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By David V. Culley.

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A COMPLETE FARMER.

A complete farmer is a most careful, industrious and frugal, as well as reputable and useful man; and unless carefulness, industry, and economy are united in the character, it will be an imperfect one. Although a farmer cannot live without labor, yet by labor alone he can never grow rich and reputable. Much depends upon his laying out and performing certain kinds of labor in the times and seasons when they ought to be performed. If he will not cut out his summer dung, nor plough those lands in the fall, which he means to seed in the following spring—if he will not put his seed in the ground early, as soon as the season will admit—if he will not attend to his fences and see that they are sufficient—and if he will not cut his grass when it is ripe, and do every thing that is necessary to secure it in good order, he will be perpetually hurried from one kind of labor to another, and every one will be slighted; his flux will not be well coated, nor his grain properly filled out; his corn will be shortened for want of being well hoed, and his grass will dry away in the field. Let every kind of labor, therefore, be performed in season. A complete farmer is a man of great carefulness and solicitude; without care, the severest labor on the best of farms will never produce richness and plenty. If the farmer will not milk his cows in season—see that they are promptly tended—go to the male in the right time, for the next years profit; and that his dairy is neatly and carefully managed—he may labor without ceasing—will have a small, poor breed of cattle, and never enjoy a fullness of good butter and cheese. It is care which makes a flock increase and grow to a good size, which brings forth the profits of the dairy, and fills the house of a farmer with good things. If he will not carefully inspect his fields and meadows, and see that his fences are in good order, his grass and his corn will be cropt by his cattle; and he will not gather and put them up carefully and in due season, he will have a short and mouldy crop. If he mows, rakes, or fodders his cattle, in a careless slovenly manner, his flock will be pinched through the winter, and become poor and lousy in the spring—poor oxen, too poor to do the labor of the season; poor cows, with little or no milk, and wretched calves and poor horses, too feeble to draw, and too weak to ride with safety. If his swine, poultry, and stock in general, and his carts, rakes, and tools of all kinds, are not carefully attended to, the farmer can never grow rich and respectable. It is attention which gradually collects from various sources, and covers the soil with manure: it is attention which causes the hills, fields and valleys to yield their increase, and advances and completes their most beneficial improvements.

There is a third virtue, without the practice of which, farmers can never attain to wealth and independence; I mean Economy. Without this, both labor in raising, and care in preserving the fruits of the earth, are absolutely thrown away. Economy is an excellent virtue in a man; it is indispensable in the affairs and professions of a farmer. And of this he should never be unmindful when he looks into his barn, his cellar or his garden, or even his pastures; to say nothing of his fields—mowing lands and meadows. But farmers, as well as other men, are too apt to forget, that in their pursuit after riches, almost every thing depends upon economy joined with care and industry.

A frugal industrious man, blessed with a common share of understanding, will undoubtedly succeed and advance his interest, beyond whatever he expected, when he first sets out in life, provided no singular providential evil should overtake him. More is gained by saving than by hard labor.

A farmer, therefore, whose utmost profits are small and slow, as he cannot grow rich suddenly from his profession, should be a rigid and steady economist. He should consider the saving he may make in every thing—in fuel, tools, clothes, meat, drink and pocket expenses; above all, in his time, which is equal to so much money in hand.

Every day that his neighbor goes to market with a pound or two of butter and a few eggs, if he stays at home and keeps steady to his labor, he gets two if not three days the start of him. While his neighbor wastes his time and spends his money in imprudent and trifling pursuits, he saves both time and money in dressing and improving his lands, which demand all his attention. There is no leisure hour to be found on a farm from early in the spring till late in the fall. Through all that whole period a good farmer knows how to spend every hour profitably on his lands. He can have no time to pass in idleness—in chatting with people as they pass by—in making needless visits—in attending courts, horse races, taverns, and the like. By these means the public is annually deprived of many thousand bushels of potatoes, corn, tons of hay, &c. and individuals themselves, become poor, and fall into the worst of habits—idleness, gambling and dissipation.

There is no kind of economy, in the farmer which will not be rewarded.

Early rising will contribute to his health, and preserve his fields from the inroads of the unruly creatures, which commonly begin their trespasses just as the day begins to dawn. Close mowing and careful raking, will enable him to winter one cow ex-

ceptionally. Feeding his hogs by weeds and other vegetable substances, will enable him to pay his shoemakers. Scraping his door and barn yards, after rains and showers, will clothe his boy. Saving his early apples, and which are commonly lost entirely, will pay his tailor, his poultry well attended, will pay his maid. His calves will pay all his taxes, and some part of his hired labor, if proper care be taken of them. In fine, let a farmer who possesses only fifty acres of good land—who owes no man and who has a common blessing on the labor of his hands, strictly attend to the management of his affairs, live a life of patient industry, and practice agreeably to the principles of economy, and I think he may live well—may be excused the hardest of labor; leave his spade and hoe to the next generation by the time he has seen fifty years, when most men begin to think of comfort, ease and independence.

