

MISCELLANY.

From the Dover Enquirer.

OLD AND NEW TIMES.

When my dear father was a boy,
Full forty years ago,
Young gentlemen could pull the flax,
And break it from the tow.

Young gentlemen could plough and plant,
And sow, and dig, and reap,—
To market then they'd take a jaunt,
Their money get and keep.

Young gentlemen were noble then,
As any dandies now;
Yet they could help their mamas churn,
And make a graceful bow.

Young gentlemen then wore wool hats,
Cue with a good broad brim—
Three corner'd cambric for cravats,
They tied beneath the chin.

Then gentlemen wore nice long coats,
All buttoned up before;
No ruffles had they on their shirts—
Not one amongst a score.

And as for love, I do not know—
I think then some possessed it,
But of the noble passion now
They're all alike divested.

Young gentlemen that did then love,
Believed in perseverance;
And to the promises they made
They kept a strict adherence.

Now gentlemen can stalk the field,
Hake hay an hour or two,
When suddenly the showers arise,
As frequently they do.

Now gentlemen with walking sticks
Can saunter through the town—
Can stop in any dram-shop door,
And leisurely sit down.

They never drink unless they're dry,—
"A little cannot harm;"
But sometimes when they wish to go,
They "cannot spin street yarn."

Mustachoes, gentlemen now wear;
I like the appearance well;
But then their beard is shorn so near,
They'll marry a "whopper" tell.

Now woolen hats are changed for fur,
Cravats to stiffened collars,
Plain bosoms into yard-wide ruffs,
And E-gles into dollars.

WAVERLY NOVELS.—New Series.

Some circumstances of a local situation gave the author, in his youth, an opportunity of seeing a little, and hearing a great deal, about that degraded class who are called gypsies, who are in most cases a mixed race, between the ancient Egyptians, who arrived in Europe about the beginning of the fifteenth century, and vagrants of European descent.

The individual gypsy upon whom the character of Meg Merrilles was founded, was well known about the middle of the last century, by the name of Jean Gordon, an inhabitant of the village of Kirk Yetholm, in the Cheviot hills, adjoining to the English Border. The author gave the public some account of this remarkable person in one of the early numbers of Blackwood's Magazine, to the following purposes.

My father remembered old Jean Gordon of Yetholm, who had great sway among her tribe. She was quite a Meg Merrilles, and possessed the savage virtue of fidelity in the same perfection. Having been often hospitably received at the farm-house of Lochside, near Yetholm, she had carefully abstained from committing any depredations on the farmer's property. But her sons (nine in number) had not, it seems, the same delicacy, and stole a brood sow from their entertainer. Jean was mortified at this ungrateful conduct, and so much ashamed of it, that she absented herself from Lochside for several years.

It happened, in course of time, that in consequence of some temporary pecuniary necessity, the Goodman of Lochside was obliged to go to Newcastle to raise some money to pay his rent. He succeeded in his purpose, but returning through the mountains of Cheviot, he was benighted and lost his way.

A light glimmering through the window of a large waste barn, which had survived the farm house to which it had belonged, guided him to a place of shelter; and when he knocked at the door, it was opened by Jean Gordon. Her

very remarkable figure, for she was nearly six feet high, and her equally remarkable features and dress, rendered it impossible to mistake her for a moment, though he had not seen her for years, and to meet with such a character in so solitary a place, and probably at no great distance from her clan, was a grievous surprise to the poor man, whose rent (to lose which would have been ruin) was about his person.

Jean set up a loud shout of joyful recognition—“Eh, sis! the winsome Gude-man of Lochside! Light down, light down; for ye mauna gang farther the night, and a friend's house see near. The farmer was obliged to dismount, and accept of the gipsy's offer of a supper and a bed. There was plenty of meat in the barn, however it might be come by, and preparations were going

on for a plentiful repast, which the farmer, to the great increase of his anxiety observed, was calculated for ten or twelve guests of the same description, probably, with his landlady.

