave them a rouse like an electric shock. Joe clawed off in a terrible fright, thinking it was time to cut and run. Hannah, says he, I must clear out; but I'll come again next Sunday night. So saying, he made his best of his way off, hardly looking behind him.

Well Pearson, have you ground my corn?—Yes, Joe, and your beans too.—Beans! what d'ye mean? What do I mean! why was not one a bag of corn & 'other a bag of beans?—No it won't.—Yes it was though.—Bugs and tarnation! was it? then I'm ruined! I've made a mistake and took the wrong bag. I snags! Father'll kill me; 'twas all the beans we'd got for seed!—What the dickens shall I do? Oh murder and whiteoak cheese!"

In a terrible peck of trouble, Joe got upon Possett with his bags, now thinking of Hannah and now of his unfortunate.

Half way home he met his father upon old Bob: he was belaboring his sides with might and main, hoping to get to the mill in time to save his beans, for he had discovered Joe's blunder on going out to plant.—Oh Joe, Joe, you chowderhead, you blundering numskull! you've carried the beans to mill! And I've come on a canter all the way to save them from being ground.—It's too late, father, for they are all ground to smash!

How the old man stormed and vowed Joe should pay for them, and how Joe attempted to clear himself by telling lies about finding the bags in the wrong place, we have not time to state. The old man laid an embargo on Joe's courtship expeditions, and spoke to the Col. about keeping Hannah snug at home; but Joe stole a march upon the old ones, and struck a bargain with the sexton to publish him and Hannah in a sly fashion.

The matter being conducted *clandestinely*, as Deacon Sobersides remarked, it was a match before any body could interfere. So the lo g and short of it is; that the agriculture of the Bunker farm was knocked completely out of joint that year, by Joe's courtship and blunder of the bags, for there were more turnips raised than pulse, a thing not heard of before among the Bunkers since the Pilgrims came over. Joe got a wife and saved his bacon, but lost his beans.

A very infamous woman, well known to all the noble rakes of the court of Charles II, desired in her will to have a sermon preached at her funeral, for which the preacher was to have £10, on this express condition that he should say nothing but what was well of her.

It was with great difficulty a preacher was found to undertake the task. At length one offered himself who after preaching a sermon on the general subject of morality and the good uses to be made of it, concluded by saying;—by the will of the deceased it is expected that I should mention nothing but what was well of her. All that I shall say of her, therefore is this; she was born well, she lived well, and she died well; for she was born with the name of Creswell she lived in Clerkenwell and died in bridewell.

Lost! Lost!!

THE subscriber lost on or about the 15th inst. the following described papers, which he would thank and reward any person finding and returning to him, viz.: One Note on Wm. Goodrich for \$18 dollars, due the 1st of March, 1829, One receipt from Z. Bedford for 100 dollars, One do. for 50 dollars, Two do. for 50 dollars, and one do. for 20 dollars.

TIMOTHY PERCIVAL.

Nov. 28, 1829. 47

Library Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that all claims due the Lawrenceburg Library Company, not settled by the 15th of December next, will then be put in suit.

GEORGE H. DUNN,

Nov. 26th, 1829. Treasurer.

PROPOSALS

BY A. F. MORRISON,

FOR PUBLISHING AT INDIANAPOLIS, A WEEK

LY NEWSPAPER, TO BE ENTITLED THE

INDIANA DEMOCRAT.

IN offering these proposals to the public, it is the intention to be brief, explicit, and positive. The Democrat will maintain the principles which its title indicates, and may be depended upon as the faithful representative of the feelings of the Democratic Republicans of Indiana; having for its object, a decided and vigorous support of the character of the present national administration.

It is not our design to be abusive, vindictive or ungenerous to our political opponents; but on the contrary to treat respectfully those who may honestly differ with us in their political preferences; nevertheless, to guard, as far as practicable, a virtuous community from the schemes of political temporizers and traffickers, who, under the garb of patriotism, would esteem a free people, but as vassals of their will and tributaries to their ambition.

The establishment of a genuine Jackson paper at the Metropolis of Indiana, has long been a desideratum with the Democratic Republicans of the State, and frequent solicitations to the Editor who now proposes to comply with the desires of the party, have induced him to dispose of the "Republican Statesman," in Clark County, and again to trust his fate in the hands of his political friends, by asking their patronage in a more extended sphere.

On the known uniformity of his character as a Jackson man in the two most recent contests for the presidency, and his experience as the conductor of a public journal, the Editor might, as he conceives, safely rest his claims to the confidence of the party, in whose cause he fearlessly contended but for their entire satisfaction he will state that the Democrat may be relied upon as the accredited and correct channel for the dissemination of the sentiments of the party, entirely devoted to its interests, and that it will, on all occasions, stand firm in the support of all its virtuous officers and measures.

The Democrat will be issued on a large, fine super royal sheet, on a new and elegant type, and besides being a political vehicle, will furnish a due portion of news, literary, scientific, interesting and common topics of the times, at the earliest periods—*together*