N. E. Farmer.

Georgia vs. Down East.

BARROOM OF A TAVERN.

NUTMEG.—(Addressing Cracker, a Georgian.) I say, Mister, you ha'nt seed nothin' of no umbrella no wheres about here, ha'nt you?

CRACKER.—Now, I tell you what, stranger, if you'll just untwist that and say it over again, I'll gin you an answer.

NUT.—Now—do tell; I guess you are about as snappish as Deacon Holmes' new invented sheep shears; they not only tuck the wool clear off, but shaved the ears and tail with it!

CRACK.—You're a screamer!—Come, figure in with me in a mint-julap, if you know what that is. Mint's all the go South—and if you want to get the first chop, go to the grave of any southern nullifier, who mought have recently died, and there you'll find the mint as they say, shooting up spontaneously.

NUT.—No?—you don't say so?—Well now, that's a good one. Howsomever, mister, I guess you never drink no blackstrap, did you? 'Spose you ha'nt. Why bless your' ternal soul, it's the sweetest drink than ever streak'd it down a common sized gullet. 'Lasses and rum with a leetle dash o' water.—Why, do you know, when Deacon Snooks died he was buried in farmer Greg's old lot, just behind Major Stakes' grocery and liquor store; you know where it is?—Well, ever since he was laid there, which may be, I guess about twelve years ago, there's been a spring of blackstrap running.

CRACK.—Well, stranger, you can take the rag off the bush about a leetle the cleanest I ever heard tell. I reckon you'll beat our old nigger Coot, who once run again a lawyer, and has never been able to tell the truth since. You can come huckleberry over my priscimmon to day.

NUT.—Well, I guess I am not quite as slow as a pumpkin-vine or as dull as a rainy day. But you appear to be a green one in these parts.—How do you like the middlings of Maryland?

CRACK.—Why I can't exactly say,—I reckon on your niggers are about a *notch* too indispensible; why, it's a fact, the vile catamounds are so plaguy slow on their trotters when a feller speaks to 'em, that they might run a race with a goard and be distanced after all.

I reckon you had ought to see our Georgy niggers—they're a leetle worse than the sharp end of nothing whittled down; if they can't dodge a panther at three months old,

I once see'd a nigger stick it up the Savanah river agin stream and wind, middle deep in the water at the rate of ten miles an hour; if I didn't, may I be screwed down to a hoe-cake in a cider-press.

NUT.—Well now—do tell; you must have a rail-hulso climate in Georgy.

CRACK.—I tell you what, stranger, our climate's got no nature at all. In the uplands it mought be the same as this 'ere one day, and another just about hot enough to roil a common sized salamander. Some folks there can't count their children, and dont die until they're so particularly old that they can't step into their coffins. But I reckon you've never been in the low countries? The fog there is so thick that you have to cut your way through it with a pick axe. A steamboat was once smashed to pieces by running agin a Georgy fog.

NUT.—I swow! mister, I should like to know what school you got your children in? May be you were brought up in the *lying* in hospital—and fed on razors.

I guess if you were put into a cider-mill you'd come out at a regular built Cholera morbus.

CRACK.—Right, stranger—and you'd have to pass through all the cotton gins in Georgy afore you'd come out an honest man.

Howsomever, you're a screamer, so gin us a shake o' your corn stealer—and let's paddle canoes together.

From the Port Gibson Correspondent.

An awful accident occurred on the Mississippi river, nearly opposite Grand Gulf, on Tuesday last, by which nine persons lost their lives. The ferry flat containing Mr. Elijah L. Clark, and part of his family, consisting of his son and daughters-in-law, Mrs. Gibson Clark and child, Mr. John B. Clark and child and Miss Coursey, sister of Mrs. Gibson Clark, aged about 12 years, also four of his negroes, 3 grown and one child; making ten in number, and four horses; in crossing from the Louisiana shore to Chittalooza, got into an eddy of the Gulf, and in the confusion that ensued, the horses became frightened, and rushing to one end of the flat,

tilted it under water; the eddy at the moment seizing it, drew the end downwards, until the boat stood almost perpendicular in the water. The motion was so sudden that every thing was precipitated into the stream. The horses swam to shore, but all the persons were drowned, with the exception of Mr. Clark, the child of Mrs. John H. Clark, and the ferryman. Mr. Clark saved himself by seizing a horse's tail which brought him to shore, the ferryman on his flat, and the child floated until picked up by a boat which put off from shore. Thus has been given a death stroke to the happiness of this respected family. The bodies of the unfortunate have not, we understand, been found. Mrs. John B. Clark has left one orphan son.