Jean left him in no doubt on the subject. She brought to his recollection the story of the stolen sow, and mentioned how much pain and vexation it had given her. Like other philosophers, she remarked that the world grew worse daily; and like other parents, that the bairns got out of her guiding, and neglected the old gipsy regulations, which commanded them to respect, in their depredations, the property of their benefactors. The end of all this was, an inquiry what money the farmer had about him; and an urgent request, or command, that he would make her purse keeper, since the bairns, as she called her sons, would be soon home. The poor farmer made a virtue of necessity, told his story, and surrendered his gold to Jean's custody. She made him put a few shillings in his pocket, observing it would excite suspicion should he be found travelling altogether penniless.

This arrangement being made, the farmer lay down on a sort of shake-down, as the Scotch call, or bed clothes disposed upon some straw, but, as will easily be believed, slept not.

About midnight the gang returned, with various articles of plunder, and talked over their exploits in language which made the farmer tremble. They were not long in discovering they had a guest, and demanded of Jean whom she had got there.

E'en the winsome Gude-man of Lochside, poor body, replied Jean; he's been at Newcastle seeking siller to pay his rent, honest man, but deil-lickit he's been able to gather in, see he's gaun e'en hame wi' a toom purse and a sair heart.

That may be, Jean, replied one of the banditti, but we maun rip his pouches a bit, and see if the tale be true or no. Jean set up her throat in exclamation against this breach of hospitality, but without producing any change in their determination. The farmer soon heard their stifled whispers and light steps by his bedside, and understood they were rumaging his clothes. When they found the money which the providence of Jean Gordon had made him retain, they held a consultation if they should take it or no; but the smallness of the booty, and the vehemence of Jean's remonstrances, determined them in the negative. They caroused and went to rest. As soon as day dawned, Jean roused her guest, produced his horse, which she had accommodated behind the hallan, and guided him for some miles, till he was on the high road to Lochside. She then restored his whole property; nor could his earnest entreaties prevail on her to accept so much as a single guinea.

I have heard the old people at Jedburgh say, that all Jean's sons were condemned to die there on the same day. It is said the jury were equally divided, but that a friend to justice, who had slept during the whole discussion, waked suddenly, and gave his vote for condemnation, in the emphatic words, ‘Hang them a’! Unanimity is not required in Scottish jury, so the verdict of guilty was returned. Jean was present, & only said, ‘The Lord help the innocent on a day like this!’ Her own death was accompanied with circumstances of brutal outrage, of which poor Jean was in many respects wholly undeserving. She had, among other demerits, or merits, as the reader may choose to rank it, that of being a staunch Jacobite. She chanced to be at Carlisle upon a fair or market day, soon after the year 1746, where she gave vent to her political partiality, to the great offence of the rabble of the city. Being zealous in their loyalty, when there was no danger in proportion to the tameness with which they had surrendered to the Highlanders in 1745, the mob inflicted upon poor Jean Gordon no slighter death than that of ducking her to death in the Eden. It was an operation of some time, for Jean was a stout woman, and struggling with her murderers, often got her head above water; and, while she had voice left, continued to exclaim at such intervals, ‘Charlie yet! Charlie yet! When a child and among the scenes which she frequented, I have often heard these stories, and cried pitifully for poor Jean Gordon.

“I don’t want to take your paper no longer, said a person as he entered our office the other day—I’ve took it for more nor five years, and just because I didn’t happen to pay for it in time, I’ve had a summons tuck’d on to me!” On looking in the subscription book, says the Auburn Free Press, we found that the patron had actually received the paper from its commencement, but had never as yet, taken the trouble to pay one cent. But he was determined,—and we, of course, after telling him how extremely sorry we were to lose so constant a customer, erased his name. As he left the office, we could observe a grin of satisfaction playing in his countenance, while he was muttering in low, half-smothered accents, that he guessed he’d let ‘em know that he wasn’t fool enough to encourage a paper arter he’d been sued for!”

