

## 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 pail.  
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 mingle 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 dross 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 stage  
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." [HYMN.]

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 cronies and gossips in the North East corner of Massachusetts as the beau ideal of a genuine unsophisticated Yankee clod-hopper.  
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 Cuppid 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.  
Sick? 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 thought he was no logician, nor imagined how the thing could be proved in *Baraborton* 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 Possett, says his father, and make haste back.

Hereupon Joe began to bustle about with all speed, and bedizened 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 croupe*. 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 up stairs a spinning?" At this Joe stumped off up stairs without any further idle palaver.

Hannah's wheel was humming 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—ah, there 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.

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

Did you ever see a crow?

Yes.

How black they are! a'nt 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! a'nt 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 sideling 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 that made the very windows rattle.—How long it lasted never was known, but 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 the 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 bag of corn & 'tother a bag of beans?—No it wasn'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 snuggers! 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 grist. 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 Soberides remarked, it was a match before any body could interfere. So the long 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 brideswell.

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, 1839. 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 Lawrenceburgh Library Company, not settled by the 15th of December next, will then be put in suit.

GEORGE H. DUNN, Treasurer.

Nov 26th, 1829.

## PROPOSALS

BY A. F. MORRISON,

FOR PUBLISHING AT INDIANAPOLIS, A WEEKLY 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; baying 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 early enlisted and for whose success 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 with a detail of legislative proceedings.

In regard to the local concerns of Indiana it will be the advocate of such a policy as will tend to develop and protect the great interests of the State, and of such men as have capacity and honesty sufficient to call into active operation, the good resources of the country, on principles of justice and prudence.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Two dollars per annum if paid in advance, or at the rate of twenty five cents addition per quarter for delinquencies.

No subscription received for a less term than one year, unless paid in advance.

Subscriptions received at this office.

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 Offices at Jeffersonville & Vincennes, in the State of INDIANA, at the periods hereinafter designated, for the disposal of all the lands which have been relinquished to the United States prior to the fourth of July, 1829 under the provisions of the several acts of Congress for the relief of the purchasers of public lands and for the extinguishment of the debt due to the United States by the purchasers of public lands prior to the first day of July, 1820 which have not heretofore been exposed to public sale under the provisions of the act of Congress passed on the 24th day of April, 1820 entitled "An act making further provision for the sale of the public lands."

Also, at the same times and places, there will be exposed to public sale, all lands further credited in the second and third classes, under the provisions of the act of Congress, passed on the second day of March, 1821, entitled "An act for the relief of the purchasers of public lands prior to the first day of July, 1829," and the acts supplementary thereto, passed on the 20th day of April, 1822, and 30 day of March, 1823, which have reverted to the United States, agreeably to the terms of such further credit, in consequence of non-payment within the legal period.

Also, at the same times and places, there will be exposed to sale, all lands which have reverted, or which, prior to the day of such sale, may revert to the United States under the provisions of the sixth condition of the fifth section of the act of Congress, passed on the 10th day of May, 1800, entitled "An act to amend the act, entitled an act providing for the sale of the lands of the United States, in the territory northwest of the Ohio, and above the mouth of the Kentucky river," and which have not heretofore been exposed to public sale, agreeably to the provisions of the act of the 24th day of April, 1820, above quoted, to wit:

At the Land Office at Jeffersonville, on the second Monday in December next.

At the Land Office at Vincennes, on the third Monday in December next.

Each sale to be kept open for six days.

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

ANDREW JACKSON.

By the President: GEORGE GRAHAM, Commissioner

44—ts of the General Land Office.

Flour by the barrel

The subscribers have flour wholesale and retail.

M'PIKE & STOCKMAN.

Oct. 1829.

5000 BUSHELS CHAR-COAL wanted immediately at the New-Lawrenceburgh Foundry; for which 5 Cents per bushel will be given. Nov. 7, 1829. 44

## Caution to the Public!

THE subscriber having lost or mislaid a Note of hand, given him by Nathaniel Ford and Nathaniel T. Jaqueth, for \$75, dated the 21st Sept 1829, and payable on the 1st Aug 1830, cautions the public against trading for or receiving said note, unless regularly assigned by him.

ELISHA M'NEELY.

Nov. 14, 1829. 45—3w

## Administrator's Notice.

THE undersigned, administrator of the estate of Dele Elder, deceased, late of Dearborn county, hereby requests all persons indebted to said estate to come forward and settle the same without delay; and all those having claims against it, to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

LEMUEL G. ELDER, Adm'r.

Nov. 14, 1829. 45—3w

## Taken Up.

STATE of Indiana, Dearborn county, Caesar creek township. Taken up by Henry Pate, one stray MARE—the descriptions are as follows—about 14 hands high; supposed to be 7 or 8 years old next spring; a white spot on each side of her back, supposed to be done by the saddle; some white hairs on her right hind foot below the pastern joint; a long tail, the end cut off square. No other marks or brands perceivable. Appraised at twenty dollars, by Sam Pate and Peter Brown, November the 4th, 1829.

I certify this to be a true copy from my estray book.

JOHN LYONS, J. P.

Nov. 9, 1829. 45\*

Probate Court of Dearborn County, November Term 1829.

In the matter of the } ON CITATION FOR  
estate of Daniel Bar } SETTLEMENT OF  
ricklow, deceased. } ESTATE.

NOW comes Henry Barricklow, administrator of the estate of Daniel Barricklow, deceased, and files his petition verified on oath, showing amongst other things, that there are no further assets in his hands to be administered;—the court now here therefore, rule, order and decree, that public notice be given in the Indiana Palladium, to the heirs of the said Daniel Barricklow and to all others concerned, that the accounts of said estate will be settled at the next term of the probate court of Dearborn county, to be held at the court house in Lawrenceburgh on the first Monday in January next;—where those persons concerned in the settlement of said estate may attend if they think proper. By order of the Hon. George H. Dunn, Probate Judge of Dearborn county.

JAMES DILL, clerk.

Nov. 25d, 1829.

Probate Court of Dearborn County, November Term, 1829.

In the matter of } ON CITATION FOR  
the estate of Moses } SETTLEMENT OF ES-  
Hitchcock, deceased. } TATE.

NOW comes John Gray & Horace Whitney, administrators of the estate of Moses Hitchcock, deceased, and files their petition verified on oath, showing amongst other things, that there are no further assets in their hands to be administered—  
The court now here therefore rule, order, and direct, that public notice be given in the Indiana Palladium, to the heirs of the said Moses Hitchcock, and to all others concerned, that the accounts of said estate will be settled at the next term of the probate court of Dearborn county, to be held at the court house in Lawrenceburgh, on the first Monday in January next; where those persons concerned in the settlement of said estate may attend if they think proper. By order of the Honorable George H. Dunn, Probate Judge of Dearborn county.

JOHN GRAY &  
HORACE WHITNEY,

Administrators of the estate of Moses Hitchcock, Deceased.

25d Nov. 1829. 47—3w

## Taken Up

ON the 2d day of November 1829, by Cornelius S. Faulkner, of Sparta township, Dearborn county Indiana, A black horse colt, supposed to be one year old last spring, between twelve and thirteen hands high, with some white on his right hind foot, and some white spots on his head and body; no other marks perceivable. Appraised at eight dollars by Phineas S. King and Simeon Jessup. Given under my hand and seal, this 14th day of Nov. 1829.

JOHN COLUMBIA, J. P.

46—3w

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 dispensed with 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.