Tight Pant's, have a very fair prospect of soon becoming out of fashion, at least with the candidates for matrimony.

A few days since a young gentleman of this borough who was as the term is, engaged to be married to a buxom young lass in the country, procured his wedding suit, and for fashion's sake, had his pantaloons made *tight knee'd* which exposed the shape of a pair of limbs bearing a striking resemblance to the handles of a wheel-barrow set up on end. Thus equipped he proceeded at the time appointed to claim his 'dear Peggy.' The mother, on seeing her intended so in law, was suddenly transformed into a monkey, alias a dandy, screamed out to her daughter, 'Peggy, if Peter can't afford cloth enough to make a decent pair of trowsers, he'll never be able to buy the child a frock; and raising the broomstick, she forthwith beat a retreat. Peter did retreat, and has not been heard of since! Who after this would think of wearing *tight pants*?

Liverpool Mercury.

From the Fort Wayne Sentinel.

FORT WAYNE.—This place took its name from the fort built in its environs by Gen. Wayne in 1794. It is situated on the south bank of the river St. Mary, in part, and reaches down the Maumee river some twenty rods below the point where the St. Mary disengages itself. The elevated position of the town commands beautiful prospects on the northeast, north, and north-west sides. The St. Mary gently winds itself around the west end, and along the north side through a narrow valley, until it mingles its waters with those of the St. Joseph river, which contains a heavy volume, and rushes rapidly towards the town from rather a north-east direction; and the confluence of these streams forms the Maumee.

A more eligible site for a town is not in the West. It combines so many commercial advantages, which have hitherto been shrouded and kept back—by the suspension of the sale of public lands—by the retention of the Canal and for *racinating* periodical vendous; and by the dilatory and timid action of the state in accepting the grant and commencing the canal. But these restraints are now dissolved by the spell of wise legislation, and our country wears the lively aspect of business and general improvement.

The stout hearted pioneer used to wend his way to the "beautiful St. Joseph," either because our land was not in market or in pursuit of a country capable of being reclaimed from its wild condition with but little manual labor. But the emigrant who could calculate the great resulting benefits from certain local advantages, would hale his caravan in this vicinity—turn out his herds to browse and fatten on the native meadows peculiar to this country—strike his rural pavilion—commence a war of extermination against the forest—and vigorously press forward to the completion of his task; and then sit down in ease and circumstance, in the full fruition of a bountiful farm and a home market.

The traveller who visits here, and loves to raise the veil to recur to the dim scenes of other days, will stroll among the vestiges of the old forts, and in his ruminations, will bring the pictures of the past to the present, and say: Here was once heard the sounds of the martial music and the fierce wild scream of the savage—both tending to entrance the soul and excite it to hostile action; here the young, the brave, and the chivalrous, nobly fought, bled and died in defence of their country. These fields were once strewn with pallid and mangled forms, with the dead and the dying; they have now become garden spots, and bloom with verdure for the garner. These waters that once blushed with the crimson of "Harmer's army," have now become clear, and the finny tribe bask in their depths. Those hills and hollows that once echoed with the shout of victory and the cry of despair, now echo the sound of the boat horn and the joyful songs of the reaper.

MORE ANON.

Jonathan's Hunting Excursion.—Did you ever hear of the scrape that I and Uncle Zeke had on Connecticut river?" asked Jonathan Timbertoos, while amusing his old Dutch hostess, who had agreed to entertain him under the roof of her hospitable log-cottage, for and in consideration of a brand new milk pan. "No, I never: dew tell it," was the reply.

"Well—you must know that I 'un Uncle Zeke took it into our heads one Saturday afternoon to go a gunnin', after ducks in father's skiff—so in we got and skulled down the river; a proper sight of ducks flew back-wards and forwards, I tell ye—and by 'm by 'em lit down by the marsh and went

to feedin on the muscles. I catch'd up my peader horn to prime, and it slipt out of my hand and sunk to the bottom of the river. The water was amazingly clear, and I could see it on the bottom. Now, I couldn't swim a jot, so I sez uncle Zeke, sez I, uncle Zeke you're a pretty clever fellow, just let me take your peader horn to prime.—And don't you think the stingy critter wouldn't. Well, says I, you're a pretty good diver, on if ye'll dive down un git it, I'll give you a primin. I thought he'd leave his peader horn, but he didn't; he stuck it into his pocket, and down he went—and there he staid; here the old lady opened her eyes with wonder and surprise, and a pause of some minutes ensued, when Jonathan added,—I looked down, and what do you think the critter were a doing?" "Lordy!" exclaimed the old lady, "I'm sure I don't know." "There he was," said our hero, "setting right on the bottom of the river, pourin' the peader out of my peader-horn into hisen!"