EVIL OF TOO MUCH DEBATE.

From Mr. Jefferson's Memoirs—in the collection of his writings just printed:

“*Congress at Annapolis.* Our body was not numerous, but very contentious. Day after day, was wasted on the most unimportant questions. A member, one of those afflicted with the morbid rage of debate, of an ardent mind, prompt imagination, and copious flow of words, who heard with impatience any logic which was not his own, sitting near me on some occasion of a trifling but wordy debate, asked me how I could sit in silence hearing so much false reasoning, which a word would refute? I observed to him, that to refute indeed was easy, but to silence impossible, that in measures brought forward by myself, I took the laboring oar, as was incumbent on me; but that, in general, I was willing to listen; that if every argument or objection was used by some one or another of the numerous debaters, it was enough, if not, I thought it sufficient to suggest the omission, without going into a repetition of what had been already said by others; that this was a waste and abuse of time and patience of the House, which could not be justified.

And I believe that if members of deliberative bodies were to observe this course generally, they would do in a day what takes them a week: and it is really more questionable, than may at first be thought, whether Bonaparte's dumb legislature, which said nothing, and did much, may not be preferable to one which talks much, and does nothing. I served with General Washington in the Legislature of Virginia, before the Revolution, and during it, with Dr. Franklin in congress, I never heard either of them speak ten minutes at a time, nor to any but the main point, which was to decide the question. They laid their shoulders to the great points, knowing that the little ones would follow themselves. If the present Congress errs in too much talking, how can it be otherwise, in a body to which the people send 150 lawyers, whose trade is to question every thing, yield nothing, and talk by the hour? That 150 lawyers should do business together, ought not to be expected.

From the Village Record.

“I’m off!”—as the fly said that lit on the mustard pot.

The story is this—a fly in pursuit of sweets, honey or sugar, descended upon an open pot of mustard mistaking it probably for St. Croix. What a disappointment! The one so delicious—the other odious—suffocating. Two Indian Chiefs were at table—one of them seeing other guests take mustard with their beef, helped himself to a spoonful and swallowed the whole at a dose. Too stoical to complain he preserved imperceptible serenity of muscle, involuntary tears only marking his internal agony. ‘Why do you weep?’ inquired the brother chief. ‘Thinking of my father’s death’ was the reply. Presently the other who had seen his fellow taste the mustard, helped himself and swallowed the fiery portion. ‘Tearstreamed amin. ‘And why those signs of sorrow?’ inquired the first. ‘I was sorrowing,’ replied the other, ‘that you had not been buried with your father.’ The fact is—that to the fly, as to the Indians, the mustard was a complete take-in.

A young man went to pay his addresses to a very pretty girl whom he had seen abroad, neat as a pink, & mild as a summer evening—all smiles and dimples. Going in unexpectedly one day, he heard the voice of his charmer an octave above, and at least a demi-semi quaver too rapid, for good nature. Standing a moment he saw her pass, those silken tresses in wild disorder. ‘Streaming like a meteor thro’ the troubled air,’ slip-shod—beel of one stocking half torn off. It was not the dishabille of industry, but the garb of the slattern. Amazed, the lover gazed a moment—then crying

“I’m off!”—as the fly said—took his departure forever.

Such a girl, so neat in public, so sweet before company, I look upon as a piece of veneered work, a thin covering of beautiful stuff, put on for show, concealing the rough and unsightly material of which the article is mainly formed.

How many hundred instances in life is mustard taken for sugar: In politics—in trade—especially in pleasure.

But as I write to be read, and of all things should be mortified to see one gaping over my youthful lucubrations, ‘I’m off.’

BOB BRIEF.

When C——, the tragedian, last paid a visit to his native land, he stopped at Haddington, and was struck with the beauty of a chambermaid. He got to bed, and fell asleep to dream about her. Out of his slumber he was gently awakened, and, to his delight, saw this charming girl standing by his bed-side, with a light, seemingly a little embarrassed name. As he left the office, we could observe a grin of satisfaction playing in his countenance, while he was muttering in low, half-smothered accents, that he guessed he’d let ‘em know that he wasn’t fool enough to encourage a paper arter he’d been sued for!”

below—and we haenae bed for him, sae I made bauld to turn him in wi’ you, for oae other body wold thole (endure) him, an I’m muckle obliged, sir, for yer sae kindly consenting!”

A Roman being about to repudiate his wife, amongst a variety of other questions from her enraged kinsmen, was asked, “Is not your wife a sensible woman? Is she not a handsome woman? Has she not borne you five children?”—In answer to all which questions, slipping off his shoe, he held it up, and interrogating them in his turn—“Is not this shoe (said he) a very handsome one? Is it not quite new? Is it not extremely well made? How is it then that none of you can tell where it pinches?”—*Plutarch.*

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 day of 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 1820,’ and the acts supplementary thereto, passed on the 29th day of April, 1822, and 8th 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 of the General Land Office.

44-1s

PROPOSALS

FOR PUBLISHING IN THE TOWN OF LAWRENCEBURGH, A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER TO BE ENTITLED THE

WESTERN STATESMAN,

AND AGRI CULTURAL REGISTER.

SINCE my retirement from the editorial department of the PALLADIUM, I have been strongly urged by many of the friends of the late administration, to re-engage in the publication of a Paper in accordance with their political sentiments. The apparent necessity which exists at present in this country for such a paper, and a strong desire to advocate the cause I have long espoused, have induced me so far to yield to their solicitations as to promise that should my health be sufficiently restored by the first of January next, to enable me to attend to the arduous duties of a printing office, with safety, they may then expect a paper which in politics will fully accord with their wishes: *Provided always that a sufficient number of subscribers be procured to justify the undertaking.*

It is unnecessary at this time to enlarge on the course I intend to pursue in conducting this paper; let it suffice that I say to the friends of agriculture, internal improvement, and domestic manufactures, *I am with you*

MILTON GREGG.

THE STATESMAN will be printed weekly on super-royal paper, and with good type, at Two dollars and fifty cents, per annum, payable within the year, but may be discharged by the payment of two dollars in advance. Three months after the commencement will be allowed for advance payment. Those who receive their papers by private post must pay the postage, or it will be added to their subscription. Letters to the editor must be post paid.

P. S. Since issuing the above prospectus I have purchased an establishment, of which I cannot take possession prior to the 10th of February next, consequently, the publication of the paper will be delayed, until the middle of February or the first of March. If 500 subscribers shall then have been obtained, I will issue on an Imperial sheet instead of a super-royal, as heretofore contemplated. M. G.

Flour by the barrel

The subscribers have flour wholesale and retail.

MFIRE & STOCKMAN.

Oct. 1829.

Probate Court of Dearborn County, November Term

1829.

ON CITATION FOR
estate of Daniel Bar-
ricklow, deceased.

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, 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 Lawrenceburg, 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. 23d, 1829.

Probate Court of Dearborn County, November Term, 1829.

ON CITATION FOR
estate of Moses SETTLEMENT OF ES-
tate.

NOW comes John Gray & Horace Whit-
ney administrators of the estate of Mo-
ses Hitchcock, deceased, and files their petition
verified on oath, shewing 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 Mo-
ses Hitchcock, and to all others concerned,
that the accounts of said estate will be settled at
the next term of the probate court of Dear-
born county, to be held at the court house in
Lawrenceburg, on the first Monday in Janu-
ary 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 Hitch-
cock, Deceased.

28d Nov. 1829.

47-5w

Taken Up

ON the 2d day of November 1829, by Cornelius S. Faulkner, of Sports 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 perceptible. Appraised at eight dollars by Phineas S. King and Simeon Jessep. Given under my hand and seal, this 14th day of Nov. 1829.

JOHN COLUMBIA, J. P.