"He fought the first battle, that of Tallahatchee, under the orders of General Jackson, but not in his presence. This was the prelude to the glorious succession of victories which terminated before New Orleans. Gen. Coffee signalized himself, by his valor and commanding powers in the hard fought battles of Talladega, Emuchafaw, Etowah, and Tohopeka. At Emuchafaw he was shot through the body, and although suffering under this dreadful wound, when the Indians attacked the retiring army at Etowah Creek, and threw it into a panic and confusion, General Coffee rose from the litter on which he was borne, mounted his horse, and greatly aided the Commander-in-Chief in restoring order and retrieving the day.

"On the summons of General Jackson, without the orders of Government, General Coffee raised the 2,000 volunteers, that enabled the Commander-in-Chief to storm Pensacola—drive out the British—to rescue the whole southern frontier, and finally to triumph in the successive conflicts upon the plains of New Orleans.

"He died," says a correspondent, "the death of the righteous and manifested the true faith of the Christian." The disease of which he died, was an affection of the lungs, which he contracted during his visit to this city last winter. From the middle of April until a few weeks before his death, his constitution seemed to rally.—The disorder then recurred, with violent symptoms of pleurisy, and he expired from effusion on the lungs.

"In his dying moments, when giving his blessing to his family, he remembered the friend dearest to him, desired that he should be written to, and his blessing also invoked for him.

"No man ever enjoyed more unbounded confidence and affection. It was deeply evinced in the last offices paid him, when the military honors which consigned him to the grave, were lost in the grief of the sad course of the immediate neighbors."

The Albany Argus says, "Mr. Van Buren will not be a candidate for the next Presidency, unless he shall be presented as such by the representatives of the People, assembled in general convention. And if he shall be so represented, he will not only be a candidate, but a successful, triumphant candidate." The editor may be considered as speaking the sentiments of Mr. Van Buren. All who know any thing of the Vice President, must know that he will never suffer his name to be used against any candidate regularly nominated in a general convention. It is certain, that the friends of the administration in the different States cannot unite on any one candidate, except by means of a National Convention, and that such a convention will be held, when the time arrives, for making the nomination. It is equally certain, that the individual, who gets this nomination will, with few exceptions receive the support of the party.

Delaware Gaz.

From the Wyoming Republican.

WYOMING MONUMENT.

The ceremony of laying a corner stone to those who fell in the Massacre on the 3d day of July, 1778, was performed on Wednesday the 3d instant, the anniversary of the day on which that melancholy event occurred. It was unlike the ordinary laying of a corner stone of a monument, where meditation upon some patriotic event alone inspired feeling. The bones of those who were massacred in attempting to defend their country, and their families, and to whose memory a Monument is to be erected, had been dug from the earth, and were exhibited to the assembled multitude. To look upon a great number of skulls, and other human bones some bearing marks of the tomahawk and scalping knife, and others perforated with balls, awakened a scene of the sufferings of those Wyoming Heroes, and led the mind to reflect upon the curse in which they lost their lives. There were present several aged veterans who were in the battle. There were present several whose fathers were slain, and whose bones were in the mass. Truly the scene was solemn and interesting beyond description.

We have been shown an elegantly polished box of hickory wood containing a dozen of axes, made by a dozen different workmen in the steam axe factory of Alexander Harrison, at New Haven, for the purpose of presenting to General Jackson on his late visit to that place. There was a competition between the workmen as to which one should make the best axe, and the consequence of their rivalry, was that twelve were produced all of such excellence, that it was thought better to present them all, than enter upon the task of selection.

N. Y. Post.

Anecdote.—An Irishman in the eastern part of this State, (Indiana,) had taken passage on the stage for a short distance, as he had come to the conclusion that riding on foot-back, as he termed it, was rather tough. Shortly after he embarked, the road being very bad, the stage got fast in the mud, the Irishman (the only passenger) got out to assist in relieving the fatigued horses, which was done in short order, and proceeding with a call occasionally, he at last concluded to remain out of the stage until they got out of the bad road. He then shouldered a rail and followed, until he had become nearly exhausted; throwing down the rail, murmured out, "I am willing to pay my passage and walk, but damn me if I carry a rail."

Lancaster Times.

Suicide.—A respectable young gentleman of New York, named W. H. Penney, shot himself a few days since.